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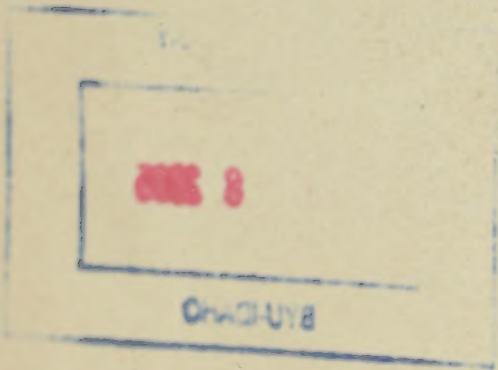
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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXIV.

DECEMBER, 1861, TO MAY, 1862.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
327 to 335 PEARL STREET,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1862.

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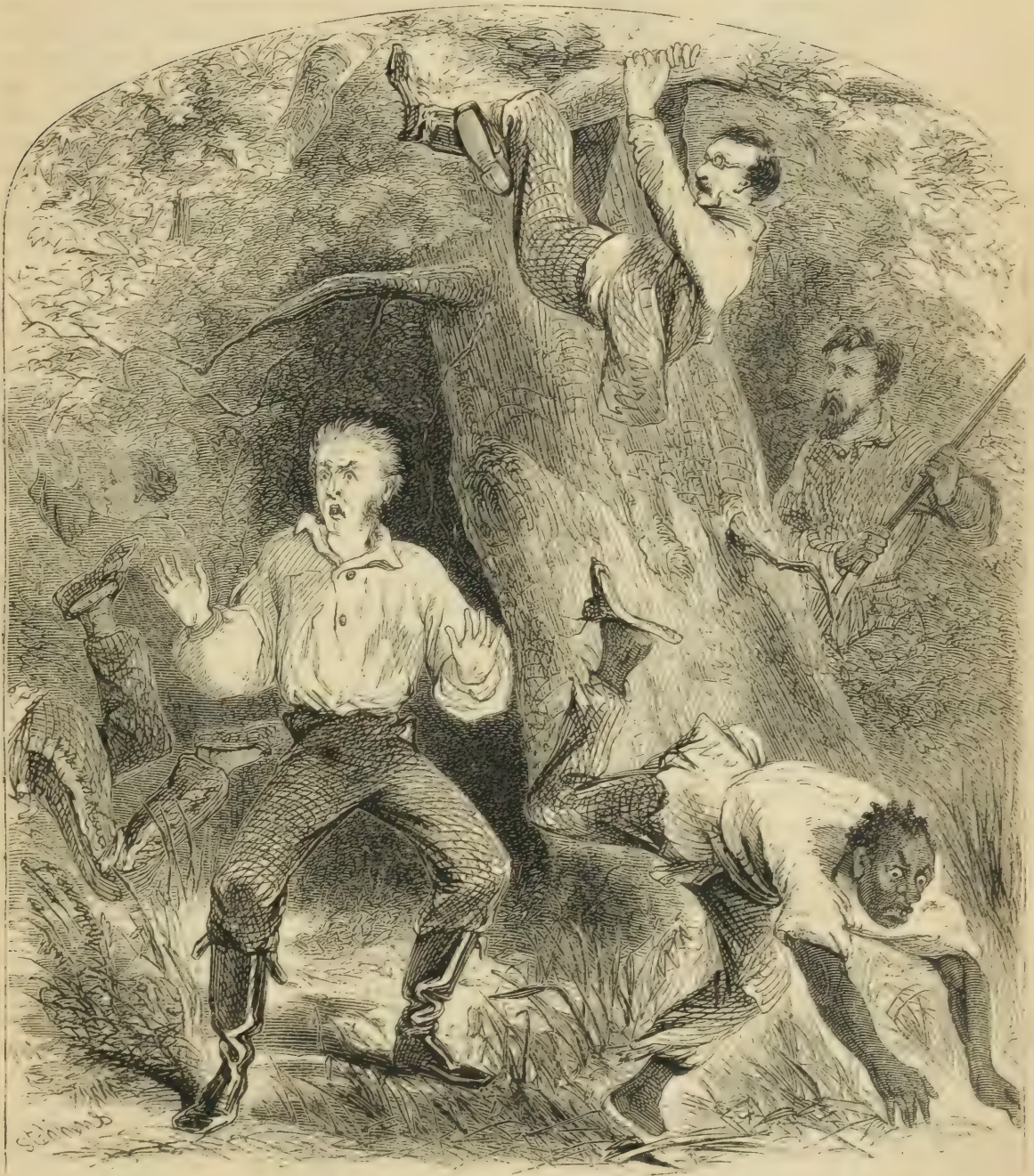
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Grays Vol

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXXIX.—DECEMBER, 1861.—VOL. XXIV.



A GRIZZLY IN THE CAMP.

THE COAST RANGERS.

A CHRONICLE OF EVENTS IN CALIFORNIA.

IV.—THE GRIZZLY.

A GRIZZLY in camp!—run for your lives!"

The cry is startling, and the sensation that results from it is peculiar. Even the cry of fire at midnight is less impressive. One can

generally run away from fire with some confidence in the hope that it will not pursue him; but he can never feel quite sure of a grizzly. These ferocious animals are wonderfully active. It is all a mistake to suppose that they can not climb a tree. Not only can they

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 139.—A

do so with perfect ease, but if you get out on a slender branch, in the expectation that it is not possible for any thing larger than a wild-cat to follow you, they will shake you out of it as easily as if you were a ripe chestnut.

On the present occasion the scene was particularly striking. We were just about to sit down to supper. The fire was in full blaze and the moon shining pleasantly through the trees. Under the supervision of Mr. Tom Fry, our physician, Dr. Campbell, had prepared a magnificent fish chowder. The condiments were perfect; the odor was absolutely inspiring—so much so, indeed, that “the General” burst forth spontaneously into the song of the Little Black Elephant. Captain Toby suggested that there was but one essential ingredient lacking in the chowder, without which it could not possibly be nourishing—he referred to vinegar, and proposed to pour the contents of the blue keg into it. Mr. Phil Wilkins was of opinion that it would be all the same with or without the vinegar, for that taste was a mere arbitrary matter, depending wholly upon the condition of the mucous membrane. “Colors,” said he, “are nothing in themselves, but assume certain aspects under certain conditions—as, for example, in the case of Caspar Hauser, who, when taken from prison, where he had been immured in the dark for years, could distinguish nothing before him but confused masses of lights and shades.”

“For the very obvious reason”—observed the Judge, who had hitherto contented himself by giving the chowder an occasional stir with the ladle, and sniffing the steam as it curled up—“for the obvious reason, my dear Sir, that Caspar Hauser had never experienced the difference between colors; but you surely will not undertake to say that there is any gentleman present who has not, at various periods of his life, partaken of fish chowder in many of its most seductive forms. Although it is supposed to be peculiarly an American dish, derived from the plantation negroes of the South, there can be no doubt that it was well known to the Romans. Next to the tongues of nightingales, it is an established historical fact that the Emperors, at their grand feasts, held the gills and intestines of mountain trout in the highest esteem; and one of their favorite and most costly dishes was a chowder composed chiefly of these ingredients, with a seasoning of bird-lime, asafoetida, garlic, ambergris, olive-oil, saltpetre, gum-arabic, tincture of rhubarb, and the excrement of wild-boars.”

“Which proves exactly what I said,” remarked Mr. Wilkins, “that tastes are arbitrary. But I go much farther than that. I contend, Sir, that there is no such thing as Taste; that the system of infinitesimal canals, or ducts, which reach from the brain to the palate, is designed by Nature exclusively for the transmission of thoughts. Do we not give utterance to our ideas as soon as they reach the tongue; and often attempt to do so before the words can be formed? Even when we write, or express them

by signs or symbols, we first shape them in words. Hence it is some of our most eloquent speakers in Congress, after they have exhausted every idea, become so dry that, though they may talk on for hours, the brain yields nothing more. It is precisely on the same principle that noted tobacco-chewers become exceedingly stupid when they get out of tobacco. As long as they are chewing their thoughts flow rapidly, and they either talk or expectorate copiously. I hold the latter habit to be very injurious, and a serious loss to civilization. There is no telling how many valuable thoughts are spit away by the citizens of California in the course of a single day. I venture to say that many a noble poem, and many a valuable treatise on philosophy, have been scattered upon the pavements of our principal cities, or carried out of our public hotels in ugly earthen vases, and forever lost to the world.”

“I admit that there is some force in what you say,” observed the Judge, who perceived that Mr. Wilkins was about to abandon the subject of chowder, and become involved in a labyrinth of peculiar theories; “yet, after all, it may be said, on the other side—”

Here it was that the terrific cry arose, “A grizzly in camp! Run, boys!—run for your lives!”

I was lying on my back, at a little distance from the fire, looking up at the stars. The discussion between Phil Wilkins and the Judge fell pleasantly on my ear, but my thoughts were on the great future of Bear Harbor. What might be made of such a place in ten years—nay, in five! Here we were, a small party, surrounded by a wilderness of mountains, rocks, and roaring breakers, with nothing but our mother earth to sleep on and the broad heavens for our canopy. It was easy and natural to picture the change that time might produce when it would be a populous and thriving community, with public buildings, offices, hotels, warehouses, and all accompaniments of civilization.

Taking into view the remarkable progress of California, it certainly is not anticipating too much to look forward to the day when Bear Harbor will be a great emporium of commerce and industry. At present, it is true, there is no way of reaching this favored locality except over Captain Toby's trails, which, as I have already stated, must have been originally intended for wild goats. Yet I do not regard that as an insuperable obstacle. Wherever goats can travel so can public funds. The only difference is that the latter are a good deal harder to catch after they once get loose from the Treasury. All that is needed is an appropriation from Congress.

Access to Bear Harbor by means of water would be easy enough if there was any harbor there. Vessels might then anchor when they arrived. Unfortunately it is an open roadstead filled with rocks, and presenting altogether a most frightful aspect in bad weather. It derives its name not so much from its natural commercial facilities as from the number of



CUSTOM-HOUSE AT BEAR HARBOR.

bears that come down the various cañons every night in search of mussels and dead fish. Still this can not be regarded as any serious obstruction to Federal enterprise. Have we not breakwaters in many places on our Atlantic coast

where nature never intended commerce to exist. and where, accordingly, none does and never can exist? If not there, we certainly have a sufficient number of precedents in the line of internal improvements.

But if Bear Harbor is eligibly located for any purpose in the world, it is for a port of entry and a custom-house ; and I had in imagination drawn a complete picture of this national establishment, with collector, and deputy-collectors, surveyors, clerks, and inspectors, all busily engaged in the duties of their office, when I was startled by the cry :

"A grizzly in camp! Run for your lives!" shouted by a dozen voices, in tones of terror not to be mistaken; "up into the trees every body!"

The panic was general. Dismay and consternation seized upon the Coast Rangers. In stating this I do no injustice to the heroic courage of our noble Association; for certainly a more startling and inopportune intrusion never disturbed any party. We are aware, besides, that panics are not uncommon among the bravest men in battle. I knew a private soldier in Mexico who was so frightened when the firing commenced that he ran out of the ranks, charged single-handed upon the enemy, killed three Mexicans before he stopped; and afterward, when complimented for his courage, declared that he had fixed his eye upon the chief officer, and would have captured him, beyond doubt, if the battalion to which he belonged had not come up, and diverted the attention of the enemy from him to the new point of attack. The great difficulty in the present case was the unexpectedness of the attack and the formidable character of the enemy. Nobody saw him, but there was a terrible crashing of bushes close by, that indicated his approach beyond mistake. Mr. Thomas Fry had just lifted a ladleful of savory chow-



TOM FRY'S ESCAPE.

der to his lips. He dropped it at once; and with a look of despair at the steaming mess which circumstances compelled him to abandon so suddenly, he gave vent to one wild roar of terror, and made for the nearest tree.

"The General" had just completed the four-



"THERE'S MANY A SLIP."



THE GENERAL DISAPPEARS.



"GWAY FUM HERE! OH, GWAY FUM HERE!"

teenth verse of the Little Black Elephant. Without waiting for the customary applause, he made three tremendous bounds after the fashion of a startled buck, tripped on a projecting root, and disappeared, head foremost, over the bank into the creek.

Dr. Campbell, our cook, shouted, "Lor' Gornamighty! dis nigger's a gone case, sure!" and threw himself flat on his face before the fire, kicking violently as if in the agonies of death. The poor old fellow, by reason of "rheumatiz" in his bones, was utterly unable to run, and the "misery in his head" prevented him from thinking of any better expedient. As he lay kicking on the ground, he kept up a continual hollowing that was pitiable to hear—"Gway fum here! Gway fum here, I say! Oh, gway fum here, an' let dis poor ole nigger be!"

Mr. Phil Wilkins, with blanched features and chattering jaws, stopped a single moment to observe, "It may be as you say, gentlemen. I admit that the sounds are not unlike those of a grizzly; but I deny, in general terms, that there is any such thing as sound. Mark that, if you please, because I intend to maintain it on the first suitable occasion!" With which he sprang into the branches of a neighboring tree, and disappeared in the foliage.

Meanwhile Colonel Jack, true to the instincts of his earlier life, seized his rifle, examined the cap, and darting behind a tree, "drew a head" over a projecting limb on the spot where it was supposed the grizzly would make his appearance. His only remark was, "Don't holler, boys, or you'll scare him away!"—a piece of advice, by-the-way, which did not appear to meet with very prompt attention, especially from the old black Doctor, who now fairly screamed, "Gway fum here! Oh, gway fum here!"

It will be remembered that the Judge was just on the point of entering into a general dissertation on the subject of Taste when his remarks were cut short by the fearful cry of warning, and the crashing sounds in the bushes. Without waiting to embellish the subject by a single ad-

ditional illustration, he looked hurriedly around for a tree; perceived a large oak at no great distance; turned toward the fire where most of the party had been sitting, and where the smoke somewhat obscured their retreat—not one being left except the old cook—and observed in the most courteous manner—"Gentlemen, I beg you'll excuse me. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. It is the primary law upon which our entire judicial system is based. When communities move together in the establishment of a system of laws, each member, it is true, yields something of his liberty for the common good; but at the basis of the movement stands the great elementary principle of self-preservation. The Common Law is nothing more, in point of fact, than a compact of mutual protection. The learned Erasmus has very justly observed that law, after all, is merely the expression of an instinct common even to inferior animals. Under the process of reason it becomes somewhat complicated; but the fundamental principles are shared by all animated creation. Rochefoucault goes too far, perhaps, in his peculiar theory of Motives. I am by no means prepared to say that some of our noblest acts may not be traced to the primary element of self-preservation. To deny all merit to those great benefactors of the human race who have devoted their lives to the good of their fellow-creatures, on the ground that the predominating motive was the gratification of self-love, is to deny the justice of all future rewards—"

Here the crashing in the bushes indicated the rapid approach of the bear. The old cook writhed with terror, and groaned piteously—"Oh, gway fum here! Gway fum here, an' let dis ole nigger be! Gway, I say! He ain't doin' nuffin—gway!"

The Judge hesitated a moment; the bushes now waved and crashed in a terrific manner; there was no longer room for doubt—the bear was actually coming! I consider it no reflection upon his Honor to say that, being entirely unarmed and unacquainted with the mode of



THE JUDGE ATTEMPTS TO CLIMB A TREE.

tactics usually resorted to by these ferocious animals, he deemed it prudent to suspend his remarks and run for the tree upon which he had previously placed his eye. It was a venerable oak, with a trunk about fifteen feet in circumference, and no branches within reach. The Judge hugged it, first on one side and then on the other; jumped up and came down several times in his efforts to cling to it; and eventually perceiving that it was utterly impracticable to climb such a tree without the aid of a ladder, called upon Captain Toby, who was just then making his escape in that direction, and begged to be informed if there were any more trees within a convenient distance better calculated to afford protection under the circumstances.

To which Captain Toby replied: "Certainly, Judge, any number you please. About a hundred yards to the left you will find a small sycamore admirably adapted for the purpose. To the right, about two hundred and fifty yards, is a very excellent young pine, with lateral branches extending all the way up to the top. I have been treed here by bears frequently, and am perfectly well acquainted with all the trees on

the premises. At present, if your Honor will excuse me, I am in search of a new trail, which I have reason to believe, from private information in my possession, leads to a tree, not more than a quarter of a mile distant, capable of accommodating the entire party!"

"One moment, if you please, Captain Toby," said the Judge—and there was something grave and portentous in the tone of his voice. "Pardon me for interrupting you in your flight; but it will afford me great satisfaction to be informed upon what principle of pleasure you were so kind as to lead us into this frightful wilderness, which, from all I can perceive, abounds in animals of the most ferocious character. It is not mentioned by Akenside in his 'Pleasures of the Imagination,' or by any other eminent poet with whose productions I am familiar, that five days of travel over a trail to which all other trails known to mankind must be perfectly level, and the location of a camp in the midst of hostile Indians, panthers, wolves, and grizzly bears, are accounted among the most agreeable pastimes usually adopted by gentlemen in search of pleasure. If it were not that we are sometimes apt



CAPTAIN TOBY RUNS TO SAVE THE VINEGAR.

to deceive ourselves in the present confused state of language, I should suppose that pleasure can bear no possible relation to the fact of being besieged by an animal of such prodigious powers that I am informed he can strike a horse to the earth with a single blow of his paw, or drag a full-grown ox up the side of a mountain." [Here Captain Toby looked so distressed and mortified that the Judge relented.] "Not that I mean to imply any censure to you, my dear Sir; for I think it would be unreasonable to hold you responsible for the present unfortunate state of affairs: in proof of which I offer you my hand, and hope you will consider the very peculiar circumstances by which we are surrounded if I have said any thing to wound your feelings."

"Judge," said Captain Toby, shaking his Honor cordially by the hand, "that's all right. We understand one another perfectly. I was only afraid when you spoke of the bear carrying a full-grown ox up the side of a mountain that you referred to a case of which I was a personal witness, and that an opportunity might not occur during the progress of your remarks of setting your Honor right in reference to the particulars. That identical bear I killed myself last

summer. He weighed fifteen hundred pounds, and would undoubtedly have weighed five hundred pounds more had I waited until he had devoured the ox, which, without the bones, must have exceeded that amount in solid flesh. I think your Honor observed that he *dragged* the ox up the hill. On the contrary, he lifted the carcass in his arms, and walked up the hill with it on his hind legs, as upright as I stand at this moment!"

"A very remarkable case," observed the Judge, "which reminds me"—[Here the crashing noise in the bushes was absolutely terrific, and the old black Doctor shrieked at the top of his voice, "Gway fum here! Oh, gway! gway!"]—"which reminds me," continued his Honor, "that we had better be getting to some place of security. Upon the whole, Captain Toby, I doubt whether it would be possible for me to find those trees which you have described. If you will be kind enough to give me a lift, I think I can reach that branch overhead, and work my way into the fork of this old oak, from which position it will afford me great pleasure to furnish you with the use of my hand or leg in case you desire to follow me."

"Nothing easier, Judge," said Captain Toby, dodging down his head. "Just mount astraddle on my shoulders, and your Honor will be all right presently."

The Judge mounted the shoulders of Captain Toby as directed, the Captain holding him firmly by the legs. At this critical juncture, when the Judge was on the point of seizing hold of the projecting branch overhead, it suddenly and most unfortunately occurred to Captain Toby that he had forgotten to save the blue keg. "Holy Moses!" he exclaimed, "the vinegar! the vinegar! I must save the vinegar! Excuse me, Judge, but the sacrifice of a dozen lives would be preferable to such a loss as that!" Upon which the Captain wheeled around, and darted like lightning toward the camp-fire, the Judge still astride of his shoulders, vainly imploring him not to run into the very jaws of death. Hearing the tramp of feet and the sound of voices, the poor old negro ceased his groans for a moment, and lifted his face from the ashes in a state of consternation bordering on distraction. The apparition of an upright animal with four legs, four arms, and two human heads was too much for him. "Gway fum here!" he shrieked, "Gway fum here!" and rolled over as if dead.

While Captain Toby was running frantically around the camp, kicking over stray saddles, bundles of blankets, pots, pans, and kettles in his eager search for the blue keg, a voice overhead from one of the tree-tops arrested his attention.

"Hold! enough!" cried the voice, and it sounded very much like that of Mr. Phil Wilkins: "I pronounce it a base fraud, Sir! a base

and infamous fraud! You can not impose upon me, Sir, by such ridiculous tricks as that!" Here Mr. Wilkins became visible on a projecting branch of the tree. "When this alarm was given," said he, evidently much excited, "I openly expressed the opinion that the sounds were imaginary; in fact, that sound is an impossibility. Now, Sir, I consider it a paltry joke to mount upon the shoulders of another person and undertake to shatter the great foundations of truth by so absurd an imitation of a bear that even a child could not be deceived by the fraud!"

For a moment the Judge was speechless with amazement at the suddenness and injustice of this attack. It was true a growing coolness had become perceptible between his Honor and Mr. Wilkins for some days past, in consequence of the pertinacity with which the latter adhered to opinions wholly adverse to the experience of society; but up to this moment their discussions had been conducted upon the strictest parliamentary rules of politeness and good-breeding. It must be observed, also, that if the Judge was noted for the amiability of his disposition, he possessed at the same time a proper dignity of character, and was quick to resent any thing that reflected upon his integrity. To be charged with perpetrating so base a fraud as that indicated by Mr. Wilkins, when nothing could be more remote from his intention, was too much for human nature to endure.

"Captain Toby," said he, in a voice of mingled severity and dignity. But at this moment the Captain spied the blue keg, snatched it hurriedly from the ground, and started to deposit both the keg and the Judge in some place of security. "Stop a moment, Captain Toby!" cried the Judge, waving one hand defiantly toward Mr. Phil Wilkins, while he held on with the other. "Stop a moment, if you please! I can not permit such an infamous charge to pass unnoticed! The doctrines maintained by that person in the tree are unworthy the enlightened age in which we live; yet I could endure to be amused by his monstrous absurdities so long as he observed a reasonable propriety of demeanor. But, Sir, the dastard charges me with perpetrating a fraud! He actually has the audacity to intimate that I am performing in the character of a grizzly for the purpose of creating consternation among the members of this Association!"

"I do charge it!" shouted Mr. Wilkins, fiercely; "and, furthermore, I pronounce it a vile and ridiculous imposture, scarcely worthy the inventive genius of a mountebank!"

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Judge, now thoroughly aroused; "wretch! come down out of that tree if you dare, and this matter shall be speedily settled!"

Here Captain Toby manifested a disposition to retreat.

"One moment more!" cried his Honor; "allow me, if you please, Captain Toby, to chastise this base slanderer!"

"Oh, if that's all you want," responded Mr. Wilkins, defiantly, "I'm on hand, Sir! Just



"HOLD! ENOUGH!"



MR. PHIL WILKINS DEFIES THE JUDGE.

hold on a moment till I get down out of the tree." And hereupon he began to slide down the branches with remarkable activity.

Now I must pause to observe that, although Mr. Wilkins was a gentleman of undoubted pluck, his reflective faculties were none of the clearest, or he would have borne in mind that the alarm which had caused him to seek refuge in the tree had cut short a very interesting argument between himself and the Judge, so that it was scarcely possible the latter could have had any thing to do with the fearful crashing of the bushes. But the faculty of combativeness was a strong element in his nature, and when this was aroused reason had no opportunity of asserting her sway—especially in a case where he was satisfied his antagonist was not a grizzly bear.

Upon reaching the ground Mr. Wilkins immediately seized the iron soup-ladle, drew it reeking hot from the mess of chowder, whirled it thrice round his head and called upon the Judge fiercely and defiantly to come on.

"Come on, Sir! draw your weapons if you have any! Now is the time, Sir, to settle this difficulty!"

"Hold, Captain Toby!" shouted the Judge, flushed with rage, as the Captain manifested a disposition to run. "Permit me to alight! I

demand it, Sir, as a constitutional right—the wretch is actually coming at me with the soup-ladle!" Here Captain Toby fairly started off, the Judge clinging to his shoulders, and vainly imploring him to stop. At this Mr. Wilkins set up a taunting shout, which so exasperated the Judge that he turned his face toward the camp, waved his hands wildly in the air, and uttered, at the highest pitch of his voice, these impressive words:

"In the name of our glorious Confederacy of free States—in the name of the great and everlasting principles of justice upon which our judicial system is based—in the name of reason, honor, and humanity, I call upon every gentleman present on this occasion to witness that I am not absconding from that miserable dastard of my own free-will and consent! to bear in mind, now and henceforth, that it is not my own legs that are running away, but those of Captain Toby, with whom I shall presently have an additional account to settle! And I further insist upon it, as a great constitutional privilege—" Here the Judge's voice was lost in the distance.

While this unfortunate difficulty was in progress, Colonel Jack had abandoned his position behind the tree and marched down with his rifle to the clump of bushes from which the alarming sounds had originally issued. He now emerged from the thicket, leading after him, by a stout riata, Captain Toby's Broncho, or wild horse, merely remarking that he had come "pretty near making a mistake." The Broncho, it appeared, had taken alarm at some imaginary enemy where he was picketed, broken away, and retreated toward the camp; but the riata becoming entangled had thrown him, and caused him to make all those fearful sounds which had created such general consternation.

Perceiving this curious turn of affairs, the various members of the party now began to appear from their respective places of security. Some slipped down from the neighboring trees; some crept up out of dark ravines; and a few walked whistling into camp from unknown regions, as if they considered the whole thing an excellent joke. The Broncho having been securely picketed, the shivering members of the Association, now gathered around the fire, roused up the old negro from his swoon, and restored him to life by means of a little "nourishment" from private sources, and were in the midst of a general review of the facts when Captain Toby and the Judge came marching in, arm in arm, on the most amicable terms.

"Gentlemen," said his Honor, smiling pleasantly—and here every body stopped to listen, for there was something peculiarly attractive in the Judge's voice—"it appears that we have all been in error respecting the character of the attack made upon us. My friend, Captain Toby, informs me that he was aware all the time that it was his famous Broncho that had broken loose; but he states that this animal is peculiarly dangerous when excited, on account of a remarkable faculty for kicking and bucking. It was a natu-



CAPTAIN TOBY'S BRONCHO "BUCKING."

ral apprehension for the lives of his friends, as also for the safety of the blue keg, which had induced him to retreat in search of a tree capable of accommodating the whole party. The Captain further informs me, touching the unfortunate misunderstanding between myself and a member of this Association, that the reason why he persisted in running away during the progress of the difficulty was from a natural apprehension that some chance blow, aimed by either party at the other, might stave in the head of the keg, and thereby result in a loss to which the shedding of blood would be no comparison."

"His Honor is perfectly correct, both in his premises and conclusions," said Captain Toby. "I once knew that Broncho to kill three large bears in a single night, by kicking their eyes out, and afterward breaking their ribs and dislocating their vertebræ. In respect to the misunderstanding between his Honor and Mr. Wilkins, I am authorized as a friend of both parties to say, that whenever Mr. Wilkins may think proper to withdraw the charge of imposture made by him, his Honor will be prepared to listen to further terms of accommodation."

"Never while I live!" shouted Mr. Wilkins, firmly and steadily. "Never, Sir, never, so long as I am capable of appreciating the great fundamental principles of truth!"

"Then there appears to be nothing for it," said the Captain, gloomily, "but the remedy usually adopted by gentlemen of spirit."

At the suggestion of this extreme course, it is due to Mr. Wilkins to say that he looked a little serious. After a somewhat embarrassing si-

lence he observed, still in a steady and determined manner:

"Sir, it is impossible for me to violate my obligations to society by withdrawing a charge based upon the eternal principles of truth. Yet I am willing to admit that there is a diversity of opinions respecting the exact nature of truth, and that the question has never been settled entirely to my satisfaction. Considering it in its simplest aspect as the mere negative of Error, I am prepared to concede that the attempted deception in the present instance was not strictly speaking a violation of Truth; in other words, that the Bear Presumptive had so remote a relation to the Bear Positive, that it need not necessarily be regarded as an infringement upon the great domain of the Actual. If, therefore, your friend is prepared to admit that he made but an indifferent bear, and did not design to inflict any permanent injury upon the great cause of Truth, I can have no reasonable ground for refusing to be satisfied with the explanation."

The question having been submitted to the Judge by Captain Toby, who, in the absence of writing materials, was the only available medium of communication between the hostile parties, his Honor responded:

"Nothing can be farther from my intention than an unreasonable adherence to arbitrary terms in the use of language; yet so far as I can perceive, the gentleman does not altogether withdraw the charge of attempted deception. In this I conceive the *gravamen* of the offense consists. It is not so much whether, in the personation of a formidable animal, capable of de-

stroying a full-grown ox, the part assumed to be personated was correctly and judiciously performed, as whether such a part was undertaken at all. If, therefore, the gentleman will admit that I not only made an indifferent Bear, but that it was not my original intention to assume that character, there will probably be no obstacle in the way of a mutual understanding."

This proposition having been submitted to Mr. Wilkins and duly considered by that gentleman, a response to the following effect was the result:

"While I am prepared to admit the indifference of the performance, it is utterly impossible for me to conjecture the gentleman's motives. His original intentions can only be known to himself. There is nothing within the entire range of knowledge about which we have so little satisfactory information as the motives which govern men in their ordinary and most reasonable acts. How much greater, then, must be the difficulty when these acts are of an extraordinary and incomprehensible character. If the gentleman will positively assert that he did not intend any insult to the common sense of the Association by appearing in the extraordinary position which he chose to assume, I can, of

course, have no objection to the acceptance of his denial as conclusive."

Captain Toby having submitted this proposition, the Judge responded as follows:

"The disavowal of an insult to the common sense of the Association, introduces, in my opinion, a new feature in the cause. Yet courtesy to my associates induces me to waive that objection, and request that the question may be submitted to any disinterested person present who may be mutually agreed upon as an umpire. So far as I am concerned, I am quite willing that the selection shall be left to Captain Toby, in whose impartiality I have entire confidence."

This proposition having been agreed upon by Mr. Wilkins, and Captain Toby duly authorized by both parties to select an umpire in the premises, the Captain briefly expressed his thanks for the confidence reposed in him, but requested to know before accepting the office of commissioner, whether the decision of the umpire was to be regarded as final and conclusive.

To which both parties responded in the affirmative.

"Then," said Captain Toby, "in virtue of the authority conferred upon me, I hereby nom-



THE DIFFICULTY IS AMICABLY ADJUSTED.

inate our general benefactor, Dr. Campbell, as umpire to decide this difficult problem."

The gentlemen of the first part looked rather astounded, it must be admitted, at the selection made by Captain Toby; but as neither chose to retract the authority, or be the first to advance an objection, the appeal was duly submitted to the Doctor, who had resumed his culinary functions and was at that moment engaged in stirring up the chowder.

The question, as propounded by Captain Toby, was as follows:

"Did you, Dr. Campbell, or did you not, recently see a grizzly bear in this camp?"

"Me?" said the Doctor, looking up from the chowder, and casting an apprehensive glance around him, "Oh yas—dat I did, Cappen. Dat ere bar cum mighty nigh catchin' me, too! He chaw'd me on de heel, while I was lyin' down—I know he did de way he stuck his teef in me. I—I smelt his bref!"

"Show me your heel!" said Captain Toby.

The Doctor exhibited his heel. It was badly burned—apparently by a coal of fire.

"He has certainly been bitten," observed the Captain, gravely. "Now tell me, Dr. Campbell, did you, or did you not, mistake his Honor the Judge for a grizzly?"



CHOWDER READY.

"Well, I dunnow 'zacly 'bout dat part of it," replied the Doctor; "he looked mighty like a grizzly when I seed him a comin' on to me, wid two heads and ever so many paws a stickin' out all round."

"Were you, or were you not, insulted when he appeared to you in this attitude?"

"Well, I wasn't 'zacly insulted: I was only scared."

"And this you believe to be the general sense of the Association?"

"Das my 'pinion, Cappen—I—I—may be mistaken, but das my 'pinion!"

"It is therefore decided," said the Captain, turning toward the parties interested, "that although his Honor the Judge, under certain circumstances, might reasonably have been mistaken for a grizzly, yet he must be acquitted of any intentional insult to the members of the Association. It being also the general sense of the Association that they were alarmed, and therefore incapable of forming any reliable opinions on the subject, it is decided that Mr. Phil Wilkins offer his hand to the Judge as a token of amity; still, however, retaining the right to maintain his views on all questions of public and social import untrammelled by the obligations of reason."

I am happy to record it as an instance of generosity, characteristic of our noble Association, that without attaching any importance to the order of the act, his Honor and Mr. Wilkins mutually advanced and shook hands; after which they received the congratulations of every member present upon the indomitable coolness displayed by both parties throughout the entire difficulty.

Harmony being now restored, the utmost good-humor beamed upon every face. The Doctor announced that the chowder was ready, and a circle was immediately formed around the steaming pot. The delay and exercise incident upon the alarm had given a sharp edge to the general appetite, and it must be conceded that no chowder ever cooked by mortal hands disappeared so rapidly or was so keenly appreciated. For the first fifteen minutes not a word was spoken. Time was too precious, and the business on hand too important, to admit of idle conversation. As soon as the tin platters were emptied, however, for the third time, a buzzing of voices might be heard during the brief intervals of rest. Each member had some individual experience of an extraordinary nature to relate.

"The General," who had made his appearance from the bank of the creek wet to the skin and covered from head to foot with mud, lamented in moving terms the ruin of his splendid suit of buckskin, which was rapidly drawing up and losing all reasonable shape in the warm glow of the fire. "Not," said he, "that I care so much about the wetting or the loss of my buckskins, but I had a great deal of trouble in getting out of the creek, and was, after all, unsuccessful in my search for the bear. You are aware, gentlemen, that as soon as the noise was

heard I at once drew my knife and rushed, as I supposed, toward the spot; but it now appears that I must have been deceived by the echo, and, instead of making for the bushes, that I erroneously took the opposite direction."

Mr. Wilkins remarked that his experience was not altogether dissimilar from that of his friend the General. Upon the first cry of alarm it occurred to him that in consequence of the smoke from the camp-fire he might not be able to see the bear distinctly, so as to get a good shot at him." He thought it best, therefore, to secure an elevated position in the nearest tree overlooking the battle-ground. On reaching the desired position he discovered that he had forgotten his revolver, and indeed, upon further reflection, remembered that he had left it in San Francisco. "Besides, gentlemen," added Mr. Wilkins, triumphantly, "you will bear me witness that I denied the reality of the sounds from the beginning, and of course without those sounds there could have been no just cause for alarm."

The Judge stated, in justification of the course pursued by him, that having read in the newspapers some account of the extraordinary size of the trees in California, it occurred to him that he would demonstrate the fact by actual measurement. He was aware that a more suitable occasion might have been chosen; but as the chowder did not appear to be quite ready, he thought it best to satisfy his mind on this subject before the matter should escape his memory. Having no appreciation of practical jokes, he of course paid no attention to the cries which had attracted the notice of others. "And in reference to the size of these trees," added his Honor, "I must say that they greatly exceed my expectations. The largest redwood of which we have any account is not more than thirty feet in diameter, and from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet in height; but to the best of my belief I have discovered an oak in this vicinity which greatly exceeds that measurement. Upon attempting a rough estimate of its girth by means of spanning the trunk with my arms, I have reason to believe that it must be one hundred feet in circumference. The height, of course, it would not be possible to determine without instruments."

Captain Toby bore testimony to the accuracy of the facts stated by the Judge. He took occasion, at the same time, to refer to a tree with which he was intimately acquainted, in the same vicinity, of precisely double the circumference of that discovered by his Honor. It was not that tree, however, that he had started in search of, but another, still larger, in reference to the location of which he was in possession of private information derived from the Indians during a tour through this region last summer.

Dr. Campbell, being called upon to give an account of his own proceedings on this occasion, stated that it was customary for "de gemmen ob de 'Sociation" to give him a quarter now and then to help "de ole nigger along;" that he had accidentally, in stooping over the chow-

der, dropped his purse in the ashes. While he was lying down looking for it he heard a noise, and thought somebody was going to grab at his money, which was the reason why he called out to "Gway fum here!"

Colonel Jack admitted that he was taken a little aback at first when he heard the noise. However, he thought if the grizzly had come he would have "tried it on, any how."

The various gentlemen of the legal profession present had each an extraordinary case to sum up. One had run off to avoid a summons which he had reason to apprehend had been sent after him for contempt of Court in a particular case which had recently occasioned considerable difficulty in San Francisco; another had climbed a tree to get hold of his legal papers, which he had hung up there for security; a third had been asleep, and started off in a sort of dream in search of an important witness in the great Almaden case, without whom it could not be decided otherwise than against him; and so on to the end, each having a full and reliable justification.

For my own part—this being a sort of confession—I must admit that my resolution was promptly formed to seize a brand of fire as soon as the bear appeared, and thrust it in his face. For this reason I lay perfectly still during the whole affair, conscious, at all events, that if the animal possessed a relish for highly-seasoned food he would first devour the old black Doctor and afterward the chowder—in which event he certainly could not have much appetite left for an indifferent feast of bones.

It only remains now to add that each member having fully explained his position, and the chowder being completely finished, a pause ensued, during which the fearful discovery was made that our esteemed friend and associate, Tom Fry, was missing! The last that was seen of him he was in the act of climbing a tree. Immediate search was made, but he was not to be found in that or any other tree. Guns and pistols were fired, and torches lighted and carried to the most prominent points. All in vain. There was no response from our unfortunate friend. In this sad dilemma, Captain Toby volunteered to mount his Broncho and go out in search of the lost man, stating that being intimately acquainted with all the gulches, cañons, trails, and thickets in the country he could not fail to discover him within any reasonable distance.

An hour of dreadful suspense ensued. At the expiration of that period Captain Toby returned, carrying behind him an object in human shape that excited general sympathy and commiseration. It was the corpulent, but now ghastly and scarified figure of Mr. Fry, utterly destitute of clothing with the exception of a tattered pair of drawers. Hat, vest, shirt, pantaloons, and boots were all gone. As soon as the Captain bestowed some "nourishment" upon him out of the blue keg the unfortunate gentleman looked wildly around, and in a faint voice called for

"chowder." Alas! the chowder had long since disappeared! Upon receiving this information the unhappy gentleman placed his hand upon the pit of his stomach, uttered a low groan, and sat down in an attitude of great dejection before the fire. The Captain suggested that the patient only required more "nourishment," and accordingly furnished him with another large dose, which, aided by the warmth of the fire, soon restored the circulation of his blood. From the united explanations of both parties we were enabled, in the course of time, to get at the gist of Mr. Fry's most unfortunate and extraordinary adventure.

It appeared that, after repeated attempts to climb the tree, he discovered that he was too heavy to make any progress in an upward direction. He therefore abandoned that experiment, and ran about a quarter of a mile in some direction of which he had not the least recollection. Secreting himself behind a rock, he waited until the moon went down, which was shortly after the alarm, and then attempted to make his way back to the camp, in doing which he lost the direction, and wandered about for some time quite bewildered. At length he perceived a fire in the distance, and made for it. To his great surprise and horror he found it was an encampment of wild Indians. Before he could escape they gathered around him, manifesting various signs of interest and curiosity in his unexpected appearance among them at that time of night. He had no doubt they were going to murder him for his clothes, which was all the property he had about him. To provide against this calamity he pulled off his vest, and presented it to a conspicuous Indian who appeared to be a chief. Another soon came up, and manifested by signs that he was the head-chief, and also expected a present. Mr. Fry perceived that he was a very formidable-looking warrior, with feathers thrust through his nose and shark's teeth hanging from his ears, and respectfully requested him to accept of a hat. The chief seemed to be much gratified, and made some very pleasant remarks to his subordinates; after which another chief, much older and apparently of still higher rank, appeared. By means of a rough map of Bear Harbor, which he drew on the ground with a stick, and various other signs, he contrived to explain that he was the head-chief of ALL the Indians in that vicinity, and would like very much to have a present suitable to his rank. Mr. Fry could think of nothing else worthy the acceptance of this chief than his shirt, which he pulled off at once, and begged that great personage to accept as a token of his respect and esteem. There was now a considerable stir among the dark assemblage, when a fourth and exceedingly distinguished-looking personage made his way in front of the stranger, and, offering his hand politely, spoke three words of English—"Go to GRASS!" This accomplished chief had evidently acquired his education on one of the Government Reservations. Mr. Fry was so rejoiced to hear these familiar words that he at once propounded a

series of questions in reference to the direction of the American camp, to all of which the chief politely responded, "Go to grass!" It was evident he had not been long on the Reservation, or he would have been much further advanced. Mr. Fry was aware that pantaloons were held in high esteem by Government Indians; and, after some hesitation, pulled off his own and offered them to this intelligent chief, with the request that he would point out the way to the camp of the "Americanos." The present was eagerly accepted, and when our esteemed friend insisted upon receiving the desired information in return, the chief smiled pleasantly and said, "Go to grass!" In the mean time a venerable old Indian, with a gorgeous crown of feathers on his head, and his face elegantly tattooed with blue and red paint, urged his way through the crowd, and beckoning to the most importunate to step back, commenced a long harangue, not a single word of which Mr. Fry comprehended. It was evident, however, that he must have been the Chief of all the tribes in the district of Mendocino, from the eloquent manner in which he spoke and the general spread of his arms. There was nothing left to mollify this great personage but a pair of boots, which were drawn off with a profound groan by our excellent friend and duly presented to the chief in token of the highest admiration for his genius and character. Mr. Fry was now perfectly despoiled of covering, with the exception of his drawers, which were of so ancient a pattern that none of the Indians appeared to crave them as a present. As he stood shivering in the cold the chiefs all united in a dance, which he informed us was "the most singular and incomprehensible he had ever witnessed." First came the chief whose costume consisted of the vest, hopping on one leg and beating his breast; next the formidable chief with the shark's teeth, with nothing on but the hat, marching around in imitation of a dandy white man; next the chief of the shirt, playing leap-frog all over the ground; next the accomplished gentleman who spoke English, dressed in a pair of pantaloons, staggering around as if drunk, and requesting every body "to go to grass!" and last, though not least, the venerable chief of all the Mendocinos, accoutred in a pair of boots (and nothing else) in which he hopped dextrously up and down in front of his subjects, first on one leg and then on the other, singing at the very highest pitch of his voice a famous war-song of the tribe.

In the midst of the confusion Mr. Fry thought it best to leave; and being now perfectly chilled through, and unincumbered by clothing, he found that he could run with considerable speed. His feet, to be sure, were badly cut and bruised, but that was nothing in a case of life or death. It was not until he was entirely exhausted, and had given up all hope of relief, that he heard the firing of the guns. In a little while more the familiar voice of Captain Toby reached him. He remembered nothing

more, except getting on the back of a wild horse and being twice thrown and nearly killed, till his arrival in camp, where, thanks to the nourishment furnished him by Captain Toby, his life was saved.

In concluding this melancholy narrative, Mr. Fry observed, in a voice of such profound pathos as to bring tears into every eye:

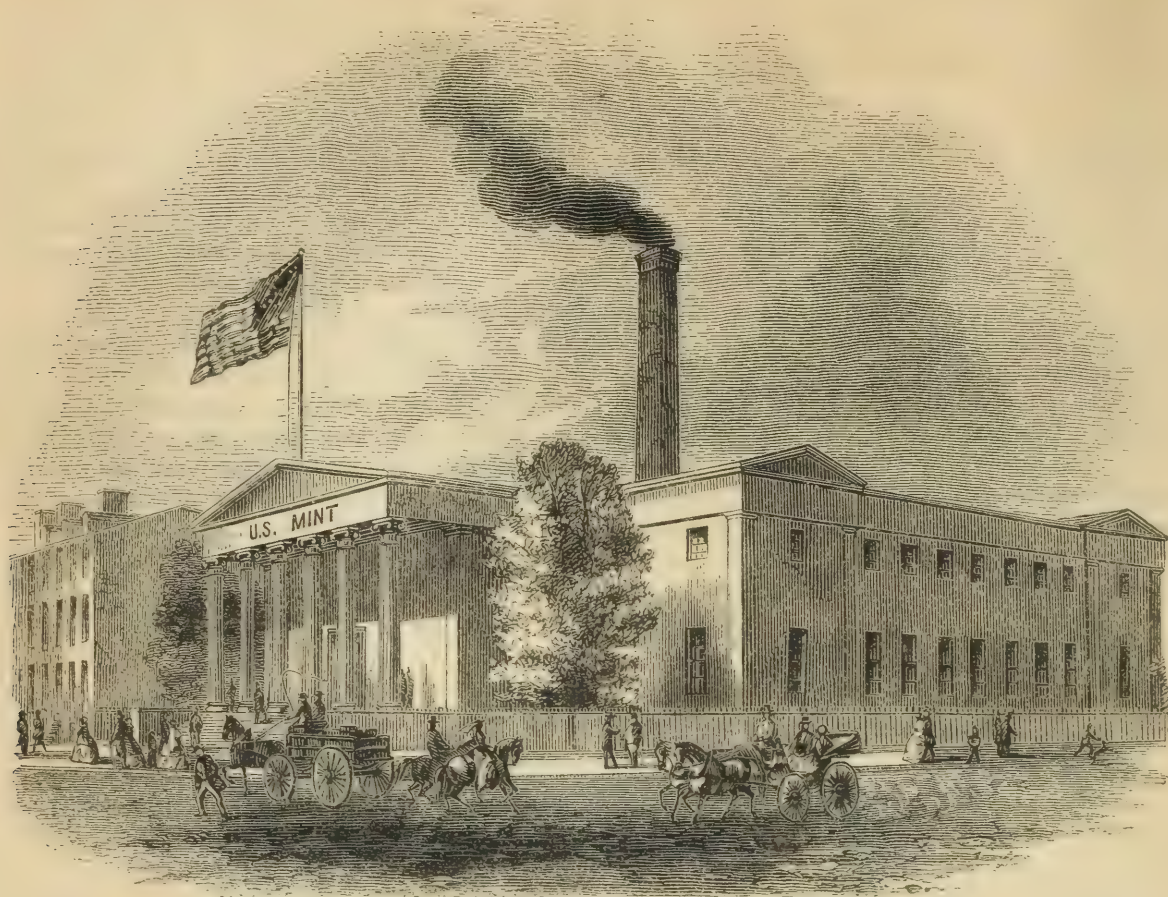
"The perils that I have this night encountered, the sufferings that I have endured, the wonderful escapes that I have had from sudden and terrible deaths, the loss of all my clothing, the uncouth and unbecoming appearance which I must present to my associates, without so much as a shirt to cover my back—all these might possibly be obliterated from my memory by the progress of time. But, gentlemen, that CHOWDER was not made to be forgotten." [Here Mr. Fry's voice trembled.] "Gentlemen, I seasoned it

myself as never chowder was seasoned before. I watched it from its original inception, as it seethed and bubbled in the pot, sending up such delicious odors—oh, Heavens!" [Here Mr. Fry's frame shook as if convulsed with suppressed sobs.] "I do not blame you, gentlemen! I freely forgive you all! The temptation was too great! Had it been any thing else you might have left a little; but that CHOWDER! No, gentlemen, you could not help it: such a chowder would have tempted our original mother; therefore, I forgive you!"

Here Mr. Fry, overcome by the tenderness of his recollections, covered his face with his hands and sobbed convulsively. I am happy to add, as a proof of the genial and kindly feeling of noble association, that when we rolled into our blankets and committed ourselves to sleep there was not a dry eye in camp.



FROM FRY AFTER HIS ESCAPE FROM THE INDIANS.



UNITED STATES MINT, PHILADELPHIA.

MAKING MONEY.

II.—THE MINT AT PHILADELPHIA.

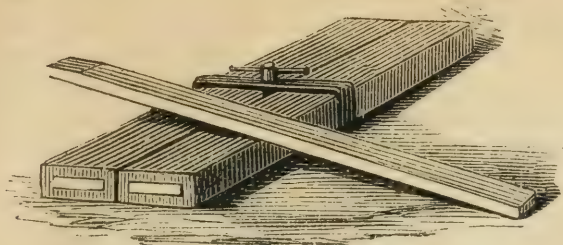
A STRANGER in the Quaker City is naturally desirous of visiting the objects of particular interest, one of the greatest of which is the United States Mint. Philadelphians are rather proud of possessing the general Mint, and are a little anxious lest their rival, New York, should succeed in obtaining a branch, which would perform the great bulk of the work, as the United States Sub-treasury in that city in reality is the nation's banking-house. That there is some cause for this feeling, is manifest by the fact that, in 1859, there was received at the New York Assay Office bullion to the value of \$8,859,103 93 more than was deposited at the Mint in Philadelphia. In 1860 the deposits were small, but New York had the advantage in nearly two and a quarter millions; and it is safe to predict, from the receipts so far, that 1861 will lavish on New York fifty millions more than it gives Philadelphia. Whether this is a sufficient cause for duplicating the expensive coining machinery, etc., it is not for us to discuss.

Leaving our hotel we walk up Chestnut Street, and between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets come to a fine, substantial, two-story marble building, entirely fire-proof, and inclosing within its quadrangular walls a spacious court-yard.

Ascending the massive marble steps, we enter

an airy hall, freshened by a gentle breeze which sweeps through into the court-yard beyond. Between the hours of nine and twelve visitors are admitted, who are escorted about the building by gentlemanly conductors, of whom there are seven. Passing through the hall, on one side are the Weigh-Rooms for bullion and the office of the Chief Clerk of the Treasurer, and on the other the offices of the Cashier and Treasurer. Glance into the latter, to see Mr. James H. Walton, Treasurer, as he is deep in the mysteries of columns of figures so long and broad that Jessie observes, "One must be a *great adder* to run up those columns."

We cross the paved court-yard, spacious and orderly, with boxes piled neatly around, and stacks of copper and nickel ingots ready for rolling. The well-proportioned chimney, one hundred and thirty feet high—somewhat bullet-marked by pistol practice of the night watchmen—towers above the surrounding roofs, which look low by contrast. Thus we are conducted into the melting, refining, and assaying rooms; but having witnessed these processes in the New York Assay Office, we will linger for a moment only to see the melter run the gold and silver, now reduced to standard quality, into ingots. The standard of nine-tenths fine gold is now adopted by all the principal nations of the world, except England and Russia.



INGOTS.

The ingots are bars sharpened at one end like a chisel blade, and are about a foot long, three-fourths to two and a half inches broad, and half an inch thick, according to the coin to be cut from them. Continuing our walk through a short entry, we come to the Rolling Room.

Be careful of your dress, Jessie: that light silk had better have been left at home, for this is a greasy place; and dirty grease has a magnetic attraction for finery.

Those massive machines are the rolling-mills—four of them in a row, with their black heavy stanchions and polished steel rollers. The old man who runs this mill has been in the Mint nearly forty years, and young girls who came to see him work are now grandmothers, perhaps, with the tally of their good works marked on their foreheads, a virtue in every wrinkle; and he has gone on rolling out the ingots year after year, handling more gold in a twelve-month than you or I shall see in all our lives. He has not tired of showing his machine to visitors, and caresses the surly old iron with a motherly pride and affection. He measures two ingots, and shows us they are of the same length; puts one of them between the rolls, just above the clock-dial, chisel end first, and it is drawn slowly through. He measures it with the other ingot, and we see it has grown about an inch longer and correspondingly thinner. This is the “break-

ing down.” But it is not yet thin enough; it must be rolled ten times if gold, or eight if silver, to reduce it sufficiently, occasionally annealing it to prevent its breaking. No wonder the rollers look bright, they breakfast on silver and dine on gold.

That dial is not exactly a clock, though it looks like one. Do you see the little crank handle on it, above the hands? That is to regulate the space between the rollers. By turning it the distance is increased or reduced, and the hands of the dial are moved by the same means, to show the interval between them. For instance, when the hands indicate 12 o'clock the rollers are as far apart as they can be. By turning the crank until the hands are at, say, half past one o'clock, the distance is reduced about the sixteenth of an inch. It has been ascertained that when the hands point to, for instance, half past six, the rollers will be at the right distance from each other for rolling the strips thin enough for half eagles. So instead of saying, “Roll that strip the eighth of an inch thick,” it is “Roll it to half past six.” The rollers can be brought very close together. Give him that visiting card in your hand—there, it is pressed so hard that its texture is destroyed, and it crumbles like crisp pie-crust.

This dial arrangement, and some other improvements in the mill, are due to Mr. Franklin Peale, former chief coiner of the Mint, who devised it for the purpose of securing greater accuracy in measuring the distance between the rollers. •

The pressure applied is so intense that half a day's rolling heats, not only the strips and rollers, but even the huge iron stanchions, weighing several tons, so hot that you can hardly hold your hand on them.

Every mill can be altered to roll to any degree of thinness, but usually the ingot passes through



COURT-YARD.

several mills, each reducing it slightly. This is quicker than altering the gauge so frequently.

When the rolling is completed the strip is about six feet long, or six times as long as the ingot.

It is impossible to roll perfectly true. Now and then there will be a lump of hard gold, which will not be quite so much compressed as the rest. If the coin were cut from this place, it would be heavier and more valuable than one cut from a thinner portion of the strip. It is, therefore, necessary to "draw" the strips, they first being softened by annealing.

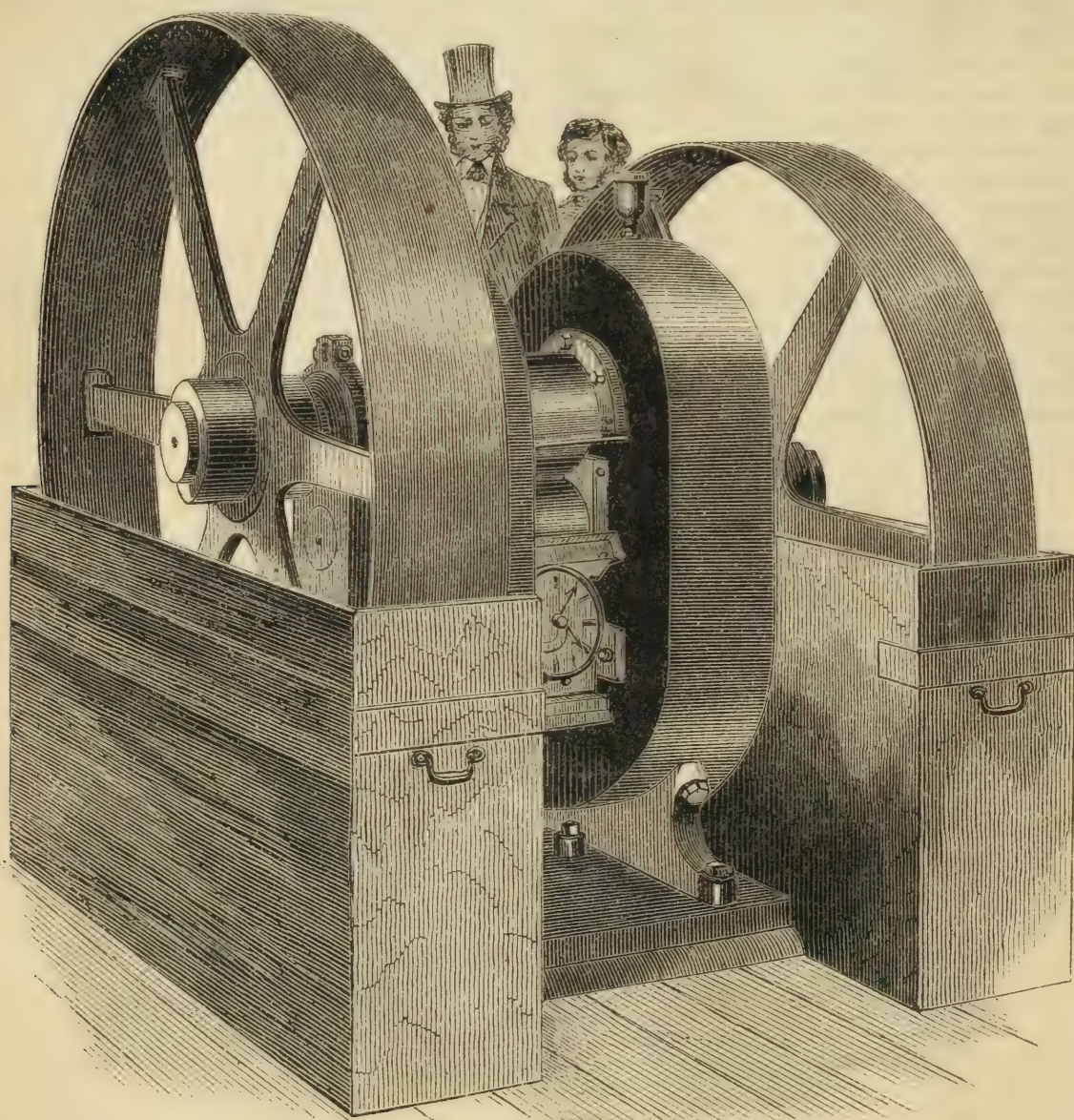
Just turn to your right and see those long round copper boxes, into which that clever, plump-looking man is putting the gold strips. He'll tell us all about it.

"Yes, mum; ye see we have to anneal this here gold, to make it soft so we can draw it. So we puts it in these boxes, and puts on the cover and seals it up air-tight with clay. It don't do to anneal gold in the open fire like as we can silver; for if we only get a hole in the box no larger than the head of a pin, it will let in the air and turn the color of the whole gold. They call it oxydizing. In that furnace

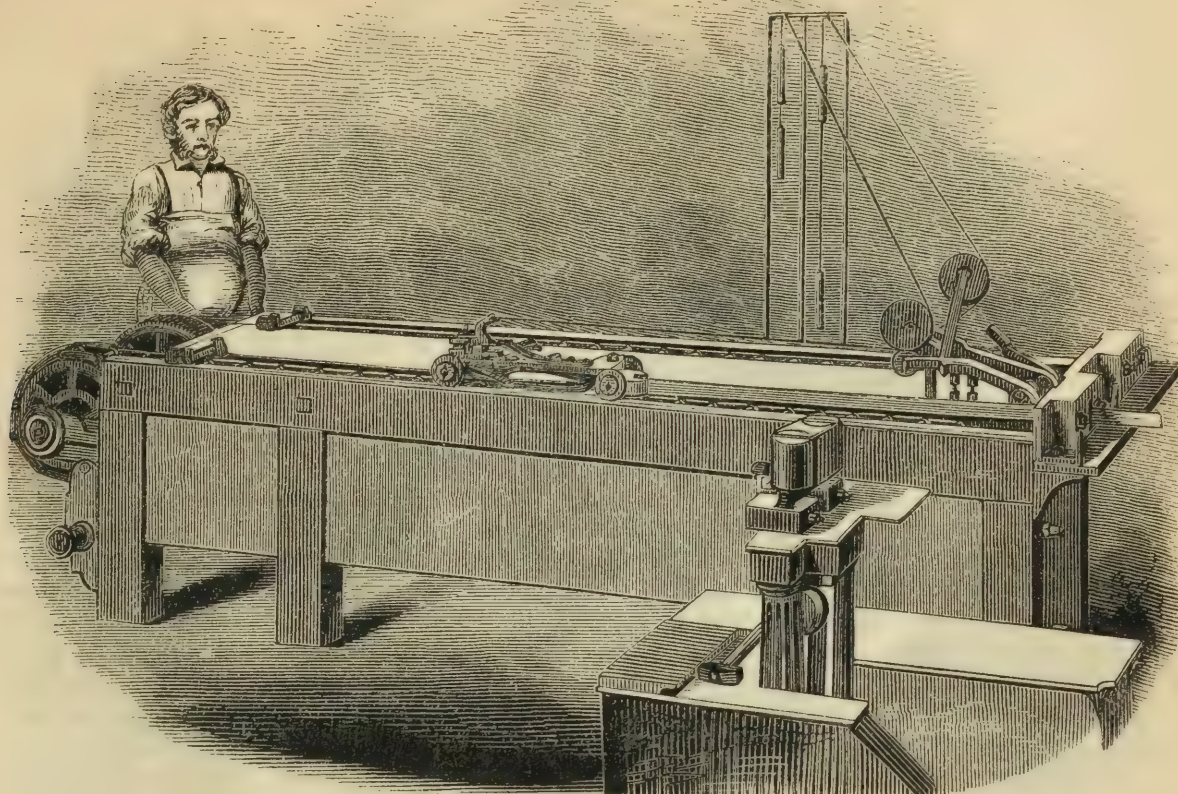
we anneal the silver, but we don't put silver into boxes, 'cause we can heat that in the open fire without its turning. We puts these boxes into this furnace—you can look in at the door while I lift it up. Those in there are red-hot, and we keep 'em in about an hour, mum, till all the gold gets red-hot too. It would twist about like a snake if we took out a strip while it was so hot. When it is well *het* we take the boxes out with tongs, and put 'em into that tank of water to cool 'em, mum. There's from a thousand to twelve hundred dollars in every one of those strips, mum."

It's too hot to stay here long, so pick your way carefully among these boxes of gold, silver, and copper strips, and ingots, to the other end of the room. Be careful of that stand; it is terribly dirty. It is where they are greasing the silver strips and waxing the gold, to enable them to pass through the drawing bench easier. Wax is a better lubricator than grease for gold.

That long table, with the odd-looking, endless chain, running from right to left, making a deafening noise, is the Drawing Bench. In fact, there are two benches, one on each side of the



ROLLING MILL.



DRAWING BENCH.

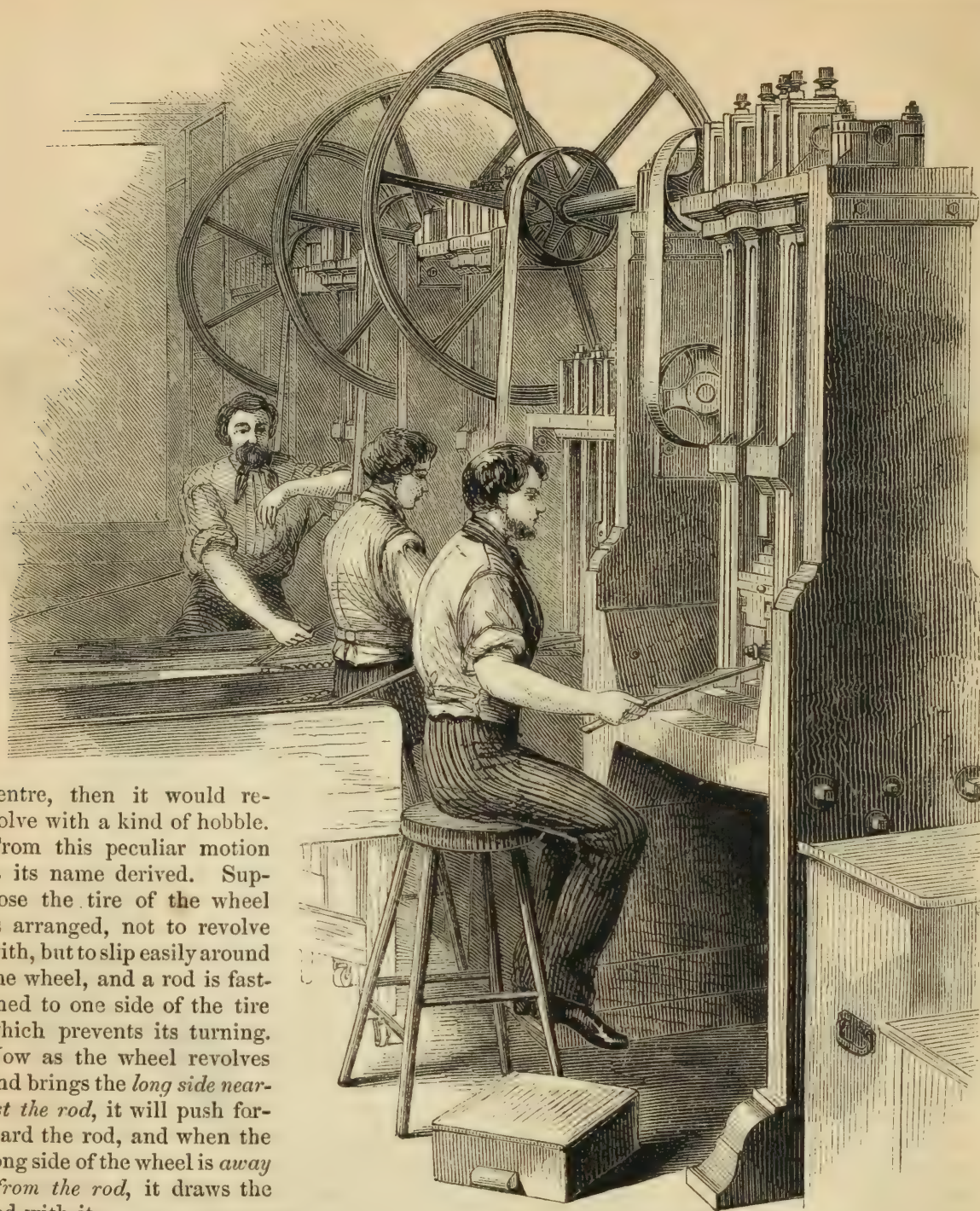
table. At the right end you see an iron box secured to the table. In this are fastened two perpendicular steel cylinders, firmly supported in a bed, to prevent their bending or turning around, and presenting but a small portion of their circumference to the strip. These are exactly at the same distance apart that the thickness of the strip must be. One end of the strip is pinched somewhat thinner than the rest, to allow it to slip easily between the cylinders. When through, this end is put between the jaws of a powerful pair of tongs, or pincers, fastened to a little carriage running on the table. One carriage you see has a flag fastened to it, and has drawn a strip nearly through. The carriage to the further bench is up close to the cylinders, ready to receive a strip, which is inserted edgewise. When the end is between the pincers, the operator touches a foot pedal which closes the pincers firmly on the strip, and pressing another pedal, forces down a strong hook at the left end of the carriage, which catches in a link of the moving chain. This draws the carriage away from the cylinders, and the strip being connected with it has to follow. It is drawn through the cylinders, which, operating on the thick part of the strip with greater power than upon the thin, reduces the whole to an equal thickness. When the whole is through, the strain on the tongs instantly ceases, which allows a spring to open them and drop the strip. At the same time another spring raises the hook and disengages the carriage from the chain. A cord fastened to the carriage runs back over the wheel near the head of the table, and then up to a couple of combination weights on the wall beyond, which draw the

carriage back to the starting-place, ready for another strip.

The original machine was invented by Mr. Barton, Controller of the British Mint; but this table has been so far improved by Mr. Peale as to be almost his own creation. Barton's table required two men to operate it, while Peale's requires only one. The arrangement of the combination weights to draw back the carriage, fast at first and slower as it reaches the starting-point; the application of the pedals to close the tongs and attach the carriage to the chain, are Mr. Peale's invention. His machine is arranged to run with much less noise than Barton's, and has other minor improvements.

Just turn around and we shall see the next process the strips undergo, after being washed free from grease or wax in warm water. Round pieces, called *planchets*, a little larger than the coins they are to make, are being cut from them. Four cutting presses of one kind are in a row; but more being required, Mr. Peale constructed two on about the same principle, but much more compact and handsome. An outline of one of them can be seen in the fore-ground of the engraving "Drawing Bench." They are not, however, quite so conveniently adjusted as the old ones; and as these show the mode of operating more plainly, we will examine them.

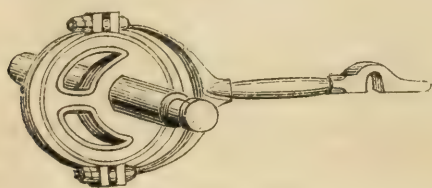
The press consists of a vertical steel punch, which works in a round hole or matrix, cut in a solid steel plate. The action of the punch is obtained by an eccentric wheel. For instance, in an ordinary carriage wheel the axis is in the centre, and the wheel revolves evenly around it. But if the axis is placed, say four inches from the



CUTTING PRESSES.

centre, then it would revolve with a kind of hobble. From this peculiar motion is its name derived. Suppose the tire of the wheel is arranged, not to revolve with, but to slip easily around the wheel, and a rod is fastened to one side of the tire which prevents its turning. Now as the wheel revolves and brings the *long side nearest the rod*, it will push forward the rod, and when the long side of the wheel is *away from the rod*, it draws the rod with it.

The upper shaft, on which are seen the three large wheels, has also fastened to it, over each press, an eccentric wheel. In the first press will be seen three upright rods running from near the table to the top. The middle one is connected with a tire around the eccentric wheel, and rises and falls with each revolution. The eccentric power is very popular among machinists, as it gives great rapidity of motion with but little jerking.



ECCENTRIC WHEEL.

The operator places one end of the strip under the punch and cuts out a couple of planchets, which are a fraction larger than the coin to be struck. As the strips are of uniform thickness, if these two are of the right weight, all cut from the strip will be. They are therefore weighed accurately. If right, or a little too heavy, they are allowed to pass, as the extra weight can be filed off. If too light, the whole strip has to be remelted. The strips that are correct are quickly cut up, the press striking 220 double eagle planchets, or 250 smaller pieces, in a minute. A man has cut over a million dollars in double eagles in a single day. As fast as cut the planchets fall into a box below, and the perforated strips are folded into convenient lengths to be remelted. From a strip valued at about

eleven hundred dollars, eight hundred dollars of planchets will be cut. They are still in a very rough, ragged state, and look but little like coin. The second press, rather smaller than the rest, is the first introduced, and has been in constant use for about forty years; has never been broken, or had fifty cents' worth of repairs done to it.

We will leave this room, and go into a much more cheerful one for a moment, to see the sorting of the planchets. They are thrown upon a table with two holes in it, and a woman picks out all the imperfect pieces or chips, which are slipped into one hole, and the perfect ones into the other, where they fall into different boxes. It is not much to see; so come into the entry, up the marble stairs to the second story, past the Director's room, out upon a gallery looking down upon the court-yard below. At the further end of the gallery we pass through a small entry, and enter a room. What a peculiar noise, like a young ladies' school at recess, only a strange filing sound withal! Nearly sixty females, some young and pretty, some—middle-aged and fine-looking. Jessie will have to do the examination: we can not stand the hundred and twenty eyes brought to a focus on us.

She tells us it is the Adjusting Room. Each operator has on the table before her a pair of assay scales. Seated close to the table, a leather apron, one end tacked to the table, is fastened

under her arms to catch any gold that may fall. In short sleeves, to avoid sweeping away the dust, and armed with a fine flat file, she is at work, chatting and laughing merrily. She catches a double eagle planchet from a pile by her side and puts it into the scale. It is too heavy. She files it around the edge, and weighs it. Still too heavy. Files it again, and weighs it. Almost right. Just touches it with the file. Right; the index is in the centre. She tosses it into the box, and picks up another to undergo the same operation.

The proper weight of the double eagle is 516 grains, and the smaller gold coins are in the same proportion. Absolute perfection is impossible in the weight of coin, as in other matters, and the law therefore allows a variation of one half of a grain in the double eagles; therefore, between a heavy and a light piece, there may be a difference of one grain. This is so slight, however, not two cents in value, as to be deemed sufficiently correct. The weight of the silver half dollar is 192 grains, and smaller pieces in proportion, with the exception of the cent, which, being composed of 88 per cent. copper and 12 per cent. nickel, the weight is 72 grains. The weight of the silver coin was reduced in April, 1853. Prior to that date the half dollar was 206 $\frac{1}{4}$ grains.

To adjust a coin so accurately requires great



ADJUSTING ROOM.

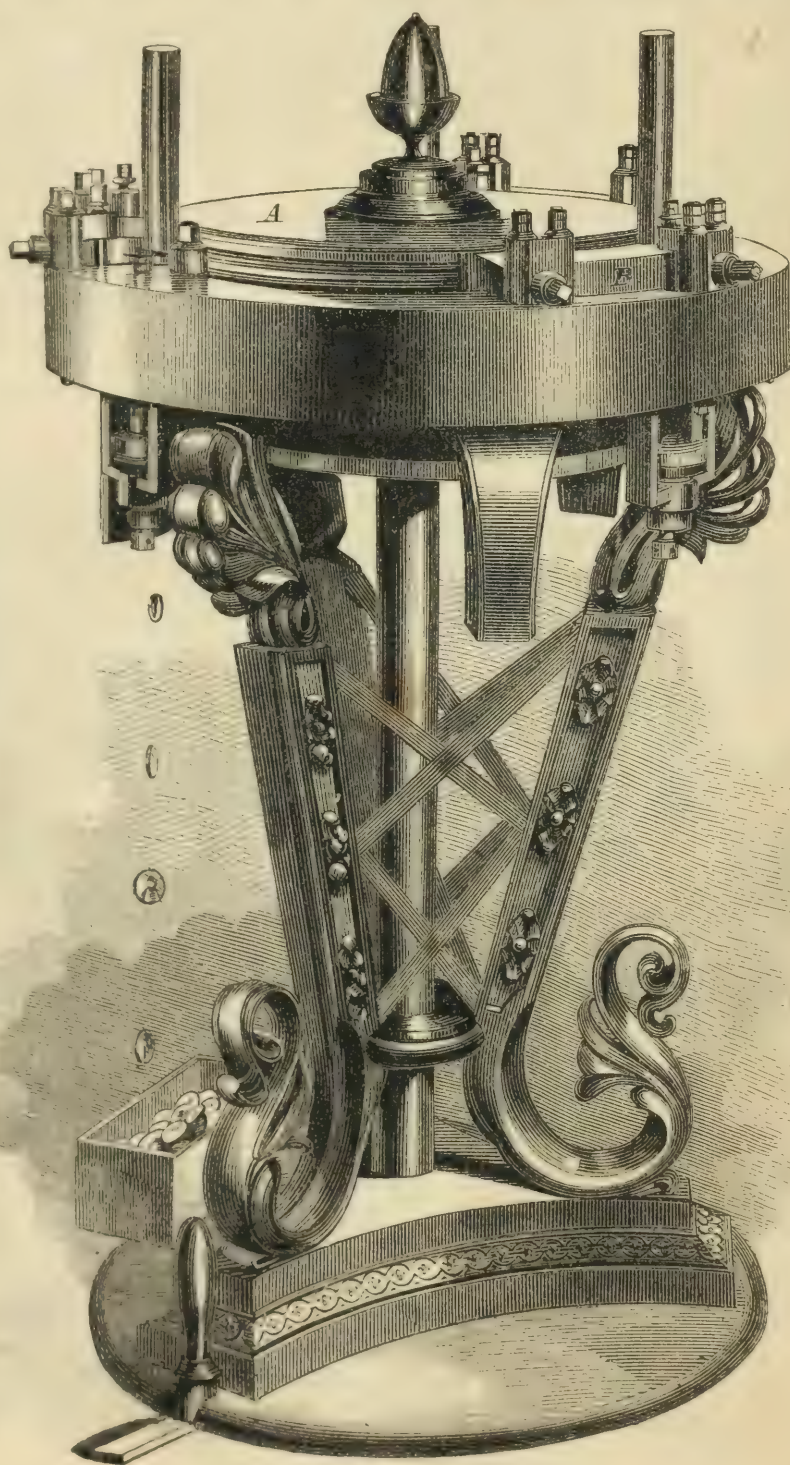
delicacy and skill, as a too free use of the file would quickly make it too light. Yet by long practice, so accustomed do the operators become, that they work with apparent recklessness, scarcely glancing at planchet or scales, but seemingly guided by their touch. Our artist attempted to obtain a photograph of the room while they were at work, but it was found impossible for fifty-five out of the sixty to remain quiet long enough for the camera to operate. It was necessary to take the room after they had left, supplying the figures in the drawing.

The exceedingly delicate scales were made under the direction of Mr. Peale, who greatly improved on the old ones in use. So delicate are they that the slightest breath of air affects their accuracy, rendering it necessary to exclude every draft from the room, which, being poorly ventilated, in a hot day is an uncomfortable and probably an unhealthy place. Colonel Childs, the late chief coiner, exercised great care to counteract this difficulty by occasionally stopping work, and opening the windows. The whole process, however, is behind the times. Hand-work can not compete with machinery. Sixty adjusters can not keep the coining presses supplied, and genius must find a quicker way of performing the work. It is here that the delay occurs, keeping depositors waiting from twenty to thirty days for the coin they should receive in a week. It is astonishing that our Mint has not made the advancement here that it has in every other department.

Only the gold pieces are adjusted in this manner. The silver has merely the adjustment of the two planchets weighed at the cutting press. A greater allowance is made in the weight of silver coin, as it is less valuable, and it would be almost impossible to have such a vast number of small pieces separately examined. Mr. Peale ordered from Paris a beau-

tiful and delicate coin-separator, which he intended to apply to silver (although the one received is adapted to the half eagle only), but owing to its not arriving until he had been removed it has never been put in operation. It is so arranged that the planchets, being placed in at one end, are carried through the hopper and dropped singly on a balance. If too light it is tipped into a box at one side; if too heavy, into another box; if exactly right, into a third box. The instrument does not adjust the weight, but merely separates the heavy and light planchets. For silver, however, this would be desirable, as a more uniform weight could be preserved. Why it has never been put in use we are unable to learn.

The females in the adjusting room are paid



MILLING MACHINE.

\$1 10 a day for ten hours' work. They look happy and contented. Behind the screens, at each end of the room, are dining-halls, where they eat the dinners they bring with them. On the whole, it is the pleasantest work-shop for women we have yet seen, and the pay, in comparison with that ordinarily given to women, is good.

If you examine a double eagle, or, lacking one, a quarter of a dollar, a slight rim will be noticed around the edge, raised a little higher than the device. It is done to prevent the device being worn by rubbing on counters, etc., and also that the coins may be piled one on another steadily. This edge is raised by a very beautiful piece of mechanism called a Milling Machine, the invention of Mr. Peale, and vastly superior to any other in use.

Some twenty or thirty planchets are placed in one of the brass vertical tubes, of which there are three, for different sized coins. At the bottom of the tube the lowest planchet is struck by a revolving feeder, which drives it horizontally between the revolving steel wheel (marked A in the engraving) on one side, and the fixed segment (marked B) on the other. The segment is on the same curve as the wheel, though somewhat nearer to it at the further end. The planchet is caught in a narrow groove cut in the wheel and segment, and the space being somewhat less than the diameter of the planchet the edge is crowded up about the thirty-second part of an inch. The planchet makes four revolutions when it reaches the end of the segment, and being released from the grooves falls into a box below. The edge is perfectly smooth, the fluting or "reeding," as it is termed, being put on in the process of coining. The work is so nimbly performed that about one hundred and twenty double eagles, or five hundred and sixty half dimes, can be milled in one minute. This is a vast improvement on the English milling machine, worked by hand, and operating on but two planchets at a time.*

The planchets being milled are called blanks. They are very dirty and discolored by the processes they have undergone, requiring to be polished before coining. This is done in the Whitening Room, and an exceedingly hot place it is. Sometimes in summer the thermometer will indicate 120°, though the tall man by the furnace declares that it is often at 175°. The room is too small and poorly ventilated for the use to which it is put. There are two furnaces for annealing the blanks, they being placed in a copper box, with a cover sealed on air-tight with clay. Boxes and blanks are heated red-hot, and the blanks tipped into a vat containing a weak solution of sulphuric acid and water, to cleanse them. The stream of water in the other vat is hot, in which the blanks are washed free from the acid, leaving them a beautiful white color, almost like silver.

The curious copper machine, looking like a large revolving squirrel-cage, is the drying-drum. About half of it is a tight copper drum, into which the blanks from the hot water are placed with a quantity of basswood saw-dust. Steam is introduced through the axis to heat the interior, and the drum made to revolve, causing the blanks to roll among the heated saw-dust and dry themselves. Basswood dust is used because of its freedom from sap, pitch, or gum of any kind. It is extremely pure. In the language of one of the men, "It ain't got nothing about it but just wood."

When the blanks are dry a door in the end of the drum is opened, allowing them to fall into the sieve, where they tumble about, the dust gradually sifting out, leaving the coin clean. To brighten them they are kept revolving for an hour, and the friction of one upon another gives them a beautiful lustre. It is in this way that pins, brass buttons, and the like are polished.

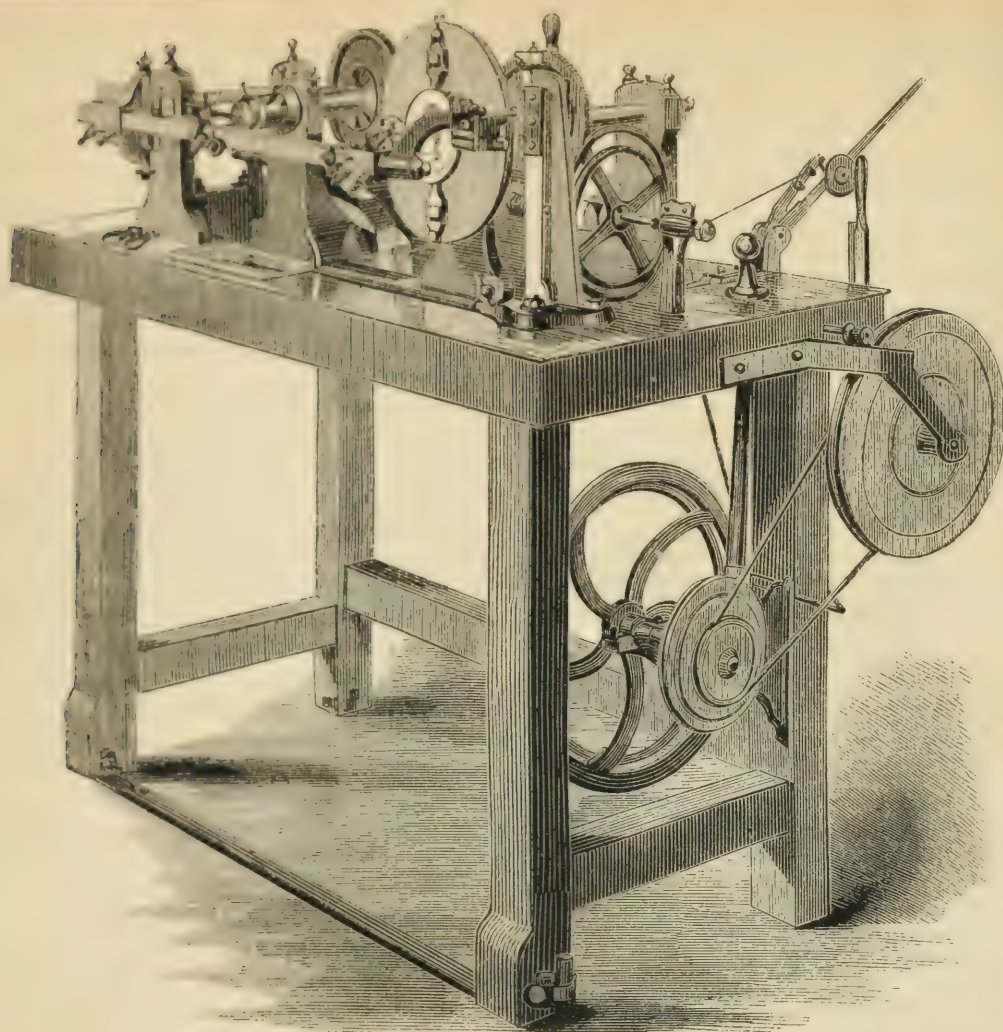
They are taken from the drying-drum, and heated in a large warming-pan, with steam-pipes running under it, until Jessie would hardly hold a handful for the gift of them, though they are all double eagles. They are now ready for coinage, and that prettily painted truck is taking a couple of hundred thousand dollars to the other room for the purpose.

Before examining the coining we must visit the Die Room, to learn how the dies are made. A coin has an impression on both sides, requiring, of course, a die for each. These are to be made with extreme care, to be of the finest workmanship, and all exactly alike. Their manufacture is one of the most important operations in the Mint.

Look at the bas-relief of Liberty on one side of a coin. It would be exceedingly difficult to design this in hard steel and of so small a size; so they first make the design in wax, probably six times as large as the coin, by which means the beautiful proportions can be obtained. From this a brass cast is taken, and reduced on steel to the size of the coin by a transfer or reducing lathe. This ingenious instrument was introduced from France by Mr. Peale, who also operated it for some time.

The brass cast is fastened to the large wheel at the right-hand side of the lathe. On the small wheel to the left of the cast is fastened a piece of soft steel, on which the design is to be engraved. Both of these wheels revolve in the same way and at the same speed. There is a long iron bar or lever fastened by a joint to an iron support at the extreme left, which runs in front of the two wheels. A spring at the upper end draws it in toward the wheels. Fastened to the lever is a pointed steel stub, which touches the cast. A very sharp "graver" is fastened to the lever below, which touches the steel. The wheels revolve, and the stub, when it is pushed back by the heavy relief of the cast, forces back the lever, which draws back the graver, and prevents it cutting the steel. So where there is a raised place in the cast the graver is prevented from cutting

* A full description of the English process of coining, with engravings of the machinery, can be found in "Encyclopædia Britannica," article "Coinage."



TRANSFER LATHE.

into the steel, but where there is a depression in the cast the graver cuts the same in the steel.

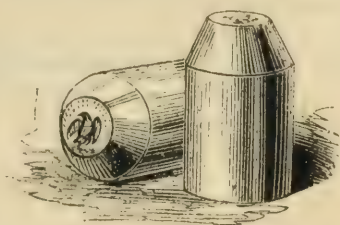
As the lever is jointed at the left, the nearer the graver is placed to that end the less motion it will have. So that the distance of the steel from the joint regulates the proportion of the reduction from the cast.

After the graver has cut one small shaving around the steel, a screw is turned, which lowers the right end of the lever slightly, just enough to allow the graver to cut another shaving, and the stub to touch the cast a very little further from the centre. Thus the graver cuts a very little at a time; but the work is cut over several times, until the design is sufficiently blocked out. This machine will not finish off the die perfect enough to use; but it reduces the design in perfect proportion, and performs most of the rough work. The original dies for coins being now all made, the lathe is used mostly for medals, of which a great many are struck, by order of Congress, for various purposes. A very fine one was presented to the Japanese while they were in this country. There is now in the machine a cast of Washington's bust, merely to show how the cast is placed.

After the die comes from the lathe it is carefully finished off by hand, and when all polished is a beautiful piece of work. It is still very soft,

requiring to be hardened before it can be used, which is done by heating it very hot, and holding it under a stream of water until cold. The relief is exactly like the coin—that is, the device is raised as in the coin. It will not do to use this in stamping, as it would reverse the appearance on the coin. Therefore this “hub,” or “male die,” as it is named, is used only to make other dies.

Round pieces of very soft steel, a little larger than the die, are smoothed off on the top, the centre being brought to a point a little higher than the sides. It is placed on a solid bed, under a very powerful screw-press, and the hub placed on top of it—the centre of the hub on the point of the steel, like a seal on the sealing-wax. The screw is turned with great force by several men, and presses the hub a little into the steel. It is necessary to have the steel higher in the centre, as if the centre impression is not taken first, it can not be brought out sharp and distinct. The steel is softened again by being heated and allowed to cool slowly, and the operation is



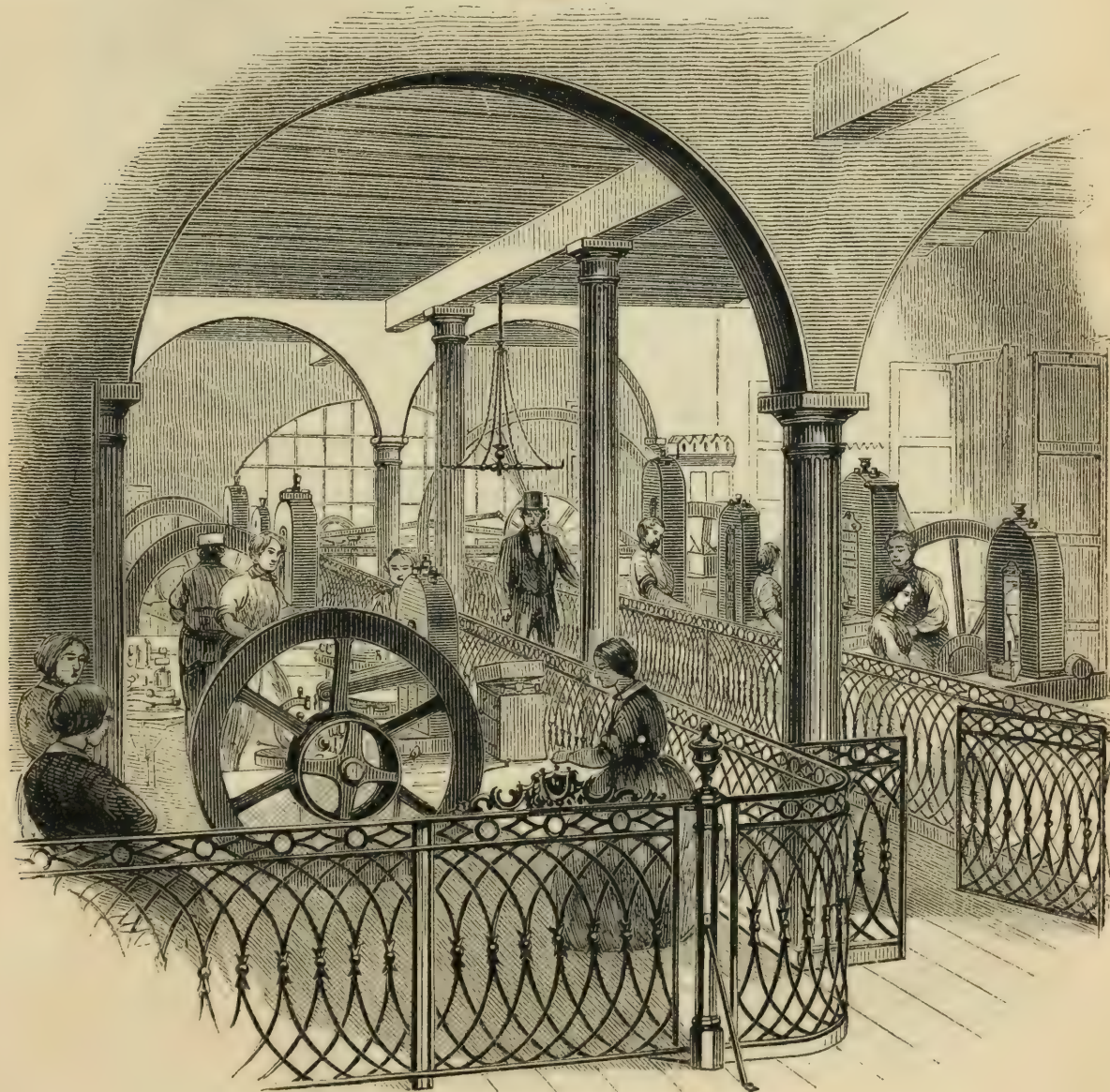
DIES.

repeated. This is done several times, until the whole impression is full and distinct. If there is any little defect it is rectified with the engraver's tool. The surplus steel around the edge is cut off, and the date put in by hand, when it is hardened and ready for use. The date is not cut on the hub or on the first die—which is called a "female"—as perhaps the hub will last for two years, and the date can not be altered. This die is never used to stamp with, but preserved, so that if the hub breaks it can be used to make another. The dies for use are prepared in the same way. About thirteen hundred a year are made for the various Branch Mints, and those for the New Orleans Mint were sent on just before the State seceded, which the authorities have not yet had time to return. Sometimes a die will wear for a couple of days, and again they will break in stamping the first coin. Steel is treacherous, and no dependence can be placed in its strength. As nearly as can be ascertained their cost is sixteen dollars a pair.

We will now enter the Coining Room, a light, airy hall, filled with brightly polished machinery, kept as clean as the milk-pans in a New England dairy. Jessie can handle it as freely as

her fan without soiling her light gloves, or trail her dress over the floor without a misgiving. A passage-way in the middle of the room is separated from the machines on both sides by a neat iron fence. The quantity of gold and silver lying about would make it unwise, especially in these times, to allow strangers to mingle among it. Visitors can see every thing from this passage-way, but the pleasure of handling is denied.

There are two styles of coining presses, both working on the same principle, but some more compact and handsome than the others. They are the invention of Mr. Peale, the plan being taken from the French press of Thonnelier's. Peale's press works much more perfectly and rapidly, and is a vast improvement over the old-fashioned screw-press still used in England. It seems to be as nearly perfect as any thing can be. In the engraving we have given one of the old presses, as it is more open and exhibits better the working power. There is so little difference, save in form, that, essentially, they are the same. There are eight presses, all turned by a beautiful steam-engine at the further end of the room.

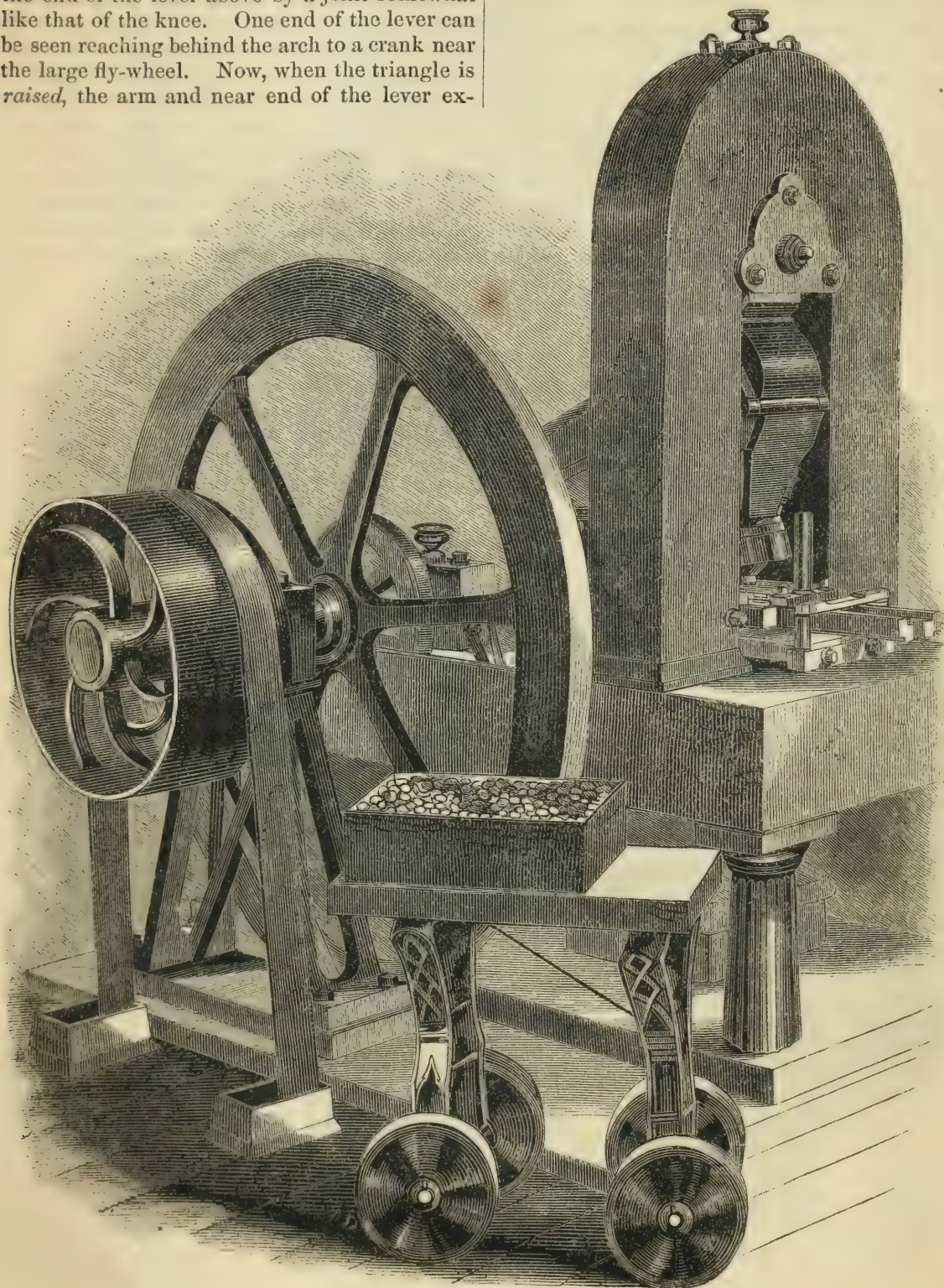


COINING ROOM.

The power of the press is known as the "toggle," or, vulgarly, "knee" joint, moved by a lever worked by a crank. The arch is a solid piece of cast iron, weighing several tons, and unites with its beauty great strength. The table is also of iron, brightly polished and very heavy. In the interior of the arch is a nearly round plate of brass, called a triangle. It is fastened to a lever above by two steel bands, termed stirrups, one of which can be seen to the right of the arch. The stout arm above it, looking so dark in the picture, is also connected with the triangle by a ball-and-socket joint, and it is this arm which forces down the triangle. The arm is connected with the end of the lever above by a joint somewhat like that of the knee. One end of the lever can be seen reaching behind the arch to a crank near the large fly-wheel. Now, when the triangle is raised, the arm and near end of the lever ex-

tend outward, as when one is resting his whole weight on one leg the other bends out at the knee. If the knee is drawn in and the leg straightened, the whole body will be slightly raised.

The press is on exactly the same principle. When the crank lifts the further end of the lever it draws in the knee and forces down the arm until it is perfectly straight. By that time the crank has revolved and is lowering the lever, which forces out the knee again and raises the arm. As the triangle is fastened to the arm it has to follow all its movements. Thus we have got the motion, which is all-important.



COINING PRESS.

Under the triangle, buried in the lower part of the arch, is a steel cup, or, technically, a "die stake." Into this is fastened the reverse die, or, according to boys' dialect, the "tail" die. The die stake is arranged to rise about the eighth of an inch, but when down it rests firmly on the solid foundation of the arch. Over the die stake is a steel collar or plate, in which is a hole just large enough to allow a blank to drop upon the die. In the triangle above the obverse die is fastened, which moves with the triangle; and when the knee is straightened the die fits into the collar and presses down upon the reverse die.

Just in front of the triangle will be seen an upright tube made of brass, and of the size to hold the blanks to be coined. The blanks are examined by the girl in attendance, and the perfect ones are placed in this tube. As they reach the bottom they are seized singly by a pair of steel feeders, in motion as similar to that of the finger and thumb as is possible in machinery, and carried over the collar and dropped upon the die. The knee is straightened, forcing the obverse die to enter the collar and press both sides of the blank at once. The sides of the collar are fluted, and the intense pressure expands the blank about the sixteenth of an inch, filling the collar and producing on the coin the fluted or reeded edge. It is put on to prevent any of the gold being filed away.

After the blank has been dropped upon the die, the feeders slide back on the little platform extending in front of the machine, in readiness to receive another. The knee is bent, which raises the die about half an inch above the collar. The die stake is raised at the same time, so as to lift the newly-born coin from the collar, and the feeders coming along with another blank, push the coin over into a sloping channel, whence it slides into a box underneath. The pressure on the double eagle is about seventy-five tons; yet so rapid are all these complex motions that eighty double eagles are coined in a minute; and while the reader has been studying out this explanation probably ten or twelve thousand dollars could be struck on a single press. The smaller pieces, such as dimes and half dimes, are coined at the rate of one hundred and forty a minute. — While usually only seventy-five tons pressure are applied, the large presses will stand a strain of one hundred and fifty tons. Sometimes Government and other large medals are struck, which require this heavy power.

It is a beautiful sight,

as the bright glistening coins drop in a golden stream, with the peculiar metallic clink so pleasant to hear. It is as pretty a cascade as one often sees. Jessie remarked to one of the men that it must be exceedingly tantalizing to be handling so much wealth, yet to have so little of it.

"Why, we don't think nothing of this—we just kick it about like so much old iron; but when we get our month's pay in our pockets we feel rich, I—tell—you!"

The number of pieces here coined is almost incredible. During the year 1860 there were coined 25,164,467 pieces, amounting in value to \$22,781,325 50. Among these were 21,466,000 cents. During the first five months of 1861 there have been coined 12,248,037 pieces, in value \$31,123,206. The gold demand has been entirely for double eagles, 1,461,506 having been coined. The present interruption of foreign importations has caused a great influx of gold, to be coined for home use. Since the commencement of the Mint in 1793 there has not been as much value coined in any year (save in 1851), as during the first five months in 1861. The smallest coinage was that of 1815, when only 69,869 pieces were struck, in value \$16,385 50. The greatest coinage in value, before 1861, was in 1851, when 24,985,716 pieces, including 147,672 half cents, and in value \$49,258,058 43 were struck. The largest number of pieces were coined in 1853, amounting to 69,770,961. The whole amount of coinage at the Philadelphia Mint, up to June, 1860, is 671,904,388 pieces, of a value of \$423,426,504 24. The coinage of the branch Mints will add \$227,803,096 to this value. Very possibly much of this has been coined over two or three times, our specie having been sent to Europe and there melted and coined; then perhaps returned here in shape of sovereigns, to be reconverted into eagles.

There is a melancholy pleasure in seeing these



DELIVERING COIN TO THE TREASURER.

large figures of unrealized, if not untold wealth; and it seems strange that, with such a vast amount in the world, it is so difficult to collect a few paltry thousands.

After being stamped the coins are taken to the chief coiner's room, and placed on a long table—the double eagles in piles of ten each. It will be remembered that, in the Adjusting Room, a difference of one half a grain was made in the weight of some of the double eagles. The light and heavy ones are kept separate in coining, and, when delivered over to the treasurer, they are mixed together in such proportions as to give him full weight in every delivery. By law the deviation from the standard weight, in delivering to him, must not exceed three pennyweights in one thousand double eagles. The gold coins—as small as quarter eagles being counted, and weighed to verify the count—are put up in bags of \$5000 each. The three-dollar pieces are put up in bags of \$3000, and one-dollar pieces in \$1000 bags. The silver pieces, and sometimes small gold, are counted on a very ingenious contrivance called a “counting-board,” somewhat resembling a common wash-board. They are all subsequently weighed, however, to verify the correctness of the counting. For the various duties of the Mint there are about two hundred persons employed as clerks, workmen, etc.—say one hundred and forty men and sixty women—the number depending, of course, upon the amount of work to be done.

We can not conclude without a tribute to the skill and genius of Mr. Franklin Peale, brother to the late Rembrandt Peale. In 1833 he was appointed assistant assayer, and ordered to spend two years in examining the European Mints, which he did, returning in 1835 laden with plans of improvements much needed in our then very imperfect Mint. In 1836 he was appointed melter and refiner; and while performing those duties introduced the beautiful process, described in the last number of the Magazine, of precipitating chloride of silver by means of common salt—a much quicker and cheaper process than the old one, requiring the use of copper. He is not the discoverer of this method, but the first to apply it to a practical use on a large scale. In 1839 Mr. Peale was appointed chief coiner, and we have seen traces of his skill in the various machines employed. It is safe for the visitor to ascribe to his ingenuity—either in design, improvement, or construction—almost any machinery in the Mint which is finished, complete, and compact. In 1854 Mr. Peale was removed by the President.

This removal was certainly unfortunate, as mainly to the efforts of Mr. Peale America is indebted for the finest Mint in the world. An attaché of the Royal Mint, London, recently visited ours at Philadelphia. As he was leaving, he remarked to the coiner, “When you come to London, I beg you not to visit our Mint. You are a hundred years in advance of us.”

THE OKAVANGO RIVER.*

AFRICA has within a few years furnished materials for several valuable books. Barth, the most diligent of explorers, journeying with note-book and pencil in hand, has given the topography and history of the continent from Tripoli on the north to Adamawa on the south, and from Darfur on the east to Timbuctu on the west, covering three-fourths of the continent north of the equator. His great work will not be superseded in our day. He covers the northern part of Africa to within four degrees of the equator. Livingstone, who brings to the missionary work faculties which would have made him a Marshal of the Empire under either of the two great Napoleons, describes a broad belt reaching across the continent south of the equator. “What do you think of Livingstone?” asked Mr. Andersson of a famous African sportsman and traveler. “Well,” was the reply, “to look at the man you would think nothing of him; but, saving your presence, he is a plucky little devil.” The “plucky” little missionary has that authority in him which men would fain call master. The Makololo, the scourges of the central parts of Southern Africa, obeyed him like children, attending him all through his marvelous journey across the continent, the only complete transit

hitherto made; and quietly awaited on the eastern shore the fulfillment of his promise to return to them. Four degrees of latitude on each side of the equator separate the regions described by Barth from those traversed by Livingstone. Burton from the east, and Du Chaillu from the west coast, penetrated some distance into this hitherto unexplored equatorial belt. Du Chaillu's explorations are especially interesting. So strange are his accounts of the tribes whom he encountered, that many have doubted the truth of his statements. Even Barth is inclined to discredit them. But Barth was never within six hundred miles of this region—a distance in Africa equivalent to some months' journey, and his travels brought him among people of a wholly different race. Burton, on the contrary, who has approached nearest to this region, gives full credit to Du Chaillu's representations. The relations of Marco Polo and Bruce were in like manner pronounced fabulous; but subsequent observations have shown their entire truth. We doubt not that such will be the case with Du Chaillu. At all events, Burton, who has just been appointed consul at Fernando Po, will doubtless in time explore the equatorial belt, and thus solve the only remaining problem of African geography.

Among African travelers a high place belongs to Mr. Andersson. Nearly five years ago this

* *The Okavango River: A Narrative of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure.* By CHARLES JOHN ANDERSSON, author of “Lake Ngami.” Harper and Brothers.

Magazine gave a resumé of his previous work, "Lake Ngami." In the preface to that work he said it was more than probable that his career as an explorer and pioneer of civilization had closed; his constitution had been undermined by the hardships he had undergone, and the foundation of a malady had been laid, which it was feared would be carried with him to the day of his death; yet, if circumstances should

permit, he would return to this life of trial and privation.

After the lapse of eight years Mr. Andersson, less hardy in body, but not less indomitable in spirit, returned to his African explorations. The region described is that portion of Southern Africa occupying the western side of the continent, between 14° and 19° of east longitude, and 23° and 13° of south latitude. The physical char-



A WELL-STOCKED SHOOTING-GROUND.

acter of this region is not attractive. Days oppressively warm are succeeded by nights exceedingly cold. The brief wet season, when the rain falls in torrents, is succeeded by months of absolute drought, when water—the element next after air most immediately necessary to life—is found only at long intervals in solitary fountains and stagnant pools. The country is intersected by mountains so steep and rugged as to impede the progress of the traveler's wagons, but rarely high enough to vary the monotony of the scene. Between these are broad plains, some covered during the rainy season with juicy herbage, which is burned off as the dry season approaches, leaving the ground dry and dusty; others overgrown with thorny bushes standing so closely that the traveler must chop his way step by step. The colonists call the most common of these bushes the "Wait-a-bit;" it is thickly covered with thorns shaped like fish-hooks, each capable of sustaining a weight of seven pounds. The traveler who attempts to pass through such a thicket is forced to "wait a bit" at every step to clear his clothing from these thorns. These thorn-trees are indeed the peculiar characteristic of the country. Mr. Andersson once mentions coming upon a forest of trees without thorns. "I do not think," he says, "that I was ever more agreeably surprised in my life. A wood of beautiful foliage is so rare in this wretched country, that for a moment I hesitated to trust my senses. Even the dull faces of my native attendants seemed for a few seconds to relax from their usual heavy unintelligent cast, and to express joy at the novel scene."

The inhabitants of this region are as uninviting as their country. On the south are the Namaquas, professional marauders and plunderers. On the north are the Ovambo, alike treacherous and ferocious. Between them are the timid Damaras, a prey to both, and rapidly disappearing. Of the Ovambo, indeed, Mr. Andersson in his former visit formed a rather favorable opinion. He was received not ungraciously by their principal chief, Nangoro, the fattest creature in all Africa. But Mr. Green, his former companion, having subsequently made a journey to the Ovambo country with a dozen attendants, was treacherously attacked by six hundred of the natives. The assailants were beaten off with great loss. The fat old king himself was so terrified by the rapid discharge of firearms that he tumbled down, and his bowels burst asunder, leaving him a disgusting mass of dead carrion.

But uninviting as this region is to the agriculturist, it is the paradise of sportsmen. It is a great zoological garden. Giraffes show their long necks above the stunted acacia-trees, stooping to crop their topmost twigs. Gigantic boars, with enormous tusks, and fat hippopotami abound. Leopards and hyenas find abundant prey in numerous species of antelopes, and give in their turn abundant sport to the keen hunter. Lions are every where, from the sneaking brute who creeps stealthily upon his ignoble prey, to

the ferocious man-eater in whom a taste of human flesh has awakened a new faculty, which induces him to despise all meaner game, and plunge boldly into the camp of the hunter in search of a human victim. Elephants wander about singly, in pairs, or groups, and troop by night in vast herds down the lonely vlees where they can quench their thirst. "They walk about as thick as cattle," said the natives to Mr. Andersson. On one occasion, at least, he was able to verify the truth of this statement.

We shall have something to say of Mr. Andersson's adventures with wild beasts as we proceed; but we must first explain the object and direction of his present expedition.

In 1824, Captain Chapman of the French frigate *Espiègle* discovered, between the 17th and 18th degrees of south latitude, the mouth of a great river, called the Nourse, or Cunene. It was laid down on the maps, where it remains to this day. Later exploring expeditions could discern no traces of such a river. Other voyagers, however, had found the mouth of the river, though it did not present the magnificent aspect described by the captain of the *Espiègle*. The natives explained this by saying that the river did not always make its way directly into the sea; but that sandbanks were sometimes thrown up at its mouth which compelled it to take a subterranean course. Farther inland, however, Portuguese traders spoke of a river which they called the Cunene, which was presumed to be identical with this. To reach the upper waters of the Cunene was the object of Mr. Green's expedition, which was frustrated by the treacherous attack of Nangoro. Mr. Green, however, made one important discovery. He found a fine lake called Onondova, some thirty miles in circumference, the existence of which had never been suspected. Andersson and Galton, six years before, had hunted within a day's journey of it, without ever hearing of it.

Andersson, having visited England to publish his "Lake Ngami," returned to Africa in 1856, and two years after resolved to set out in search of the Cunene. At Otjimbingué, a missionary station near Wahlvisch Bay, he prepared his outfit. It consisted of eleven attendants, one Cape wagon, with thirty oxen to drag it in turn, several others for riding, one horse, four donkeys, seventy sheep and goats for slaughter when game could not be found, and a dozen dogs. On the 22d of March, 1858, the expedition left the station. In a fortnight it reached the Omaruru River, where the perils of the journey began. Now the wagon tumbled over a precipice; and again, for a hundred miles, they were entangled in a thorn wood, through which for a hundred miles the way had to be cut foot by foot. The pick and crowbar were also in frequent requisition. It was chop, heave, and pick, from sunrise to sunset. Now the guides absconded, again they lost their way. Water grew more and more scarce, and at last ceased altogether. The oxen had been four days without water under a tropical sun; their hollow flanks, drooping heads,

and pitiful moans showed the extremity of their misery. The horse became a gaunt, staggering skeleton. The dogs ceased to recognize their master's caresses, and glided about in spectral silence, their eyes so deeply sunk in their heads as to be scarcely perceptible, the blood at times starting from their nostrils. It was madness to proceed; and with a heavy heart Mr. Anderson turned back toward the last drinking-place.

They had proceeded but a short distance when they were startled by an appalling sight. The dry grass all around them was on fire. In front was a vast prairie, dotted over with thorn-trees, all in a blaze. Right through this was their only way. A few hours, and the flames would expire for want of fuel. But thirst was more dreadful than the fire. They could hear the hissing flames, the crash of falling trees, and the



CROSSING A BURNING SAVANNA.

screams of the startled birds. As they entered the burning savanna the flames of the dry herbage had died away, though the ground was alive with smouldering embers, and the trees shot up in tall pillars of fire. At times they were in danger of being crushed by the falling timber. Tired as the cattle were, the heated ground forced them to step out smartly; and after a while the fiery peril was left behind. At midnight, on the 24th of May, a halt was

made; but on attempting to kraal the oxen tired as they were they leaped over the stout thorn fences as though they had been so many rushes, and with a wild roar set off at full speed for Okoa fountain, which they reached the next day, having been more than one hundred and fifty hours without a single drop of water. The instinct of the oxen had led them straight to the water from so great a distance. But the poor horse lost his way, and wandered about till he



A RIGHT ROYAL FRONT.

fell from exhaustion. He was found by some natives, who gave him drink and fodder, by which means he gradually recovered. He had been seven days without water.

The 1st of July found Mr. Andersson back to the Omaruru River. He had in these hundred days traveled nearly 500 miles—a distance more than sufficient to have taken him to the Cunene and back, had he been able to have kept on a direct course.

Foiled in the attempt to reach the river by this route, he resolved to try another. Meanwhile it was necessary to send the wagon back to the station for repairs, which would require a delay of some weeks. The interval was spent in hunting, in a region abounding in elephants. The country seemed to be almost devoid of inhabitants; but somehow, no sooner was an animal killed than the natives flocked around like carrion crows, sure of enjoying a gorge of elephant's flesh—to them the summit of beatitude; Mr. Andersson meanwhile regaling himself with an elephant's foot roasted in the ashes, and a dish of wild honey, which he considers "a meal fit for a king." It was in this region that he met with elephants "walking as thick as cattle."

Crouched behind an ant-hill, he was one night watching by a large vley, around which were numerous tracks which denoted that the spot was a favorite resort of elephants. A crackling among the bushes denoted the approach of the royal creatures. First came a dozen young males, but not near enough for a successful shot. They drank and withdrew. Then, nearer to the ambush, came a herd of full-grown bulls, slowly and carefully; a shot, true but not fatal, sent these tramping off. Then came a pair of elephants. Two successive shots killed both. Immediately after a large herd of females and their young came trooping down to the water. Herd after herd followed them, from different directions, all ranging themselves by the pool side by side, like a line of infantry. He estimated their numbers at from 100 to 150. The moon was high in the heavens, shedding a dazzling light on the huge beasts. The space between Mr. Andersson and these elephants was too great for a shot, and there was no intervening cover, so that he could not harm them if he wished as they drank. But as they moved off he hurried forward to intercept them. He succeeded in getting a dead shot at the last. The rush and trumpeting which followed was appalling; the herds seemed to yell with rage as they disappeared in the waste. In one night he had killed three elephants. No wonder that after wide experience Mr. Andersson affirms that "a moonlight ambush, beside an African pool frequented by wild animals, is worth all other modes of enjoying a gun put together."

After waiting seven weeks Mr. Andersson was rejoined by his wagon, and set off north-eastward, still in search of the Cunene, by a route where he hoped water would be found. His way led him past Lake Omanbondè. Eight years before he had set out on an expedition to

this lake, of which the Bushmen gave him glowing accounts. To be sure it was a long way off. "A youth who should start for it, and travel as fast as he could, would be an old man before he returned." But it was a great sea; "the water was like the sky;" and it abounded in hippopotami and other game. The distance, in a straight line, proved to be about 400 miles; but there was not a drop of water to be seen in the lake when they reached it. There was a dried-up vley, in the centre of which was a patch of green reeds, among which the natives were actually digging for water. So Omanbondè—the "Lake of the Hippopotami"—was set down as a "dried-up lake," and as such it appears on recent maps. Now, eight years after, the season being remarkably dry, Mr. Andersson expected to find Omanbondè waterless as before. His surprise was great when he came upon a fine sheet of water, four or five miles in extent, abundantly stocked with wild-fowl, and frequented by elephants, rhinoceroses, antelopes, and lions; but there were no hippopotami. It was now September. The dry season had set in, and after making excursions in various directions, Mr. Andersson found that it would be impossible to proceed until the rainy period had come and gone. So he remained in this region until January, 1859, occupying the time in hunting and making collections in Natural History.

Elephant-hunting is not without its perils. Professor Wahlberg, a companion of Mr. Green, was not long before killed by an elephant which he had wounded. Mr. Andersson relates several hair-breadth escapes. He was once following up a herd composed mostly of females and young, the rear being brought up by a jolly old patriarch who seemed to be the father of the family. He fired, slightly wounding the old fellow, whereupon the whole retreating column turned right about and made a furious charge. He threw himself flat on the ground, sheltered by an insignificant bush. Paterfamilias stopped a moment, looked about him inquiringly, and seeing what he thought to be his enemy made a second dash. The supposed enemy was a tree of considerable size. This he seized and actually tore up by the roots. He stood for a few moments, the very picture of rage, part of the shattered tree clinging to his tusks. The hunter lay still, holding his breath; any movement which betrayed him would have been death. Discovering nothing, the patriarch faced about, and with the rest of the troop was soon lost in the jungle. The African elephants are migratory in their habits, frequenting one region in the wet season and another in the dry. It was often necessary to follow them on foot over the burning plains. This is laborious and harassing work. Mr. Andersson could never track, stalk, and kill his elephant in the open plains, and return to camp in less than ten hours—usually it occupied twelve or sixteen hours; sometimes he was two days and one night on a single hunt. His native attendants

were so completely done up that, on their return to camp, they would fall asleep where they stood, regardless of the scorching sun by day or the chilling air by night. They would not even eat; and if a Bushman fails to yield to the enticement of a gorge upon elephant meat he must be in a sad case. It was not hunger or fatigue that was so trying, but the heat. Overhead the sun blazed in a sky of brass; under-

foot the sand was blisteringly hot. Water, even when a supply could be carried, seemed to give no alleviation to the burning thirst. Every fresh draught augmented the craving for more, which often bordered on madness. Giddiness, languor, a sense of oppression through the whole system, choking in the throat, difficulty of speech, palpitation of the heart, were common sensations. Once when Mr. Andersson,



FURIOUS CHARGE OF A PATERFAMILIAS.

after a long chase, had come within 150 yards of an elephant which he had seriously wounded, he was so thoroughly exhausted as to be unable to advance a few paces to give the finishing shot; and before he could recover himself the beast had moved off, and was lost.

Elephants were not the only game of this region. Wild boars were numerous, and frequently afforded excellent sport. Sometimes

two or three would be killed in a day. Their flesh was capital eating, and was quite a treat after a constant course of elephant meat, which—the foot always excepted—is rather dry eating. These boars are surprisingly swift runners. On open ground dogs are no match for them. They also fight desperately, and one will not unfrequently keep a dozen dogs at bay. A rhinoceros hunt sometimes varied the scene.



PURSUIT OF AN ELEPHANT.

One of these had a tragic termination. One night—it was the 19th of September—Mr. Andersson, while lying in wait at a drinking-place for elephants, saw a couple of black rhinoceroses lounging up to the water. A shot wounded one severely, and the pair made off into the darkness. At daylight next morning Mr. Andersson, with three attendants, started out to

find the victim. They came upon his track, marked by pools of blood, the footprints showing that his right fore-leg had been smashed. Close to some small brushwood they saw the monster lying perfectly still. "*Jaccca*—dead!" said Kozengo, one of the natives. Hardly were the words spoken when there was a sudden scampering. Andersson looked, and saw the



CHASE OF THE WILD BOAR.

beast on his feet, with his ugly snout only a few paces off. He took to his heels. Gaining a safe distance, he turned and fired, this time with fatal aim. The beast fell dead on the spot. Looking around, the hunter saw his attendants coming toward him in evident distress. "Kozengo is dead," said one; "he is killed by the rhinoceros." It was even so. Within a stone's-throw,

lying under a thorn bush, was the corpse. He had hidden behind a bush right in the course of the rhinoceros, and a single thrust of the horn of the beast had split his skull in two. They buried the poor fellow after the fashion of his people. A trench four or five feet deep was excavated, and at the bottom of this was dug a hole just large enough to hold the body, doubled



DISAPPOINTED LIONS.

up, the head tied between the legs. The excavation was then filled up, the ground smoothed over, and the corpse left to remain until the resurrection. While following up the trail of this wounded rhinoceros, they came to a place which bore traces of a singular conflict. A couple of lions, taking advantage of his crippled condition, had attacked the rhinoceros, and after a desperate conflict had been beaten off. It

appeared from the tracks that the wounded beast had been aided by his unharmed companion, who had only left him when he could walk no further.

This is the only instance known to Mr. Andersson where lions have ventured to attack a rhinoceros. The lion, in fact, fares hardly with recent African travelers. He seems generally to be a poor skulking creature, who will



DEATH-GRAPPLE WITH A LION.

attack nothing capable of making resistance, unless driven by absolute starvation. To this general character, however, must be excepted the "man-eater"—a lion who has once tasted human flesh. This seems to work a change in his whole nature. "I have no particular dread," says Mr. Andersson, "of lions; nor am I, generally speaking, a particularly nervous man; but I do dread and fear such a monster as a man-eater: a skulking, sneaking, poaching night-prowler, whose cat-like movements no ear can detect; whose muscular strength exceeds that of the strongest ruminating animal; who will pass through your cattle, and leave them untouched, in order to feast on human flesh, is, I think, a creature which may reasonably inspire terror. There is something hideous in the thought of lying down nightly in expectation of such a visitor." Mr. Andersson is the only traveler, as far as we recollect, who speaks of eating lion's flesh. He tried it for the first time on this expedition, and found it palatable and juicy—not unlike veal, and very white. Rhinoceros hump, another article which will not soon be found on our "Bills of Fare," was a favorite dish with him.

Still there is danger in attacking a lion under any circumstances. One is never sure whether he will slink away or turn upon his assailant. Every African hunter relates instances of hair-breadth escapes. One of the narrowest was told to Mr. Andersson by the hero of it. In company with several others he had gone out in search of several lions who had broken into their kraal the preceding night. The lions, five in number, were tracked to a thicket of dry reeds. This was set on fire, and the beasts dashed out. One took the direction in which two of the hunters were stationed. The narrator fired, but only inflicted a slight wound. The lion sprang upon him. We abridge his account of what followed: "To escape," he said, "was impossible; I could only thrust the muzzle of my gun into the extended jaws. In an instant the weapon was demolished. At this moment D—— fired and broke the lion's shoulder. He fell, and I scampered away; but my assailant had not yet done with me. Despite his crippled condition he soon overtook me. My foot caught in a creeper, and I fell to the ground. In an instant he had transfixed my right foot with his murderous fangs. With my left foot I gave him a kick on the head which compelled him for a few seconds to suspend his attack. He next seized my left leg, when I repeated my former dose on the head with my right foot. He dropped the foot, and grasped my right thigh, working his way up to the hip, where he endeavored to plant his claws, tearing my clothing and grazing the skin. I seized him by the ears, and with a desperate effort managed to roll him over on his side, which gave me a moment's respite. He next laid hold of my left hand, which he bit through and through, smashing the wrist, and tearing my right hand, rendering me totally helpless. At

this moment D—— advanced. The lion saw him, and with one paw on my wounded thigh couched ready to spring at his new assailant. If D—— had fired I should have run great risk of being hit; I halloed to him to wait till I could veer my head a little. I succeeded in doing so, and the next instant heard the click of a gun, but no report. Another instant, and a well-directed ball taking effect in his forehead laid the lion a corpse alongside my own bruised and mutilated body. Quick as lightning I now sprang to my feet and darted toward my companions. Once or twice I felt excessively faint, but managed to keep my head up." The mutilated hunter was borne to camp, retaining perfect self-possession; but the moment his wounds were dressed he swooned, and remained for three weeks completely unconscious. He finally recovered his general health, but his left arm was totally crippled.

While awaiting the close of the dry season, Mr. Andersson was for some time in company with a Damara caravan of four hundred persons, bound for the Ovambo country for the purpose of trade or plunder, or rather of both, as occasion served. At first, his companions behaved tolerably well; but finally, as game grew scarce, they became perfect nuisances, especially at "feeding time." He had to fight for a share of the game which he had himself killed, sometimes he was forced to threaten his black friends with his gun before he could secure needful food. "To say nothing," he says, "of screams, vociferations, and curses, which were deafening, assegai stabs and knob-kurrie blows were administered indiscriminately and remorselessly—all for the sake of a lump of meat. Imagine one or two hundred starving and ferocious dogs, laying hold of a carcass, each tearing it away in his own particular direction, at the same time biting and snarling incessantly, and you will have a faint notion of these beastly scrambles. I have seen human blood flow as freely at these feeds as had flowed that of the animal we were devouring. All the revolting qualities of man in a barbarous condition were brought out on these occasions into startling relief. Human nature seemed lower than that of the brute creation, while at the same time almost diabolical."

The dry season at length came to a close, and early in January, 1859, Mr. Andersson set out for the northward in search of the Cunene, or rather of a river to which the Bushmen gave the name of Mukuru Mukovanga, which they said was *the* great river. We pass briefly over the incidents of the next two months. There was the same intense heat, the same want of water, the same unreliable guides, the same slow progress over craggy ridges and through dense thorn forests, which marked the previous journey. The wagon, too, was continually breaking down. In the course of one hundred and fifty miles the axle had to be renewed six times. It happens, too, that in this region the trees are of a peculiar character. The wood of most of them is hard enough to turn the edge of any axe, yet so

brittle that it shivers like glass at a sudden blow. Only one tree, the *acacia giraffe*, is fit for axles; and of these scarcely one in a thousand is sound. They look fair enough when standing, but almost every one is either rotten at heart or so perforated by worms as to be useless. To break an axle in such a region is no slight misfortune. A great part of the way had to be hewn through

dense thickets. Mr. Andersson once calculated the number of bushes to be cut down. The result was 1000 to a mile. Each bush required four strokes of the axe; there were 200 miles of this country to be traversed, and to hew a path through it required 2,400,000 strokes of the axe, delivered upon 200,000 bushes. This work was actually performed.



THE WHITE MAN A SHOW

January, February, and a part of March passed away in forcing a path through such a country. In all this time not a single permanent stream of water was encountered. But the reports of a great river became day by day more definite. At last he was told that it was only a day's journey ahead.

He pressed forward, and on the border of the horizon saw a distinct dark-blue line. This must be something more than a periodical water-course. Soon he beheld a broad sheet of water, and in twenty minutes found himself on the banks of a noble river two hundred yards broad. This could be only the Mukuru Mukovanga of the Ovambo, flowing *westward* to the sea. He looked at the course of the water. It was flowing with a steady current, two or three miles an hour, directly *eastward*, straight into the very heart of the continent, instead of emptying itself into the Atlantic on the west.

It is somewhat singular that Mr. Andersson does not give the date of the discovery of the Okavango River. It must have been in March, 1859, a year from the time when he set out from Otjimbingué in search for the Cunene. Whence this great river comes, and whither it goes, is as yet matter for conjecture. Mr. Andersson thinks that it is lost in the immense marshes around Lake Ngami. If Dr. Livingstone carries out his present expedition to Central Africa, he will be able to solve the problem.

Mr. Andersson at once set about inquiries as to the region. He sent a message to Chicongo, the principal chief of the Ovaquangari, who inhabit the country on the northern bank of the river. He was, after some delay, furnished with a canoe to convey him to the residence of the chief. The boatman proved to be a great black-guard. He kept close along shore, stopping at every *werft* or hamlet, and calling out to the inhabitants to come and have a look at the white man. This gave Mr. Andersson an opportunity to observe the country and the people. The country on the northern bank presented a cultivated aspect. There were great corn-fields and groves of fruit trees. The inhabitants were not attractive. The women were especially hideous, thick-set, broad-lipped, and smeared over with grease and ochre. Chicongo received him kindly, and promised to aid him in his projected explorations.

These plans of exploration were cut short by illness. First Andersson was attacked by a malignant fever. The earliest symptoms were slight—only a little quivering of the body—but he knew what it betokened. For mere pain he cared little; but he was aware that it foretold a complete prostration of bodily and mental activity. Soon, of his six attendants, five were prostrated by the same malignant sickness. One died in two or three days. The disease was intermittent. There were intervals of relapse, during which he could look forward with hope. But each alternation left him worse rather than better; and at last, early in June, he reluctantly decided to abandon his efforts for the exploration

of the Okavango, and turn his course homeward. That day he had to bury another of his men.

This is all that we now know of the Okavango River. It must be navigable for a considerable part of its course, and its banks are inhabited by tribes who may be considered civilized when compared with the Ovambos, Damaras, and Namaquas. Mr. Andersson believes that an exploration undertaken in any other season than the spring might be prosecuted with little danger from the unhealthiness of the climate.

The homeward journey was not to be accomplished without peril and privation. It was the dry season again. The wagon, loaded with a part of the sick, had to be sent on one station, and then return for the remainder. It took six weeks to accomplish the regular journey of six days. Then, by sending men on in advance, it was found that the vleys ahead were all dried up; no water was to be had, and a stay of five or six months, until the next rainy season, was necessary. Kane was not more absolutely imprisoned in the Arctic ice than was Andersson in the waterless deserts. To add to this distress came tidings that the Ovambo had laid plans to destroy the intruders into their country. Once the dry grass around their encampment was ablaze; they supposed that the savages had tried to burn them out. This was in August.

About this time Mr. Andersson dispatched the most trusty of his men to the settlements, with tidings of his perilous position. A single man could traverse a region impracticable for a caravan encumbered with sick. The messenger encountered Mr. Green, the old traveling associate of Andersson. He resolved to set out at once, to rescue his friend if living, or avenge him if dead. It is no easy work for one party to find another in these deserts, where the distance of a hundred miles without water forms a barrier almost insurmountable. But Mr. Green pushed forward, and at length, about the end of November, 1859, the two parties effected a junction. The meeting was a joyful one, though great perils yet awaited the travelers. Before them was an uncouth country, abandoned by man and beast. The sandy soil yielded to the foot at every step; thorn thickets abounded, through which the way must be cut, and above all, water was hardly to be found for man or beasts, while overhead blazed a tropical sun.

Of this homeward journey Mr. Andersson gives us no specific account. It must, however, have taken some months, and he can hardly have returned to his starting-point before the spring of 1860—two years from the time when having set out to reach the Cunene, he discovered the Okavango—the great river heretofore unknown to civilized man, flowing directly into the heart of Central Africa. Other explorers, with happier auspices, will doubtless soon take up the search from the point where Andersson was forced to leave it. But no future success can take from him the honor of having been one of the most adventurous and praiseworthy explorers of Southern Africa.

A WIFE'S STORY.

"LIFT me up, Katherine," said my father, in the low, faint voice of extreme weakness. "I want to look out of the west window once more. If I ever see these hills again it will be with eyes that can not be sealed by death or dimmed by old age."

I lifted him up, aided by the young physician who had had the care of him during his six weeks' illness, and who seldom left him now. My father was the oldest medical practitioner in Woodstock. In fact the town contained but one other, a man of nearly the same age. Perhaps the rivalry of half a lifetime had not made them any better friends. At all events, I believe that my father, though he permitted me to send for Dr. Greene at the commencement of his severe illness, was not sorry to learn that he was temporarily out of town. In this emergency I had recourse to Dr. Bartholemew—a young man, not more than thirty, who was rusticated during the summer months at the village hotel, enjoying the kindred pleasures of retirement and trout-fishing. From the first my father had been pleased with his manners and satisfied with his skill; though he had asserted that he needed no physician, and that the illness which was upon him was beyond the reach of earthly aid. Dr. Bartholemew had, in fact, filled for six weeks the post of nurse rather than medical adviser. Besides mine, his was the only face that did not seem to bring confusion and disquiet into the sick-room.

I was only eighteen, though my father was nearly seventy. I was the child of his old age, the last of seven, and my six brothers and sisters slept in sight of our windows, where the church spire cast its long shadow, and the light streamed lovingly over a sunny hill-side. My mother had died so long ago that I only cherished a memory of a sweet, kind face, a low, soft voice, a memory as dim as our childish fancies about saints and angels. Since her death I had been my father's all, as he had been mine. When he was gone I could see no love or hope for me in the world—no friend, no comfort. But my heart struggled desperately against admitting for an instant the idea of his death. I read no encouragement in Dr. Bartholemew's eyes, yet for a long time I strove to persuade myself that there *were* signs and possibilities of recovery which only watching as anxious as mine could discover.

We piled pillows behind and around him, and placed him, as he requested, in a position where his eyes could take in the range of the outside landscape. He looked forth long and silently. At length his gaze rested on a tall elm whose branches overshadowed nearly half the yard, and he spoke, in a dreamy, absent voice:

"How large it is, Kathie! I planted it forty-five years ago—the very day I brought your mother home a bride. See how young and fresh it looks! Birds sing in its boughs; the sun loves its greenness. *It* lives, and Rachel is still and

dead beside her six children in the church-yard. It will be hale and young still when I have been sleeping a hundred years by her side. What do I say? Perhaps she and I will be young also. It is not *all* of us, Kathie, that you leave under the ground. There is another part that feels, and thinks, and loves. We call it soul, for want of a better name. Perhaps Rachel's soul is waiting for mine—now—out there."

He lapsed again into silence, but his eyes were looking very far off, striving, it seemed, to pierce through clouds and sky to seek the soft beauty of a face as far away from his vision as time is from eternity. How far is that? Sometimes I think a breath would lift the curtain between us and the invisible ones beyond. I thought so then. The truth came home to me that he must go. I felt that his aged, trembling feet had reached the brink of that sea which flows forever toward the ocean of eternity—on this shore earth, on that—what? No bridge spans those tideless waters, no voyager has ever returned to reveal the secrets of that land. Not even an echo floats back to us across the waves. I almost held my breath to listen; but I heard no summons, no oar-plash from the ferryman of death. Did my father read my thoughts? He sank back against the pillows, and turned his eyes on me fondly. As if answering my fears, he said:

"The messenger has come, Kathie; he is waiting. I must go. It will not be long before I shall understand all the mystery. I think I shall see Rachel. Good-by, dear child, good child. There is a love beyond the earth that will not leave you desolate."

His eyes lingered with a holy, clinging tenderness upon my face. His hand fluttered softly to and fro over my hair. This had been from my infancy his one habitual caress; but the thin, shaking hands moved very feebly now. At length they grew still. I thought his eyes were losing their look of recognition. I clasped my arms about him close, close. I tried to call to him, to beseech his blessing, to implore him to stay with me, but my lips refused to move. I could not speak one word. I dared not look into those eyes, growing so frightfully dim and glassy. I buried my face in his bosom. Soon the Doctor said, gently,

"God pity you, poor child! he is dead."

My father had been buried a week when Dr. Bartholemew came to bid me good-by. He had prolonged his stay in Woodstock a month beyond his intentions—at first, because of my father's illness; and since his death, in order to afford me all the comfort and assistance that was in his power. I knew this, and felt something as nearly approaching to gratitude as a heart so stupefied by grief could experience. All positive emotion seemed swallowed up for the time by the one great wave which had engulfed my life.

I sat alone in the room where my father and I had passed so many evenings together. It was nearly dark, and I had lighted no lamp.

A fire smouldered in the grate, for it was a chilly evening in September, but I had not enough energy to stir it into life. I sat with my head upon my hands, trying morbidly to recall every instance in which I had ever failed in duty to my dead father; every sorrow I might have shared and did not; every pang I had failed to assuage.

I did not even look up when Dr. Bartholemew came in. More than any one I ever knew he had the habit of respecting the moods of others. He took a chair and sat down quietly at the other side of the hearth. Neither of us spoke for a while, until I had begun to feel soothed by his silent companionship, and find it rather pleasant than intrusive. Then he said, in those quiet tones I had learned in my father's sick-room to know so well, and obey so cordially and instinctively,

"Kathie, this is not good for you, sitting here in the dark with the fire burning low, and thinking, as I know you are, about a past which death has sealed up forever. I shall not like you to do so when I am gone. You know I leave Woodstock to-morrow."

This roused me.

"To-morrow! So soon?" I said, sadly. It seemed to me as if my last friend would be gone, and I thought I could not bear it.

He stirred the fire till it burned up brilliantly, lit a lamp, and placed it in the little round table in the centre of the room, and then came and sat down near me.

"Yes, Kathie, to-morrow." He looked at me searchingly, with his grave, truthful eyes. "I came to Woodstock because I had had a hard winter, and was in need of rest. I have staid already much longer than I intended, and I should be tempted to stay longer still, but it is impossible. The friend who took my practice during my absence is imperatively called away, and I am needed at once in Philadelphia. I am sorry to leave you, Kathie, while the wound in your heart is still so fresh and sore."

He paused for me to answer him, but my tears came instead of words. After a while I faltered,

"You were so kind to *him*. I can not thank you, but I shall indeed feel as if I had lost all when you are gone."

Again that searching look, as if he would pierce through my words to my thought, and know my whole meaning. Then a light, a gleam of something I had never met in any man's eyes before came into his, and I heard the first words of love that had ever fallen upon my maiden ears.

"I shall feel as if I had left all in leaving you. I did not mean to say it to-night, Kathie, but in these past weeks of sorrow you have grown into my heart; it is full of you. Some day I shall ask if you can give me love for love; if you will share my home and my future—some time, but not to-night. You are lonely and sorrowful now; you think you have reason to be grateful to me; and these things might mis-

lead you. I will not have your answer until, through months of absence, you have learned to know your own heart. But this winter I shall write to you—may I not?—and in the spring I shall come to hear what message your soul has for mine."

I could not have answered him if I would; he had put it out of my power. Nor do I think I was prepared to tell him then that I loved him with my lifetime's love; the idea was too new—too strange. So I sat silent till he spoke again, on another theme.

"You must not live here alone, Kathie. Have you thought of any plan? I could wish all might be settled before I go."

"Yes, I have arranged that. You know Miss Willis?"

"What, the pattern old maid—the best woman in Woodstock? Yes."

"To-day I saw her. She is boarding with strangers now. You know she has been for many years an orphan, without any near ties—like myself. I have asked her to come to me for the winter, and I think she is glad to do so. She will be here on Monday."

"This relieves me, Kathie, of much anxiety. If Miss Willis is not very original or amusing, she is good, and will take good care of you. With her and old Janet you will do very well."

We did not talk long after that. I was tired and excited, and Dr. Bartholemew saw it. Soon he rose to go.

"I shall write you every week," he said, as we stood side by side before the fire, "and you must tell me all about your life—all that troubles, all that pleases you; and in any doubt or perplexity be sure I shall not fail you. I only want one promise. It is sin to rebel against God's will—to give our whole hearts and lives up to despair because any human friend is taken away, even the dearest. We have always Heaven's work to do, and it is no human being's right to unfit himself for it. Promise me, then, that you will try to struggle against grief—to think of your father only as he would wish to have you think. You should keep busy: that is the sovereign antidote for undue grief; read, and study, and keep house, and make yourself useful wherever sorrow is."

"You are right, I know," I answered, as I met the kind eyes bent upon me with a look of entreaty more controlling than a command; "I will do my best to obey you."

"And now I *must* go, Kathie."

He took both my hands in a strong, close pressure. He looked into my face; I could not read through my tears the language of his eyes, but the tenderness of his voice thrilled me.

"Good-by, Kathie, dear and good child! Remember, when you are sad and lonely, that there is one heart to which you are the nearest thing on earth."

The next moment he was gone. I heard the outer door close after him while I still stood dreamily by the fire. I knew that for the pres-

A WIFE'S STORY.

"LIFT me up, Katherine," said my father, in the low, faint voice of extreme weakness. "I want to look out of the west window once more. If I ever see these hills again it will be with eyes that can not be sealed by death or dimmed by old age."

I lifted him up, aided by the young physician who had had the care of him during his six weeks' illness, and who seldom left him now. My father was the oldest medical practitioner in Woodstock. In fact the town contained but one other, a man of nearly the same age. Perhaps the rivalry of half a lifetime had not made them any better friends. At all events, I believe that my father, though he permitted me to send for Dr. Greene at the commencement of his severe illness, was not sorry to learn that he was temporarily out of town. In this emergency I had recourse to Dr. Bartholemew—a young man, not more than thirty, who was rusticated during the summer months at the village hotel, enjoying the kindred pleasures of retirement and trout-fishing. From the first my father had been pleased with his manners and satisfied with his skill; though he had asserted that he needed no physician, and that the illness which was upon him was beyond the reach of earthly aid. Dr. Bartholemew had, in fact, filled for six weeks the post of nurse rather than medical adviser. Besides mine, his was the only face that did not seem to bring confusion and disquiet into the sick-room.

I was only eighteen, though my father was nearly seventy. I was the child of his old age, the last of seven, and my six brothers and sisters slept in sight of our windows, where the church spire cast its long shadow, and the light streamed lovingly over a sunny hill-side. My mother had died so long ago that I only cherished a memory of a sweet, kind face, a low, soft voice, a memory as dim as our childish fancies about saints and angels. Since her death I had been my father's all, as he had been mine. When he was gone I could see no love or hope for me in the world—no friend, no comfort. But my heart struggled desperately against admitting for an instant the idea of his death. I read no encouragement in Dr. Bartholemew's eyes, yet for a long time I strove to persuade myself that there *were* signs and possibilities of recovery which only watching as anxious as mine could discover.

We piled pillows behind and around him, and placed him, as he requested, in a position where his eyes could take in the range of the outside landscape. He looked forth long and silently. At length his gaze rested on a tall elm whose branches overshadowed nearly half the yard, and he spoke, in a dreamy, absent voice:

"How large it is, Kathie! I planted it forty-five years ago—the very day I brought your mother home a bride. See how young and fresh it looks! Birds sing in its boughs; the sun loves its greenness. It lives, and Rachel is still and

dead beside her six children in the church-yard. It will be hale and young still when I have been sleeping a hundred years by her side. What do I say? Perhaps she and I will be young also. It is not *all* of us, Kathie, that you leave under the ground. There is another part that feels, and thinks, and loves. We call it soul, for want of a better name. Perhaps Rachel's soul is waiting for mine—now—out there."

He lapsed again into silence, but his eyes were looking very far off, striving, it seemed, to pierce through clouds and sky to seek the soft beauty of a face as far away from his vision as time is from eternity. How far is that? Sometimes I think a breath would lift the curtain between us and the invisible ones beyond. I thought so then. The truth came home to me that he must go. I felt that his aged, trembling feet had reached the brink of that sea which flows forever toward the ocean of eternity—on this shore earth, on that—what? No bridge spans those tideless waters, no voyager has ever returned to reveal the secrets of that land. Not even an echo floats back to us across the waves. I almost held my breath to listen; but I heard no summons, no oar-plash from the ferryman of death. Did my father read my thoughts? He sank back against the pillows, and turned his eyes on me fondly. As if answering my fears, he said:

"The messenger has come, Kathie; he is waiting. I must go. It will not be long before I shall understand all the mystery. I think I shall see Rachel. Good-by, dear child, good child. There is a love beyond the earth that will not leave you desolate."

His eyes lingered with a holy, clinging tenderness upon my face. His hand fluttered softly to and fro over my hair. This had been from my infancy his one habitual caress; but the thin, shaking hands moved very feebly now. At length they grew still. I thought his eyes were losing their look of recognition. I clasped my arms about him close, close. I tried to call to him, to beseech his blessing, to implore him to stay with me, but my lips refused to move. I could not speak one word. I dared not look into those eyes, growing so frightfully dim and glassy. I buried my face in his bosom. Soon the Doctor said, gently,

"God pity you, poor child! he is dead."

My father had been buried a week when Dr. Bartholemew came to bid me good-by. He had prolonged his stay in Woodstock a month beyond his intentions—at first, because of my father's illness; and since his death, in order to afford me all the comfort and assistance that was in his power. I knew this, and felt something as nearly approaching to gratitude as a heart so stupefied by grief could experience. All positive emotion seemed swallowed up for the time by the one great wave which had engulfed my life.

I sat alone in the room where my father and I had passed so many evenings together. It was nearly dark, and I had lighted no lamp.

A fire smouldered in the grate, for it was a chilly evening in September, but I had not enough energy to stir it into life. I sat with my head upon my hands, trying morbidly to recall every instance in which I had ever failed in duty to my dead father; every sorrow I might have shared and did not; every pang I had failed to assuage.

I did not even look up when Dr. Bartholemew came in. More than any one I ever knew he had the habit of respecting the moods of others. He took a chair and sat down quietly at the other side of the hearth. Neither of us spoke for a while, until I had begun to feel soothed by his silent companionship, and find it rather pleasant than intrusive. Then he said, in those quiet tones I had learned in my father's sick-room to know so well, and obey so cordially and instinctively,

"Kathie, this is not good for you, sitting here in the dark with the fire burning low, and thinking, as I know you are, about a past which death has sealed up forever. I shall not like you to do so when I am gone. You know I leave Woodstock to-morrow."

This roused me.

"To-morrow! So soon?" I said, sadly. It seemed to me as if my last friend would be gone, and I thought I could not bear it.

He stirred the fire till it burned up brilliantly, lit a lamp, and placed it in the little round table in the centre of the room, and then came and sat down near me.

"Yes, Kathie, to-morrow." He looked at me searchingly, with his grave, truthful eyes. "I came to Woodstock because I had had a hard winter, and was in need of rest. I have staid already much longer than I intended, and I should be tempted to stay longer still, but it is impossible. The friend who took my practice during my absence is imperatively called away, and I am needed at once in Philadelphia. I am sorry to leave you, Kathie, while the wound in your heart is still so fresh and sore."

He paused for me to answer him, but my tears came instead of words. After a while I faltered,

"You were so kind to *him*. I can not thank you, but I shall indeed feel as if I had lost all when you are gone."

Again that searching look, as if he would pierce through my words to my thought, and know my whole meaning. Then a light, a gleam of something I had never met in any man's eyes before came into his, and I heard the first words of love that had ever fallen upon my maiden ears.

"I shall feel as if I had left all in leaving you. I did not mean to say it to-night, Kathie, but in these past weeks of sorrow you have grown into my heart; it is full of you. Some day I shall ask if you can give me love for love; if you will share my home and my future—some time, but not to-night. You are lonely and sorrowful now; you think you have reason to be grateful to me; and these things might mis-

lead you. I will not have your answer until, through months of absence, you have learned to know your own heart. But this winter I shall write to you—may I not?—and in the spring I shall come to hear what message your soul has for mine."

I could not have answered him if I would; he had put it out of my power. Nor do I think I was prepared to tell him then that I loved him with my lifetime's love; the idea was too new—too strange. So I sat silent till he spoke again, on another theme.

"You must not live here alone, Kathie. Have you thought of any plan? I could wish all might be settled before I go."

"Yes, I have arranged that. You know Miss Willis?"

"What, the pattern old maid—the best woman in Woodstock? Yes."

"To-day I saw her. She is boarding with strangers now. You know she has been for many years an orphan, without any near ties—like myself. I have asked her to come to me for the winter, and I think she is glad to do so. She will be here on Monday."

"This relieves me, Kathie, of much anxiety. If Miss Willis is not very original or amusing, she is good, and will take good care of you. With her and old Janet you will do very well."

We did not talk long after that. I was tired and excited, and Dr. Bartholemew saw it. Soon he rose to go.

"I shall write you every week," he said, as we stood side by side before the fire, "and you must tell me all about your life—all that troubles, all that pleases you; and in any doubt or perplexity be sure I shall not fail you. I only want one promise. It is sin to rebel against God's will—to give our whole hearts and lives up to despair because any human friend is taken away, even the dearest. We have always Heaven's work to do, and it is no human being's right to unfit himself for it. Promise me, then, that you will try to struggle against grief—to think of your father only as he would wish to have you think. You should keep busy: that is the sovereign antidote for undue grief; read, and study, and keep house, and make yourself useful wherever sorrow is."

"You are right, I know," I answered, as I met the kind eyes bent upon me with a look of entreaty more controlling than a command; "I will do my best to obey you."

"And now I *must* go, Kathie."

He took both my hands in a strong, close pressure. He looked into my face; I could not read through my tears the language of his eyes, but the tenderness of his voice thrilled me.

"Good-by, Kathie, dear and good child! Remember, when you are sad and lonely, that there is one heart to which you are the nearest thing on earth."

The next moment he was gone. I heard the outer door close after him while I still stood dreamily by the fire. I knew that for the pres-

py and restful, closed my eyes. The last sound I heard was of his footsteps pacing to and fro across the piazza beneath my window. I know not when he sought his pillow.

He looked well and happy on the morrow, as if he had kept no vigils. So intense a light was in his dark gray eyes that I hardly dared to meet them. His lips were set in tense curves. His hold on my hand was strong.

We were married.

Mary Ann Willis helped me fold away my white robes and put on my traveling dress in tearful silence. When all was done she came up to me and pressed her soft lips to my cheek. There was deep earnestness in her voice:

"God bless you, Kathie! You have been a good child to me, and I would give more than one year of my remnant of life to insure your happiness."

"Don't you think that it *is* sure? Am I not a good man's wife?"

"Yes, child, you are a wife—a good man's wife; but marriage, scarcely less than birth, is the beginning of a new life. You will have to learn something circumstances have never yet taught you—to submit! It must come. Will you learn it by hard lessons, or easy? You have a fond heart, Kathie, but it is proud, and your will is strong. Forgive me, but I believe I feel for you almost as your mother would."

For a moment her words saddened me; but when I felt the tender touch of Dr. Bartholemew's hand as he put me into the carriage, and met his fond eyes, I thought, with a smile at her simplicity,

"As if his will and mine *could* ever clash—as if we did not love each other far too dearly to have need of any such word as submit!"

It was almost nightfall the next day when we reached Philadelphia. I was too weary to notice the streets through which we rode from the dépôt, and very glad I felt when we stopped at last before a handsome but unostentatious house, and, handing me from the carriage, my husband said:

"This is home, Kathie. Welcome, my wife!"

"Shall I see your mother at once?" I asked, as we went into the hall.

"I believe I will take you up stairs first. She is waiting for us in the drawing-room, I suppose, and I think you will feel better to take off your wrappings."

This chilled me a little. I had never had a mother since I was old enough to remember. Perhaps I had been idle enough to imagine that my husband's mother would be all to me that my own might have been. I had pictured her as meeting us in the hall; kissing us; weeping over us, possibly; calling me her daughter. I believe I had prepared a pretty little gush of sentiment for the occasion on my own behalf. The reality was so different from all this! I walked wearily up stairs and threw myself on a lounge in my own room, too discomposed even to notice with what tender care and memory of my every whim

or fancy all had been arranged for my coming. Our trunks followed us immediately, and when mine had been set down my husband asked if he could help me in finding something to put on, for he should like me to change my dress before I went down stairs.

I was half tempted to remonstrate at first—to ask him if his mother was so exacting that she could not receive me, after a day of fatiguing travel, without demanding an evening toilet; but I loved him too well, and had been married too short a time to be willing to displease him; so I only said:

"I am *so* tired!"

"I know it, love. Were it not that my mother is waiting to see you, you should have your tea up here, and retire at once. As it is, you would not mind the trouble of changing your dress if you knew how anxious I am that she should admire you at first sight as much as I did."

I made no further objections. I bathed my face, arranged my hair, and put on a handsome blue silk, with pretty, delicate laces. Despite my fatigue, I was rewarded by the thanks and kiss which awaited me, and the look of pride on my husband's face as he took me down stairs and into the spacious drawing-room.

At nearly its other extremity a large, stately-looking woman, dressed in a heavy-falling purple satin, sat, as if enthroned, in a high-backed crimson chair. She reminded me of a queen awaiting homage from her subjects. I felt conscious of being awkward and ill at ease as she rose and advanced a little to meet us. Owen—for so my husband had taught me to call him—led me along, and through a certain dizzy feeling that threatened to sweep out sight and sound I heard him say:

"Mother, this is Kathie—your daughter."

I suppose I gave her my hand, for I felt the cool touch of hers on my fingers. Her lips just brushed my cheek. I heard her measured tones—

"Welcome, Mrs. Bartholemew!" And to save my life I could say nothing more than thank you, as I dropped into an easy chair which my husband considerably placed for me, and listened with surprise to hear him talking gayly to his mother—narrating little incidents of our journey, and actually thawing her grave features into a smile.

Presently dinner was announced, and she led the way into the dining-room, while I followed with Owen, a little comforted by the tender, reassuring pressure of his hand. Her tones chilled me again, however. She asked with such cool formality,

"Will you take the head of the table, Mrs. Bartholemew, or shall I relieve you?"

I was too much startled to answer at once, and while I was considering what I ought to do, my husband spoke for me:

"You had better to-night, dear mother; Kathie is very tired."

I was tired; and I had thought, an hour be-

fore, I was very hungry; but though the dinner was more elegant, the viands more delicious than any that had ever before greeted my eyes or my palate, I found it impossible to eat. Something seemed to choke me. I am afraid that one or two tears dropped into the wine in which I drank my own health.

After dinner was over we went back into the drawing-room. What would I not have given to steal away a while by myself; but I knew by my husband's look that this was not to be permitted in the order of exercises, so I sat and tried to make conversation. Did I not pity the Israelites in that hour? They were not the only ones who have been sent forth to make bricks without straw.

After a while Madame Bartholemew remarked, in a pause of the talk,

"Perhaps you will sing for me, my dear? If you are not too tired, it would give me great pleasure. I am very fond of music, and I have looked forward with much anticipation to the presence of a younger lady than myself, who would make the house a little livelier."

"I do not sing." I am afraid I answered stiffly.

"Will you play for me, then?"

"I do not play. I am not musical. I have no accomplishments. Did not Dr. Bartholemew tell you that his choice was an unformed country girl?"

I saw her cast a glance at him—partly, I thought, of inquiry; partly of vexation. He came to my relief instantly:

"Kathie underrates herself, dear mother. At least you will find that she is thoroughly educated, and possesses many acquirements of more value than music or dancing to the happiness of our home."

I do not think it was an agreeable evening to any of us. How different it was from my fond maiden dreamings of my home-coming! I believe we were all glad when the tea was brought in, and my fatigue gave us a fit excuse for separating. That night the pale, proud face of Owen's mother, with the black hair oversweeping the passionless brow, haunted my very dreams.

Time went on, and where was the happiness I had pictured so fondly through months of hoping and waiting? It was there, perhaps, anchored in Owen's heart, sheltered by his love. But I could not realize it—my life had so many petty vexations. I did not like Madame Bartholemew. That is phrasing it too weakly. I believe in my heart I hated her. At first I made some slight attempts to please her. I had suspected that she desired still to remain mistress of her son's household; so I had quietly given up to her the place of honor at the table, and sedulously avoided interfering with any of her former prerogatives. For this I had expected at least silent gratitude—I was not prepared to have her assume that she was doing me a favor—relieving me from a charge for which natural incapacity, no less than youth and inexperience, rendered me unfit.

I wrote now and then to Mary Ann Willis, and I know my letters must have saddened her, for I wrote of any thing rather than my own life. I was too proud to complain, too honest to feign a satisfaction and happiness which I did not feel. Sometimes I thought of her words, and wondered whether I might not be to blame for the existing state of affairs. I could not, however, bring myself to feel that I was. I said to myself that it was all the fault of that cold, proud, domineering woman. If she were but out of the way, Owen and I might be so happy. I believe my thoughts of her were almost murderous. I longed, I fear, for her to die, to remove forever the black shadow that stood betwixt me and the sunlight.

If I had only told my husband it would have been better. But I shut myself up in solemn silence. I was not going to complain to him of his own mother, I said, proudly. If he could not see, if our life was happy enough, as it seemed to be, for him, then let all rest. I forgot that in giving him myself I had given him a right to every thought of my heart. What is marriage if in the inner and most sacred life—the life of the soul—one is single still?

If I had been with him more constantly it might have been different; but his practice was a large one, and that Fall a very sickly season. Fever was in the air. Malignant typhus was seizing unwilling victims, parching their throats, maddening their brains, draining the springs of their lives. But the pestilence came not near our house, whence, I used to think, he would have been welcome to take one victim—her or me—I felt, in my despair, as if it mattered little which. Owen worked incessantly. He would come home, not feverish—I could not have borne to see the fever-taint on *him*—but pale and worn; needing repose too much for me to disturb him with any petty vexations of my own. Sometimes he would say, as I sat beside him while he tried to snatch a few moments of rest,

"This is but a dismal honey-moon for you, poor child! By-and-by I shall have more leisure to procure for you some of the pleasures I had planned; but you must have patience. It is a comfort, at least, that I can see your face when I come home, and have you to sit beside me as now."

With December came settled weather, clear and cold, and there were few new cases of fever. Owen had more time to bestow on me; and now, had it not been for the presence of Madame Bartholemew, I might indeed have enjoyed the life which opened before me. Picture galleries, concerts, lectures, and, to crown all, the opera. I remember the magical fascination of my first night. The opera was "*Norma*," and the *prima donna* was Grisi. Will music ever again so thrill me? Will the lights ever be so brilliant? Will the faces ever look so fair? For the time I forgot the black shadow that gloomed between me and my happiness; I enjoyed with the fullness and freshness of a child.

The next day Owen came in while I was dressing for dinner. Unconsciously to myself, I was humming over, as I braided my hair, an air from the opera, which had haunted me all day.

"So you *can* sing, Kathie?" my husband said, with a puzzled look, as the last chord died on my lips.

"Not I. I do not know a note—never took a lesson in my life."

"Still you have a fine musical ear. You have remembered that strain perfectly. You could learn so easily. I almost wish you would; it would please my mother so much."

I sat down on his knee, and taking his face between my hands, turned it toward me.

"Are *you* dissatisfied with me, Owen?"

"Dissatisfied with you, Kathie? Surely not. I did not ask you to be my wife without knowing you well. I had seen you at your father's bedside through weeks of wearing illness. I knew what you were as a daughter—I could trust my happiness without fear in your hands. If I had been solicitous on the question of accomplishments I should not have waited for my mother to make the discovery that you could neither sing nor play. My Kathie will never know how well I loved her from the first."

There was no more said about my learning music. We sat there till the dinner-bell rang, dreaming over the old, beloved days of the by-gone time—a conversation, I take it, with which the reader has little to do.

The next morning, after Owen had gone away, I took the daily paper and looked over the column of advertisements carefully. I found the one which I desired. It was that of a lady, a music-teacher, whom I had often heard mentioned in society as very successful. I had my own little plan, about which I was resolved to keep silence.

I put on my bonnet and went out. Soon I rang at the door of Mademoiselle Pierrot. I was fortunate enough to find her at home and disengaged. Her appearance pleased me. She was young, pretty, sweet of voice and manner. I opened my business at once. I explained that I desired no brilliant perfection—only to acquire, in the least possible time, knowledge enough of singing to be able to entertain my own home circle with simple melodies. If I succeeded well in this, I might go on to higher achievements. At all events, I desired to make the attempt. My husband's birthday would be in six weeks. Did she think it possible for me to learn in that time to sing one or two simple ballads, and accompany myself? She smiled.

"It is not exactly *en règle*, Madame. We do not usually give songs until quite a course of instruction has been gone through with. But I could make you an exception. You wish to sing rather than to play. We shall try what we can do. I suppose you sing now from memory—what you call by rote. Let me hear you chant any little melody, just to try the quality of your voice."

I warbled "Auld Lang Syne." It was the first time in my life I had ever attempted to sing to any one save myself or my father; but my voice did not tremble—I was too full of interest in my project. She smiled again when I concluded.

"*Bien, tres bien!* In six weeks you shall learn six songs. Can you come here and practice four hours each day, or do I ask too much time?"

"Not at all too much. I can come very well."

"Then every day for the first hour I shall be at home and give you a lesson. The rest you shall practice by yourself. From ten till two, shall it be?"

I assented. Those were the very hours my husband was sure to be absent. She could not have chosen better for my convenience.

The next day I went to her punctually. During the six weeks before Owen's birthday I did not miss a single day. After a little while I knew Madame Bartholemew's suspicion was excited. She managed, usually, to be in the way when I went, and looked at me curiously. Once she said:

"You go out a good deal of late."

"Yes," I answered, carelessly, "I enjoy it."

Beyond this she asked me no questions, and I volunteered no explanations. I was contented that she should regard my movements with distrust for a time. I was happier than I had been before since I came to Philadelphia. This was owing in part, doubtless, to the regularity of my occupation; but I took, moreover, a real, girlish delight in the surprise I was preparing for my husband.

I had no means of knowing whether his mother had mentioned my regular absences to him. If she had, he never questioned me on the subject, or varied in the least from his usual fond and trusting manner. I think his faith in me was of too firm a growth to be easily shaken.

So affairs went on until the evening before my little plot was to reach its *dénouement*. I had practiced my songs that day, for the last time, with the full approbation of Mademoiselle Pierrot, and my heart beat high with glad anticipation of the morrow. I went down stairs with light footsteps to join my husband in the drawing-room. The door was ajar, and as I approached it I heard Madame Bartholemew say, in a voice slightly raised by excitement:

"This has gone on six weeks now, and I think it is your *duty* to see to it. What secret errand can she have to take four hours out of every day?"

I stood still. The impulse was irresistible to see whether my husband's trust in me could waver. I heard his voice, clear and firm:

"It is singular, mother; but I think Kathie will explain it in her own time and her own way. I had rather await her time."

What evil spirit possessed me that I could not wait yet one more day for the hour of triumph and vindication I had planned? Are there mo-

ments in our lives when we are not the rulers of our own spirits—when the reins are held by the invisible evil agents who forever wage secret and perilous warfare against our souls? I had no control over the fierce rage which shook me for a moment, and then led me on with nerves of steel. I went into the room. I walked deliberately by Owen, and stood in front of his mother. I think I spoke with steady tones:

"Madame, I thought I had borne enough from you since I entered this house. I have suffered in silence slights, contempt, surveillance; now I find you trying to take from me all that makes life in any way tolerable—my husband's confidence. I have borne up to this point. This ends it. You have been hungry for my secret—take it. Know that my husband expressed, six weeks ago, a wish that I should learn to sing. For your sake, he said. I confess I would have done little for your sake only, but to please him was worth an effort. Doubtful how I should succeed, I chose to try my experiment secretly. I went to Mademoiselle Pierrot, and for six weeks I have studied under her care. To-morrow you were to have heard the result. I had taken a keen, sweet delight—all the stronger because it was unshared—in this surprise which I had planned as a birthday offering for my husband. Perhaps, for you, my word needs confirmation. You shall hear the songs I had intended to sing to-morrow."

Neither of them had interrupted the rapid, indignant flow of my words. Neither spoke now as I went to the piano and sat down. With unfaltering voice I sang through my *repertoire*. I knew I was singing well—upheld by that pride and passion—far better than I should have done the next evening in the tremulous excitement of tenderer emotion. The soul of the music thrilled through the room. I sang all that I had learned. Then a wild, clanging chord burst full and resonant under my hand, and I stood up before Madame Bartholemew with stern pride, and eyes whose burning rays no tears came to quench. She was very pale. She spoke then:

"In this matter, at least, I have done you injustice. Will you forgive me?"

"I never heard, Madame, that the rich man asked the poor man to forgive him when he had slain his one ewe lamb. Would not the request have been idle? If you take away my husband's trust in me, you take away all the glory of my life."

I went royally out of the room. I needed no support—none was offered. I went into my own chamber and sat there, I know not how long, alone with my bitter, tearless wrath.

At length Owen came up. He sat down beside me; kissed my burning cheek, and took my hot hand in his. He looked into my eyes with that gaze of tender control which had never lost its power over me till now.

He spoke with quiet firmness:

"Kathie, in my whole life I have never been so deeply pained as this evening. I think in

many things my mother has been wrong. She acknowledges it herself. She loved me so entirely, and had so long been mistress of my home and the first object of my thoughts and affections, that perhaps it would have been too much to expect of human nature that she should heartily rejoice in my marriage, or regard with entire complacency one who was to be hereafter nearer and dearer to me than all others."

"Do you justify her, for that reason, in treating me with contempt; in watching my movements as if I were a child for whose training she was responsible; above all, in trying to alienate from me your confidence?"

"I have said, Kathie, that I thought she was wrong. She is ready to acknowledge it. At the same time I do not think you have been just to her. You have seen unkindness where none was meant, and when a few words of explanation would have set all right; and surely if my wife was troubled, she had no right to conceal it from her husband. But we shall all understand each other better now. There will be happier days hereafter."

"Not with Madame Bartholemew and me under the same roof."

Owen looked at me for a full minute before he spoke. Then he said, very slowly:

"I do not understand you, Kathie. What do you mean?"

"What I say. Your mother has made herself utterly abhorrent to me. I will not degrade myself by living with her in open enmity and contention; still less will I be such a hypocrite as to dwell with her in outward peace when heart and soul are full of bitterness. You must choose between us, Owen—choose now!"

He smoothed my hair with sad, patient tenderness.

"Poor tortured, self-willed child, you know not what you say! You wrong yourself. Nature has not made you so unforgiving."

"Owen, I mean it—mean it bitterly. Call me unforgiving, if you will—there are some things one never can forgive. I know my feelings toward her are such as neither time nor endeavor can conquer. I can not, I will not live with her. Again I demand that you choose between us."

"Do you ask, Kathie, that I should refuse my mother the shelter of my roof? Listen a moment: My father died when I was a year old. He failed in business, and the shock so wounded his sensitive pride that he never held up his head again. My mother was left, at twenty-four, with me to provide for, and not a dollar to help herself with except the handsome furniture of her house, on which, as it was purchased before her marriage with her own money, the creditors had no claim. All the rest even of her private property had been invested in my father's business, and swept away in the general wreck. Where so many women would have given up to absolute despair she did not falter. Her landlord knew her energy, and trusted in her integrity. With no security ex-

cept her word he consented to lease her the house. She opened it for boarders. By unceasing toil she continued to maintain a respectable appearance. She brought me up, and gave me every advantage which the son of a millionaire could have enjoyed. She never rested from her labors until I had so far succeeded in my profession that my income was sufficient to surround us both with the comforts and elegances of life. Even then it was only by very urgent entreaties that I prevailed on her to enjoy the rest she had so richly earned, and consent to be the honored mistress of the home I could only consider as the fruit of her sacrifices and exertions. Now, Kathie, would you have me send this noble mother, to whom I owe all that I have or am, out into the world, at fifty-four, to begin again her battle of life?"

Was I mad—lost to all noble impulse, all generous emotion? Did an evil spirit, tempting me, utter its mocking words through my lips? I spoke with cold indifference:

"Nay, I would have no influence either way. I did not ask you to give up your mother. I only said she and I could not dwell under the same roof. You are the best judge which is most necessary to your happiness—mother or wife!"

"My own happiness is not the question. I must do what is right—what God requires. Kathie, I do not recognize my gentle wife in you. Pain and anger have made you beside yourself. I do you injustice by listening to what you say to-night. We will talk more of this to-morrow."

I was silent, but my mind was not changed. All that night, while Owen slept in peace by my side, my thoughts were busy. I recalled all the past—all the love with which I had loved him; but its memory did not soften me. My eyes were blinded that I should not see the truth. Light enough had his love been, I thought, compared with mine. Would I have given him up for any other tie? So I went on, hardening my heart, making my plans for my lonely future. There was another secret which I had intended to whisper in his ear on the morrow—now he should not know it. A few months more, I believed, would make him a father. How my heart had thrilled hitherto when I had planned in what words I would tell him this in the silence of our chamber, and thought how his look would kindle with joy, his eyes soften and grow dim with tenderness, his voice tremble with its full freight of blessing! Now I experienced a kind of savage exultation at the thought that he would not know it; that he would lose so much more happiness than he dreamed if he chose his mother in my stead. I believe all the while I cherished a vague, unconscious hope that he would *not* so choose—that, in the end, he would not have strength to part with me. Yet I went on, making my plans. My own property, which I held in such bonds and securities that, wherever I might go, I could procure the income of it without his assistance—in fact, if I should so choose, without the knowledge of any former

friend—would be sufficient to support me, and to provide even for the extra expenses of my prospective illness. Its proceeds since my marriage were lying untouched in my desk. I could be independent.

Early in the morning Owen was sent for to see a patient in imminent danger, whose residence was several miles away. As he left he remarked:

"As soon as I can leave Mr. Reynolds, Kathie, I shall come home, for I wish to renew our conversation of last night. I can not let my wife make herself unnecessarily unhappy. None of us can order life quite as we would. To something, God's will or man's, we all have to submit."

To submit! Mary Ann Willis's very words. Was I indeed to learn it, as she had feared, by hard and bitter lessons. I *would* not! Surely freedom was Heaven's best gift. I would not lightly part with mine.

I went into my room and commenced packing my trunks. I put into them every thing which was mine at my marriage—nothing which I had received from my husband save some trifling keepsakes of small value, yet too dear to be abandoned. This occupied me all the morning. At twelve o'clock I had just sent a servant for a carriage, and was putting the last articles in my trunk when Owen came in. He looked at my preparations in amazement. Then he turned to me:

"Kathie, what does this mean?"

"Did you think I was trifling when I told you my decision last night? I believe I understood yours. Did you not utterly refuse to part with your mother?"

"I did refuse to turn my mother out of the shelter of my home. Kathie, you loved your father. By his memory I conjure you to be just to my mother."

"Yes, I loved my father," I said, drearily, "and he, I know, loved me—the only one, I think he was, who ever did. And yet, had he been living, I would have left him to go to the world's end with you."

"My wife, you wrong me bitterly. Man never loved woman more faithfully than I love you. I would give up every thing in life for you except the law of God. He commands us to honor our parents, and speaks of children who are thankless and disobedient as under His curse."

"You find it convenient to forget," I cried, scornfully, "that He says a man shall forsake father and mother, and cleave unto his wife."

I was goading him too far. A white light of anger blent with resolution began to gleam in his eyes. He spoke sternly:

"Kathie, once for all, I *will not* banish my mother from my home. The duty I owe her I will fulfill to her death day or mine. You are my wife, whom I love as my own soul." Over those words his voice softened, and he opened his arms. "Come to my heart, Kathie! Take its love, its shelter. I *will* make you happy.

Be to me what you promised five months ago at the altar. Do not make me a lonely, hopeless man!"

Oh how his words thrilled me! How I longed to turn back my erring feet, and stay them in this safe shelter! How I yearned for his comfort and care during the months of anxiety and suffering that lay before me! But I had said I would never live under the same roof with his mother; and though I felt in the depths of my torn heart that any and all other trials would be lighter than leaving him, my stern, bitter pride would not so yield. I stifled the cry of my heart, and answered, with icy tones:

"You have doomed yourself. You have expected me to bear more than a proud woman could. You have chosen. The carriage is at the door. In half an hour I must be on my way to New York."

"You persist?"

"I persist."

"Very well! I have no more entreaties to urge. May God forgive you for the blight you have brought upon my life. I will make whatever provision for you yourself and your lawyer may suggest. You are welcome to the half of all I possess."

"Thank you—I need no provision. You forget that my old home is still open to receive me—that your generosity secured to me my own little fortune. It was more than sufficient for my needs before I was your wife. It will be so still. I am in no want of ready money, for the income which has accumulated since my marriage is untouched. We have tried an experiment, and failed. So far as I am concerned, this ends it. I can receive nothing farther from you. When you are weary of solitude you can very easily procure a divorce from me for desertion, and I hope the second Mrs. Bartholemew may be more fortunate in pleasing your mother."

He did not answer. He followed me down stairs and put me carefully into the carriage. Then, while the driver was busy for a moment about the luggage, he took my hand in a close pressure and said:

"Kathie, some day you will see that you are wrong. When you do see it, never fear to come back to me. My love for you is strong—it will be faithful. My home will be ever open to you. You can not take your image from my heart, or rob my life of the memory of some hours we have passed together. Good-by, Kathie!"

Could I ever forget those words—that moment? The eyes whose pity pursued me—the voice which invited me to return, persuasively as the voice of home called through the distance to the ears of the prodigal son!

As the express train bore me swiftly on to New York I mapped out my future.

I had said to Owen that my own home was yet open to me; but nothing was farther from my thoughts than to seek its shelter. The very sight of Mary Ann Willis, associated as she was with all my days of love and hope, would be tor-

ture to me. Neither she nor any one who had known me then should know the place of my refuge. I forgot, in the selfishness of my misery, the anxiety which I should thus cause her; or, if I thought of it, I was suffering too severely myself to feel any compassion for the lesser sufferings of others. There may be natures so gentle that anguish softens them; but to souls as proud as mine agony is no summer rain; a hurricane, rather—fierce, desolating, angry—uprooting all things fair and sweet.

Sometimes when I had visited New York for a week with my father we had stopped at a small private boarding-house—that of a Mrs. Allin, a kindly, incurious woman, the widow of an early friend of his own. The house was neither expensive nor fashionable; but it was thoroughly quiet and comfortable. It seemed to me just the home to suit both my means and my situation. There I could be as secluded as I desired, and I knew I should receive from Mrs. Allin motherly care and sympathy when my hour of trial came. Thither I determined to go. I should find occupation for the next few months in fashioning the tiny garments in which I hoped by-and-by to robe my treasure. When I looked forward farther still, it was to dream of innocent baby eyes which should turn to mine only their fullness of love; little outstretched hands to greet me; smiles which should shine all the darkness out of my life. With these visions I strove to comfort myself—or rather, in my pride, to hide from myself that I needed comfort.

That night I was quietly settled at Mrs. Allin's. I had explained to her as much of my situation as it was necessary for her to know; and so I commenced my life of loneliness and remembrance.

As weeks wore on, and the fever-fit of my passionate anger wore away with them, repentance sat down with me at my solitary fireside. Self-condemnation, lasting as bitter, entered into my heart. I began to see that I only had been to blame—that Owen was guiltless. His image shone before me as it had done in the months of waiting ere I was his wife—pure, noble, without spot or blemish. Conviction came home to me that if he had given up his mother, even for my sake, I must inevitably have loved him less. Now my reverence for him was so perfect that my love grew maddening in its intensity. I hungered for the sound of his voice—for his footstep in the hall—for the look in his eyes which used to thank me when I ran to meet him. *Had* I given it all up forever?

Sometimes I strove to console myself with the memory of his last words. A voice would seem to say,

"He told you his heart would be faithful to you—his home ever open. Why do you not return?"

Why, indeed! Was I too proud, or too humble? I felt that I had done him such bitter wrong, so humiliated myself in his eyes, that I could not go, unless I could carry my peace-offering with me. When my baby should be in

my arms, I thought, I could venture to go back, and, kneeling with it at his feet, say to him,

"It is your child; I am its mother."

This scene haunted my daily thoughts and nightly dreams. A hundred times a day I seemed to feel the close pressure of his arms lifting me up—I saw his tears fall on the baby's brow, I felt them on my cheek—I heard his words, low, tender, forgiving, not one reproach blent with their blessing. *Would* the hour ever come? I grew feverish—impatient. How could I wait? And then the thought seized on me—held me by day and night in the grasp of its blind terror—that I should die. Many women *had* died in such hours of peril, why not I? I should never, never see him again—never hear his voice—his kisses would bring no warmth to the dead white of my frozen cheek. Yet, at least, he should know that I *had* repented—that I *had* loved him.

I wrote him, from time to time, a package of letters, into which I distilled my soul. I poured out to him the anguish of my repentance. I took all the blame, where I felt it was justly due, to myself. I entreated him to cherish my memory with forgiving tenderness—to love, for my sake, the child I bequeathed him. The twenty-ninth of June I wrote the last one. I sealed the packet, and directed it on the outside,

"To be forwarded, in case of my death, to my husband, Dr. Owen Bartholemew, 106 Blank Street, Philadelphia."

The next day my babe was born. I suffered agonies which I thought could not be less than mortal. But I lived to hear that first cry which thrills a mother's heart as no one can ever dream until they hear it for the first time from lips which are flesh of their flesh. I heard Mrs. Allin's gentle whisper,

"It is a boy, and as nice a little fellow as you could ask for!"

And then the silence and darkness of night closed round me. The months of feverish tumult; the wild fears; the unutterable, unshared anguish had done their work in unfitting me to struggle with the physical pain to which alone my youth and my naturally strong constitution would not have succumbed. I was utterly prostrated. I knew, afterward, that for three weeks from that day I was so near the valley and shadow of death that the strongest clasp of human love was hardly strong enough to hold me back from the dim, dumb land of shadows.

It was late in July when the first echo from the outward life penetrated my consciousness. Half dreaming, I thought I heard a voice, a well-known, well-loved voice. I tried to turn my head in the direction whence the sound seemed to proceed. I said, or breathed,

"Owen!"

Feeble as was the whisper, he heard it. He bent over me:

"Kathie, my poor sufferer, my dear, dear wife!"

He took my hand in his, and so I went to

sleep. I woke up when it was almost night, and he was still sitting beside me. When I had first heard his voice I had only realized that he was with me. Now I began dimly to remember the past. I knew that between us had been a great gulf—of separation, and silence, and anguish intolerable. How had it been bridged? I was too feeble to more than whisper. He had to bend very near me to catch my words:

"You were far from me, Owen; how came you here? How did you know where I was?"

"You were not a very shrewd or secret conspirator, Kathie. After we parted I never lost sight of you until you were safely settled here. And afterward, from time to time, I took means to ascertain that you had not moved. You had chosen to leave me, and I could not intrude upon you until I knew that you either wanted or needed me, but you were never out of reach of my protection. When your life was in danger Mrs. Allin summoned me. She found my address on a package of letters in your desk."

"Did you read the letters?"

"Yes, my darling."

"Then you know how I repented. Can you forgive me?"

"My wife, I love you—better than life."

"Forgive me, Owen! I know how wrong I was, and I can not be satisfied till I hear you say that I am forgiven."

"I forgive you, Kathie, if you want that form of words; but you have suffered enough to expiate, ten times over, far heavier faults than yours."

I was silent for a few moments, thinking of my baby. I heard no sound of him, saw no sign. He then, not I, had been the victim. I dreaded to speak of him, and yet I must know the worst.

"Owen," I said, "have they buried my little child? Were you here before he died? If I could only once have seen his face!"

"Darling, he's not dead. You shall see him when you will."

"Not dead!" I uttered but this one cry, then I turned my face to the wall to thank God.

They talk of the danger of excessive joy. Are there indeed temperaments to which it can be fatal? It was like the wine of life to me. I felt the strength which it infused in every nerve. Soon I turned again to Owen.

"Where is he?"

"Down stairs. I will bring him, if you are sure you can bear it."

"I can *not* bear to wait. Hurry!"

It was not a moment before he returned. Will ever any other sight so gladden my eyes as when they rested on Owen with our boy in his arms?

"Put him down beside me, Owen, close—in my bosom!"

And so my day dawned after the night.

It was not until the next day that I asked for Owen's mother. I had thought of her, but, with the instinctive tendency of a person who is physically weak to avoid subjects which involve any-

thing disagreeable, I had hesitated to mention her. I summoned resolution at length to say,

"Owen, do you think your mother will ever be able to receive me kindly—to like me a little?"

"I think she likes you a great deal already, Kathie. She has always taken the chief blame to herself, for she says hers was the first error. When Mrs. Allin's telegram came she insisted on accompanying me to New York. I refused at first, for I feared her presence might annoy you. But she plead with me so earnestly that at last I yielded. She would never go in your sight, she said, until I thought it best, but she must be near at hand—otherwise the suspense would be intolerable. She could care as no one else would for the baby; and if you were going to die she must hear you say that you forgave her. She came, and while you were too ill to recognize her she proved herself the most efficient of nurses. As for the boy, she fairly idolizes him. She has a warm heart, Kathie, though her manner is cold. Whose would not be that had fought so many battles with the world—had so few helpers? When she loves, though, it is with a tenderness strong, faithful, and cherishing. She loves you now."

"Will you ask her to come to me?"

"At once, but, Kathie, do not ask her to forgive you, for she blames herself so much it would only give her pain. I think it would suit her best not to talk about the past at all."

It certainly suited *me* best. I had a natural antipathy to scenes; and, save to Owen, I disliked excessively having to talk about my own feelings.

There was such a look of gentle interest, of tender care, of heart-felt joy on Madame Bartholemew's face, when she came in, as transfigured it to me. She bent over me with dim eyes, and her voice was tremulous as she whispered,

"Thank God you are so much better, my daughter." And I answered,

"I ought to reward you by getting better; Owen says you have taken such good care of me, dear mother."

There was no need of any other words.

When I could bear the journey, I went to pass a week with Mary Ann Willis in the dear old home. Owen was with me, and my boy. How fond her welcome was! how bright were the long, blue days of that last week in August! Once, when she and I were quite alone, with only my baby on my knees, I told her the history of the first year of my married life. She kissed me through her tears, and said, tenderly,

"I am thankful, Kathie, that you have learned so soon what I foresaw must be your life's hard lesson. I have no fears for you now. You will never again be in any danger of forgetting that above all poetry, all passion, all enthusiasm, all sentiment, must reign eternally Heaven's immutable law of right. The life lived for our own sakes only—with no sacrifices made for others, no hard duties done for duty's sake—is not worth the living."

It was the anniversary of our marriage—the fourth of September—that *we* started again for Philadelphia. The next night I heard the same old dear words, "Welcome, my wife!" I went up the steps, and this time a mother greeted me in the hall; a mother's kiss was on my cheek; a mother's blessing was breathed over me.

This was my true home-coming.

MOUNT VICTORY.

MY life was as monotonous as the whirr of the great sails on the wind-mill before me. I had sat there watching them more than an hour from sheer mental inactivity. It had been so for a long time. Sometimes when I rose the freshness of the morning air would inspire me with a trace of my old energy, and I went briskly from the mill to the boiling-house, or out to the cane fields where the gang were commencing their daily labor. I have envied them, master and owner as I was. I have often envied my overseer and manager. They all had something to live for, some allotted task to accomplish, something that they desired to gain. I had nothing.

The mere accumulation of wealth had ceased to be an enjoyment. My habits were simple, I had no one to lavish it upon. In our far off island, governed by home policy, there was not even the excitement of political life for me to plunge into, had I been so inclined. As for speculation, that, too, was foreign to our quiet shores; we were an agricultural people. Warehouses and merchants took the trouble of disposing our crops from our hands, but, save at the season for shipping, the wharves were as dull as my curing-room.

How did we exist? Others seemed to get on very well, for being an agricultural people we were also domestic. My acquaintances were chiefly fathers of large families, who had interest enough in providing for them, and "the bachelor club" early disgusted me by its coarse amusements. When there is the social atmosphere that I describe, and men are not held above it by the refinements of home life, they soon fall into sottish indulgence. I could count five of my neighbors, young men with fine estates and good incomes, who had drunk themselves into the grave since I had come into possession of mine.

Fortunately for me my natural taste revolted. Study sustained me for a while; but let one have no other companionship, and books, unless one has a vocation for a student's life, grow very wearisome.

Now and then some breath from the far off living world, some echo of its hurried and clamorous interests would tempt me to return to it. But I had renounced my old home long since, for the same reason that I had renounced all thoughts of making one for myself where my lot had fallen.

Well, I thought that was all done with long ago. I thought that memory was cauterized

into numbness; for months I had scarcely returned to it in my own mind, or if it had, flitted past; I turned from it so easily that I thought the phantom laid. Now as I rose and put down the volume I had held so idly, I said to myself, "Why should my home be silent any longer? Why should not this gallery echo to baby feet and boyish laughter? For *I loved children so*. No woman with a mother's heart ever yearned more tenderly over the dimpled little forms, the arch, winning innocence of childhood. What a different place Mount Victory would be with a woman's delicate skill to arrange, with the innumerable little trifles that seem necessary to her life! I left the long gallery with its screening jealousies and went into the saloon. It echoed as I trod. The heavy furniture had occupied just those places from the moment of my first possession. The baize-covered table in the centre of the room, strewn and piled with foreign prints, the glasses and decanters upon the side-board, with cigars lying about, tokens of a visit from a neighboring manager, these were the only signs of occupancy. Four stately chambers opened into this main saloon, as is the manner of building with us, two upon each side. I pushed ajar the door of one opposite to my own. Just as I had seen it a year before, the last time I had entertained a guest. The tall carved bedstead, draped with dingy mosquito netting, the yellow linen, the dusty chairs and tables, all bespoke the lack of woman's care. In my own room matters were worse still. One wondered at the ingenuity which discovered a desired article of clothing amidst the confusion and disorder of the apartment, though the bed and its appurtenances were white and clean. Already it was inclosed for the night, and I stumbled over the great bathing-tub placed beside it for my morning ablutions. I turned back to the dining-saloon, still thinking what changes a woman might effect in what had once been a bright and cheerful West Indian mansion. The dining-hall was suggestive of any thing but the wealth and luxury and hospitality for which Mount Victory had been famed in my uncle's day. Heavy urns and salvers still decorated the side tables, tall silver candlesticks supported the wax-lights that showed me nightly the loneliness of my home, but they were tarnished and discolored. So were the frames of the oval mirrors, and the pictures on the wall, and the cornices of the square roof above me.

I rang the bell, also of silver, belonging to the famous Chalmor dinner service that I had fallen heir to with the estate. My man-servant, Prince, did not hear, or did not choose to hear, the summons. A tall, straight negro woman came, with a face as dark and as void of interest or expression as the mahogany panels of the door she held while receiving my orders.

"Dinner at eight instead of six, Tarquina, and my horse." I had decided to vary the dullness of my home by the dullness of the town lying at the foot of the sloping hills which isolated my estate.

It was still early in the afternoon when I mounted, but the fresh sea-breeze, which we always had at this elevation, tempered the fierce heat, and a huge tamarind-tree began to throw grateful shadows across the court-yard. I was not altogether weary of my flowers, and they had repaid my care. The snowy cups of the portlandia, and the starry blossoms of the scarlet cordia brightened the carriage-road; thickets of white and rose-colored oleanders were bursting into full bloom, and the pillars of the gallery were hidden with trailing sprays of fragrant jasmine. On either side of the gateway a stately young palm, with its sculptured trunk, bore up an emerald coronal of leaves, and a fantastic, uncouth cactus crept snake-like around the heavy masonry. I rode forth under the shadows of the tent-like tamarind, the towering cotton-tree, the mango with its burnished green leaves and grape-like clusters of early fruit; the blossoms of the lime and the acacia scented the air, the sunlight gleamed upon the emerald fields of corn that clothed the hill-side, contrasting with the keen, clear furrows which the patient oxen turned for the coming crop. I looked back upon the house—its low yellow walls and green jealousies, the square tray-like roof, the pillars that upheld the galleries, the shrubbery clustering around it; at the picturesque buildings of "the works," the tall towers of the windmill with its slow sailing arms, the red tiled roof of the many-windowed boiling-house, the arches underneath which the waste was stored, the village of stone cabins clustering around these central objects, relieved by thickets of oranges and broad-leaved bananas—how lovely the picture was—above, below, around me: yet I was so weary of it. Weary of the long stately avenues of palms that lined the roads, every where intersecting the island like boundary lines upon a map; weary of the eternal glory of the blue heavens and the pale green sea toward which I rode; weary of myself most of all, I came slowly under the shadow of the hills—a winding, narrow path that descended to the seashore. A deep ravine opened on my right, dark with foliage; up above me the rugged hill-side gave no foothold to man nor beast; in the solitude I heard only the melancholy coo of the mountain dove, with its one long, grieving, plaintive call. It stirred the ancient pain which I had thought stifled forever; it returned with a gnawing dullness, and with it came such vivid memories that I was looking for the time upon an English home and harvest field. I saw the rose-wreathed cottage just as I had turned away from it—the figures upon the closely-shaven lawn—my friend lifting the least of all the household high in air to wave me a farewell with his dimpled hand—my pet and plaything, Lelia, clinging to her mother's dress, and half hiding her blue eyes and flaxen curls, as she watched me shyly. The mother, the life of that lovely home, too girlish for a wife, more like a child herself than a matron. I saw her long friendly look follow the departing guest, heard her earn-

est "God bless you!" as she wrung my hand. Yet with all their love for me, and all I professed for them, that was the end. Where are they now, and what do they think of me?

I could not help it; I am no dissembler. When I returned first, and found Adriance Telfair just married; when, with all a young man's ardor, I came longing for the old undivided sympathy of my life-long friend, and found him still true—oh yes! that was always his nature—but absorbed in another love, another companionship, I met her with a cold aversion sprung from jealousy. I had not many loves: a lonely boyhood and a proud nature had kept me from much social intercourse. When I first left England for a venture in America I wrote long, long letters to Adriance, as a lover might have written, and meeting him was the brightest anticipation of my return. How could I help feeling a bitter disappointment? Not that he was in the least altered toward me. It was his bridal month, yet he left his young wife to come and meet me; but it was to carry me to her as fast as steam could bear us, to talk of her incessantly: her beauty, her graces, her virtues, her self-renunciation in marrying him, a comparatively poor man in commercial life, when she had far more brilliant opportunities.

I thought any one might well have been proud to be his choice. The least selfish of men, the most pure-minded and honorable soul, so I said to myself, that had ever worn mortal mould, and my late experience in the world had not changed my opinion one whit. I looked up into his face to see if this self-depreciation was honest. The cold cynicism that is beginning to eat into my life had already taken root. I met his clear, earnest eyes watching mine for sympathy, and prepared myself to meet a haughty, scornful beauty, who had made him feel her great condescension in accepting him.

But I found nothing of the kind. A frank, sweet face, frank as his own, smiling with welcome; a friendly clasp of the white soft hand; a manner half candid, half shy, as she recalled her position, the wife of Adriance meeting his chief friend.

"I am so glad you have come home just now, Mr. Chalnor—we are, I mean—Adriance has told me so much about you; and the instant he saw your name among the arrivals he flew off to meet you. If it was any one else I should be jealous, but I know you are like his own brother."

What more could I have asked? The cheerful *liberality* of her spirit should have shamed my jealous nature, yet it did not. She was very generous, too, in our intercourse, leaving him to sit with me, as our old habit had been, till long after midnight; never complaining or resentful, no matter how long our rides separated him from her. "He will not have you long," she said, playfully, "and I am his for the rest of his life."

Yet I did not appreciate it at the time. I felt indignant that she should seem to dole out to me what was mine by a prior claim. I little

knew how grudgingly one leaves the presence that is dearest to them in life, how long and weary the hours of absence are. After a little she saw how cold and distant my manner ever was; and whether she talked of it I do not know, but Adriance, least suspicious of men, spoke of it to me.

"Frankly, Chalnor, you do not like my wife. I don't understand it, for of course I think her the most lovable being on earth; but you will feel differently one of these days, when you know her better."

How differently God only, who had seen the struggle, knows; for I came to *love her*. Love the wife of another man, and that man my friend! I, who had made honor my religion; but it failed me.

It was thus: I came back to England again, four years afterward, suddenly recalled by the death of my Uncle Chalnor, who had left me co-heir with my sister, and I reached Chalnor Hall to find my sister gone, myself the last of our line. I had never known my sister very well. She was much older than myself, and I had always been kept at school until sent out to seek my fortune; but it was a shock to find myself so suddenly cut off from all human ties. My great uncle had been kind to me in his way; my sister, too, after her formal fashion, and I lost all exultation in my inheritance when I walked through the vacant rooms, and felt my perfect isolation from all human affection. Feeling thus—my natural gravity and reserve sinking into gloom—Adriance came, the bearer of a kindly-worded note of invitation from his wife to visit them. I did not care to go, but he urged it upon me; and somehow, as I read the note again, its friendliness rebuked me, for I certainly had not deserved any thing at her hands.

She, Bertha, was standing on the veranda as we arrived, full of gladness at her husband's return, yet repressing it for my sake, leaving him aside for the instant and coming up to me first, with the hearty grasp so noticeable from that soft, delicate hand, and a greeting such as in all my life I had never received from a woman before; for my sad, heavy expression seemed to give her pain, and she took both my hands in her own and held them a moment, saying, "I was afraid you would not come, and I am so glad."

It was my utter loneliness that made the words thrill me. That any one should be glad for my presence, that any one really sympathized in my sorrow. I knew Adriance did, but, gentle and affectionate as he was, he could not enter into it as a woman's heart instinctively had done.

Then, too, she was so very lovely. I knew of their two children—Bernard, the baby, was my namesake—and I expected to see their mother grown older and coarser, or pale and dispirited at least, as is so often the case with those who enter upon maternal life in our depressing climate. But it was not so with Bertha; maternity had but added beauty to what was already loveliness. Her delicate complex-

ion was a shade more transparent, but the rose was as bright as ever on her cheek. The flowing clusters of curls were put back, but the fair hair rippled with that golden, wavy light which is far more beautiful; her clear blue eyes were more earnest, but also more loving; and the bright playfulness of the bride had changed to the quiet, watchful, thoughtful ministrations of the wife.

Whatever the change may have been, it was gain rather than loss; and it drew me to watch her all that day, and to wonder at my old blindness and insensibility. They were not wealthy, but her taste had made luxuries from necessities, and their house was the perfection of a home. Very different from the cold charities of Chalmor Hall in its best days; very different from the empty, dreary habitation I had just left behind.

For I recalled all this as I rode along that wild gorge, with now and then a glimpse of the calm blue sea. And something more. How, when she came to bid me good-night that first memorable evening, she said, as I held out my hand at parting, "We are so glad to have you with us in our own home; we have thought of you, and felt for you so much!" and the wild impulse that made me carry her hand to my lips, that tempted me to kiss the tender, loving eyes that were raised so earnestly to my face.

She must have seen my manner, so strange, so different from any thing she had known of me before; but she said nothing, only released her hand quietly, and went away to her children. I heard her soothing a little fretful sleeper in the next room. Mad thoughts came into my heart; what if I had been in the place of my friend? what if that were my wife, and those my children? All the natural longings of a man's heart seemed to blaze out at once.

That was the beginning of the struggle. It was a strange commingling of feeling. I did not love Adriance the less; I had not one treacherous or traitorous thought toward him; I clung to him the more, from a dread lest I should wrong him. And those darling children; strange to say, I loved them the more that he was their father, than that his eyes looked into mine from Lelia's face, as the little creature wound her soft arms around my neck, and nestled her sunny head in my bosom. So weeks went on before I saw on what a precipice I stood; that I loved Bertha with a wild, passionate, craving love.

It was partly the way of our life—I was accepted and trusted with all the freedom of a brother in the household. I was constantly called upon by Adriance for little services that threw me into direct contact with her. In his busy mornings at the counting-house I was left to read to her, to ride with her, even to share her little household cares; I saw her as I should never have been able to study a woman's nature under other circumstances. She so frank, so cordial, so confiding, so happy that she had been able to overcome my first dislike; telling me all their past straits and perplexities, and

unconsciously betraying how patiently and nobly she had sustained her husband in their struggling days of misfortune; Adriance delighted with our mutual recognition of each other's excellences, and declaring that nothing was wanting to make up his perfect happiness.

Give me this credit, that though my very position blinded my eyes for a time to my own misfortune—for was it not a misfortune thus to nurse a passion that could have only bitterness for its end?—as soon as I recognized the treachery of my own heart I left them.

I did not deceive myself further by dreams of self-conquest. I knew that utter absence and silence were all that would avail, for that light footstep, those ever-smiling eyes, that cheerful, tender tone, had become, like light and air, needful to my life. A bitter guiltiness came over me in her presence, at the loving confidence of her husband, at the touch of the innocent hands of her children.

I told them suddenly that I must return to South America, that my affairs needed my attention; but in my own mind I determined to give up my country for their sake, and came to live upon my West Indian estates, buried from the world, to stifle all longings for affection and all remembrance of them.

I could not do this utterly. The pain, I thought, was gone; but I suffered myself sometimes to dwell upon their happiness, to picture the growth of their children, the ripening beauty of their mother, the unshadowed strength and tenderness of their affection for each other; and the nearest emotion to happiness that I ever knew was the remembrance that I had left that Eden as I found it—that they were happy, whatever was my lot. I did not shun society, but it was distasteful to me: one must have more love of approbation, more desire to please than belongs to my nature, to enjoy its gatherings. Sometimes, when watching the dark beauty of a creole maiden, with her raven hair and dusky, luminous eyes, I have tried to cheat myself into the belief that I could love, at least enough to make another happy; but those soft, blue English eyes came between, and I have turned away unsatisfied, disenchanted.

All this time I had been winding slowly to the shore, losing the coo of the dove in the dash of the surf on the low coral reefs that surrounded the island. I had left the stately growth of the mamee and the mahogany, and came suddenly upon the harbor, bright with the burning glory of a tropical sunset. The few ships rode quietly at anchor on a sea of violet and gold: they were so few at this season of the year that I knew them all by name, and spurred my horse into a brisker gait as I recognized a stranger among them, a large brigantine, with all sail still set, as though she had just dropped anchor in the bay. One must have an isolated island life to understand how my pulse quickened at the sight; news from the outer world, possibly news from my own land! and I dashed along the smooth beach road, over the little bridge,

past the dull walls of the fort with its silent sentinel, and came out upon the square just as a boat made off from the side of the vessel for the land.

The counting-houses fronting the wharves were closed, but there were by-standers attracted as I had been.

"It is an English brig," one of them said; "the health officer has just boarded her. The captain has papers up to the 10th, and will bring them ashore himself; there he comes now."

"Any passengers?" the next natural question; for a stranger to entertain was an excitement to our monotonous lives.

"Two—an invalid and his wife—come for the climate. The gentleman is very ill, I believe."

I took the glass from the speaker's hand. "They are coming ashore now," I reported. I saw a lady sitting in the stern of the little boat, and a gentleman carefully wrapped in a shawl, mild as the evening was. The group on the wharf were all in light linen clothes; the negroes lounging in the neighboring galleries, or hanging over the lighters drawn up upon the beach, wore as few garments as decency would allow.

"Very sick gempelem, massa; don't know who gwine take um in," said an old gray-headed boatman, who had seen many such a landing in his day, followed by a sadder departure.

Where indeed could they be made comfortable, unless they had friends on the island? My interest in them was already aroused, and when they reached the landing where I stood, and the evident weakness of the gentleman made assistance necessary, I sprang forward to offer my aid.

"Thank you," the lady said, as she stood up to reach me some packages that encumbered her, the captain supporting her husband. I did not look toward her, my interest being all centred in the poor invalid, whose muffled face and drooping air betokened that one more of many hundreds had come to meet death in the deceitful tropic calm.

"Give me your hand. Lean on me. There, you are on dry land once more, Sir;" and the stranger stood leaning, panting on my shoulder. He raised his sunken but brilliant eyes to look his thanks.

"Bernard!" he gasped.

So changed, so sadly changed, I could not have known him. I *could not* believe it for a moment. My brain was in a whirl. Could this bowed, broken man be my strong, noble Adriance, cut down, withered? "Oh, thank God"—and his eyes fastened themselves upon mine—"we are not alone in a strange land! Poor Bertha there."

His first thought ever of her. But I did not think of her then—not of myself I should have said. I turned to find her, and she stood there, brave as ever, soothing and encouraging him. "There, Adriance, don't give way now. I am so thankful, Bernard"—for she had learned to call me so at his wish in those last days—"he is so worn out with the voyage."

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It was no time for explanations, or for consideration, my friend; and the old, ardent love of boyhood came back as I felt the sentence of death was written against him. My friend must have shelter and care. His home had been mine, and mine was his.

The full-orbed tropic moon flooded the road with molten silver as I repassed that lonely gorge. Adriance was lying upon my shoulder; his wife sat before us, holding his hand in hers. Again I heard the melancholy coo of the mountain pigeon, the low wash of the breakers upon the reef below, for we said but little. I could not explain. "Think of me as you like," I said, "I can not explain my silence. You know my old moodiness; but you are all you ever were to me, Adriance—far more than you ever were." For, meeting him thus, and reading the death sentence not less in his haggard face and wasted frame than in her absorbed, wistful, ever-watching eyes, I would have given my life for his gladly.

All this had come upon me so suddenly that I could not define my own emotions toward Bertha. I met her when benumbed by the first shock. I thought then only of the great grief before her, the suspense she was enduring, the responsibility that pressed so heavily upon her, and that this at least I could take. In the holiness of my grief and hers I did not dream that the war with self must ever be waged again, and for a time only my better nature stirred. I made her mistress of my house and all it contained; I refitted the dreary guest-chamber; I sought far and near for delicacies to tempt a failing appetite; brought cool, strange foreign fruits to quench the feverish thirst, and took my watch with hers through the first few anxious nights. I did not stop to think.

After a time his fitful disease changed. The fever left him; his eyes became clear and soft; his strength returned; and he was able to walk slowly up and down the gallery, drinking in the delicious sea-breeze and the beauty of the fair landscape, which was a weariness to me. And Bertha became so hopeful. She was sure that the climate would restore him, he had longed for it so under the gray English skies; her step grew lighter, the old playfulness came back; she went singing through the dreary old rooms snatches of songs that had such dear yet miserable recollections for me; she gathered flowers, and wreathed the fruit in its own leaves for our simple desserts; she reorganized the household rule so gently and quietly that the idle Prince and deliberate Tarquina, with their sable band of adherents, *almost* came up to their daily duties. And as Adriance still improved, and could get beyond the house in his walks or rides, she entered heartily into the picturesque interests of the estate; frolicked with the odd, shining little negroes, who watched her with their cunning black eyes; spoke kindly to the throng who hurried up and down the slope of the mill tower, bearing their juicy burdens; watched the slow-boiling caldrons of the rich sirup, and the granulating mass in the coolers with all the zest and heartiness of a child.

The inhabitants of the cabins adored her, and followed her with their national flatteries and compliments whenever she appeared. And I—what could I do?—having her there, in my own home, in the familiar intercourse of our daily life, I yielded to the old fascination little by little, conscious now, and battling every step. The barrier of a mutual grief was removed. She was there where I had dreamed of her so often; she sat at the head of my table; she walked with me in those scented delicious moonlights upon the long gallery; she wove my flowers in her hair. And so the old maddening feeling came back that I could not live without her.

When my hand met hers for a good-night salutation, when I saw her sitting at some little task undertaken for my comfort, when I remembered the aching stillness there would be when she had gone—I knew it was sin, and I tried to crush it; but "*my soul was among lions*," the strugglings of an unpurified, passionate, earthly love!

She may have prayed for me. Sometimes I thought she did, sweet saint, little knowing the demon that tempted me through her innocent eyes. Or it may have been my friend, who had come so near the pearly gates that his petitions passed through as a breath of incense. Some good angel came to my wild outcry. Some unknown strength was given me to burst the bonds of that torment.

For at that time it never left me. It rose up and lay down with me again. I began to shun Adriance, to flush and tremble at his loving confidence, to listen with a strange silence to his hopes of a recovery.

"I should have given you Bernard if I had gone—" he said, coming up to me one evening as I stood ready to mount and ride I knew not where, so that I escaped his upbraiding presence—"when he could have left his mother. I can provide for him so scantily now; but you would have done every thing, I know. Dear boy, dear children. Bertha is drooping for them, I can see, now that she has less anxiety for me." And he leaned against the stone pillar, looking seaward, with longing in his clear, melancholy eyes. How well he looked! The sun-burned flush gave him an air of perfect health; his form had straightened with returning strength; the haggard lines were fast vanishing from his face.

"I shall soon be able to ride with you; I am half tempted to try it to-night."

But I did not urge him, as he seemed to expect. I struck my heel against my horse and dashed along the road.

"*She* might have been mine, too, but for this rally!" And the hot blood mounted to my brain. But an icy shiver followed it.

"Merciful God, had I fallen thus!—'consenting unto his death!' the murderer of my brother! my more than brother, my trusting, loving friend, who would give his innocent child to my keeping!" I dashed down the steep pathway trying to forget myself; I left the avenue

of palms and turned to the north, where the deadly manchineel skirted the road, bearing a fair but blistering fruit. I seemed to have been living beneath its baleful shadow. The roar and dash of the breakers grew louder, the solitude more complete. I threw myself from the saddle on a barren bluff overlooking the sea. The hollows in the coral reefs below were filled by the retreating waves, and glared up on me from the bleaching mass, like eyes from a churchyard skull; the hungry breakers rushed in upon the cliffs with a sullen, thunderous roar, or clamorous like the outcries of my soul.

"Consenting unto his death!" I felt the damp dews rise to my forehead with the thought, and myself so powerless. My first prayer to Heaven went up amidst that din of warring elements; the first real agonizing cry of a soul that sees its own loss and helplessness. Affection, trust, honor—all these barriers had been swept away—what stood between me and perdition? What but God's own mercy!

"If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee."

This was all the message that was borne in upon my mind. Utter renunciation; not as before, fleeing from the temptation, but deliberately casting it out; when there was more room for self-deception, when the future beckoned me on with a possible possession. I said to myself, "I have forfeited this. I will renounce her when she shall be free, as now. I will never seek her even if he is gone."

I knew then why I had so rapidly lost self-restraint. I had been building upon the time when she should be free, without acknowledging it to myself. But now I made a vow never to seek her, but to become a brother in deed as I was in name; to watch over, protect, make her my first care in life, but never to seek a return.

A calmness that surprised me followed. I no longer wished to shun them; I felt eager to atone, by incessant devotion, the great wrong I had been guilty of. I would willingly have acknowledged it, but for giving him pain; and "I humbly made my confession to Almighty God," praying for the pardon I dared not ask of him I had injured.

Oh with what thankfulness I looked back upon that hour, when I returned to find the bright hopes which had cheered those loving hearts already destroyed; Adriance prostrated by hemorrhage upon the bed from which he never rose again, and Bertha hanging over him, with a face blanched by this sudden, fatal issue.

They talked no more of the future—little of themselves—but ever of that heavenly home which is the object of our life-long journey. And of their children—how they yearned for them then; how often those powerless arms were raised as if to clasp his darlings to his heart; how often I saw his lips moving in prayer to the God of the fatherless! His sweet affection for me; his loving thanks; his glances bright with the gratitude which he felt for the most trifling ministrations! I could bear it now—coveted it,

as a token of the pardon which I craved; for I had won an unbroken peace with that utter renunciation.

One day I knelt beside his bed, and took his thin, wasted hand in my own: "Adriance, dear friend," I said, "do not burden yourself with a single earthly care. Leave all to me; I will do for them as you would have wished."

It opened his heart more fully; he told me of affairs at home, on what Bertha's prospect for the future depended. I already knew of the commercial crisis which made this of no avail; but he should die thinking that he had provided for her. Afterward he said, "Do not let me be carried away from this lovely land!" Bertha had returned then, and sat, as was her wont, stroking his dark hair, and the soft, curling beard that hid the ravages of disease.

"Oh my darling!" she cried out quickly. It was the first real approach to the pangs of separation.

"It is a great deal to ask you, Bertha; and my children are there too; but the dying have strange fancies. Let me lie under this beautiful, clear sky; let this soft air breathe over my grave. Bernard will be here to watch it. My boy will come some day. Will you promise?"

How careful and far-seeing he was! He wished to save her that melancholy journey home, which would hourly keep alive the saddest of all memories, and renew her grief when the time for a final separation came. I could see it all, unselfish to the last, for it was but human to be comforted with the thought that she might watch and tend his grave, and his children be brought to kneel there. How could I be thankful enough that in all this no cowardly shame was burning in my heart, that I could look unfalteringly into his dear eyes conscious of my own rectitude toward him!

No love, no watchfulness, could stay the hour. No brother could have had a calmer pulse, a tenderer, purer pity, than I when I bore the fainting frame of Bertha in my arms from the last closing scene, peaceful as his life had ever been. She leaned upon me so entirely then, I wondered that I felt no temptation. The first agonizing loneliness drew her so toward the friend who had shared her watch, and now so truly shared her sorrow. We obeyed his wish, and laid him almost beneath the shadow of the cross, close to our little English church; and then I urged her not to linger. I could not bear the sight of her patient grief, and I knew that her children would be her best consolers.

I was with her when she met them, when they flew to her arms and covered her face with kisses. How lovely they had grown—how much she had left in them! But that was all. Had Bernard lived, his fortunes were ruined; but she never suspected this. I arranged every thing; all but one transaction independent of his regular commercial life. He had given me a note of it, but charged me not to open it until the time should mature; and of this he made a penciled record on the envelope.

So I left them, with Bertha's tears and blessings, and the fond, clinging kisses of her children, and came back to my old way of life; happier now, since I knew that I was able to make them happy, and with a new interest in my gains, for now they were all for my heir Bernard. Then, too, I had a strange companionship in that lonely grave. I could sit beside it in the soft, departing flush of day, and look into my own heart and life, an humbler and a better man for his dear sake. I know not what conceit had given the name to my estate; but it appealed to me now—it was doubly "Mount Victory!"

It never crossed my mind that the time might come when Bertha could be induced to think of marriage with another; and for myself, my vow seemed not only to have sealed my lips, but the very fountains of my heart.

So the time wore on, till, by the date upon the paper he had given me, my presence should be necessary in England again. Three years had passed, and I was selfish enough to hope that the venture had failed, so that I could still supply all the needs of my dear ones. They welcomed me as if they had been mine; Bertha with almost her old radiant smile; the children with a recognition and affectionate remembrance I had scarcely looked for.

I know not what attracted my eyes to the mirror as I sat down with Bernard and Lelia hanging about my neck; but I could not help looking at my own face in the midst of the fair group—so dark, so weather-beaten—I seemed suddenly to have passed my prime. Bertha's sweet face, still shaded by the close, transparent fold of her widow's cap, looked over my shoulder; and in the mirror I scanned it as I would not have dared otherwise to do. The same tranquil loveliness as of old, softened but not gloomy from sad experience. The fresh young lives of her children had saved her from that.

I was her guest that night, and we talked tenderly of the past, and of him whom we both mourned. It seemed to draw me very near to her, not with the old hungering, for that would have startled me; but she seemed so inexpressibly dear; it was enough to know that I sheltered her from the cares of life—a strange pleasure to remember that but for me she would have them upon her like an armed host.

"But you have not told me what this errand is," she said, as the hour grew late and we heard the steps of the household stealing off to rest.

"No; I do not know myself. To-morrow is the day the package was to be opened. I have it here. We might read it together. Dear Bertha, could you bear the sight of his own handwriting?" She took the letter eagerly, tears dropping on it as she pressed the feeble, irregular lines to her lips.

"Shall I read it?"—and the words were blurred and mingled before my own eyes as I commenced:

"Do not think, my more than brother, that I have been blind to your love for my blessed wife."

The words leaped from my lips before I knew their import. She started, faltered, sank down by my side again. I looked to see if there was anger or resentment in her face. "I did not dream of this, Bertha. Shall I go on? *May I go on!*" I felt an intuition of what would follow.

"I have seen the struggle. She did not dream of it, and I have not betrayed you. I knew why you left us so suddenly; I understood that long since; I have felt for you, and asked God to strengthen you now. I believe He has. I believe the evil spirit is cast out. But your reward shall come; Bertha will yet love you; my children shall be yours. You have my blessing with them."

"Bertha!"

"But is it true, Bernard?" and she looked into my eyes with a sad pity and—could I hope

it?—a dawning tenderness. "Have you loved me *so long?*"

"Oh! Bertha, God knows what my love has been—is now. I can not deny myself telling you this, at least."

So she became mine at last—mine with the sanction of Heaven, since we had *his* blessing. Not that I would rob him of one moment's recollection. We talk of him constantly—we stand by his grave together; we know better now why he wished to be laid there, looking forward to this; and his children are dearer to me than my own could ever be. I am satisfied that none have come to share the love of their mother and my ever-watchful care.

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BREAKING COVERT.

"**T**HERE'S a double ditch and bank that will do as well," Miss Tristram had said when she was informed that there was no gate out of the wood at the side on which the fox had broken. The gentleman who had tendered the information might as well have held his tongue, for Miss Tristram knew the wood intimately, was acquainted with the locality of all its gates, and was acquainted also with the points at which it might be left, without the assistance of any gate at all, by those who were well mounted and could ride their horses. Therefore she had thus replied, "There's a double ditch and bank that will do as well." And for the double ditch and bank at the end of one of the grassy roadways Miss Tristram at once prepared herself.

"That's the gap where Grubbles broke his horse's back," said a man in a red coat to Peregrine Orme, and so saying he made up his wavering mind and galloped away as fast as his nag could carry him. But Peregrine Orme would not avoid a fence at which a lady was not afraid to ride; and Felix Graham, knowing little but fearing nothing, followed Peregrine Orme.

At the end of the roadway, in the middle of the track, there was the gap. For a footman it was doubtless the easiest way over the fence, for the ditch on that side was half filled up, and there was space enough left of the half-broken bank for a man's scrambling feet; but Miss Tristram at once knew that it was a bad place for a horse. The second or further ditch was the really difficult obstacle, and there was no footing in the gap from which a horse could take his leap. To the right of this the fence was large and required a good horse, but Miss Tristram knew her animal and was accustomed to large fences. The trained beast went well across on to the bank, poised himself there for a moment, and taking a second spring carried his

mistress across into the further field apparently with ease. In that field the dogs were now running altogether, so that a sheet might have covered them; and Miss Tristram, exulting within her heart and holding in her horse, knew that she had got away uncommonly well.

Peregrine Orme followed—a little to the right of the lady's passage, so that he might have room for himself, and do no mischief in the event of Miss Tristram or her horse making any mistake at the leap. He also got well over. But, alas! in spite of such early success he was destined to see nothing of the hunt that day! Felix Graham, thinking that he would obey instructions by letting his horse do as he pleased, permitted the beast to come close upon Orme's track, and to make his jump before Orme's horse had taken his second spring.

"Have a care," said Peregrine, feeling that the two were together on the bank, "or you'll shove me into the ditch." He however got well over.

Felix, attempting to "have a care" just when his doing so could be of no avail, gave his horse a pull with the curb as he was preparing for his second spring. The outside ditch was broad and deep and well banked up, and required that an animal should have all his power. It was at such a moment as this that he should have been left to do his work without injudicious impediment from his rider. But poor Graham was thinking only of Orme's caution, and attempted to stop the beast when any positive and absolute stop was out of the question. The horse made his jump, and, crippled as he was, jumped short. He came with his knees against the further bank, threw his rider, and then in his struggle to right himself rolled over him.

Felix felt at once that he was much hurt—that he had indeed come to grief; but still he was not stunned nor did he lose his presence of mind. The horse succeeded in gaining his feet, and then Felix also jumped up and even walked a step or two toward the head of the animal with the object of taking the reins. But he

found that he could not raise his arm, and he found also that he could hardly breathe.

Both Peregrine and Miss Tristram looked back. "There's nothing wrong, I hope," said the lady; and then she rode on. And let it be understood that in hunting those who are in advance generally do ride on. The lame and the halt and the wounded, if they can not pick themselves up, have to be picked up by those who come after them. But Peregrine saw that there was no one else coming that way. The memory of young Grubbles's fate had placed an interdiction on that pass out of the wood, which nothing short of the pluck and science of Miss Tristram was able to disregard. Two cavaliers she had carried with her. One she had led on to instant slaughter, and the other remained to look after his fallen brother-in-arms. Miss Tristram in the mean time was in the next field and had settled well down to her work.

"Are you hurt, old fellow?" said Peregrine, turning back his horse, but still not dismounting.

"Not much, I think," said Graham, smiling. "There's something wrong about my arm—but don't you wait." And then he found that he spoke with difficulty.

"Can you mount again?"

"I don't think I'll mind that. Perhaps I'd better sit down." Then Peregrine Orme knew that Graham was hurt, and jumping off his own horse he gave up all hope of the hunt.

"Here, you fellow, come and hold these horses." So invoked, a boy, who in following the sport had got as far as this ditch, did as he was bid, and scrambled over. "Sit down, Graham—there; I'm afraid you are hurt. Did he roll on you?" But Felix merely looked up into his face, still smiling. He was now very pale, and for the moment could not speak. Peregrine came close to him, and gently attempted to raise the wounded limb; whereupon Graham shuddered, and shook his head.

"I fear it is broken," said Peregrine. Graham nodded his head, and raised his left hand to his breast; and Peregrine then knew that something else was amiss also.

I don't know any feeling more disagreeable than that produced by being left alone in a field, when out hunting, with a man who has been very much hurt and who is incapable of riding or walking. The hurt man himself has the privilege of his infirmities and may remain quiescent; but you, as his only attendant, must do something. You must for the moment do all, and if you do wrong the whole responsibility lies on your shoulders. If you leave a wounded man on the damp ground, in the middle of winter, while you run away, five miles perhaps, to the next doctor, he may not improbably—as you then think—be dead before you come back. You don't know the way; you are heavy yourself, and your boots are very heavy. You must stay therefore; but as you are no doctor, you don't in the least know what is the amount of the injury. In your great trouble you begin to

roar for assistance; but the woods re-echo your words, and the distant sound of the huntsman's horn, as he summons his hounds at a check, only mocks your agony.

But Peregrine had a boy with him. "Get upon that horse," he said, at last; "ride round to Farmer Griggs, and tell him to send somebody here with a spring cart. He has got a spring cart, I know—and a mattress in it."

"But I hain't no gude at roiding like," said the boy, looking with dismay at Orme's big horse.

"Then run; that will be better, for you can go through the wood. You know where Farmer Griggs lives. The first farm the other side of the Grange."

"Ay, ay, I knows where Farmer Griggs lives well enough."

"Run then; and if the cart is here in half an hour I'll give you a sovereign."

Inspired by the hopes of such wealth, golden wealth, wealth for a lifetime, the boy was quickly back over the fence, and Peregrine was left alone with Felix Graham. He was now sitting down, with his feet hanging into the ditch, and Peregrine was kneeling behind him. "I am sorry I can do nothing more," said he; "but I fear we must remain here till the cart comes."

"I am—so—vexed—about your hunt," said Felix, gasping as he spoke. He had, in fact, broken his right arm, which had been twisted under him as the horse rolled, and two of his ribs had been staved in by the pommel of his saddle. Many men have been worse hurt and have hunted again before the end of the season, but the fracture of three bones does make a man uncomfortable for the time. "Now the cart—is—sent for, couldn't you—go on?" But it was not likely that Peregrine Orme would do that. "Never mind me," he said. "When a fellow is hurt he has always to do as he's told. You'd better have a drop of sherry. Look here: I've got a flask at my saddle. There; you can support yourself with that arm a moment. Did you ever see horses stand so quiet? I've got hold of yours, and now I'll fasten them together. I say, Whitefoot, you don't kick, do you?" And then he contrived to picket the horses to two branches, and having got out his case of sherry, poured a small modicum into the silver mug which was attached to the apparatus, and again supported Graham while he drank. "You'll be as right as a trivet by-and-by; only you'll have to make Noningsby your head-quarters for the next six weeks." And then the same idea passed through the mind of each of them—how little a man need be pitied for such a misfortune if Madeline Staveley would consent to be his nurse.

No man could have less surgical knowledge than Peregrine Orme, but, nevertheless, he was such a man as one would like to have with him if one came to grief in such a way. He was cheery and up-hearted, but at the same time gentle and even thoughtful. His voice was pleasant, and his touch could be soft. For many years afterward Felix remembered how that



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sherry had been held to his lips, and how the young heir of The Cleeve had knelt behind him in his red coat, supporting him as he became weary with waiting, and saying pleasant words to him through the whole. Felix Graham was a man who would remember such things.

In running through the wood the boy first encountered three horsemen. They were the judge, with his daughter Madeline and Miss Furnival. "There be a mon there who be a'most dead," said the boy, hardly able to speak from want of breath. "I be agoing for Farmer

Griggs's cart." And then they stopped him a moment to ask for some description, but the boy could tell them nothing to indicate that the wounded man was one of their friends. It might, however, be Augustus, and so the three rode on quickly toward the fence, knowing nothing of the circumstances of the ditches which would make it out of their power to get to the fallen sportsman.

But Peregrine heard the sound of the horses and the voices of the horsemen. "By Jove, there's a lot of them coming down here," said he. "It's the judge and two of the girls. Oh, Miss Staveley, I'm so glad you've come. Graham has had a bad fall and hurt himself. You haven't a shawl, have you? the ground is so wet under him."

"It doesn't signify at all," said Felix, looking round and seeing the faces of his friends on the other side of the bank.

Madeline Staveley gave a slight shriek which her father did not notice, but which Miss Furnival heard very plainly. "Oh, papa," she said, "can not you get over to him?" And then she began to bethink herself whether it were possible that she should give up something of her dress to protect the man who was hurt from the damp, muddy ground on which he lay.

"Can you hold my horse, dear?" said the judge, slowly dismounting; for the judge, though he rode every day on sanitary considerations, had not a sportsman's celerity in leaving and recovering his saddle. But he did get down, and, burdened as he was with a great-coat, he did succeed in crossing that accursed fence. Accursed it was from henceforward in the annals of the H. H., and none would ride it but dare-devils who professed themselves willing to go at any thing. Miss Tristram, however, always declared that there was nothing in it—though she avoided it herself, whispering to her friends that she had led others to grief there, and might possibly do so again if she persevered.

"Could you hold the horse?" said Madeline to Miss Furnival, "and I will go for a shawl to the carriage." Miss Furnival declared that to the best of her belief she could not; but nevertheless the animal was left with her, and Madeline turned round and galloped back toward the carriage. She made her horse do his best, though her eyes were nearly blinded with tears, and went straight on for the carriage, though she would have given much for a moment to hide those tears before she reached it.

"Oh, mamma! give me a thick shawl; Mr. Graham has hurt himself in the field, and is lying on the grass." And then in some incoherent and quick manner she had to explain what she knew of the accident before she could get a carriage-cloak out of the carriage. This, however, she did succeed in doing, and in some manner, very unintelligible to herself afterward, she did gallop back with her burden. She passed the cloak over to Peregrine, who clambered up the bank to get it, while the judge remained on the ground supporting the young barrister.

Felix Graham, though he was weak, was not stunned or senseless, and he knew well who it was that had procured for him that comfort.

And then the carriage followed Madeline, and there was quite a concourse of servants, and horses, and ladies on the inside of the fence. But the wounded man was still, unfortunately, on the other side. No cart from Farmer Griggs made its appearance, though it was now more than half an hour since the boy had gone. Carts, when they are wanted in such sudden haste, do not make their appearance. It was two miles through the wood to Mr. Griggs's farm-yard, and more than three miles back by any route which the cart could take. And then it might be more than probable that in Farmer Griggs's establishment there was not always a horse ready in harness, or a groom at hand prepared to yoke him. Peregrine had become very impatient, and had more than once invoked a silent anathema on the farmer's head; but nevertheless there was no appearance of the cart.

"We must get him across the ditches into the carriage," said the judge.

"If Lady Staveley will let us do that," said Peregrine.

"The difficulty is not with Lady Staveley, but with these nasty ditches," said the judge; for he had been up to his knees in one of them, and the water had penetrated his boots. But the task was at last done. Mrs. Arbuthnot stood up on the back seat of the carriage, so that she might hold the horses, and the coachman and footman got across into the field. "It would be better to let me lie here all day," said Felix, as three of them struggled back with their burden, the judge bringing up the rear with two hunting-whips and Peregrine's cap. "How on earth any one would think of riding over such a place as that," said the judge. But then, when he had been a young man it had not been the custom for barristers to go out hunting.

Madeline, as she saw the wounded man carefully laid on the back seat of the carriage, almost wished that she could have her mother's place, that she might support him. Would they be careful enough with him? Would they remember how terrible must be the pain of that motion to one so hurt as he was? And then she looked into his face as he was made to lean back, and she saw that he still smiled. Felix Graham was by no means a handsome man; I should hardly sin against the truth if I were to say that he was ugly. But Madeline, as she looked at him now, lying there utterly without color, but always with that smile on his countenance, thought that no face to her liking had ever been more gracious. She still rode close to them as they went down the grassy road, saying never a word. And Miss Furnival rode there also, somewhat in the rear, condoling with the judge as to his wet feet.

"Miss Furnival," he said, "when a judge forgets himself, and goes out hunting, he has no right to expect any thing better. What would your father have said had he seen me

clambering up the bank with young Orme's hunting-cap between my teeth? I positively did."

"He would have rushed to assist you," said Miss Furnival, with a little burst of enthusiasm which was hardly needed on the occasion. And then Peregrine came after them leading Graham's horse. He had been compelled to return to the field and ride both the horses back into the wood, one after the other, while the footman held them. That riding back over fences in cold blood is the work that really tries a man's nerve. And a man has to do it too when no one is looking on. How he does crane and falter, and look about for an easy place at such a moment as that! But when the blood is cold no places are easy.

The procession got back to Noningsby without adventure, and Graham, as a matter of course, was taken up to his bed. One of the servants had been dispatched to Alston for a surgeon, and in an hour or two the extent of the misfortune was known. The right arm was broken—"very favorably," as the doctor observed. But two ribs were broken—"rather unfavorably." There was some talk of hemorrhage and inward wounds, and Sir Jacob from Saville Row was suggested by Lady Staveley. But the judge, knowing the extent of Graham's means, made some further preliminary inquiries, and it was considered that Sir Jacob would not be needed—at any rate not as yet.

"Why don't they send for him?" said Madeline to her mother, with rather more than her wonted energy.

"Your papa does not think it necessary, my dear. It would be very expensive, you know."

"But, mamma, would you let a man die because it would cost a few pounds to cure him?"

"My dear, we all hope that Mr. Graham won't die—at any rate not at present. If there be any danger, you may be sure that your papa will send for the best advice."

But Madeline was by no means satisfied. She could not understand economy in a matter of life and death. If Sir Jacob's coming would have cost fifty pounds, or a hundred, what would that have signified, weighed in such a balance? Such a sum would be nothing to her father. Had Augustus fallen and broken his arm all the Sir Jacobs in London would not have been considered too costly could their joint coming have mitigated any danger. She did not, however, dare to speak to her mother again, so she said a word or two to Peregrine Orme, who was constant in his attendance on Felix. Peregrine had been very kind, and she had seen it, and her heart therefore warmed toward him.

"Don't you think he ought to have more advice, Mr. Orme?"

"Well, no; I don't know. He's very jolly, you know; only he can't talk. One of the bones ran into him, but I believe he's all right."

"Oh, but that is so frightful!" and the tears were again in her eyes.

"If I were him I should think one doctor

enough. But it's easy enough having a fellow down from London, you know, if you like it."

"If he should get worse, Mr. Orme—" And then Peregrine made her a sort of promise, but in doing so an idea shot through his poor heart of what the truth might really be. He went back and looked at Felix, who was sleeping. "If it is so I must bear it," he said to himself; "but I'll fight it on;" and a quick thought ran through his brain of his own deficiencies. He knew that he was not clever and bright in talk like Felix Graham. He could not say the right thing at the right moment without forethought. How he wished that he could! But still he would fight it on, as he would have done any losing match—to the last. And then he sat down by Felix's head, and resolved that he would be loyal to his new friend all the same—loyal in all things needful. But still he would fight it on.

CHAPTER XXX.

ANOTHER FALL.

FELIX GRAHAM had plenty of nurses, but Madeline was not one of them. Augustus Staveley came home while the Alston doctor was still busy at the broken bones, and of course he would not leave his friend. He was one of those who had succeeded in the hunt, and consequently had heard nothing of the accident till the end of it. Miss Tristram had been the first to tell him that Mr. Graham had fallen in leaving the covert, but having seen him rise to his legs she had not thought he was seriously hurt.

"I do not know much about your friend," she had said; "but I think I may comfort you by an assurance that your horse is none the worse. I could see as much as that."

"Poor Felix!" said Staveley. "He has lost a magnificent run. I suppose we are nine or ten miles from Monkton Grange now?"

"Eleven if we are a yard," said the lady. "It was an ugly country, but the pace was nothing wonderful." And then others dropped in, and at last came tidings about Graham. At first there was a whisper that he was dead. He had ridden over Orme, it was said; had nearly killed him, and had quite killed himself. Then the report became less fatal. Both horses were dead, but Graham was still living, though with most of his bones broken.

"Don't believe it," said Miss Tristram. "In what condition Mr. Graham may be I won't say; but that your horse was safe and sound after he got over the fence, of that you may take my word." And thus, in a state of uncertainty, obtaining fresh rumors from every person he passed, Staveley hurried home. "Right arm and two ribs," Peregrine said to him, as he met him in the hall. "Is that all?" said Augustus. It was clear therefore that he did not think so much about it as his sister.

"If you'd let her have her head she'd never

have come down like that," Augustus said, as he sat that evening by his friend's bedside.

"But he pulled off, I fancy, to avoid riding over me," said Peregrine.

"Then he must have come too quick at his leap," said Augustus. "You should have steadied him as he came to it." From all which Graham perceived that a man can not learn how to ride any particular horse by two or three words of precept.

"If you talk any more about the horse, or the hunt, or the accident, neither of you shall stay in the room," said Lady Staveley, who came in at that moment. But they both did stay in the room, and said a great deal more about the hunt, and the horse, and the accident before they left it; and even became so far reconciled to the circumstance that they had a hot glass of brandy-and-water each, sitting by Graham's fire.

"But, Augustus, do tell me how he is," Madeline said to her brother, as she caught him going to his room. She had become ashamed of asking any more questions of her mother.

"He's all right; only he'll be as fretful as a porcupine, shut up there. At least I should be. Are there lots of novels in the house? Mind you send for a batch to-morrow. Novels are the only chance a man has when he's laid up like that." Before breakfast on the following morning Madeline had sent off to the Alston circulating library a list of all the best new novels of which she could remember the names.

No definite day had hitherto been fixed for Peregrine's return to The Cleeve, and under the present circumstances he still remained at Noningsby assisting to amuse Felix Graham. For two days after the accident such seemed to be his sole occupation; but in truth he was looking for an opportunity to say a word or two to Miss Staveley, and paving his way as best he might for that great speech which he was fully resolved that he would make before he left the house. Once or twice he bethought himself whether he would not endeavor to secure for himself some confidant in the family, and obtain the sanction and special friendship either of Madeline's mother, or her sister, or her brother. But what if after that she should reject him? Would it not be worse for him then that any one should have known of his defeat? He could, as he thought, endure to suffer alone; but on such a matter as that pity would be unendurable. So as he sat there by Graham's fireside, pretending to read one of poor Madeline's novels for the sake of companionship, he determined that he would tell no one of his intention—no one till he could make the opportunity for telling her.

And when he did meet her, and find, now and again, some moment for saying a word alone to her, she was very gracious to him. He had been so kind and gentle with Felix, there was so much in him that was sweet and good and honest, so much that such an event as this brought forth and made manifest, that Madeline, and indeed the whole family, could not

but be gracious to him. Augustus would declare that he was the greatest brick he had ever known, repeating all Graham's words as to the patience with which the embryo baronet had knelt behind him on the cold muddy ground, supporting him for an hour, till the carriage had come up. Under such circumstances how could Madeline refrain from being gracious to him?

"But it is all from favor to Graham!" Peregrine would say to himself, with bitterness; and yet though he said so he did not quite believe it. Poor fellow! It was all from favor to Graham. And could he have thoroughly believed the truth of those words which he repeated to himself so often, he might have spared himself much pain. He might have spared himself much pain, and possibly some injury; for if aught could now tend to mature in Madeline's heart an affection which was but as yet nascent, it would be the offer of some other lover. But such reasoning on the matter was much too deep for Peregrine Orme. "It may be," he said to himself, "that she only pities him because he is hurt. If so, is not this time better for me than any other? If it be that she loves him, let me know it, and be out of my pain." It did not then occur to him that circumstances such as those in question could not readily be made explicit; that Madeline might refuse his love, and yet leave him no wiser than he now was as to her reasons for so refusing; perhaps, indeed, leave him less wise, with increased cause for doubt and hopeless hope, and the green melancholy of a rejected lover.

Madeline during these two days said no more about the London doctor; but it was plain to all who watched her that her anxiety as to the patient was much more keen than that of the other ladies of the house. "She always thinks every body is going to die," Lady Staveley said to Miss Furnival, intending, not with any consummate prudence, to account to that acute young lady for her daughter's solicitude. "We had a cook here, three months since, who was very ill, and Madeline would never be easy till the doctor assured her that the poor woman's danger was altogether past."

"She is so very warm-hearted," said Miss Furnival in reply. "It is quite delightful to see her. And she will have such pleasure when she sees him come down from his room."

Lady Staveley on this immediate occasion said nothing to her daughter, but Mrs. Arbuthnot considered that a sisterly word might perhaps be spoken in due season.

"The doctor says he is doing quite well now," Mrs. Arbuthnot said to her, as they were sitting alone.

"But does he indeed? Did you hear him?" said Madeline, who was suspicious.

"He did so, indeed. I heard him myself. But he says also that he ought to remain here, at any rate for the next fortnight—if mamma can permit it without inconvenience."

"Of course she can permit it. No one would

turn any person out of their house in such a condition as that!"

"Papa and mamma both will be very happy that he should stay here; of course they would not do what you call turning him out. But, Mad, my darling"—and then she came up close and put her arm round her sister's waist—"I think mamma would be more comfortable in his remaining here if your charity toward him were—what shall I say?—less demonstrative."

"What do you mean, Isabella?"

"Dearest, dearest; you must not be angry with me. Nobody has hinted to me a word on the subject, nor do I mean to hint any thing that can possibly be hurtful to you."

"But what do you mean?"

"Don't you know, darling? He is a young man—and—and—people see with such unkind eyes, and hear with such scandal-loving ears. There is that Miss Furnival—"

"If Miss Furnival can think such things, I for one do not care what she thinks."

"No, nor do I; not as regards any important result. But may it not be well to be careful? You know what I mean, dearest?"

"Yes—I know. At least I suppose so. And it makes me know also how very cold and shallow and heartless people are! I won't ask any more questions, Isabella; but I can't know that a fellow-creature is suffering in the house—and a person like him too, so clever, whom we all regard as a friend—the most intimate friend in the world that Augustus has, and the best too, as I heard papa himself say—without caring whether he is going to live or die."

"There is no danger now, you know."

"Very well; I am glad to hear it. Though I know very well that there must be danger after such a terrible accident as that."

"The doctor says there is none."

"At any rate I will not—" And then, instead of finishing her sentence, she turned away her head, and put up her handkerchief to wipe away a tear.

"You are not angry with me, dear?" said Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"Oh no," said Madeline; and then they parted.

For some days after that Madeline asked no question whatever about Felix Graham, but it may be doubted whether this did not make the matter worse. Even Sophia Furnival would ask how he was at any rate twice a day, and Lady Staveley continued to pay him regular visits at stated intervals. As he got better she would sit with him, and brought back reports as to his sayings. But Madeline never discussed any of these; and refrained alike from the conversation, whether his broken bones or his unbroken wit were to be the subject of it. And then Mrs. Arbuthnot, knowing that she would still be anxious, gave her private bulletins as to the state of the sick man's progress; all which gave an air of secrecy to the matter, and caused even Madeline to ask herself why this should be so.

On the whole, I think that Mrs. Arbuthnot

was wrong. Mrs. Arbuthnot and the whole Staveley family would have regarded a mutual attachment between Mr. Graham and Madeline as a great family misfortune. The judge was a considerate father to his children, holding that a father's control should never be brought to bear unnecessarily. In looking forward to the future prospects of his son and daughters, it was his theory that they should be free to choose their life's companions for themselves. But nevertheless it could not be agreeable to him that his daughter should fall in love with a man who had nothing, and whose future success at his own profession seemed to be so very doubtful. On the whole, I think that Mrs. Arbuthnot was wrong, and that the feeling that did exist in Madeline's bosom might more possibly have died away, had no word been said about it—even by a sister.

And then another event happened which forced her to look into her own heart. Peregrine Orme did make his proposal. He waited patiently during those two or three days in which the doctor's visits were frequent, feeling that he could not talk about himself while any sense of danger pervaded the house. But then at last a morning came on which the surgeon declared that he need not call again till the morrow; and Felix himself, when the medical back was turned, suggested that it might as well be to-morrow week. He began also to scold his friends, and look bright about the eyes, and drink his glass of sherry in a pleasant dinner-table fashion, not as if he were swallowing his physic. And Peregrine, when he saw all this, resolved that the moment had come for the doing of his deed of danger. The time would soon come at which he must leave Noningsby, and he would not leave Noningsby till he had learned his fate.

Lady Staveley, who, with a mother's eye, had seen her daughter's solicitude for Felix Graham's recovery—had seen it, and animadverted on it to herself—had seen also, or at any rate had suspected, that Peregrine Orme looked on her daughter with favoring eyes. Now Peregrine Orme would have satisfied Lady Staveley as a son-in-law. She liked his ways and manners of thought—in spite of those rumors as to the rat-catching which had reached her ears. She regarded him as quite clever enough to be a good husband, and no doubt appreciated the fact that he was to inherit his title and The Cleeve from an old grandfather instead of a middle-aged father. She therefore had no objection to leave Peregrine alone with her one ewe-lamb, and therefore the opportunity which he sought was at last found.

"I shall be leaving Noningsby to-morrow, Miss Staveley," he said one day, having secured an interview in the back drawing-room—in that happy half hour which occurs in winter before the world betakes itself to dress. Now I here profess my belief, that out of every ten set offers made by ten young lovers, nine of such offers are commenced with an intimation that the lover is going away. There is a dash of melan-

choly in such tidings well suited to the occasion. If there be any spark of love on the other side, it will be elicited by the idea of a separation. And then, also, it is so frequently the actual fact. This making of an offer is in itself a hard piece of business—a job to be postponed from day to day. It is so postponed, and thus that dash of melancholy, and that idea of separation are brought in at the important moment with so much appropriate truth.

"I shall be leaving Noningsby to-morrow, Miss Staveley," Peregrine said.

"Oh dear! we shall be so sorry. But why are you going? What will Mr. Graham and Augustus do without you? You ought to stay at least till Mr. Graham can leave his room."

"Poor Graham!—not that I think he is much to be pitied either; but he won't be about for some weeks to come yet."

"You do not think he is worse; do you?"

"Oh dear, no; not at all." And Peregrine was unconsciously irritated against his friend by the regard which her tone evinced. "He is quite well; only they will not let him be moved. But, Miss Staveley, it was not of Mr. Graham that I was going to speak."

"No—only I thought he would miss you so much." And then she blushed, though the blush in the dark of the evening was lost upon him. She remembered that she was not to speak about Felix Graham's health, and it almost seemed as though Mr. Orme had rebuked her for doing so in saying that he had not come there to speak of him.

"Lady Staveley's house has been turned upside down since this affair, and it is time now that some part of the trouble should cease."

"Oh! mamma does not mind it at all."

"I know how good she is; but nevertheless, Miss Staveley, I must go to-morrow." And then he paused a moment before he spoke again. "It will depend entirely upon you," he said, "whether I may have the happiness of returning soon to Noningsby."

"On me, Mr. Orme!"

"Yes, on you. I do not know how to speak properly that which I have to say; but I believe I may as well say it out at once. I have come here now to tell you that I love you, and to ask you to be my wife." And then he stopped as though there were nothing more for him to say upon the matter.

It would be hardly extravagant to declare that Madeline's breath was taken away by the very sudden manner in which young Orme had made his proposition. It had never entered her head that she had an admirer in him. Previously to Graham's accident she had thought nothing about him. Since that event she had thought about him a good deal; but altogether as of a friend of Graham's. He had been good and kind to Graham, and therefore she had liked him, and had talked to him. He had never said a word to her that had taught her to regard him as a possible lover; and now that he was an actual lover, a declared lover standing before

her, waiting for an answer, she was so astonished that she did not know how to speak. All her ideas too, as to love—such ideas as she had ever formed, were confounded by this abruptness. She would have thought, had she brought herself absolutely to think upon it, that all speech of love should be very delicate; that love should grow slowly, and then be whispered softly, doubtfully, and with infinite care. Even had she loved him, or had she been in the way toward loving him, such violence as this would have frightened her, and scared her love away. Poor Peregrine! His intentions had been so good and honest! He was so true and hearty, and free from all conceit in the matter! It was a pity that he should have marred his cause by such ill judgment.

But there he stood waiting an answer—and expecting it to be as open, definite, and plain as though he had asked her to take a walk with him. "Madeline," he said, stretching out his hand when he perceived that she did not speak to him at once. "There is my hand. If it be possible give me yours."

"Oh, Mr. Orme!"

"I know that I have not said what I had to say very—very gracefully. But you will not regard that, I think. You are too good, and too true."

She had now seated herself, and he was standing before her. She had retreated to a sofa in order to avoid the hand which he had offered her; but he followed her, and even yet did not know that he had no chance of success. "Mr. Orme," she said at last, speaking hardly above her breath, "what has made you do this?"

"What has made me do it? What has made me tell you that I love you?"

"You can not be in earnest!"

"Not in earnest! By Heavens, Miss Staveley, no man who has said the same words was ever more in earnest. Do you doubt me when I tell you that I love you?"

"Oh, I am so sorry!" And then she hid her face upon the arm of the sofa and burst into tears.

Peregrine stood there, like a prisoner on his trial, waiting for a verdict. He did not know how to plead his cause with any further language; and indeed no further language could have been of any avail. The judge and jury were clear against him, and he should have known the sentence without waiting to have it pronounced in set terms. But in plain words he had made his offer, and in plain words he required that an answer should be given to him. "Well," he said, "will you not speak to me? Will you not tell me whether it shall be so?"

"No, no, no," she said.

"You mean that you can not love me?" And as he said this the agony of his tone struck her ear and made her feel that he was suffering. Hitherto she had thought only of herself, and had hardly recognized it as a fact that he could be thoroughly in earnest.

"Mr. Orme, I am very sorry. Do not speak as though you were angry with me. But—"

"But you can not love me?" And then he stood again silent, for there was no reply. "Is it that, Miss Staveley, that you mean to answer? If you say that with positive assurance, I will trouble you no longer." Poor Peregrine! He was but an unskilled lover!

"No!" she sobbed forth through her tears; but he had so framed his question that he hardly knew what No meant.

"Do you mean that you can not love me, or may I hope that a day will come— May I speak to you again—?"

"Oh no, no! I can answer you now. It grieves me to the heart. I know you are so good. But, Mr. Orme—"

"Well—"

"It can never, never be."

"And I must take that as answer?"

"I can make no other." He still stood before her—with gloomy and almost angry brow, could she have seen him; and then he thought he would ask her whether there was any other love which had brought about her scorn for him. It did not occur to him, at the first moment, that in doing so he would insult and injure her.

"At any rate I am not flattered by a reply which is at once so decided," he began by saying.

"Oh! Mr. Orme, do not make me more unhappy—"

"But perhaps I am too late. Perhaps—" Then he remembered himself and paused. "Never mind," he said, speaking to himself rather than to her. "Good-by, Miss Staveley. You will at any rate say good-by to me. I shall go at once now."

"Go at once! Go away, Mr. Orme?"

"Yes; why should I stay here? Do you think that I could sit down to table with you all after that? I will ask your brother to explain my going; I shall find him in his room. Good-by."

She took his hand mechanically, and then he left her. When she came down to dinner she looked furtively round to his place and saw that it was vacant.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FOOTSTEPS IN THE CORRIDOR.

"UPON my word I am very sorry," said the judge. "But what made him go off so suddenly? I hope there's nobody ill at The Cleeve!" And then the judge took his first spoonful of soup.

"No, no; there is nothing of that sort," said Augustus. "His grandfather wants him, and Orme thought he might as well start at once. He was always a sudden, harum-scarum fellow like that."

"He's a very pleasant, nice young man," said Lady Staveley; "and never gives himself any airs. I like him exceedingly."

Poor Madeline did not dare to look either at her mother or her brother, but she would have

given much to know whether either of them were aware of the cause which had sent Peregrine Orme so suddenly away from the house. At first she thought that Augustus surely did know, and she was wretched as she thought that he might probably speak to her on the subject. But he went on talking about Orme and his abrupt departure till she became convinced that he knew nothing and suspected nothing of what had occurred.

But her mother said never a word after that eulogium which she had uttered, and Madeline read that eulogium altogether aright. It said to her ears that if ever young Orme should again come forward with his suit, her mother would be prepared to receive him as a suitor; and it said, moreover, that if that suitor had been already sent away by any harsh answer, she would not sympathize with that harshness.

The dinner went on much as usual, but Madeline could not bring herself to say a word. She sat between her brother-in-law, Mr. Arbuthnot, on one side, and an old friend of her father's, of thirty years' standing, on the other. The old friend talked exclusively to Lady Staveley, and Mr. Arbuthnot, though he now and then uttered a word or two, was chiefly occupied with his dinner. During the last three or four days she had sat at dinner next to Peregrine Orme, and it seemed to her now that she always had been able to talk to him. She had liked him so much too! Was it not a pity that he should have been so mistaken! And then as she sat after dinner, eating five or six grapes, she felt that she was unable to recall her spirits and look and speak as she was wont to do: a thing had happened which had knocked the ground from under her—had thrown her from her equipoise, and now she lacked the strength to recover herself and hide her dismay.

After dinner, while the gentlemen were still in the dining-room, she got a book, and nobody disturbed her as she sat alone pretending to read it. There never had been any intimate friendship between her and Miss Furnival, and that young lady was now employed in taking the chief part in a general conversation about wools. Lady Staveley got through a good deal of wool in the course of the year, as also did the wife of the old thirty-years' friend; but Miss Furnival, short as her experience had been, was able to give a few hints to them both, and did not throw away the occasion. There was another lady there, rather deaf, to whom Mrs. Arbuthnot devoted herself, and therefore Madeline was allowed to be alone.

Then the men came in, and she was obliged to come forward and officiate at the tea-table. The judge insisted on having the tea-pot and urn brought into the drawing-room, and liked to have his cup brought to him by one of his own daughters. So she went to work and made the tea, but still she felt that she scarcely knew how to go through her task. What had happened to her that she should be thus beside herself, and hardly capable of refraining from open

tears? She knew that her mother was looking at her, and that now and again little things were done to give her ease, if any ease were possible.

"Is any thing the matter with my Madeline?" said her father, looking up into her face, and holding the hand from which he had taken his cup.

"No, papa; only I have got a headache."

"A headache, dear; that's not usual with you."

"I have seen that she has not been well all the evening," said Lady Staveley; "but I thought that perhaps she might shake it off. You had better go, my dear, if you are suffering. Isabella, I'm sure, will pour out the tea for us."

And so she got away, and skulked slowly up stairs to her own room. She felt that it was skulking. Why should she have been so weak as to have fled in that way? She had no headache—nor was it heartache that had now upset her. But a man had spoken to her openly of love, and no man had ever so spoken to her before.

She did not go direct to her own chamber, but passed along the corridor toward her mother's dressing-room. It was always her custom to remain there some half-hour before she went to bed, doing little things for her mother, and chatting with any other girl who might be intimate enough to be admitted there. Now she might remain there for an hour alone without danger of being disturbed; and she thought to herself that she would remain there till her mother came, and then unburden herself of the whole story.

As she went along the corridor she would have to pass the room which had been given up to Felix Graham. She saw that the door was ajar, and as she came close up to it, she found the nurse in the act of coming out from the room. Mrs. Baker had been a very old servant in the judge's family, and had known Madeline from the day of her birth. Her chief occupation for some years had been nursing when there was any body to nurse, and taking a general care and surveillance of the family's health when there was no special invalid to whom she could devote herself. Since Graham's accident she had been fully employed, and had greatly enjoyed the opportunities it had given her.

Mrs. Baker was in the door-way as Madeline attempted to pass by on tip-toe. "Oh, he's a deal better now, Miss Madeline, so that you needn't be afraid of disturbing—ain't you, Mr. Graham?" So she was thus brought into absolute contact with her friend, for the first time since he had hurt himself.

"Indeed I am," said Felix; "I only wish they'd let me get up and go down stairs. Is that Miss Staveley, Mrs. Baker?"

"Yes, sure. Come, my dear, he's got his dressing-gown on, and you may just come to the door and ask him how he does."

"I am very glad to hear that you are so much better, Mr. Graham," said Madeline, standing in the door-way with averted eyes,

and speaking with a voice so low that it only just reached his ears.

"Thank you, Miss Staveley; I shall never know how to express what I feel for you all."

"And there's none of 'em have been more anxious about you than she, I can tell you; and none of 'em ain't kinderhearteder," said Mrs. Baker.

"I hope you will be up soon and be able to come down to the drawing-room," said Madeline. And then she did glance round, and for a moment saw the light of his eye as he sat upright in the bed. He was still pale and thin, or at least she fancied so, and her heart trembled within her as she thought of the danger he had passed.

"I do so long to be able to talk to you again; all the others come and visit me, but I have only heard the sounds of your footsteps as you pass by."

"And yet she always walks like a mouse," said Mrs. Baker.

"But I have always heard them," he said. "I hope Marian thanked you for the books. She told me how you had gotten them for me."

"She should not have said any thing about them; it was Augustus who thought of them," said Madeline.

"Marian comes to me four or five times a day," he continued; "I do not know what I should do without her."

"I hope she is not noisy," said Madeline.

"Laws, miss, he don't care for noise now, only he ain't good at moving yet, and won't be for some while."

"Pray take care of yourself, Mr. Graham," she said; "I need not tell you how anxious we all are for your recovery. Good-night, Mr. Graham." And then she passed on to her mother's dressing-room, and sitting herself down in an arm-chair opposite to the fire began to think—to think, or else to try to think.

And what was to be the subject of her thoughts? Regarding Peregrine Orme there was very little room for thinking. He had made her an offer, and she had rejected it as a matter of course, seeing that she did not love him. She had no doubt on that head, and was well aware that she could never accept such an offer. On what subject then was it necessary that she should think?

How odd it was that Mr. Graham's room door should have been open on this especial evening, and that nurse should have been standing there, ready to give occasion for that conversation! That was the idea that first took possession of her brain. And then she recounted all those few words which had been spoken as though they had had some special value—as though each word had been laden with interest. She felt half ashamed of what she had done in standing there and speaking at his bedroom door, and yet she would not have lost the chance for worlds. There had been nothing in what had passed between her and the invalid. The very words, spoken elsewhere, or in the presence of



IN THE CORRIDOR.

her mother and sister, would have been insipid and valueless; and yet she sat there feeding on them as though they were of flavor so rich that she could not let the sweetness of them pass from her. She had been stunned at the idea of poor Peregrine's love, and yet she never asked herself what was this new feeling. She did not in-

quire—not yet at least—whether there might be danger in such feelings.

She remained there, with eyes fixed on the burning coals, till her mother came up. "What, Madeline," said Lady Staveley, "are you here still? I was in hopes you would have been in bed before this."

"My headache is gone now, mamma; and I waited because—"

"Well, dear; because what?" and her mother came and stood over her and smoothed her hair. "I know very well that something has been the matter. There has been something; eh, Madeline?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And you have remained up that we may talk about it. Is that it, dearest?"

"I did not quite mean that, but perhaps it will be best. I can't be doing wrong, mamma, in telling you."

"Well, you shall judge of that yourself:" and Lady Staveley sat down on the sofa so that she was close to the chair which Madeline still occupied. "As a general rule I suppose you could not be doing wrong; but you must decide. If you have any doubt, wait till to-morrow."

"No, mamma; I will tell you now. Mr. Orme—"

"Well, dearest. Did Mr. Orme say anything specially to you before he went away?"

"He—he—"

"Come to me, Madeline, and sit here. We shall talk better then." And the mother made room beside her on the sofa for her daughter, and Madeline, running over, leaned with her head upon her mother's shoulder. "Well, darling; what did he say? Did he tell you that he loved you?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And you answered him—"

"I could only tell him—"

"Yes, I know. Poor fellow! But, Madeline, is he not an excellent young man—one, at any rate, that is lovable? Of course in such a matter the heart must answer for itself. But I, looking at the offer as a mother—I could have been well pleased—"

"But, mamma, I could not—"

"Well, love: there shall be an end of it—at least for the present. When I heard that he had gone suddenly away I thought that something had happened."

"I am so sorry that he should be unhappy, for I know that he is good."

"Yes, he is good; and your father likes him, and Augustus. In such a matter as this, Madeline, I would never say a word to persuade you. I should think it wrong to do so. But it may be, dearest, that he has flurried you by the suddenness of his offer, and that you have not yet thought much about it."

"But, mamma, I know that I do not love him."

"Of course. That is natural. It would have been a great misfortune if you had loved him before you had reason to know that he loved you—a great misfortune. But now—now that you can not but think of him, now that you know what his wishes are, perhaps you may learn—"

"But I have refused him, and he has gone away."

"Young gentlemen under such circumstances sometimes come back again."

"He won't come back, mamma, because—because I told him so plainly—I am sure he understands that it is all to be at an end."

"But if he should, and if you should then think differently toward him—"

"Oh no!"

"But if you should, it may be well that you should know how all your friends esteem him. In a worldly view the marriage would be in all respects prudent; and as to disposition and temper, which I admit are much more important, I confess, I think, that he has all the qualities best adapted to make a wife happy. But, as I said before, the heart must speak for itself."

"Yes, of course. And I know that I shall never love him—not in that way."

"You may be sure, dearest, that there will be no constraint put upon you. It might be possible that I or your papa should forbid a daughter's marriage if she had proposed to herself an imprudent match, but neither he nor I would ever use our influence with a child to bring about a marriage because we think it prudent in a worldly point of view." And then Lady Staveley kissed her daughter.

"Dear mamma, I know how good you are to me." And she answered her mother's embrace by the pressure of her arm. But nevertheless she did not feel herself to be quite comfortable. There was something in the words which her mother had spoken which grated against her most cherished feelings—something, though she by no means knew what. Why had her mother cautioned her in that way, that there might be a case in which she would refuse her sanction to a proposed marriage? Isabella's marriage had been concluded with the full agreement of the whole family; and she, Madeline, had certainly never as yet given cause either to father or mother to suppose that she would be headstrong and imprudent. Might not the caution have been omitted?—or was it intended to apply in any way to circumstances as they now existed?

"You had better go now, dearest," said Lady Staveley, "and for the present we will not think any more about this gallant young knight." And then Madeline, having said good-night, went off rather crest-fallen to her own room. In doing so she again had to pass Graham's door, and as she went by it, walking not quite on tip-toe, she could not help asking herself whether or no he would really recognize the sound of her footsteps.

It is hardly necessary to say that Lady Staveley had conceived to herself a recognized purpose in uttering that little caution to her daughter; and she would have been quite as well pleased had circumstances taken Felix Graham out of her house instead of Peregrine Orme. But Felix Graham must necessarily remain for the next fortnight, and there could be no possible benefit in Orme's return, at any rate till Graham should have gone.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHAT BRIDGET BOLSTER HAD TO SAY.

It has been said in the earlier pages of this story that there was no prettier scenery to be found within thirty miles of London than that by which the little town of Hamworth was surrounded. This was so truly the case that Hamworth was full of lodgings, which in the autumn season were always full of lodgers. The middle of winter was certainly not the time for seeing the Hamworth hills to advantage; nevertheless it was soon after Christmas that two rooms were taken there by a single gentleman who had come down for a week, apparently with no other view than that of enjoying himself. He did say something about London confinement and change of air; but he was manifestly in good health, had an excellent appetite, said a great deal about fresh eggs—which at that time of the year was hardly reasonable—and brought with him his own pale brandy. This gentleman was Mr. Crabwitz.

The house at which he was to lodge had been selected with considerable judgment. It was kept by a tidy old widow known as Mrs. Trump; but those who knew any thing of Hamworth affairs were well aware that Mrs. Trump had been left without a shilling, and could not have taken that snug little house in Paradise Row and furnished it completely out of her own means. No. Mrs. Trump's lodging-house was one of the irons which Samuel Dockwrath ever kept heating in the fire for the behoof of those fourteen children. He had taken a lease of the house in Paradise Row, having made a bargain and advanced a few pounds while it was yet being built; and he then had furnished it and put in Mrs. Trump. Mrs. Trump received from him wages and a percentage; but to him were paid over the quota of shillings per week in consideration for which the lodgers were accommodated. All of which Mr. Crabwitz had ascertained before he located himself in Paradise Row.

And when he had so located himself he soon began to talk to Mrs. Trump about Mr. Dockwrath. He himself, as he told her in confidence, was in the profession of the law; he had heard of Mr. Dockwrath, and should be very glad if that gentleman would come over and take a glass of brandy-and-water with him some evening.

"And a very clever sharp gentleman he is," said Mrs. Trump.

"With a tolerably good business, I suppose?" asked Crabwitz.

"Pretty fair for that, Sir. But he do be turning his hand to every thing. He's a mortal long family of his own, and he has need of it all, if it's ever so much. But he'll never be poor for the want of looking after it."

But Mr. Dockwrath did not come near his lodger on the first evening, and Mr. Crabwitz made acquaintance with Mrs. Dockwrath before he saw her husband. The care of the fourteen children was not supposed to be so onerous but that she could find a moment now and then to

see whether Mrs. Trump kept the furniture properly dusted, and did not infringe any of the Dockwrathian rules. These were very strict; and whenever they were broken it was on the head of Mrs. Dockwrath that the anger of the ruler mainly fell.

"I hope you find every thing comfortable, Sir," said poor Miriam, having knocked at the sitting-room door when Crabwitz had just finished his dinner.

"Yes, thank you; very nice. Is that Mrs. Dockwrath?"

"Yes, Sir. I'm Mrs. Dockwrath. As it's we who own the room I looked in to see if any thing's wanting."

"You are very kind. No; nothing is wanting. But I should be delighted to make your acquaintance if you would stay for a moment. Might I ask you to take a chair?" and Mr. Crabwitz handed her one.

"Thank you; no, Sir. I won't intrude."

"Not at all, Mrs. Dockwrath. But the fact is, I'm a lawyer myself, and I should be so glad to become known to your husband. I have heard a great deal of his name lately as to a rather famous case in which he is employed."

"Not the Orley Farm case?" said Mrs. Dockwrath, immediately.

"Yes, yes; exactly."

"And is he going on with that, Sir?" asked Mrs. Dockwrath, with great interest.

"Is he not? I know nothing about it myself, but I always supposed that such was the case. If I had such a wife as you, Mrs. Dockwrath, I should not leave her in doubt as to what I was doing in my own profession."

"I know nothing about it, Mr. Cooke;" for it was as Mr. Cooke that he now sojourned at Hamworth. Not that it should be supposed he had received instructions from Mr. Furnival to come down to that place under a false name. From Mr. Furnival he had received no further instructions on that matter than those conveyed at the end of a previous chapter. "I know nothing about it, Mr. Cooke; and don't want to know generally. But I am anxious about this Orley Farm case. I do hope that he's going to drop it." And then Mr. Crabwitz elicited her view of the case with great ease.

On that evening, about nine, Mr. Dockwrath did go over to Paradise Row, and did allow himself to be persuaded to mix a glass of brandy-and-water and light a cigar. "My missus tells me, Sir, that you belong to the profession as well as myself."

"Oh yes; I'm a lawyer, Mr. Dockwrath."

"Practicing in town as an attorney, Sir?"

"Not as an attorney on my own hook exactly. I chiefly employ my time in getting up cases for barristers. There's a good deal done in that way."

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Dockwrath, beginning to feel himself the bigger man of the two; and from that moment he patronized his companion instead of allowing himself to be patronized.

This went against the grain with Mr. Crabwitz, but having an object to gain he bore it. "We hear a great deal up in London just at present about this Orley Farm case, and I always hear your name as connected with it. I had no idea when I was taking these lodgings that I was coming into a house belonging to that Mr. Dockwrath."

"The same party, Sir," said Mr. Dockwrath, blowing the smoke out of his mouth as he looked up to the ceiling.

And then by degrees Mr. Crabwitz drew him into conversation. Dockwrath was by nature quite as clever a man as Crabwitz, and in such a matter as this was not one to be outwitted easily; but in truth he had no objection to talk about the Orley Farm case. "I have taken it up on public motives, Mr. Cooke," he said, "and I mean to go through with it."

"Oh, of course; in such a case as that you will no doubt go through with it?"

"That's my intention, I assure you. And I tell you what: young Mason—that's the son of the widow of the old man who made the will—"

"Or rather who did not make it, as you say."

"Yes, yes; he made the will; but he did not make the codicil—and that young Mason has no more right to the property than you have."

"Hasn't he now?"

"No; and I can prove it too."

"Well, the general opinion in the profession is that Lady Mason will stand her ground and hold her own. I don't know what the points are myself, but I have heard it discussed, and that is certainly what people think."

"Then people will find that they are very much mistaken."

"I was talking to one of Round's young men about it, and I fancy they are not very sanguine."

"I do not care a fig for Round or his young men. It would be quite as well for Joseph Mason if Round and Crook gave up the matter altogether. It lies in a nut-shell, and the truth must come out whatever Round and Crook may choose to say. And I'll tell you more—Old Furnival, big a man as he thinks himself, can not save her."

"Has he any thing to do with it?" asked Mr. Cooke.

"Yes; the sly old fox. My belief is that only for him she'd give up the battle, and be down on her marrow-bones asking for mercy."

"She'd have little chance of mercy, from what I hear of Joseph Mason."

"She'd have to give up the property, of course. And even then I don't know whether he'd let her off. By Heavens! he couldn't let her off unless I chose." And then, by degrees, he told Mr. Cooke some of the circumstances of the case.

But it was not till the fourth evening that Mr. Dockwrath spent with his lodger that the intimacy had so far progressed as to enable Mr. Crabwitz to proceed with his little scheme. On that day Mr. Dockwrath had received a notice that at noon on the following morning Mr. Jo-

seph Mason and Bridget Bolster would both be at the house of Messrs. Round and Crook, in Bedford Row, and that he could attend at that hour if it so pleased him. It certainly would so please him, he said to himself when he got that letter; and in the evening he mentioned to his new friend the business which was taking him to London.

"If I might advise you in the matter, Mr. Dockwrath," said Crabwitz, "I should stay away altogether."

"And why so?"

"Because that's not your market. This poor devil of a woman—for she is a poor devil of a woman—"

"She'll be poor enough before long."

"It can't be any gratification to you running her down."

"Ah, but the justice of the thing."

"Bother! You're talking now to a man of the world. Who can say what is the justice or the injustice of any thing after twenty years of possession? I have no doubt the codicil did express the old man's wish—even from your own story. But of course you are looking for your market. Now it seems to me that there's a thousand pounds in your way as clear as daylight."

"I don't see it myself, Mr. Cooke."

"No; but I do. The sort of thing is done every day. You have your father-in-law's office journal?"

"Safe enough."

"Burn it; or leave it about in these rooms like—so that somebody else may burn it."

"I'd like to see the thousand pounds first."

"Of course you'd do nothing till you knew about that—nothing except keeping away from Round and Crook to-morrow. The money will be forthcoming if the trial were notoriously dropped by next assizes."

Dockwrath sat thinking for a minute or two, and every moment of thought made him feel more strongly that he could not now succeed in the manner pointed out by Mr. Cooke. "But where would be the market you were talking of?" said he.

"I could manage that," said Crabwitz.

"And go shares in the business?"

"No, no; nothing of the sort." And then he added, remembering that he must show that he had some personal object, "If I got a trifle in the matter, it would not come out of your allowance."

The attorney again sat silent for a while, and now he remained so for full five minutes, during which Mr. Crabwitz puffed the smoke from between his lips with a look of supreme satisfaction. "May I ask," at last Mr. Dockwrath said, "whether you have any personal interest in this matter?"

"None in the least; that is to say, none as yet."

"You did not come down here with any view—"

"Oh dear no; nothing of the sort. But I

see at a glance that it is one of those cases in which a compromise would be the most judicious solution of difficulties. I am well used to this kind of thing, Mr. Dockwrath."

"It would not do, Sir," said Mr. Dockwrath, after some further slight period of consideration.

"It wouldn't do. Round and Crook have all the dates, and so has Mason too. And the original of that partnership deed is forthcoming; and they know what witnesses to depend on. No, Sir; I've begun this on public grounds, and I mean to carry it on. I am in a manner bound to do so as the representative of the attorney of the late Sir Joseph Mason; and by Heavens, Mr. Cooke, I'll do my duty!"

"I dare say you're right," said Mr. Crabwitz, mixing a quarter of a glass more brandy-and-water.

"I know I'm right, Sir," said Dockwrath. "And when a man knows he's right, he has a deal of inward satisfaction in the feeling." After that Mr. Crabwitz was aware that he could be of no use at Hamworth, but he staid out his week in order to avoid suspicion.

On the following day Mr. Dockwrath did proceed to Bedford Row, determined to carry out his original plan, and armed with that inward satisfaction to which he had alluded. He dressed himself in his best, and endeavored as far as was in his power to look as though he were equal to the Messrs. Round. Old Crook he had seen once, and him he already despised. He had endeavored to obtain a private interview with Mrs. Bolster before she could be seen by Matthew Round; but in this he had not succeeded. Mrs. Bolster was a prudent woman; and, acting doubtless under advice, had written to him, saying that she had been summoned to the office of Messrs. Round and Crook, and would there declare all that she knew about the matter. At the same time she returned to him a money order which he had sent to her.

Punctually at twelve he was in Bedford Row, and there he saw a respectable-looking female sitting at the fire in the inner part of the outer office. This was Bridget Bolster, but he would by no means have recognized her. Bridget had risen in the world, and was now head chambermaid at a large hotel in the west of England. In that capacity she had laid aside whatever diffidence may have afflicted her earlier years, and was now able to speak out her mind before any judge or jury in the land. Indeed she had never been much afflicted by such diffidence, and had spoken out her evidence on that former occasion, now twenty years since, very plainly. But as she now explained to the head clerk, she had at that time been only a poor ignorant slip of a girl, with no more than eight pounds a year wages.

Dockwrath bowed to the head clerk, and passed on to Mat Round's private room. "Mr. Matthew is inside, I suppose," said he, and hardly waiting for permission he knocked at the door, and then entered. There he saw Mr. Matthew Round, sitting in his comfortable arm-

chair, and opposite to him sat Mr. Mason of Groby Park.

Mr. Mason got up and shook hands with the Hamworth attorney, but Round junior made his greeting without rising, and merely motioned his visitor to a chair.

"Mrs. Mason and the young ladies are quite well, I hope?" said Mr. Dockwrath, with a smile.

"Quite well, I thank you," said the county magistrate.

"This matter has progressed since I last had the pleasure of seeing them. You begin to think I was right; eh, Mr. Mason?"

"Don't let us triumph till we are out of the wood!" said Mr. Round. "It is a deal easier to spend money in such an affair as this than it is to make money by it. However we shall hear to-day more about it."

"I do not know about making money," said Mr. Mason, very solemnly. "But that I have been robbed by that woman out of my just rights in that estate for the last twenty years—that I may say I do know."

"Quite true, Mr. Mason; quite true," said Mr. Dockwrath, with considerable energy.

"And whether I make money or whether I lose money, I intend to proceed in this matter. It is dreadful to think that, in this free and enlightened country, so abject an offender should have been able to hold her head up so long without punishment and without disgrace."

"That is exactly what I feel," said Dockwrath. "The very stones and trees of Hamworth cry out against her."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Round, "we have first to see whether there has been any injustice or not. If you will allow me I will explain to you what I now propose to do."

"Proceed, Sir," said Mr. Mason, who was by no means satisfied with his young attorney.

"Bridget Bolster is now in the next room, and as far as I can understand the case at present, she would be the witness on whom your case, Mr. Mason, would most depend. The man Kenneby I have not yet seen; but from what I understand he is less likely to prove a willing witness than Mrs. Bolster."

"I can not go along with you there, Mr. Round," said Dockwrath.

"Excuse me, Sir, but I am only stating my opinion. If I should find that this woman is unable to say that she did not sign two separate documents on that day—that is, to say so with a positive and point-blank assurance, I shall recommend you, as my client, to drop the prosecution."

"I will never drop it," said Mr. Mason.

"You will do as you please," continued Round; "I can only say what under such circumstances will be the advice given to you by this firm. I have talked the matter over very carefully with my father and with our other partner, and we shall not think well of going on with it unless I shall now find that your view is strongly substantiated by this woman."

Then outspoke Mr. Dockwrath, "Under these circumstances, Mr. Mason, if I were you, I should withdraw from the house at once. I certainly would not have my case blown upon."

"Mr. Mason, Sir, will do as he pleases about that. As long as the business with which he honors us is straightforward, we will do it for him, as for an old client, although it is not exactly in our own line. But we can only do it in accordance with our own judgment. I will proceed to explain what I now propose to do. The woman Bolster is in the next room, and I, with the assistance of my head clerk, will take down the headings of what evidence she can give."

"In our presence, Sir," said Mr. Dockwrath; "or if Mr. Mason should decline, at any rate in mine."

"By no means, Mr. Dockwrath," said Round.

"I think Mr. Dockwrath should hear her story," said Mr. Mason.

"He certainly will not do so in this house or in conjunction with me. In what capacity should he be present, Mr. Mason?"

"As one of Mr. Mason's legal advisers," said Dockwrath.

"If you are to be one of them, Messrs. Round and Crook can not be the others. I think I explained that to you before. It now remains for Mr. Mason to say whether he wishes to employ our firm in this matter or not. And I can tell him fairly," Mr. Round added this after a slight pause, "that we shall be rather pleased than otherwise if he will put the case into other hands."

"Of course I wish you to conduct it," said Mr. Mason, who, with all his bitterness against the present holders of Orley Farm, was afraid of throwing himself into the hands of Dockwrath. He was not an ignorant man, and he knew that the firm of Round and Crook bore a high reputation before the world.

"Then," said Round, "I must do my business in accordance with my own views of what is right. I have reason to believe that no one has yet tampered with this woman," and as he spoke he looked hard at Dockwrath, "though probably attempts may have been made."

"I don't know who should tamper with her," said Dockwrath, "unless it be Lady Mason—whom I must say you seem very anxious to protect."

"Another word like that, Sir, and I shall be compelled to ask you to leave the house. I believe that this woman has been tampered with by no one. I will now learn from her what is her remembrance of the circumstances as they occurred twenty years since, and I will then read to you her deposition. I shall be sorry, gentlemen, to keep you here, perhaps for an hour or so, but you will find the morning papers on the table." And then Mr. Round, gathering up certain documents, passed into the outer office, and Mr. Mason and Mr. Dockwrath were left alone.

"He is determined to get that woman off," said Mr. Dockwrath, in a whisper.

"I believe him to be an honest man," said Mr. Mason, with some sternness.

"Honesty, Sir! It is hard to say what is honesty and what is dishonesty. Would you believe it, Mr. Mason, only last night I had a thousand pounds offered me to hold my tongue about this affair?"

Mr. Mason at the moment did not believe this, but he merely looked hard into his companion's face, and said nothing.

"By the heavens above us what I tell you is true! a thousand pounds, Mr. Mason! Only think how they are going it to get this thing stifled. And where should the offer come from but from those who know I have the power?"

"Do you mean to say that the offer came from this firm?"

"Hush—sh, Mr. Mason. The very walls hear and talk in such a place as this. I'm not to know who made the offer, and I don't know. But a man can give a very good guess sometimes. The party who was speaking to me is up to the whole transaction, and knows exactly what is going on here—here, in this house. He let it all out, using pretty nigh the same words as Round used just now. He was full about the doubt that Round and Crook felt—that they'd never pull it through. I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Mason, they don't mean to pull it through."

"What answer did you make to the man?"

"What answer! why I just put my thumb this way over my shoulder. No, Mr. Mason, if I can't carry on without bribery and corruption, I won't carry on at all. He'd called at the wrong house with that dodge, and so he soon found."

"And you think he was an emissary from Messrs. Round and Crook?"

"Hush—sh—sh. For Heaven's sake, Mr. Mason, do be a little lower. You can put two and two together as well as I can, Mr. Mason. I find they make four. I don't know whether your calculation will be the same. My belief is, that these people are determined to save that woman. Don't you see it in that young fellow's eye—that his heart is all on the other side. Now he's got hold of that woman Bolster, and he'll teach her to give such evidence as will upset us. But I'll be even with him yet, Mr. Mason. If you'll only trust me, we'll both be even with him yet."

Mr. Mason at the present moment said nothing further, and when Dockwrath pressed him to continue the conversation in whispers, he distinctly said that he would rather say no more upon the subject just then. He would wait for Mr. Round's return. "Am I at liberty," he asked, "to mention that offer of the thousand pounds?"

"What—to Mat Round?" said Dockwrath. "Certainly not, Mr. Mason. It wouldn't be our game at all."

"Very well, Sir." And then Mr. Mason took up a newspaper, and no further words were spoken till the door opened and Mr. Round re-entered the room.

This he did with slow, deliberate step, and stopping on the hearth-rug, he stood leaning with his back against the mantle-piece. It was clear from his face to see that he had much to tell, and clear also that he was not pleased at the turn which affairs were taking.

"Well, gentlemen, I have examined the woman," he said, "and here is her deposition."

"And what does she say?" asked Mr. Mason.

"Come, out with it, Sir," said Dockwrath. "Did she, or did she not, sign two documents on that day?"

"Mr. Mason," said Round, turning to that gentleman, and altogether ignoring Dockwrath and his question; "I have to tell you that her statement, as far as it goes, fully corroborates your view of the case. As far as it goes, mind you."

"Oh, it does, does it?" said Dockwrath.

"And she is the only important witness?" said Mr. Mason, with great exultation.

"I have never said that; what I did say was this—that your case must break down unless her evidence supported it. It does support it—strongly; but you will want more than that."

"And now, if you please, Mr. Round, what is it that she has deposed?" asked Dockwrath.

"She remembers it all, then?" said Mason.

"She is a remarkably clear-headed woman, and apparently does remember a great deal. But her remembrance chiefly and most strongly goes to this—that she witnessed only one deed."

"She can prove that, can she?" said Mason, and the tone of his voice was loudly triumphant.

"She declares that she never signed but one deed in the whole of her life—either on that day or on any other; and over and beyond this she says now—now that I have explained to her what that other deed might have been—that old Mr. Usbech told her that it was about a partnership."

"He did, did he?" said Dockwrath, rising from his chair and clapping his hands. "Very well. I don't think we shall want more than that, Mr. Mason."

There was a tone of triumph in the man's voice, and a look of gratified malice in his countenance which disgusted Mr. Round and irritated him almost beyond his power of endurance. It was quite true that he would much have preferred to find that the woman's evidence was in favor of Lady Mason. He would have been glad to learn that she actually had witnessed the two deeds on the same day. His tone would have been triumphant, and his face gratified, had he returned to the room with such tidings. His feelings were all on that side, though his duty lay on the other. He had almost expected it would be so. As it was, he was prepared to go on with his duty, but he was not prepared to endure the insolence of Mr. Dockwrath. There was a look of joy also about Mr. Mason which added to his annoyance. It might be just and necessary to prosecute that unfortunate woman at Orley Farm, but he could not gloat over such work.

"Mr. Dockwrath," he said, "I will not put up with such conduct here. If you wish to rejoice about this, you must go elsewhere."

"And what are we to do now?" said Mr. Mason. "I presume there need be no further delay."

"I must consult with my partner. If you can make it convenient to call this day week—"

"But she will escape."

"No, she will not escape. I shall not be ready to say any thing before that. If you are not in town, then I can write to you." And so the meeting was broken up, and Mr. Mason and Mr. Dockwrath left the lawyer's office together.

Mr. Mason and Mr. Dockwrath left the office in Bedford Row together, and thus it was almost a necessity that they should walk together for some distance through the streets. Mr. Mason was going to his hotel in Soho Square, and Mr. Dockwrath turned with him through the passage leading into Red Lion Square, linking his own arm in that of his companion. The Yorkshire county magistrate did not quite like this, but what was he to do?

"Did you ever see any thing like that, Sir?" said Mr. Dockwrath; "for by Heavens I never did."

"Like what?" said Mr. Mason.

"Like that fellow there—that Round. It is my opinion that he deserves to have his name struck from the rolls. Is it not clear that he is doing all in his power to bring that wretched woman off? And I'll tell you what, Mr. Mason, if you let him play his own game in that way, he will bring her off."

"But he expressly admitted that this woman Bolster's evidence is conclusive."

"Yes; he was so driven into a corner that he could not help admitting that. The woman had been too many for him, and he found that he couldn't cushion her. But do you mind my words, Mr. Mason. He intends that you shall be beaten. It's as plain as the nose on your face. You can read it in the very look of him, and in every tone of his voice. At any rate I can. I'll tell you what it is"—and then he squeezed very close to Mr. Mason—"he and old Furnival understand each other in this matter like two brothers. Of course Round will have his bill against you. Win or lose, he'll get his costs out of your pocket. But he can make a deuced pretty thing out of the other side as well. Let me tell you, Mr. Mason, that when notes for a thousand pounds are flying here and there, it isn't every lawyer that will see them pass by him without opening his hand."

"I do not think that Mr. Round would take a bribe," said Mr. Mason, very stiffly.

"Wouldn't he? Just as a hound would a pat of butter. It's your own look-out, you know, Mr. Mason. I haven't got an estate of twelve hundred a year depending on it. But remember this—if she escapes now, Orley Farm is gone forever."

All this was extremely disagreeable to Mr. Mason. In the first place, he did not at all like

the tone of equality which the Hamworth attorney had adopted; he did not like to acknowledge that his affairs were in any degree dependent on a man of whom he thought so badly as he did of Mr. Dockwrath; he did not like to be told that Round and Crook were rogues—Round and Crook whom he had known all his life; but least of all did he like the feeling of suspicion with which, in spite of himself, this man had imbued him, or the fear that his victim might at last escape him. Excellent, therefore, as had been the evidence which Bridget Bolster had declared herself ready to give in his favor, Mr. Mason was not a contented man when he sat down to his solitary beef-steak in Soho Square.

THE REIGN OF SULTAN ABDUL-MEDJID.

IN the summer of 1838, during the great feast of Bairam, out of the crumbling walls of proud Stambul, a countless multitude of men, women, and children poured forth, toward the Valley of Sweet Waters, bent on gayly celebrating their release from the tedious fast of Ramadan. I made one of a party of friends—for who could withstand the universal hilarity?—and glided up the tortuous channel of the willow-banked stream. Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and Europeans swelled the numbers of the immense throng. Bankers deserted their counting-houses; tradesmen closed their stalls. Silence reigned in the streets of the metropolis; not even the voice of the water-carrier could be heard. The labyrinth of the bazars, so puzzling to travelers, was threaded only by equally discontented dogs and policemen. Every itinerant merchant hastened to the favorite place of resort to vend his wares and refreshments; jugglers and gipsy women pandered to the taste of the vulgar by indecent pantomime and gross plays upon words. Ox-carts with gilded yokes and tricked out in tawdry ornaments, lumbering Cinderella coaches, nondescript equipages, and boats of every description and pattern, at every moment, arrived in one unbroken procession, and rapidly deposited on the vast green meadow the beauty, fashion, and aristocracy of Constantinople.

About noon a regiment of lancers hurriedly defiled through the crowd, looking at a distance like an enormous scarlet centipede eating its way through a writhing mass of life. The noisy clamors of the multitude and the cries of peddlers were immediately hushed, while suppressed whispers announced the approach of the *Hün-Kyar*, or "Blood Drinker." A carriage, drawn by four splendid bays and followed by an imposing cortège, now swept rapidly up the avenue formed by the lancers, and proceeded to a large marquée pitched on a knoll commanding the whole plain. Three persons alighted, whom the by-standers pointed out as Mahmoud and his two sons: the elder, the subject of this article; the other, Abdul-Aziz, the now-reigning monarch. Surly household troops prevented a near

approach to the tent, and none of us could boast a good view of the royal party; but later in the day all who returned by water were amply gratified.

Toward sunset the vast multitude with one accord began to move homeward; the banks were lined with vehicles and pedestrians, while the narrow river itself seemed alive with caiques, so close together that there was not room enough for the oars, and poles were used to push them along. Many of these light canoes ran aground, others became interlocked, collisions were numerous, but the happy passengers viewed these disasters in the light of pleasant episodes; while the boatmen, renowned for giving vent to the vilest Billingsgate upon the most trivial provocation, and proverbially chary of the slightest scratch on the well-polished sides of their boats, displayed an amiability of temper truly refreshing to witness. A long island divides the stream, but the gay fleet, instead of debouching into the wider channel, were compelled, by an officer stationed in a guard-boat, to take the narrower one, which did not appear broader than an ordinary canal. Curiosity was at its height to interpret this despotic order; for of course the navigation grew still more intricate, and laughable accidents occurred at every step. Boats by the hundreds became wedged in side by side, between the banks, like potted herrings, and vain was many an effort to propel them. Passengers danced to the sound of the rebec and tambourine; shouts of laughter resounded on every side; veiled coquettes, green-turbaned priests and beaver-covered infidels, lay cheek by jowl most amiably. A sharp turn in the channel increased the uproar to the most joyous degree, when, to the surprise of every one, the royal family, sheltered by the unmistakable imperial crimson umbrella, appeared at an open balcony which projected over the water's edge.

Bent on enjoying the fun, the Sultan had capriciously diverted the picturesque armada into this narrow passage, and there he sat not twenty feet distant from the sturdiest republican among us. It was with intense interest I gazed on the group. Mahmoud was in the prime of life; his portly frame, dark piercing eye, jet-black beard, and noble presence strongly marked the destroyer of the Janizaries. What a romance that man's career had been! Concealed, by the devotion of a slave, in the hot chambers of an oven, he escaped the fate of Selim to ascend the throne of Constantine, from whence he dictated new laws, and crushed a turbulent body of disaffected subjects. By his side stood Abdul-Medjid, a slight, melancholy, aristocratic-looking youth; pale, beardless, and handsome; destined soon—alas! too soon for the welfare of Turkey—to sway the sceptre of the Califs. Abdul-Aziz, a chubby boy with a round, fat face and ruddy complexion, was leaning over the balustrade, merrily laughing at the confusion, and pointing out to his father every mirth-exciting object. Could a more interesting group be selected! Three successive Osmanli chieftains in

one living picture: the one a Peter the Great; the other a Sardanapalus; the third probably a Boabdil, doomed to hear accursed bells chiming from tapering minaret, and Christian anthems chanted under crescent-tipped domes. Twenty-three years have now elapsed, but this royal group remains as indelibly stamped upon my memory as if the scene had occurred but yesterday.

In the palmy days of muscle-worship every Sultan was bound by a time-honored custom to transmit to posterity some evidence of his physical powers. The national bow was accordingly adopted as the standard, and upon an unusually long shot a handsome marble column was erected to mark the spot where the arrow alighted. On a fine piece of table-land, overlooking the Arsenal, numbers of these monuments bear witness in large characters to the skill of every toxophilite successor of Osman; but so funereal in appearance that the uninformed traveler would more likely imagine himself in a neglected cemetery than in a royal archery-ground. While rambling in this neighborhood in the autumn of the same year, it was my luck to come across the stalwart monarch gayly contending with the heir-apparent in this hereditary exercise of the bow. The attendants put up no target, for accuracy in aim was not the test; it was a mere trial of strength, measured by the flight of the shaft. A strong wind was blowing up the dust in thick clouds, and I noticed how carefully the royal archer pointed his arrows in the direction of the atmospheric current; indeed I am inclined to the suspicion that the marvelous shots of the Amuraths and Mustaphas of the Ottoman dynasty were more indebted to flattering gales than to any extraordinary development of muscle. The young prince, although he made a great show of doing his best, either lacked the ability, or proved too polished a courtier to win the gage from his sire, for all his arrows fell far short, much to the delight of the victor.

Of the early life and education of the young prince little is known. The seraglio has no great fame as a school for virtue; nor have its literary tendencies ever been in danger of eulogy. Real study he never experienced; but female slaves, astrologers, and bigoted priests directed his leisure, and succeeded in keeping him through life an overgrown boy. Somehow he acquired a tolerable smattering of the French language; and in his library I have seen a complete edition of Voltaire's works—a perusal of which must have tended not only to undermine the little faith he professed in the Koran, but also any leanings toward the religious creeds of his neighbors. In manly accomplishments no one could be more deficient: he never could sit a horse gracefully; but his worst detractors confess to his amiability and to his fondness for music; while his taste in wine, women, and architecture remains undisputed.

A few months more witnessed great changes. Mahmoud, after introducing many praiseworthy reforms, had turned his attention toward checking the enormous abuse of power wielded by

Turkish feudatory chieftains; but in the protracted struggle waged with his powerful vassal, the Pasha of Egypt, he lost heart at repeated reverses, drowned his disappointment in the interdicted beverages of the Giaour, and suddenly died of a debauch, leaving every thing in the greatest disorder.

To purify the Augean stables of corruption, to curb the fanatic impulses of a disaffected priesthood, to cut the Gordian knot of European intrigue and resuscitate a decaying empire, required talents of a very high order; and when Abdul-Medjid ascended the throne, July 2, 1839, he was the observed of the civilized world. The late Sultan, at the dawn of his reign, bade fair to revive an effete nationality, to be hailed by his subjects as the regenerator of Turkey—its very palladium. A few years rolled on, and the aspirations of the would-be-founder of a great empire were bounded by the walls of his kitchen and harem. By constant dissipation and sensuality, prematurely old at thirty-eight, he died, the 25th June, 1861, heartily detested by his subjects, the scoff and jeer of Europe, leaving behind a well-stocked seraglio, an empty treasury, a bankrupt empire, which now exists simply by the mercenary sufferance of powerful creditors and by the perplexed nature of European politics.

Once crowned—or, in Eastern parlance, having girded on his sword—his first act savored of a curious barbaric clemency. Instead of decapitating the court physicians, who were so unfortunate as not to restore his father to health, he generously commuted their sentence to banishment to remote islands of the Archipelago, gently hinting that a few months' quiet study would not come amiss to their professional attainments. After performing this filial act of retribution, he next made great preparations to receive an humble nucleus for his harem, in the shape of a dozen Circassian virgins—a gift from kind mamma, who had spent a whole week and pawned all her jewels in culling the fairest flowers of the slave-markets. A week later the new Sultan dismissed the court-jester into honorable exile, either because old age had rendered his jokes stale and his humor querulous, or, what is less uncharitable, Turkey, a trifle more enlightened, was ready to part with that vestige of barbarism.

A few Fridays after coming to the throne we find the young monarch evincing a courage unlooked for in a youth reared in the enervating atmosphere of the seraglio. While worshiping at the tomb of Mahmoud his devotions were disturbed by a sepulchral voice, which, issuing from the very bowels of the earth, admonished him to ignore all European innovations, and cling to the traditions of his ancestors. "I burn, I burn," groaned the pseudo-ghost of the royal sinner, "for having introduced infidel customs: take warning from my example." According to Oriental superstition the soul hovers near its late tenement, and consequently the attendants shuddered in great dismay. Abdul-Medjid, however, so far from being awed into unwholesome fanaticism, instantly ordered his guards to

surround the mausoleum, and, instead of consulting with some green-turbaned father-confessor, sent for a corps of sappers. In spite of the tremulous and most paternal protests of the dismayed oracle to leave its manes undisturbed, the pickaxe soon revealed a subterranean chamber, in which lay crouched a trembling priest. Sternly interrogated on the spot, the repentant ventriloquist revealed the names of his accomplices, who were all immediately arrested, and never heard of afterward.

Generous to a fault, Abdul-Medjid was prodigal in bestowing the most costly gifts. It would be a difficult task to enumerate the diamond rings, gold snuff-boxes, and well-lined purses which he lavished, right and left, on those who had afforded him any amusement. While the Duke of Brabant, heir to the Belgian throne, was a guest of the Sultan, he smoked with undisguised admiration the amber-mouthed and jeweled pipe-stems of the palace. On the morning of his departure, a eunuch in the royal livery laid at his feet a fagot of jasmine and cherry chibouques, each worth the revenue of a province. This circumstance caused an angry newspaper controversy, inasmuch as it was held by many to be contrary to Oriental etiquette for a guest to admire any thing belonging to his host; for courtesy, as well as fear of the evil-eye, would compel the latter to offer the article to his visitor. The partisans of the Duke contended, on the other hand, that a foreigner could not be acquainted with Turkish customs, and that the vases of enameled gold, sent in return for the pipe-stems, were suitable acknowledgments for the princely gift. Upon another occasion, during a private interview with the Sultan, the French ambassador, having, most probably, exhausted the subject of retaining the Zouaves in the Lebanon, and being too well-bred a courtier either to observe an awkward silence or to be caught making meteorological observations, very politely remarked that the native silk tapestry of the audience-chamber was superior to any specimen he had seen from the looms of Lyons. That same evening the gratified monarch stripped the apartment of those ornaments, and sent them to the Marquis by the hands of a special messenger.

The young Sultan inaugurated his reign by an act of clemency almost unprecedented in the annals of Ottoman history. Since the laws which define the primogeniture of the royal succession are vague and unnatural, a mistaken state policy permits every Mohammedan monarch not only to destroy his blood relations, but even the offspring of collateral branches of his family. Abdul-Medjid, however, did not stain the approach to the throne with the blood of his kindred, and nobly spared a brother who had been compromised in more than one conspiracy. But civilization is a plant of slow growth; and permission to raise issue was denied this brother. Even the Sultan's own sisters and daughters, who had intermarried with the aristocracy, were

not allowed to be blessed with children. Preventive measures were compulsory, and on more than one occasion, when parental affection sought to evade their employment, the infant was strangled at birth by a eunuch who waited in the lying-in chamber for that purpose. I knew an Austrian midwife who, being engaged by one of the princesses to attend her confinement, thus became an unwilling witness to a royal infanticide. According to her pathetic account—and she never could allude to the incident without tears—the unhappy mother, having observed strict secrecy with regard to her condition, had buoyed herself up with the hope that, as no allusion had ever been made to it, the existence of the child, once born, would be winked at. But a person of her rank is always surrounded by spies; and when the distorted features of the Nubian darkened the chamber she uttered a piercing shriek, well knowing that neither her passionate entreaties nor the prayers of the father would stay the cruel hand of the executioner. All Europe shuddered at this act, for Eastern civilization gave promise of rising superior to such inhuman relics of barbarism; and Turkish Regeneration, which before that time had been a favorite theme in sanguine diplomatic circles, now seemed as remote as ever.

Domestic ties are hardly known in Eastern royal families. The Salic law is so rigorously enforced that, strictly speaking, a Sultan can not marry, lest such a ceremony should give undue political importance to any ambitious female. A historical reason is also assigned for this exemption from matrimonial ties. Up to the time of Bajazet normal alliances were contracted with noble ladies, but when that monarch had the misfortune to fall into the hands of Tamerlane, his captivity became doubly galling from the spectacle of his wives performing menial services for the conqueror. To avoid a repetition of such a humiliation, since that event no Sultan has ever recognized a queen, a consort, or even a wife. Certain Circassian slaves are styled the First, Second, or Third Ladies of the Harem. The fortunate mother of the first son takes precedence, while the others rank according to the degree of favoritism with which they inspire their liege lord. The Validé Sultana, or mother of the reigning monarch, may more properly be considered the first lady in the empire, and exerts a greater political influence than any inmate of the harem. She is also styled the Mother of the People, and, as such, is the only Turkish female who enjoys the prerogative of appearing in public without a veil—a privilege, however, which is purely theoretical, the custom being now obsolete.

In spite of numerous praiseworthy reforms, time soon discovered that Abdul-Medjid was neither a hero nor a genius, but a weak, kind-hearted, selfish, and sensual Sybarite; totally unfit for the dry details of business, and careless of the interests of an empire so long as his own pleasures were gratified. Even his more amiable qualities proved disastrous; for being too ten-

der-hearted to sign a death-warrant, great criminals escaped justice. Banditti infested the highways, even large caravans of pilgrims were attacked and plundered by wild nomadic tribes, until the evil became so crying that the ministers at last resorted to secret executions without consulting their master. To give another instance of his effeminate whims: a common street dog is said to have conceived so warm an attachment to the Grand Seignior that the latter could not stir from his palace without finding it either under his carriage or following close to the heels of his horse. This devotion becoming a nuisance, thrice was the cur banished over into Asia, and as often found its way back on the ferry-boats to resume its faithful attendance. Touched by this canine constancy, the Sultan at length ordered a flourishing colony of fleas to be thinned out of its hide, and settled on it a daily ration of three of the whitest loaves of bread from his own table. From being a half-starved waiter on Providence for predestinated bones, the dog, like a tropical weed, grew in rotundity by daily layers of fat, until he seemed fairly ready to burst into some rank blossom. He was ever found basking and lolling in the palace-gate, and became pampered into such a corpulency of importance as well as of body that not a Frank could pass within hailing distance without his exhibiting frantic demonstrations of disapprobation. On more than one occasion has the writer been obliged to go through the entire bayonet manual with his umbrella to save himself from the fangs of this royal pet. Indeed such an intolerable nuisance has it become to all Europeans that it may prove the basis of fresh diplomatic ruptures, and we may yet see a Redcliffe or a Bulwer demanding his passport on account of some humiliating encounter with this Cerberus.

Haunted with the presentiment that so long as an unfinished palace, in process of completion, was on his hands, so long would Azrael, the black-winged angel of death, pass him by, the royal spendthrift squandered untold treasure on building and rebuilding palaces and summer-houses "full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding." At enormous expense he dismantled an important gun-factory, converting it into a perfect gem of a theatre, which he opened to a privileged few, perhaps twice a year. Little did he think that every flowery arabesque, each bewildering tracery of alabaster bath or latticed kiosk, was cursed with the tears of a blighted people; while the fairy castles breathed on his window panes by the biting frosts of winter might have taught him the lesson. Days, not passed in prolonged revels, were devoted to this architectural mania, or consumed in poring over catalogues of Parisian upholsterers. A shade of color was often submitted to the taste of his Cabinet, and the most solemn acts of vaticination performed by the Sheik-ul-Islam—a sort of Turkish Archbishop of Canterbury—were limited to foretelling the propitious dates for removing from one palace to another.

Fabulous were the sums lavished on his pleas-

ures; no two European kingdoms could support them. The treasury was emptied; the finances anticipated. Oppressed tenants deserted the crown appanages, and the revenues of whole provinces were lavished on some exacting favorite. Every lady of his harem enjoyed the credit of the pettiest tradesman, and the debts, incurred from frivolous purchases in the bazars, accumulated so fast, that finally the Minister of War, selected by the Sultan in a fit of financial desperation to supervise the expenses of his household, inserted polyglot advertisements in every newspaper of the capital, ignoring the credit system altogether, and very ungallantly protesting the notes of these shopping beauties. The alarm of the tradesmen and the indignation of their fair customers can be better imagined than described. The uproar in the palace became so great that the most hen-pecked husband in Europe was only too glad to effect an ignominious compromise.

The chamberlains, innumerable stewards, and other officials of the palace received mere nominal salaries, barely sufficient to keep them in shoe-leather, and yet they invariably managed to retire from public service on independent fortunes, by speculating on the supplies and remnants of this enormous establishment. Rarely does an Eastern monarch wear the same suit of clothes twice, and never does he use any article of apparel which has once passed through the plebeian hands of a laundress: these become the perquisites of the numerous non-salaried hangers on, who swarm about the court and live by fraudulent gleanings.

With a civil list of \$2,500,000 per annum, the debts of the Sultan accumulated at a far greater yearly average. Such vast expenditures crippled the resources of the nation and palsied its energies. The whole country groaned under a system of oppressive taxation, nay, even deliberate extortion. Worthless Government paper inundated the capital; yet the salaries of even officials, and every soldier's stipend, were several months in arrears. The most necessary articles of life rose to California prices. Bankers, to whom the Government owed millions of *piastres*, pined in prison for insignificant debts, while the poor suffered cruelly, and beggars swarmed like vermin. Business of every description stagnated, and opulent firms, names historical in the Levant, suspended payment. Still, by a strange fatality, on went the Sultan building and rebuilding, tearing down and restoring, now consulting his architect, now giving fresh orders to his upholsterers, heedless of the most insane expenditure, and blind to its consequences.

Murmurs ripened into discontent, which soon burst into a gigantic conspiracy, having for its object the downfall of the Sultan and his Cabinet, and the elevation to the throne of the now-reigning monarch. This plot was formed by the fusion of two antagonistic parties: the Liberal, which was utterly disheartened by the sottish selfishness of this modern Sardanapalus, and de-

pressed at the hopeless bankruptcy of a once-powerful empire; the other body was represented by unrelenting bigots, who hated European innovation, and gnashed their teeth at a ruler who submitted to be the mere puppet of insolent foreign ambassadors. Thousands of fierce Circassian refugees, armed to the teeth and chafing at the Russian yoke, breathed vows of vengeance against that Commander of the Faithful who had so supinely neglected to render assistance to his co-religionists during their extremity. Sixty thousand mutinous soldiery, cooped up in the barracks of Constantinople, and clamorous for seven months' arrears, were impatient to play the Pretorian guards and sell the purple to the highest bidder. Bravely progressed the bloody plot: some of the most upright and highest dignitaries, even members of the Ministry, took the oath of the conspirators. Through the connivance of priests, at the approach of a great festival large quantities of gunpowder lay concealed in the vaults of one of the principal mosques, and even a Guy Fawkes had drawn the lot to apply the match and blow up an imbecile monarch with his minions. Every detail of the conspiracy seemed perfect; yet at the eleventh hour an avaricious accomplice sold his information to the Government. Modern history lays down this axiom that, when pecuniary considerations are involved, a patriotic Turk is an impossibility. Mustapha may be willing to undergo any hardship, and even cheerfully jeopardize his life for his country provided no appeal is made to his purse; while that stern old bigot, Aâli, who swears by the spotless green turban which marks his lineal descent from the Prophet, will turn from the finest precept of the Koran to cheat a customer. Justly observes Lamartine, "Turkey is perishing for want of Turks."

In short, the object of the conspirators was frustrated; but the feeble monarch, in lieu of taking resolute measures to crush his enemies, pusillanimously treated with their leaders, promised reform, or, what was equivalent, economy, sent his vizier on a wild-goose provincial tour of justice, and actually compromised so far as to dismiss the army of masons employed on his vast architectural designs. Alas! this last concession proved the feather which broke the camel's back. The line and plummet once resigned, the royal architect never fully recovered the shock. Habits of indolence degenerated into intemperance, and goblet after goblet of Champagne became a daily necessity. For two long years not a mallet-blow resounded on these unfinished works; but the ruling passion lay smouldering, ready at any moment to break out into flame. A month before his death, when too feeble to mount his horse, he grasped at the idle plea that some employment was necessary for the starving peasantry, and issued orders to recommence the royal works.

To illustrate this unscrupulous policy of Turkish cabinet ministers, and to offer some excuse for the insane prodigality of the Sultan during a great financial crisis, I will relate a

circumstance which transpired shortly after the Crimean war, and for which I am indebted to an eye-witness. While engrossed in his architectural mania, a rumor reached the ear of Abdul-Medjid that a small loaf of bread, formerly worth a cent, had doubled in value, causing great distress among the poor. Wishing to satisfy himself of the truth of this report, and not trusting the word of his courtiers, one Friday, while proceeding in great state to a royal mosque, he suddenly halted before a public oven, and demanded from the baker the price of his bread. Great consternation fell upon all the pashas, and one can well imagine how copious a perspiration oozed out of the pores of the vizier's skin; his power, his life, hung by a thread. But Oriental cunning proved equal even to this emergency. The unobserved attendants in the back-ground held up a coin corresponding to our cent, and with menacing gestures intimated to the trembling baker what reply he was to make. The price of cereals appears to be the only political barometer in the East; and the Sultan, putting spurs to his horse, went to his devotions in high spirits, and no doubt enlarged the budget for his building expenses, on the strength of this information.

By a quibbling train of association of ideas, an allusion to cereals naturally suggests the subject of corns. The Sultan was somewhat of a dandy, and, apart from an elegant figure, had a small foot, of which he was justly proud. There is always a disposition on the part of mortals to improve upon Nature, by either squeezing or expanding her; and he too yielded to the same weakness, and enjoined it upon his boot-maker to give him as tight and accurate a fit as possible. Unfortunately the royal toe had to contend with a vulgar corn of very vicious disposition, which interfered sadly with the skill of the artist, and which was the El Dorado of all the chiropodists of the day, who expected nothing short of the rank of Pasha of Three Tails for ridding the Sultan of this nuisance. Hardly a year elapsed but some Jew arrived at the metropolis, flourishing scores of signatures certifying that imperial, royal, and aristocratic corns had surrendered at discretion to his skill. It was no use; the Sultan, either timorous of the operation or true to his religious principles, could never be persuaded to part with the predestinated excrescence. With pious resignation he rejected even the free-agency of broad soles, and left the cure to Allah; and, as it might have been expected, no miracle was wrought in his behalf. Driving down the principal street of Pera one afternoon, the agony of one of his boot-maker's best fits forced him to alight from his carriage and limp into a confectioner's. The crowd and royal pages collected in front of the shop attracted me to the spot, and the attendants hurrying in every direction gave me the impression that his Majesty had been suddenly taken seriously ill. The appearance of several panting shoemakers, with bags bursting with their handiwork, soon cleared up the mystery;

and a few minutes after the royal martyr drove off with a countenance flushed with a very mortal sense of relief. Tell me not of slaves seated in the triumphal chariot of a Roman hero whispering moral lessons in the ear of the conqueror; a tight pair of sandals or a couple of fashionable buskins would have proved far more impressive monitors.

Once the Sultan was afflicted with the toothache, and after days of torture managed to screw his courage up to the pulling point. But to the dismay of the Chamberlain, in all Stambul not a barber or dentist, for love of money or reputation, was found willing to undertake the operation. American dentists may smile at the pusillanimity of their Oriental brethren, but let them remember that any accident in the extraction of a royal tooth, whether fracture, delay, or any additional pain, might consign the bold operator to the bastinado, or to the tender mercies of the bow-string. At last an obscure Jew, who had never looked higher than the jaws of his Hebrew customers, was induced to risk his neck and heels in the dental encounter. Thrice prostrating himself, he entreated the Sultan to show his slave the offending molar. Quick as thought the forceps were applied, and immediately the Jew fell down with a piercing shriek at the feet of his master in a well-assumed fit of epileptic convulsions. Up jumped the patient from his throne, forgetting in his terror his toothache, his dignity, and the pain of the extraction, and ordered his pages to bring cordials and water for the unfortunate dentist. The wily Jew, perceiving that a hydropathic treatment was imminent, and that this buffoonery had produced the desired effect of distracting the royal attention, now convalesced with great promptness, triumphantly exhibiting the tooth to the astonished monarch and his courtiers. It is hardly necessary to add that not only was the integrity of the soles of his feet respected, but Israel went forth from the palace, even unto his kindred, with shekels of gold and shekels of silver.

The son of Mahmoud, though a Mussulman, was far more tolerant than the rulers of many Christian states. He contributed largely out of his embarrassed finances to the victims of his co-religionists in India, when Spain and Naples, when Russia, and even Protestant Prussia, sent nothing for their relief. Political refugees, presuming on his generosity, flocked to Constantinople, and lived on his alms. Kossuth obtained a protection from Abdul-Medjid which was denied him by Christian monarchs. What could be more magnanimous than playing the generous host at the risk of forming implacable enemies? Yet contrast this magnanimity with the treachery of the Saxon court, which, acting in the light of police-constables, delivers into Austrian hands the Hungarian patriot, Count Teleki. When 40,000 Tartars were driven from the Crimea by the relentless Russians for the crime of selling provisions to the allied force before Sebastopol; when the rigors of winter, pestilence, and ex-

posure decimated their ranks; when cruel pangs of hunger obliterated every semblance of humanity, and parents and children fought like demons over the most loathsome offal, and disputed the possession of putrid carrion with scavenger birds and beasts, no pity filled the heart of the most Christian Alexander. But although this banished tribe of Tartars were considered sectaries, and were cordially hated by the Turks as idolaters, the Sultan was too humane to view with indifference their dreadful sufferings. At a great expense, and the penalty of a fearful epidemic at the capital, he chartered vessels to give them a free passage to fertile lands which were assigned to them. He erected houses and vacated government buildings for their accommodation, and acted to admiration the part of a Christian benefactor. A few more such noble actions would obliterate the remembrance of all his follies.

The nervous Sultan was excessively afraid of disease, never approaching the bedside of the sick in his own family, and more than one infant prince died without the last caress of its father. The graduating class of the Imperial University of Medicine, becoming dissatisfied at a recent change in their military appointments, determined to petition the Sultan in person for a repeal of the obnoxious measures. With boyish impetuosity they proceeded in a body, and dividing in two parties, lay in wait at the land and water gates of the palace. The blustering clamors of these malcontents penetrated into the innermost recesses of the bath, where the great man lay ruminating under a thick coat of lather. As soon as he found out that this uproar arose from men just let loose from contagious wards of the hospitals, impregnated with typhoids, choleras, and diarrheas dire, in great rage he turned out his guards and had them all arrested and thrown into prison, where they lingered some time on a highly antiphlogistic diet. When the *Wabash*, by special invitation, lay in the Golden Horn, the Sultan, who was deeply interested in remodeling his navy, visited that splendid specimen of an American frigate. He was received in great state by the Captain and our legation, and roamed all over the great ship, examining every detail with great interest, and putting numerous questions by means of an interpreter. Unfortunately, in the course of the visit, he stumbled on the "sick-bay," with its usual quota of hammocked invalids. The sight so upset the royal nerves, that, beating a precipitate retreat to his barge, he barely allowed himself time to express his thanks to the officers, and was almost out of sight before the gunners were ready to give him a parting salute.

But in spite of these timorous precautions, and the favorite omen of unfinished buildings, at last that dread angel Azrael swooped down upon the gilded palace of the effete debauchee. To me it was most painful to see the prematurely old sensualist, supporting himself on a stick and feebly dragging one foot after the other; now gently assisted into his carriage by at-

tentive servants, now lifted into his saddle, when he swayed to and fro like any other weak child of mortality. Clinging to life with the tenacity of despair, he would never acknowledge himself an invalid until he could no longer walk without assistance, and then in great alarm sent for all his court physicians. Consumption no more respected the monarch than the meanest of his vassals; but, in health, this lesson is lost on pleasure-seeking humanity. Toward the close the dying man became more calm and resigned, frequently alluding to his approaching dissolution, and taking great comfort in listening to the melancholy strains of his fine band. A short time before the last agony he sent for Abdul-Aziz and held a long and solemn interview, in which he commended the young princes and other members of the imperial family to the protection of this brother, and recommended the reforming policy of their common father, which he himself had not the energy to expand. A few hours after the parting between the two brothers, salvos of artillery from the ship and shore batteries announced a new sovereign; while criers, on horseback and on foot, hurried through the crowded streets of the bazars, proclaiming, "His Majesty Sultan Abdul-Medjid Khan—whose memory is revered—having passed to another and better world, His glorious, mighty, munificent, and merciful Majesty Abdul-Aziz Khan has been raised to the throne in his stead."

STILL UNKNOWN.

LONG since the stuff of youthful dreams
Was raveled out; no threads remain
To twist and tangle in my mind,
And tempt me with its hues again.

I slept a long, lethargic sleep,
Which drugged and made my soul forget
The slow, dull years which bore me on
To pay with them an unknown debt.

The time of sleep must have an end—
It ends with me: I sleep no more;
Prometheus-like, transfixed, yet free,
Whether the vultures swoop or soar,

I make the hollow air resound
With my persistent, searching cry;
Explain ye Powers who hold me fast,
Yet can not quell, or I defy.

Resolve the riddle ye propound;
Give me the balance, or make good
The countenance I gave the world,
As if its plan I understood.

This ghost, the Soul, why does it stay?
Where does it go? And I demand
To know what pulse of this machine,
Raised from the dust, I can command?

The ties that cheat us, false or true,
The tasks that glimmer through each day,
With names like Honor, Duty, Fame,
Change, or recede, or stand at bay,

The dogs of Fate to worry me.
Still, there is something left to say:
"What does it matter—let them go;"
"What does it matter—let them stay."

I will confess another truth:
Within the prison round me built,
Wearing the mask of circumstance,
I play a drama—whose the guilt?

Despite the laws of time and fate,
Despite indifference, doubt, or pain,
The Sensual triumphs; I obey
An exiled king, and in his train,

And in his court, I am bedecked
A courtier; deep I drain his wine,
And hot among the rioters
I hob-and-nob with "*Thine and Mine.*"

What then is my ignoble grief?
I am a woman, and my dower
Of Beauty spent; is all this wail
Of *Why* and *Wherefore* vanished power?

MR. AND MRS. MEYER.

THEY are playing *Le Désir!* Tum, tum, tum, tum ti-tum!" waving an imaginary bâton with a white glove in the air, to perfect time with the hummed words and the band in the hall. "Tum, tum, tum!" and the owner of the white glove put out his hand to the lady beside him.

"Can you resist those strains?" She let him draw her arm within his own, and went in.

"Tum, tum, tum!" and down the elastic floor they joined the waltzers. And the soft lace floated out its mazy clouds, and the soft hair fluttered its pennon of curls, and the soft hand lay like a little bird in the larger hand.

"Tum, tum, tum!—one more turn!" and away to "the flute, violin, bassoon," unwinding those Beethoven links of sound, with twinkling feet and airy motion.

"One more turn!" and the countless skirts of tulle and tarleton and lace had settled into stillness, drifting away like mountain mist over the arm of the *fauteuil* and the chalked dance-space of the floor.

"Pretty creature! isn't she?"

"Leeds thinks so;" and two gentlemen moved off through the rooms.

Another gentleman—a quiet, well-bred, commonplace-looking person—hearing this colloquy, glanced up from his *tête-à-tête* with a sort of Flora M'Ivor girl, and regarded the "pretty creature" and her companion with some earnestness. The companion, Mr. Leeds, is fanning

her with a glittering trifle of pearl and sandalwood; but it is a July night, there is only a land-breeze, and the room feels stifling after the waltz.

"Will you go out on the veranda again?" he proposes; she accepts the proposal, rising and smoothing out the white-foam drapery. Just then the commonplace gentleman turns as she passes, and says,

"I wouldn't, Kate; you'll take cold now."

"There's very little air, Mr. Meyer," Mr. Leeds interposes.

"But she is so heated, Mr. Leeds."

"Well, perhaps I had better not," the lady amiably acquiesces; "we will walk in the hall—that will do." And they leave the saloon, nodding pleasantly to Mr. Meyer, and turn into the long entrance-hall, where the band plays and the light comes softer through rose shades. And Mr. Meyer goes back to his talk with the M'Ivor; but all the time he is talking he is thinking—"I wonder if she likes Leeds?" Likes means a good deal in Mr. Meyer's calm phraseology.

"He is a handsome fellow, and a gentleman!" and thinking thus, he looked up, and saw the "handsome fellow" stopping to fasten his companion's bracelet.

You are thinking Mr. Meyer is a rival—or brother, perhaps? Mr. Meyer is the lovely waltzer's husband. That is Mrs. Robertson Meyer who stands under the pale rose-lights of the hall chandelier while Mr. Leeds fastens her bracelet. And in consequence of just such little amicable scenes as the above Mr. and Mrs. Meyer are called a model couple—a pair of turtle-doves.

Four years ago, in June, Robertson Meyer led Anna Catherine Gates to the altar. It was the briefest wooing that ever sped. Three months before marriage they had never seen each other. The whole thing was ordained by family powers—like the wooing and wedding of their royal transatlantic cousins. And this was the way:

One day Anna Catherine found herself an orphan with not money enough to buy herself another pair of gloves—she who had bought "Alexandre's" by the dozen and by the box all her lifetime. Before she realized the inconvenience fully, however, the junior partner of the firm of Gates, Geer, and Co., Robertson Meyer, was sent out from the East India house to see to her—which meant, by the cool reasoning of Joshua Geer, to marry her. "No father, no mother, or brother, and the daughter of our unfortunate partner"—John Gates risked his whole fortune in a private speculation, and then died penniless—"we must do something for her: the best thing to do is to marry her. I can't marry her, for I'm already married; but you can, Robertson."

Living amidst the heathen nearly all his life, this advice did not strike young Meyer as odd or irregular. So he packed his portmanteau and started for the United States, to see to Anna

Catherine Gates—that is, to marry her. It was only a part of the firm's business. Arrived in New York, he made himself presentable, and then presented himself to Anna Catherine. The household was not yet broken up, though dreadfully uncomfortable, from the new rule of a fortieth cousin's wife who was to purchase the estate. And so he met Anna Catherine in the prettiest little boudoir in the world, and she the prettiest thing in it—a little, fair piece of loveliness, clad in deep mourning for her father. He had not expected to see such a fairy, and began to pity her as he would have done a stray kitten. And Anna Catherine? The dark-brown, sensible young man, who talked so sympathizingly of her dead father, and gave her Mr. Geer's condolences, wakened all her respect and confidence.

And when on the third interview he modestly placed his hand and fortune at her disposal, she accepted him with a feeling of escape from some dreadful nightmare—the nightmare of loneliness and poverty. So he took her father's place at the head of the New York house, and with a patent of ease—for he was a gentleman born and bred—adapted himself to New York life. Meyer was a gentleman I have said; I mean that in all its length, and breadth, and depth. He was a gentleman in generosity, in temper, in modesty. Mrs. Meyer was a lady just the same. And so the world they knew said they were a model couple—a pair of turtle-doves.

That night, after the waltz, and after the guests were all gone, and the pretty mistress of the house was picking up her fan and flowers preparatory to going to her room, her husband turned from the memorandum-book over which he had been absorbed for the last few moments, turned and called "Mrs. Meyer!"

Her foot was on the stair.

"Did you want me, Robert?"

The sweet face with its waiting look, the sweet voice with its kindly tone—did he see and recognize it all? He only said:

"Yes, I wanted you a moment, Kate."

So she came back, gathering her dress up to hold the flowers, and dropped down upon the *fauteuil* opposite him.

"I only wished to tell you, Kate, that I am going to take the early boat for New York. Ray brought me letters to-night which require my presence there, and I *may* have to take the steamer for Europe."

He watched her closely as he said this—closely but very kindly. She received the news with some surprise; wanted to know if there was any business trouble; was glad there was not; asked if somebody else couldn't go as well; and altogether was gently sorry and interested for *him*.

"I am troubled for the care that will come upon you, Kate—the breaking up here in Newport, and going back to New York again; but Ray will transact all business for you."

"Oh! don't think of that, Robert. I shall do nicely. Yes, Ray will attend to all my wants as well as you. You know when you

were in New Orleans last winter how prompt he was. It hardly seemed as though you were away."

He bent over his memorandum-book with a contracted brow, running his finger down the page in great apparent earnestness, while she pulled out the falling flowers from her falling hair, and shook out the soft light tresses till she was enveloped in a yellow mist.

Her husband looked up, and thought of what he had overheard: "Pretty creature, isn't she?" and "Leeds thinks so!"

Perhaps that was why he said,

"Are those the flowers Mr. Leeds sent, Kate?"

She roused to animation:

"Yes, aren't they beautiful, and so rare! See, here is a spray of Cape jasmine, and these Spanish lilies and English ferns. But I forgot, you don't take an interest in flower varieties."

"Leeds has quite a passion for these things, hasn't he?"

"Oh yes, and fine taste. He promises to help me rearrange the conservatory this winter, and it will be such a thing for me." A little weary sigh came from behind the memorandum-book. Then Mrs. Meyer started, saying, kindly, "But how stupid I am, Robert! Tell me if you want any thing attended to that I can do before you go."

"No, dear. I shall lie here on the lounge, it is so late now, and Wilson has packed my things, and given orders for coffee at five. No, there's nothing to be done, and you are tired and had better go up to your room. I'll write from New York. So good-night and good-by!"

He put out his hand, and she came and placed her little warm palm in it, and bent her head down to receive his kiss, all her lovely cloud of hair falling round him. Slipping his other arm around her, he held her gently a moment longer, but did not speak. She looked at him more earnestly as he released her, and said,

"You are fretted about leaving affairs at home, Robert. I assure you I can manage very well; but I don't believe you'll have to go—I hope not; but take good care of yourself if you do, and don't fret about us here, and give my love to old Mr. Geer." She had got half-way up the stairs, when she ran back. "Robert, I was afraid you'd be cold lying here if you slept." And she spread an Afghan lightly over him, and with another good-night tripped away, unconsciously humming a bar of *Le Désir*.

Among the callers that lounged in Mrs. Meyer's drawing-room the day following the party Harrison Leeds shone, as usual, the most brilliantly. He discussed art, religion, and politics; talked of the "rare specimens" he would add to the newly-arranged conservatory; and went through all the botanical lists with the facility of a student. Then speaking of music, he accompanied Mrs. Meyer in a little French chanson with admirable taste and skill; and they talked of Patti, Brignoli, and others; and next of poets and poetry; and Mrs. Meyer, who was enchanting in recitations, was prevailed upon to

recite portions of Tennyson's "Maud;" and every one thought she was a fit representative of the

"Queen rose of the rose-bud garden of girls."

And going away, the two gentlemen who commented upon her attractions, and Mr. Leeds's admiration the night before, again renewed the topic.

"How queerly people are married! Meyer, now, is a good gentlemanly fellow, but no more taste— Completely absorbed in his ledger and the East India trade! I don't believe he knows the Mater Dolorosa from the Cenci. And what an accomplished little thing that wife of his is! How she sings, how she reads, and how she talks! Bah! Leeds ought to have had her, don't you see?"

"Tut, you can't arrange the world to your fastidious liking, Drake. Mr. and Mrs. Meyer seem to me the happiest couple alive."

"Yes, negatively happy—the calm of a dead sea. Did you perceive how coolly she took the possibility of his going out to India?"

"Bosh—negatively happy! Let her thank God for negative happiness, as you call it, and the calm of dead seas."

"Well, if that is to be the way, what sense in cultivating the higher needs? I do not say I want Mrs. Meyer to awaken *now* to a conception of her capabilities in loving; but I do say that I deplore the circumstances, or blind destiny, that consigned this woman to such a partial existence."

"Drake, you know what Dunn says—queer, quaint Matt Dunn?"

"What?"

"'Be good, and you'll be happy.' A school-boyish sounding phrase enough, but with quizzical gravity he'll end his letters to that dandy prig, Hofland, with the simple little sentence; and last night, when Deane and Aylesworth were lamenting the state of finances, he quietly took leave of them with that adjuration. Deane looked for a minute as if somebody had said, 'Let us pray!' So I'll end this teasing topic for you in the same manner. Let Mrs. Meyer be good, and she'll be happy."

They both laughed and turned down the avenue toward the Bellevue.

But this opinion of Mr. Drake's was only one of his "notions," as his friend would have said. The general idea was, that Mr. and Mrs. Meyer were the happiest couple alive. If Mrs. Meyer took her husband's project of a trip to India very coolly, she took it very sensibly too; for in a few days Mr. Meyer's uncle and aunt, nice elderly people, were domiciled at the Newport villa to play propriety in the absence of the master: so whenever the "dear five hundred" called, one by one, or two by two, they invariably encountered a very respectable dragon in the shape of a charming old lady, with one of those rose in the snow complexions, and a mien of stately ease, guarding the princess. And when a *recherché* little dinner or breakfast brought Mr. Leeds and Drake, and the rest of the agreeable men into the elegant young princess's presence,

in place of the prince they were welcomed by a stalwart old gentleman somewhere in the sixties, whom Mrs. Meyer called "Uncle Warde." And the world seeing all this discretion on the part of such a pretty princess, clapped its hands applaudingly. And so the summer went.

It will be thus seen that Mr. Meyer found it necessary to go out to India; but contrary to her expectations, Mrs. Meyer failed to receive the letter from New York which he promised to write.

"I am sure he wrote," Ray, the confidential clerk told her; "for he asked me to hurry Wilson off with a pile of letters before the mail closed, as he wanted Mrs. Meyer to receive hers on Sunday—so it must have miscarried."

"Very likely," Mrs. Meyer thought and answered. The next time brought better luck. He had arrived safely at Bombay. A brief business letter—that was all; and in answering, Mrs. Meyer, always mindful of annoying others by errors and mistakes, said nothing of the missing letter that she had failed to receive. "Perhaps it will come yet," she told Mr. Ray.

And so, as I said, the summer went; and in the fall of the year the princess and her two dear dragons, and all her brilliant train of admirers, were back in New York. And then the much talked-of conservatory revolution was begun, and day after day Harrison Leeds would gallop down from his hotel with a "rare specimen," or instructions about a bulb, sometimes bringing Rosemere, the great horticulturist, with him, and sometimes Matt Dunn, who knew all about exotics. And one day when this last-mentioned individual was there, Drake dropped in, and brought a piece of news which startled them. Somebody had married somebody, and the whole May Fair circle was up in arms, because it was the most unheard-of, absurd, ill-advised thing—a foolish love-match, and not a cent to keep the flame agoing. And Drake went on in his romantic way, calling it "splendid," and "an example every man and woman ought to follow."

"Why don't you follow then?" Dunn asked him.

"Me?" twisting a maize-colored glove round the whitest finger sending out a diamond sparkle. "I'm not a marrying man."

"You are a theorist, Drake; that's what you are."

Drake grew vehement; declared himself willing to act upon his theories if the occasion required.

"Only give you a chance, eh?" Dunn resumed—"the chance of an *affaire de cœur*. I'd like to see you do it, Drake; I wish you could have the chance. Imagine him! Imagine Egerton Drake living on a bachelor's income with his Clorinda, my friend;" and Matt Dunn picked up the maize-colored glove, and gently stroked its mellow softness.

Drake was getting annoyed, and Mr. Leeds, who had been an interested listener, now said,

"I don't see why it is so difficult a thing for

a man to decide between a few personal luxuries, more or less, and his affections. Surely we are not so effeminate as all that, Mr. Dunn."

Mr. Dunn gayly applauded. "Good! good! Mr. Leeds joins your ranks, Drake. Give him a chance, too, and he'd run away from all the world for love of his Clorinda."

"I would—I would, indeed—and count the world well lost!"

What was it that threw that sudden spell of silence over the group? Was it the sudden passion that rang through the young man's tones, or the vivid flush that rose to his cheek, or the swift glance that fell upon the fair hostess, or all three together? A door had opened, as it were, into some unguessed tragedy. And over its threshold they saw

"A speck of fire that lit the place."

Mrs. Meyer alone seemed unstirred from her repose. She sat there with the little hands locked loosely together in her lap, her eyes down, and a certain hush about her that was like a guard from evil.

Mr. Dunn, recovering himself first, tossed the maize-colored glove back to its owner with a quaint jest that broke the momentary pause, and sent the conversation on again. And they staid long enough to change the tone into another channel. But as they were saying their adieus, Mr. Dunn, coming last, lingered a moment over the pretty fair hand; and then, in his curious, grave, sweet manner, gave his favorite charge, mixed with a little merry speech that clothed it gracefully—"Be good, and you'll be happy."

For a moment soft, wistful eyes looked into his with a shy expression of doubt that was half pain; but something she met there brought only the sweetness to the surface, and her gentle voice replied, "I will try, Mr. Dunn." And Mr. Dunn—queer, quaint Matt Dunn, who was always half-laughing, half-serious—dropped all his banter, and remarked, as if thinking aloud, when they walked down the street,

"That woman is a little saint."

Leeds's eyes flashed and his lip trembled while Dunn went on—"And the man that could hurt her with a word or thought deserves a halter."

After this ripple upon the smooth social stream the winter passed with no further evidence of emotion.

In the mean time letters from India were seldom and brief, and spring came with no mention of a return. It was almost a year since Mr. Meyer went away. In the mean time, too, Mr. Leeds had not only rearranged the conservatory, and established an aquarium for his friend Mrs. Meyer, but he had established for himself a reputation at once enviable and honorable in the scientific world of letters. Added to his horticultural taste and knowledge, there was a deeper passion underneath. While he was making himself agreeable and useful over English ferns and Cape jasmines, he was also in the interim making for himself an immortal name by certain geological researches, and an eloquent treatise thereon. Then came the crowning triumph,

when he delivered his eloquent lecture upon the subject before the Scientific Association.

Such a success! So modest, too, and so wise, and the most perfect gentleman—kind, courteous, and cultivated! This was the way society went on, and Mr. Leeds was made a lion forthwith. Straight from his crowning triumph that evening he came to that usual ending of all glories—a feast. This was a choice collection of choice spirits, however, over the daintiest viands. And Mrs. Meyer was there. A year had only made her more beautiful—a clearer moonlight beauty. Looking at her you would never think of gold ornaments and diamonds in her adornings, and you never saw them; but pearls and opals, and the pure lustre of chrysoprase and aqua marinas. So on this night she wore white laces with her sea-colored silks, and dewy pearls here and there, like flecks of foam.

“A new Undine,” Mr. Dunn observed, as she stood complimenting the hero of the evening gracefully and earnestly. The hero was eager and watchful and restless when he came in, as if he expected somebody or something; but after Mrs. Meyer put out her little hand to him, and said her two or three words of congratulation and approval, he seemed to grow quiet and indifferent of praise, as if her cool presence had proved a sedative. And from science and philosophy with his host, he glided off to music and waltzes with the young daughters.

“Was there ever such a complete man?” they said to Mrs. Meyer; and Mrs. Meyer thought it doubtful if there ever was: and when that very evening he told her of his young sister, with such tender affection, and begged Mrs. Meyer to call upon her during her stay in the city, he spoke of her so warmly and eagerly that Mrs. Meyer, out of her admiration for his brotherly devotion, remarked,

“It must be a pleasant thing to be your sister, Mr. Leeds;” and then she sighed and spoke of her own lonely orphanage, while the face of her listener reflected more than her own pain and sadness.

“Yes, a pleasant thing to be his sister,” she mused, long after, in the silence of her room. This discovery of his brotherly devotion was more eloquent to her than all his new glory. Afterward, in her contemplation of the tender relation which existed between this brother and sister, her sense of lonely orphanage grew, while the East India letters were rarer and briefer than ever.

One night, a fearful night of wind and shower, she walked her splendid drawing-room, full of this dreary sense of desolation. Up stairs Uncle Warde and his wife were absorbed in the reminiscences of other days, and from the servants’ hall came the sound of their mingled voices in story and laughter. But all alone, in her lonely rooms below, the lonely mistress of the house held sad communion with only herself.

In the tumult of the wind and rain she did not hear the opening and shutting of the hall door, nor see the figure that entered the room, until—

“Mrs. Meyer!” in a gentle, earnest voice. She had lifted her head with a scared face, and there were tears upon it, and pale pain, and lonesome sorrow. Mr. Leeds saw it all, and seating himself near her, strove, by some kindly talk, to restore her serenity. In a few moments she was apologizing for her state. “The lonely night, the lonely house”—but he understood every thing; and by-and-by falling into a little conversation, she mentioned Mr. Meyer. “He stays another year, then,” Mr. Leeds observed.

“Another year?”

“Mr. Ray was saying so.”

A faint color stole into her pale cheek. Another year, and his wife uninformed! Then a look came into her eyes that no one ever saw there before—a bitter, brooding look of desolate pride. To him who sat there before her it was more touching than her tears a moment before. He essayed again to comfort, but his heart was in a wild tumult, and wild thoughts were in his mind. And at this crisis, turning she said, as if thinking aloud,

“I wish you were my brother, Harrison.”

The dreary tone, the dreary face, and the utterance of his baptismal name, was like a breath of flame to him.

Rising, he came beside her, and in a moment was pouring out the repressed emotions of the last year—was forgetting every thing but this one passion—and with wild eagerness was urging her to forget every thing as well. He had taken her hand in his vehemence, mistaking her stillness for acquiescence, and with tremulous, tearful tenderness worthy a better cause, was saying that his whole life should be devoted to her, when an awful hush seemed to gather about the room, the hand he had held withdrew itself, the slight figure, as it were, wafted away from him, and a voice sadder than sorrow made answer,

“Oh, what have I done that you should humiliate me with words like these? God forgive you, Harrison Leeds! My cup is now full!”

What passionate prayers for her forgiveness, what immediate agony of contrition that followed, it is needless to detail; and even then, though stung to the soul, she staid to drop a word of pardon from her gentle heart ere she left him.

Doubly alone now, with that corroding memory of his avowal of passion to bear her company, she kept a solemn vigil through the night. A certain feeling of shuddering recoil from herself overcame her—a feeling as if she were some way touched with some visible wrong. Every innocent attention and gallant word rose up, exaggerated into sins by her morbid imagination. Days were spent in this fearful self-examination, till nature at last gave way, and a long and dangerous illness ensued.

Acting upon the advice of the physician, Mr. Ray, now for some time the junior partner of the firm, wrote at once to Mr. Meyer.

It was early in the summer when this illness first began; it was late in September when she roused to outward life again. During the long

days of dream and pain, she was sometimes conscious of a tenderer touch than others upon her fevered brow and burning hands, and the fancy would seize her that her father was with her; then visions of her mother, lost in childhood, would come, at a gentle soothing tone.

One day the dull, aching dream dissolved. Who was it that sat by her bedside, his dark hair streaked with gray? Who was it? He lifted his head. A face burned and browned by Indian suns, and with a weight as of years upon the brow and hollowed cheeks; but she knew it. As he met her glance of recognition, an expression of almost painful anxiety passed into the dark face; but she was in that quiescent state of child-like repose which follows severe prostration, and in a faint, low voice she only said:

"You were so long away, Robert!"

For a moment a soft light came into his eyes, and he just touched her little thin hand gently for reply.

As she gradually returned to life he gradually retired from her presence, though always ready, if needed—always ministering to her in some invisible manner.

One morning, when she was so far convalescent as to be able to walk about her room, to amuse herself, or to while the hours away, she took up the embroidery her maid had left upon a chair. But a color was wanting, and remembering a certain work-box containing such materials, she pulled it out from its corner and lifted the lid. A crowd of recollections beset her. As it often happens, this box had not been opened for more than a year. She well remembered where she had used it last—on a summer's day at Newport, and Mr. Leeds sat near, reading to her from Shelley. For an instant her hand paused, and an expression of pain clouded her face; then with a look of disdain for her weakness she went diligently searching for the needed color.

But what was this? One of her husband's letters? And how came it here? Thinking thus, she took it up. What! the seal unbroken! Suddenly a forgotten circumstance rushes to her mind. It is the missing letter of a year ago; and she breaks the seal. A little surprise is in her mind as her eye run over the page, for it is longer than those she usually receives from him. Mr. Meyer's letters are ordinarily brief, and of the most matter-of-fact description. But this one proved of a different order, and no poem of Shelley's, no remembrance of past days, ever called such an expression to her face as it wore now while she read the following:

"MY DEAR WIFE,—I have decided that a trip to India is advisable, and on Wednesday shall sail in the *Persia*, for Liverpool—from thence onward. In parting, there was something I wanted to say to you, but the opportunity did not seem favorable, and I deferred it to writing, which is the better way, perhaps. It is only that if I delay my return you will understand that I do it for your well-being. For a long time I have seen that my presence can not make you happy, Kate—it never has. You, of course, are in no manner answerable for this; it is only a natural result. Circumstances of business and education

have made me in some measure what I am; and I find too late that I am not a fit companion for you. I can not utterly repair this evil now, but I can remedy it partially by leaving you your freedom as far as possible.

"This is no hasty resolve. I have long considered it; though recently, perhaps, I have awakened more fully to its necessity.

"Again, do not think I reproach you in any manner for this state of things. I do not believe that, even to itself, your gentle heart ever acknowledged its want; but it is there, Kate, and I can not satisfy it. And one more word. You are young, and too delicately pure ever to suspect the suspicion of evil. For your own sake, then, let me say that the world is always ready to mistake the purest; therefore let me caution you to be guarded in your friendly associations. If at any time you need me, send for me and I will return. In the mean time, God's peace be with

"ROBERTSON MEYER."

She covered her face with her hands. It was too true—too true! She had been indifferent to him! And looking into her own heart, she knew the want he thought so unacknowledged stood oftener confessed to her own soul. She knew, too, how it had grown and grown, and how sudden comparisons had sometimes sprung up. Now the comparisons were reversed. Who was it she had thought a more finished gentleman, a completer man, than her husband? Who but the man whose passion had led him to violate all rules of chivalry and honor in his mad professions and madder hopes? And the other—the one whose right by every law of the land and Church was by her side—had for love of her condemned himself to a life of sacrifice and exile. It needed but this to complete the revolution which had been going on in her mind since she had first become conscious of that gentle presence in her sick room—a presence that had drawn her through all the mists of fever into its loving atmosphere. With her appreciation of greatness, how eloquently did this renunciation, given with the humility and simplicity of a rarely generous nature, speak to her heart! Filled with these emotions, just as she was, in her dressing-gown and slippers, she stole out of the room and down the stairs to the library, where a few minutes since she had heard footsteps.

To her light knock his voice—her husband's voice—answered, "Come in;" but what was his surprise, nay, almost consternation, as he saw his visitor. He sprang to her assistance, for the lovely face was white with agitation and unusual exertion; but his letter was in her hand, and in a few broken sentences she told him its story.

His eyes lighted with a look of relief. Her long silence then was explained. This was almost joy; but greater joy was yet to come. She had put out her hand.

"You will not leave me again, Robert?"

He hesitated, not comprehending yet her meaning fully, laying it all to gentle pity.

"Not if you need me," he answered at length.

"Dear Robert!" she cried, "I shall need you all my life. I—I—" But the rose upon her cheek, the soft shy gladness in her appealing eyes, were more eloquent than words. He knew she loved him! Oh, blessed knowledge, that was worth long years of loneliness and sorrow, he knew she loved him! Ay, fold her to your

heart, oh noble and generous soul! She is yours
thenceforward through time and eternity!

* * * * *

The band are playing that very waltz—*Le Désir*—and the rose-lights stream the same pink radiance through the hall, and the great rooms within are all abloom like a flower-garden with the brightest blossoms of womanhood.

Under a window-awning two or three talkers stand looking in upon the brilliant scene.

"Who's that with Mrs. Meyer?" one asks.

Drake, who knows every body, answers,

"That? Oh, that's Professor E——. Thought you knew *him*?"

"What, Leeds's great gun?"

"Any body's great gun. Professor E—— is one of the *somebodies*."

"What's become of Leeds? He ought to be here to-night."

"Oh, Leeds is off to Paris on some scientific mission. Don't you read the papers?"

"Not very carefully, I must confess. But you know I've been away out of the reach of papers. So Leeds is as popular as ever. How he did admire Mrs. Meyer! Seems to me he ought to have had her instead of Meyer. Meyer's a good fellow, but you never hear any thing from him. A commonplace sort of a person, while Mrs. Meyer is really uncommon. The finest conversationist I know."

"Yes, of course Leeds ought to have had her.

I always said so. Leeds is just the man for her—congenial tastes, and all that sort of thing," Drake returned, triumphantly.

"There you go, Drake, with your congenial tastes, etc., and you are half wrong, as usual. Sometimes, when both parties are similarly endowed, there is too much of 'all that sort of thing;' and if they don't bore each other they are sure to quarrel. That's the way. What a woman like Mrs. Meyer needs is appreciation, and she's got it. You don't know any thing about Meyer. Meyer is a MAN! and that's what not half of us can say." And Matt Dunn, after relieving his mind in this energetic manner, went in and joined the dancers, while Drake went on with his theories unconvinced. So the world goes.

But still the band plays *Le Désir*, and a sweet voice says to a gentleman,

"Why don't you dance, Robert?"

"Because I am waiting for Mrs. Meyer, Kate. Will she favor me?" and he put out his hand. And down the elastic floor they joined the waltzers, and the soft lace floated out its mazy clouds, and the soft hair fluttered its pennon of curls, and the soft hand lay like a little bird in the larger hand. Almost the picture of two years ago; but the meaning changes with one of the waltzers—not one of the world's changes, but the heart's.

And still the band plays *Le Désir*.

A PSALM OF THE UNION.

I.

GOD of the Free! upon thy breath
Our Flag is for the Right unrolled;
Still broad and brave as when its stars
First crowned the hallowed time of old:
For Honor still their folds shall fly,
For Duty still their glories burn,
Where Truth, Religion, Freedom guard
The patriot's sword and martyr's urn.
Then shout beside thine oak, O North!
O South! wave answer with thy palm;
And in our Union's heritage
Together lift the Nation's psalm!

II.

How glorious is our mission here!
Heirs of a virgin world are we;
The chartered lords whose lightnings tame
The rocky mount and roaring sea:
We march, and Nature's giants own
The fetters of our mighty cars;
We look, and lo! a continent
Is crouched beneath the Stripes and Stars!
Then shout beside thine oak, O North!
O South! wave answer with thy palm;
And in our Union's heritage
Together lift the Nation's psalm!

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III.

No tyrant's impious step is ours;
No lust of power on nations rolled:
Our Flag—for friends a starry sky,
For foes a tempest every fold!
Oh! thus we'll keep our nation's life,
Nor fear the bolt by despots hurled:
The blood of all the world is here,
And they who strike us, strike the world.
Then shout beside thine oak, O North!
O South! wave answer with thy palm;
And in our Union's heritage
Together lift the Nation's psalm!

IV.

God of the Free! our Nation bless
In its strong manhood as its birth;
And make its life a Star of Hope
For all the struggling of the Earth:
Thou gav'st the glorious Past to us;
Oh! let our Present burn as bright,
And o'er the mighty Future cast
Truth's, Honor's, Freedom's holy light!
Then shout beside thine oak, O North!
O South! wave answer with thy palm;
And in our Union's heritage
Together lift the Nation's psalm!

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXIII.

IN WHICH WE STILL HOVER ABOUT THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

THE describer and biographer of my friend Mr. Philip Firmin has tried to extenuate nothing; and, I hope, has set down naught in malice. If Philip's boots had holes in them, I have written that he had holes in his boots. If he had a red beard, there it is red in this story. I might have oiled it with a tinge of brown, and painted it a rich auburn. Toward modest people he was very gentle and tender; but I must own that in general society he was not always an agreeable companion. He was often haughty and arrogant: he was impatient of old stories: he was intolerant of commonplaces. Mrs. Baynes's anecdotes of her garrison experiences in India and Europe got a very impatient hearing from Mr. Philip; and though little Charlotte gently remonstrated with him, saying, "Do, do let mamma tell her story out; and don't turn away and talk about something else in the midst of it; and don't tell her you have heard the story before, you rude man! If she is not pleased with you she is angry with me, and I have to suffer when you are gone away"—Miss Charlotte did not say how much she had to suffer when Philip was absent; how constantly her mother found fault with him; what

a sad life, in consequence of her attachment to him, the young maiden had to lead; and I fear that clumsy Philip, in his selfish thoughtlessness, did not take enough count of the sufferings which his behavior brought on the girl. You see I am acknowledging that there were many faults on his side, which, perhaps, may in some degree excuse or account for those which Mrs. General Baynes certainly committed toward him. She did not love Philip naturally; and do you suppose she loved him because she was under great obligations to him? Do you love your creditor because you owe him more than you can ever pay? If I never paid my tailor, should I be on good terms with him? I might go on ordering suits of clothes from now to the year nineteen hundred; but I should hate him worse year after year. I should find fault with his cut and his cloth: I dare say I should end by thinking his bills extortionate, though I never paid them. Kindness is very indigestible. It disagrees with very proud stomachs. I wonder was that trav-

eler who fell among the thieves grateful afterward to the Samaritan who rescued him? He gave money certainly; but he didn't miss it. The religious opinions of Samaritans are lamentably heterodox. O brother! may we help the fallen still though they never pay us, and may we lend without exacting the usury of gratitude!

Of this I am determined, that whenever I go courting again I will not pay my addresses to my dear creature—day after day, and from year's end to year's end, very likely, with the dear girl's mother, father, and half a dozen young brothers and sisters in the room. I shall begin by being civil to the old lady, of course. She is flattered at first by having a young fellow coming courting to her daughter. She calls me "dear Edward;" works me a pair of braces; writes to mamma and sisters, and so forth. Old gentleman says, "Brown, my boy"—(I am here fondly imagining myself to be a young fellow named Edward Brown, attached, let us say, to Miss Kate Thompson)—Thompson, I say, says, "Brown, my boy, come to dinner at seven. Cover laid for you always;" and of course, delicious thought! that cover is by dearest Kate's side. But the dinner is bad sometimes. Sometimes I come late. Sometimes things are going badly in the city. Sometimes Mrs. Thompson is out of humor—she always thought Kate might have done better.

And in the midst of these doubts and delays, suppose JONES appears, who is older, but of a better temper, a better family, and—plague on him!—twice as rich? What are engagements? What are promises? It is sometimes an affectionate mother's DUTY to break her promise, and that duty the resolute matron will do.

Then Edward is Edward no more, but Mr. Brown; or, worse still, nameless in the house. Then the knife and fork are removed from poor Kate's side, and she swallows her own sad meal in tears. Then if one of the little Thompsons says, artlessly, "Papa, I met Teddy Brown in Regent Street; he looked so—" "Hold your tongue, unfeeling wretch!" cries mamma. "Look at that dear child!" Kate is swooning. She has sal-volatile. The medical man is sent for. And presently—Charles Jones is taking Kate Thompson to dinner. Long voyages are dangerous; so are long courtships. In long voyages passengers perpetually quarrel (for that Mrs. General could vouch); in long courtships the same danger exists; and how much the more when in that latter ship you have a mother who is forever putting in her oar! And then to think of the annoyance of that love voyage, when you and the beloved and beloved's papa, mamma, half a dozen brothers and sisters, are all in one cabin! For economy's sake the Bayneses had no sitting-room at Madame's—for you could not call that room on the second floor a sitting-room which had two beds in it, and in which the young ones practiced the piano, with poor Charlotte as their mistress. Philip's courting had to take place for the most part before the whole family; and to make love under such difficulties would have been horrible and maddening and impossible almost, only we have admitted that our young friends had little walks in the Champs Elysées; and then you must own that it must have been delightful for them to write each other perpetual little notes, which were delivered occuldy under the very nose of papa and mamma, and in the actual presence of the other boarders at Madame's, who, of course, never saw any thing that was going on. Yes, those sly monkeys actually made little post-offices about the room. There was, for instance, the clock on the mantle-piece in the salon on which was carved the old French allegory, "*Le temps fait passer l'amour*." One of those artful young people would pop a note into Time's boat, where you may be sure no one saw it. The trictrac board was another post-office. So was the drawer of the music-stand. So was the Sèvres china flower-pot, etc., etc.; to each of which repositories in its turn the lovers confided the delicious secrets of their wooing.

Have you ever looked at your love-letters to Darby, when you were courting, dear Joan? They are sacred pages to read. You have his tied up somewhere in a faded ribbon. You scarce need spectacles as you look at them. The hair grows black; the eyes moisten and brighten; the cheeks fill and blush again. I protest there is nothing so beautiful as Darby

and Joan in the world. I hope Philip and his wife will be Darby and Joan to the end. I tell you they are married, and don't want to make any mysteries about the business. I disdain that sort of artifice. In the days of the old three-volume novels, didn't you always look at the end to see that Louisa and the earl (or young clergyman, as the case might be) were happy? If they died, or met with other grief, for my part I put the book away. This pair, then, are well; are married; are, I trust, happy: but before they married, and afterward, they had great griefs and troubles; as no doubt you have had, dear Sir or Madam, since you underwent that ceremony. Married? Of course they are. Do you suppose I would have allowed little Charlotte to meet Philip in the Champs Elysées with only a giddy little boy of a brother for a companion, who would turn away to see Punch, Guignol, the soldiers marching by, the old woman's gingerbread and toffy stall, and so forth? Do you, I say, suppose I would have allowed those two to go out together, unless they were to be married afterward? Out walking together they did go; and once, as they were arm in arm in the Champs Elysées, whom should they see in a fine open carriage but young Twysden and Captain and Mrs. Woolcombe, to whom, as they passed, Philip doffed his hat with a profound bow, and whom he further saluted with a roar of immense laughter. Woolcombe must have heard the peal. I dare say it brought a little blush into Mrs. Woolcombe's cheeks, and—and so, no doubt, added to the many attractions of that elegant lady. I have no secrets about my characters, and speak my mind about them quite freely. They said that Woolcombe was the most jealous, stingy, ostentatious, cruel little brute; that he led his wife a dismal life. Well? If he *did*? I'm sure I don't care. "There is that swaggering bankrupt beggar Firmin!" cries the tawny bridegroom, biting his mustache. "Impudent ragged blackguard," says Twysden minor, "I saw him."

"Hadn't you better stop the carriage and abuse him to himself and not to me?" says Mrs. Woolcombe, languidly, flinging herself back on her cushions.

"Go on. Hang you! Ally! Vite!" cry the gentlemen in the carriage to the laquais de place on the box.

"I can fancy you don't care about seeing him," resumes Mrs. Woolcombe. "He has a violent temper, and I would not have you quarrel for the world." So I suppose Woolcombe again swears at the laquais de place: and the happy couple, as the saying is, roll away to the Bois de Boulogne.

"What makes you laugh so?" says little Charlotte, fondly, as she trips along by her lover's side.

"Because I am so happy, my dearest!" says the other, squeezing to his heart the little hand that lies on his arm. As he thinks on yonder woman, and then looks into the pure eager face of the sweet girl beside him, the scornful laugh-

ter occasioned by the sudden meeting which is just over hushes, and an immense feeling of thankfulness fills the breast of the young man; thankfulness for the danger from which he has escaped, and for the blessed prize which has fallen to him.

But Mr. Philip's walks were not to be all as pleasant as this walk; and we are now coming to a history of wet, slippery roads, bad times, and winter weather. All I can promise about this gloomy part is, that it shall not be a long story. You will acknowledge we made very short work with the love-making, which I give you my word I consider to be the very easiest part of the novel-writer's business. As those rapturous scenes between the captain and the heroine are going on, a writer who knows his business may be thinking about any thing else—about the ensuing chapter, or about what he is going to have for dinner, or what you will; therefore, as we passed over the raptures and joys of the courting so very curtly, you must please to gratify me by taking the grief in a very short measure. If our young people are going to suffer, let the pain be soon over. Sit down in the chair, Miss Baynes, if you please, and you, Mr. Firmin, in this. Allow me to examine you; just open your mouth, if you please; and—oh, oh, my dear miss—there it is out! A little eau de Cologne and water, my dear. And now, Mr. Firmin, if you please, we will—what fangs! what a big one! Two guineas. Thank you. Good-morning. Come to me once a year. John, show in the next party. About the ensuing painful business, then, I protest I don't intend to be much longer occupied than the humane and dextrous operator to whom I have made so bold as to liken myself. If my pretty Charlotte is to have a tooth out, it shall be removed as gently as possible, poor dear. As for Philip, and his great red-bearded jaw, I don't care so much if the tug makes *him* roar a little. And yet they remain, they remain and throb in after-life, those wounds of early days. Have I not said how, as I chanced to walk with Mr. Firmin in Paris, many years after the domestic circumstances here recorded, he paused before the window of that house near the Champs Elysées where Madame Smolensk once held her *pension*, shook his fist at a *jalousie* of the now dingy and dilapidated mansion, and intimated to me that he had undergone severe sufferings in the chamber lighted by yonder window? So have we all suffered; so, very likely, my dear young miss or master who peruses this modest page, will you have to suffer in your time. You will not die of the operation, most probably; but it is painful: it makes a gap in the mouth, *voyez-vous?* and years and years, maybe, after, as you think of it, the smart is renewed, and the dismal tragedy enacts itself over again.

Philip liked his little maiden to go out, to dance, to laugh, to be admired, to be happy. In her artless way she told him of her balls, her tea-parties, her pleasures, her partners. In a girl's first little season nothing escapes her.

Have you not wondered to hear them tell about the events of the evening, about the dresses of the dowagers, about the compliments of the young men, about the behavior of the girls, and what not?

Little Charlotte used to enact the overnight's comedy for Philip, pouring out her young heart in her prattle as her little feet skipped by his side. And to hear Philip roar with laughter! It would have done you good. You might have heard him from the Obelisk to the Etoile. People turned round to look at him, and shrugged their shoulders wonderingly, as good-natured French folks will do. How could a man who had been lately ruined, a man who had just been disappointed of a great legacy from the earl his great uncle, a man whose boots were in that lamentable condition, laugh so, and have such high spirits? To think of such an impudent ragged blackguard, as Ringwood Twysden called his cousin, daring to be happy! The fact is, that clap of laughter smote those three Twysden people like three boxes on the ear, and made all their cheeks tingle and blush at once. At Philip's merriment, clouds which had come over Charlotte's sweet face would be chased away. As she clung to him doubts which throbbed at the girl's heart would vanish. When she was acting those scenes of the past night's entertainment she was not always happy. As she talked and prattled her own spirits would rise, and hope and natural joy would spring in her heart again, and come flushing up to her cheek. Charlotte was being a hypocrite, as, thank Heaven, all good women sometimes are. She had griefs: she hid them from him. She had doubts and fears: they fled when he came in view, and she clung to his strong arm, and looked in his honest blue eyes. She did not tell him of those painful nights when *her* eyes were wakeful and tearful. A yellow old woman in a white jacket, with a night-cap and a night-light, would come, night after night, to the side of her little bed, and there stand, and with her grim voice bark against Philip. That old woman's lean finger would point to all the rents in poor Philip's threadbare paletot of a character—point to the holes and tear them wider open. She would stamp on those muddy boots. She would throw up her peaked nose at the idea of the poor fellow's pipe—his pipe, his great companion and comforter when his dear little mistress was away. She would discourse on the partners of the night; the evident attentions of this gentleman, the politeness and high breeding of that.

And when that dreary nightly torture was over, and Charlotte's mother had left the poor child to herself, sometimes Madame Smolensk, sitting up over her ledgers and bills, and wakeful with her own cares, would steal up and console poor Charlotte; and bring her some tisane, excellent for the nerves; and talk to her about—about the subject of which Charlotte best liked to hear. And though Smolensk was civil to Mrs. Baynes in the morning, as her professional duty obliged her to be, she has owned that

she often felt a desire to strangle Madame la Générale for her conduct to her little angel of a daughter; and all because Monsieur Philippe smells the pipe, parbleu! "What? a family that owes you the bread which they eat; and they draw back for a pipe! The cowards, the cowards! A soldier's daughter is not afraid of it. Merci! Tenez, M. Philippe," she said to our friend when matters came to an extremity.

"Do you know what in your place I would do? To a Frenchman I would not say so; that understands itself. But these things make themselves otherwise in England. I have no money, but I have a cachemire. Take him; and if I were you, I would make a little voyage to Gret-na Grin."

And now, if you please, we will quit the Champs Elysées. We will cross the road from Madame's boarding-house. We will make our way into the Faubourg St. Honoré, and actually enter a gate over which the L-on, the Un-c-rn, and the R-y-l Cr-wn and A-ms of the Three K-ngd-ms are sculptured, and going under the porte-cochère, and turning to the right, ascend a little stair, and ask of the attendant on the landing who is in the chancellerie? The attendant says that several of those *messieurs y sont*. In fact, on entering the room, you find Mr. Motcomb—let us say—Mr. Lowndes, Mr. Halkin, and our young friend Mr. Walsingham Hely, seated at their respective tables in the midst of considerable smoke. Smoking in the midst of these gentlemen, and bestriding his chair as though it were his horse, sits that gallant young Irish chieftain, The O'Rourke. Some of the gentlemen are copying, in a large handwriting, dispatches on foolscap paper. I would rather be torn to pieces by O'Rourke's wildest horses than be understood to hint at what those dispatches, at what those dispatch-boxes contain. Perhaps they contain some news from the Court of Spain, where some intrigues are carried on, a knowledge of which would make your hair start off your head; perhaps that box, for which a messenger is waiting in a neighboring apartment, has locked up twenty-four yards of Chantilly lace for Lady Belweather, and six new French farces for Tom Tiddler of the Foreign Office, who is mad about the theatre. It is years and years ago; how should I know what there is in those dispatch-boxes?

But the work, whatever it may be, is not very pressing—for there is only Mr. Chesham—did I say Chesham before, by-the-way? You may call him Mr. Sloanestreet if you like. There is only Chesham (and he always takes things to the grand serious) who seems to be much engaged in writing; and the conversation goes on.

"Who gave it?" asks Motcomb.

"The black man, of course, gave it. We would not pretend to compete with such a long purse as his. You should have seen what faces he made at the bill! Thirty francs a bottle for Rhine wine. He grinned with the most horrible agony when he read the addition. He almost turned yellow. He sent away his wife

early. How long that girl was hanging about London; and think of her hooking a millionaire at last! Othello is a frightful screw, and diabolically jealous of his wife."

"What is the name of the little man who got so dismally drunk, and began to cry about old Ringwood?"

"Twysden—the woman's brother. Don't you know Humbug Twysden, the father? The youth is more offensive than the parent."

"A most disgusting little beast. Would come to the Variétés because we said we were going: would go to Lamoignon's, where the Russians gave a dance and a lansquenet. Why didn't you come, Hely?"

MR. HELY. I tell you I hate the whole thing. Those painted old actresses give me the horrors. What do I want with winning Motcomb's money who hasn't got any? Do you think it gives me any pleasure to dance with old Caradol? She puts me in mind of my grandmother—only she is older. Do you think I want to go and see that insane old Boutzoff leering at Corinne and Palmyrine, and making a group of three old women together? I wonder how you fellows can go on. Aren't you tired of truffles and *écrévises à la Bordelaise*; and those old opera people, whose withered old carcasses are stuffed with them?

THE O'R. There was Cérisette, I give ye me honor. Ye never saw. She fell asleep in her cheer—

MR. LOWNDES. In her *hwhat*, O'R.?

THE O'R. Well, in her CHAIR then! And Figaroff smayred her feeceall over with the craym out of a Charlotte Roose. She's a regular bird and mustache, you know, Cérisette has.

MR. HELY. Charlotte, Charlotte! Oh! (*He clutches his hair madly. His elbows are on the table.*)

MR. LOWNDES. It's that girl he meets at the tea-parties, where he goes to be admired.

MR. HELY. It is better to drink tea than, like you fellows, to muddle what brains you have with bad Champagne. It is better to look, and to hear, and to see, and to dance with a modest girl, than, like you fellows, to be capering about in taverns with painted old hags like that old Cérisette, who has got a face like a *pomme cuite*, and who danced before Lord Malmesbury at the Peace of Amiens. She did, I tell you; and before Napoleon.

MR. CHESHAM (*looks up from his writing*). There was no Napoleon then. It's of no consequence, but—

LOWNDES. Thank you, I owe you one. You're a most valuable man, Chesham, and a credit to your father and mother.

MR. CHESHAM. Well, the First Consul was Bonaparte.

LOWNDES. I am obliged to you. I say I am obliged to you, Chesham, and if you would like any refreshment order it *meis sumptibus*, old boy—at my expense.

CHESHAM. These fellows will never be serious. (*He resumes his writing.*)

HELY (*Iterum, but very low*). Oh, Charlotte, Char—

MR. LOWNDES. Hely is raving about that girl—that girl with the horrible old mother in yellow, don't you remember? and old father—good old military party, in a shabby old coat—who was at the last ball. What was the name? O'Rourke, what is the rhyme for Baynes?

THE O'R. *Pays*, and be hanged to you. You're always makin' fun on me, you little cockney!

MR. MOTCOMB. Hely was just as bad about the Danish girl. You know, Walse, you composed ever so many verses to her, and wrote home to your mother to ask leave to marry her!

THE O'R. I'd think him big enough to marry without any body's leave—only they wouldn't have him because he's so ugly.

MR. HELY. Very good, O'Rourke. Very neat and good. You were diverting the company with an anecdote. Will you proceed?

THE O'R. Well, then, the Cérissette had been dancing both on and off the stage till she was dead tired, I suppose, and so she fell dead asleep, and Figaroff, taking the whatdyecall'em out of the Charlotte Roose, smayred her face all—

VOICE WITHOUT. Deet Mosho RINGWOOD TWYSDEN, sivoplay, poor l'honorable Moshoo Lownds!

SERVANT. Monsieur TWYSDEN!

MR. TWYSDEN. Mr. Lowndes, how are you?

MR. LOWNDES. Very well, thank you; how are you?

MR. HELY. Lowndes is uncommonly brilliant to-day.

MR. TWYSDEN. Not the worse for last night? Some of us were a little elevated, I think!

MR. LOWNDES. Some of us quite the reverse. (Little cad, what does he want? Elevated! he couldn't keep his little legs!)

MR. TWYSDEN. Eh! Smoking, I see. Thank you. I very seldom do—but as you are so kind—puff. Eh—uncommonly handsome person that, eh—Madame Cérissette.

THE O'R. Thank ye for telling us.

MR. LOWNDES. If she meets with *your* applause, Mr. Twysden, I should think Mademoiselle Cérissette is all right.

THE O'R. Maybe they'd raise her salary if ye told her.

MR. TWYSDEN. Heh—I see you're chaffing me. We have a good deal of that kind of thing in Somerset—in our—in—hem! This tobacco is a little strong. I *am* a little shaky this morning. Who, by-the-way, is that Prince Boutzoff who played lansquenet with us? Is he one of the Livonian Boutzoffs, or one of the Hessian Boutzoffs? I remember at my poor uncle's, Lord Ringwood, meeting a Prince Blucher de Boutzoff, something like this man, by-the-way. You knew my poor uncle?

MR. LOWNDES. Dined with him here three months ago at the "Trois Frères."

MR. TWYSDEN. Been at Whipham, I dare say? I was bred up there. It was said once

that I was to have been his heir. He was very fond of me. He was my godfather.

THE O'R. Then he gave you a mug, and it wasn't a beauty (*sotto voce*).

MR. TWYSDEN. You said somethin'? I was speaking of Whipham, Mr. Lowndes—one of the finest places in England, I should say, except Chatsworth, you know, and *that* sort of thing. My grandfather built it—I mean my *great* grandfather, for I'm of the Ringwood family.

MR. LOWNDES. Then was Lord Ringwood your grandfather, or your grand godfather.

MR. TWYSDEN. He! he! My mother was his own niece. My grandfather was his own brother, and I am—

MR. LOWNDES. Thank you. I see now.

MR. HALKIN. Das ist sehr interessant. Ich versichere ihnen das ist SEHR interessant.

MR. TWYSDEN. Said somethin'? (This cigar is really—I'll throw it away, please.) I was sayin' that at Whipham, where I was bred up, we would be forty at dinner, and as many more in the upper servants' hall.

MR. LOWNDES. And you dined in the—you had pretty good dinners?

MR. TWYSDEN. A French chef. Two aids, besides turtle from town. Two or three regular cooks on the establishment, besides kitchen-maids, roasters, and that kind of thing, you understand. How many have you here now? In Lord Estridge's kitchen you can't do, I should say, at least without—let me see—why, in *our* small way—and if you come to London my father will be dev'lish glad to see you—we—

MR. LOWNDES. How is Mrs. Woolcombe this morning? That was a fair dinner Woolcombe gave us yesterday.

MR. TWYSDEN. He has plenty of money, plenty of money. I hope, Lowndes, when you come to town—the first time you come, mind—to give you a hearty welcome and some of my father's old por—

MR. HELY. Will nobody kick this little beast out?

SERVANT. Monsieur Chesham peut-il voir M. Firmin?

MR. CHESHAM. Certainly. Come in, Firmin!

MR. TWYSDEN. Mr. Fearmang—Mr. Fir—Mr. *who*? You don't mean to say you receive *that* fellow, Mr. Chesham?

MR. CHESHAM. What fellow? and what do you mean, Mr. Whatdyecall'em?

MR. TWYSDEN. *That* blackg—oh—that is, I—I beg your—

MR. FIRMIN (*entering and going up to Mr. Chesham*). I say, give me a bit of news of to-day. What you were saying about that—hum and hum and haw—mayn't I have it? (*He is talking confidentially with Mr. Chesham, when he sees Mr. Twysden.*) What! you have got *that* little cad here?

MR. LOWNDES. You know Mr. Twysden, Mr. Firmin? He was just speaking about you.

MR. FIRMIN. Was he? So much the worse for me.

MR. TWYSDEN. Sir! We don't speak. You've no right to speak to me in this manner! Don't speak to me, and I won't speak to you, Sir—there! Good-morning, Mr. Lowndes! Remember your promise to come and dine with us when you come to town. And—one word—(*he holds Mr. Lowndes by the button. By-the-way, he has very curious resemblances to Twysden senior*)—we shall be here for ten days certainly. I think Lady Estridge has something next week. I have left our cards, and—

MR. LOWNDES. Take care. *He* will be there (*pointing to Mr. Firmin*).

MR. TWYSDEN. What? *That* beggar? You don't mean to say Lord Estridge will receive such a fellow as—Good-by, good-by? (*Exit Mr. Twysden.*)

MR. FIRMIN. I caught that little fellow's eye. He's my cousin, you know. We have had a quarrel. I am sure he was speaking about me.

MR. LOWNDES. Well, now you mention it, he was speaking about you.

MR. FIRMIN. Was he? Then *don't believe him*, Mr. Lowndes. That is my advice.

MR. HELY (*at his desk composing*). "Maiden of the blushing cheek, maiden of the—oh, Charlotte, Char—" he bites his pen and dashes off rapid rhymes on government paper.

MR. FIRMIN. What does he say? He said Charlotte.

MR. LOWNDES. He is always in love and breaking his heart, and he puts it into poems; he wraps it up in paper, and falls in love with somebody else. Sit down and smoke a cigar, won't you?

MR. FIRMIN. Can't stay. Must make up my letter. We print to-morrow.

MR. LOWNDES. Who wrote that article pitching into Peel?

FIRMIN. Family secret—can't say—good-by. (*Exit Mr. Firmin.*)

MR. CHESHAM. In my opinion a most ill-advised and intemperate article. That journal, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, indulges in a very needless acrimony, I think.

MR. LOWNDES. Chesham does not like to call a spade a spade. He calls it a horticultural utensil. You have a great career before you, Chesham. You have a wisdom and gravity beyond your years. You bore us slightly, but we all respect you—we do indeed. What was the text at church last Sunday? Oh, by-the-way, Hely, you little miscreant, *you* were at church!

MR. CHESHAM. You need not blush, Hely. I am not a joking man; but this kind of jesting does not strike me as being particularly amusing, Lowndes.

MR. LOWNDES. You go to church because you are good, because your aunt was a bishop, or something. But Hely goes because he is a little miscreant. You hypocritical little beggar, you got yourself up as if you were going to a *déjeuné*, and you had your hair curled, and you were seen singing out of the same hymn-book

with that pretty Miss Baynes, you little wheeling sinner! and you walked home with the family—my sisters saw you—to a boarding-house where they live—by Jove! you did. And I'll tell your mother!

MR. CHESHAM. I wish you would not make such a noise, and let me do my work, Lowndes. You—

Here Asmodeus whisks us out of the room, and we lose the rest of the young men's conversation. But enough has been overheard, I think, to show what direction young Mr. Hely's thoughts had taken. Since he was seventeen years of age (at the time when we behold him he may be twenty-three) this romantic youth has been repeatedly in love: with his elderly tutor's daughter, of course; with a young haberdasher at the University; with his sister's confidential friend; with the blooming young Danish beauty last year; and now, I very much fear, a young acquaintance of ours has attracted the attention of this imaginative Don Juan. Whenever Hely is in love he fancies his passion will last forever, makes a confidant of the first person at hand, weeps plenteously, and writes reams of verses. Do you remember how, in a previous chapter, we told you that Mrs. Tuffin was determined she would *not* ask Philip to her *soirées*, and declared him to be a forward and disagreeable young man? She was glad enough to receive young Walsingham Hely, with his languid air, his drooping head, his fair curls, and his flower in his button-hole; and Hely, being then in hot pursuit of one of the tall Miss Blacklocks, went to Mrs. Tuffin's, was welcomed there with all the honors; and there, fluttering away from Miss Blacklock, our butterfly lighted on Miss Baynes. Now Miss Baynes would have danced with a mopstick, she was so fond of dancing; and Hely, who had practiced in a thousand Chaumières, Mabilles (or whatever was the public dance-room then in vogue), was a most amiable, agile, and excellent partner. And she told Philip next day what a nice little partner she had found—poor Philip, who was not asked to that Paradise of a party! And Philip said that he knew the little man; that he believed he was rich; that he wrote pretty little verses—in a word, Philip, in his leonine ways, regarded little Hely as a lion regards a lapdog.

Now this little slyboots had a thousand artful little ways. He had a very keen sensibility and a fine taste, which was most readily touched by innocence and beauty. He had tears, I won't say at command; for they were under no command, and gushed from his fine eyes in spite of himself. Charlotte's innocence and freshness smote him with a keen pleasure. *Bon Dieu!* What was that great, tall Miss Blacklock, who had tramped through a thousand ball-rooms, compared to this artless, happy creature? He danced away from Miss Blacklock and after Charlotte the moment he saw our young friend; and the Blacklocks, who knew all about him, and his money, and his mother, and his expectations—who had his verses in their poor album,

by whose carriage he had capered day after day in the Bois de Boulogne—stood scowling and deserted, as this young fellow danced off with that Miss Baynes, who lived in a boarding-house, and came to parties in a cab with her horrid old mother! The Blacklocks were as though they were not henceforth for Mr. Hely. They asked him to dinner. Bless my soul, he utterly forgot all about it! He never came to their box on their night at the opera. Not one twinge of remorse had he. Not one pang of remembrance. If he *did* remember them, it was when they bored him, like those tall tragic women in black who are always coming in their great long trains to sing sermons to Don Juan. Ladies, your name is down in his lordship's catalogue; his servant has it; and you, Miss Anna, are numbered one thousand and three.

But as for Miss Charlotte, that is a different affair. What innocence! What a *fraîcheur*! What a merry good-humor! Don Slyboots is touched, he is tenderly interested: her artless voice thrills through his frame; he trembles as he waltzes with her; as his fine eyes look at her, pshaw! what is that film coming over them? O Slyboots, Slyboots! And as she has nothing to conceal, she has told him all he wants to know before long. This is her first winter in Paris: her first season of coming out. She has only been to two balls before, and two plays and an opera. And her father met Mr. Hely at Lord Trim's. That was her father playing at whist. And they lived at Madame Smolensk's boarding-house in the Champs Elysées. And they had been to Mr. Dash's, and to Mrs. Blank's, and she believed they were going to Mrs. Star's on Friday. And did they go to church? Of course they went to church, to the Rue d'Angeseau, or wherever it might be. And Slyboots went to church next Sunday. You may perhaps guess to what church. And he went the Sunday after. And he sang his own songs, accompanying himself on the guitar, at his lodgings. And he sang elsewhere. And he had a very pretty little voice, Slyboots had. I believe those poems under the common title of "Gretchen," in our Walsingham's charming volume, were all inspired by Miss Baynes. He began to write about her and himself the very first night after seeing her. He smoked cigarettes and drank green tea. He looked so pale—so pale and sad that he quite pitied himself in the looking-glass in his apartments in the Rue Miroménil. And he compared himself to a wrecked mariner, and to a grave, and to a man entranced and brought to life. And he cried quite freely and satisfactorily by himself. And he went to see his mother and sister next day at the Hôtel de la Terrasse; and cried to them, and said he was in love this time for ever and ever. And his sister called him a goose. And after crying he ate an uncommonly good dinner. And he took every one into his confidence, as he always did whenever he was in love: always telling, always making verses, and always crying. As for Miss Blacklock, he buried the dead body of that love deep

in the ocean of his soul. The waves engulfed Miss B. The ship rolled on. The storm went down. And the stars rose, and the dawn was in his soul, etc. Well, well! The mother was a vulgar woman, and I am glad you are out of it. And what sort of people are General Baynes and Mrs. Baynes?

"Oh, delightful people! Most distinguished officer, the father; modest—doesn't say a word. The mother, a most lively, brisk, agreeable woman. You must go and see her, ma'am. I desire you'll go immediately."

"And leave cards with P. P. C. for the Miss Blacklocks!" says Miss Hely, who was a plain, lively person. And both mother and sister spoiled this young Hely; as women ought always to spoil a son, a brother, a father, husband, grandfather—any male relative, in a word.

To see this spoiled son married was the good-natured mother's fond prayer. An eldest son had died a rake—a victim to too much money, pleasure, idleness. The widowed mother would give any thing to save this one from the career through which the elder had passed. The young man would be one day so wealthy, that she knew many and many a schemer would try and entrap him. Perhaps she had been made to marry his father because he was rich; and she remembered the gloom and wretchedness of her own union. Oh that she could see her son out of temptation, and the husband of an honest girl! It was the young lady's first season? So much the more likely that she should be unworldly. "The general—don't you remember a nice old gentleman—in a—well, in a wig—that day we dined at Lord Trim's, when that horrible old Lord Ringwood was there? That was General Baynes; and he broke out so enthusiastically in defense of a poor young man—Dr. Firmin's son—who was a bad man, I believe; but I shall never have confidence in another doctor again, that I sha'n't. And we'll call on these people, Fanny. Yes, in a brown wig—the general, I perfectly well remember him, and Lord Trim said he was a most distinguished officer. And I have no doubt his wife will be a most agreeable person. Those generals' wives who have traveled over the world must have acquired a quantity of delightful information. At a boarding-house, are they? I dare say very pleasant and amusing. And we'll drive there and call on them immediately."

On that day, as Macgrigor and Moira Baynes were disporting in the little front garden of Madame Smolensk's, I think Moira was just about to lick Macgrigor, when his fratricidal hand was stopped by the sight of a large yellow carriage—a large London dowager family carriage—from which descended a large London family footman, with side-locks begrimed with powder, with calves such as only belong to large London family footmen, and with cards in his hand. "Ceci Madame Smolensk?" says the large menial. "Oui," says the boy, nodding his head; on which the footman was puzzled, for he thought from his readiness in the use of the French language that the boy was a Frenchman.

"Ici demure General Bang?" continued the man.

"Hand us over the cards, John. Not at home," said the young gentleman.

"Who ain't at 'ome?" inquired the menial.

"General Baynes, my father, ain't at home. He shall have the pasteboard when he comes in. Mrs. Hely. Oh, Mac, it's the same name as that young swell who called the other day! Ain't at home, John. Gone out to pay some visits. Had a fly on purpose. Gone out with my sister. 'Pon my word they have, John." And from this accurate report of the boy's behavior, I fear that the young Baynes must have been brought up at a classical and commercial academy, where economy was more studied than politeness.

Philip comes trudging up to dinner, and as this is not his post day, arrives early—hoping, perhaps, for a walk with Miss Charlotte, or a coze in Madame Smolensk's little private room. He finds the two boys in the fore-court; and they have Mrs. Hely's cards in their hand; and they narrate to him the advent and departure of the lady in the swell carriage, the mother of the young swell with the flower in his button-hole, who came the other day on such a jolly horse. Yes. And he was at church last Sunday, Philip, and he gave Charlotte a hymn-book. And he sang: he sang like the piper who played before Moses, pa said. And ma said it was wicked, but it wasn't: only pa's fun, you know. And ma said *you* never came to church. Why don't you?

Philip had no taint of jealousy in his magnanimous composition, and would as soon have accused Charlotte of flirting with other men as of stealing madame's silver spoons. "So you have had some fine visitors," he says, as the fly drives up. "I remember that rich Mrs. Hely, a patient of my father's. My poor mother used to drive to her house."

"Oh, we have seen a great deal of Mr. Hely, Philip!" cries Miss Charlotte, not heeding the scowls of her mother, who is nodding and beckoning angrily to the girl.

"You never once mentioned him. He is one of the greatest dandies about Paris: quite a lion," remarks Philip.

"Is he? What a funny little lion! I never thought about him," says Miss Charlotte, quite simply. Oh, ingratitude! ingratitude! And we have told how Mr. Walsingham was crying his eyes out for her.

"She never thought about him?" cries Mrs. Baynes, quite eagerly.

"The piper, is it, you're talking about?" asks papa. "I called him Piper, you see, because he piped so sweetly at ch— Well, my love?"

Mrs. Baynes was nudging her general at this moment. She did not wish that the piper should form the subject of conversation, I suppose.

"The piper's mother is very rich, and the piper will inherit after her. She has a fine house in London. She gives very fine parties. She drives in a great carriage, and she has come

to call upon you, and ask you to her balls, I suppose."

Mrs. Baynes was delighted at this call. And when she said, "I'm sure *I* don't value fine people, or their fine parties, or their fine carriages, but I wish that my dear child should see the world," I don't believe a word which Mrs. Baynes said. She was much more pleased than Charlotte at the idea of visiting this fine lady; or else why should she have coaxed, and wheedled, and been so particularly gracious to the general all the evening? She wanted a new gown. The truth is, her yellow *was* very shabby; whereas Charlotte, in plain white muslin, looked pretty enough to be able to dispense with the aid of any French milliner. I fancy a consultation with madame and Mrs. Bunch. I fancy a fly ordered, and a visit to the milliner's the next day. And when the pattern of the gown is settled with the milliner, I fancy the terror on Mrs. Baynes's wizened face when she ascertains the amount of the bill. To do her justice, the general's wife had spent little upon her own homely person. She chose her gowns ugly, but cheap. There were so many backs to clothe in that family that the thrifty mother did not heed the decoration of her own.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NEC DULCES AMORES SPERNE, PUER, NEQUE TU CHOREAS.

"My dear," Mrs. Baynes said to her daughter, "you are going out a great deal in the world now. You will go to a great number of places where poor Philip can not hope to be admitted."

"Not admit Philip, mamma! Then I'm sure I don't want to go," cries the girl.

"Time enough to leave off going to parties when you can't afford it, and marry him. When I was a lieutenant's wife I didn't go to any parties out of the regiment, my dear!"

"Oh, then, I am sure I shall *never* want to go out!" Charlotte declares.

"You fancy he will always stop at home, I dare say. Men are not all so domestic as your papa. Very few love to stop at home like him. Indeed I may say that I have made his home comfortable. But one thing is clear, my child. Philip can't always expect to go where we go. He is not in the position in life. Recollect, your father is a general officer, C.B., and may be K.C.B. soon, and your mother is a general officer's lady. *We* may go any where. I might have gone to the drawing-room at home if I chose. Lady Biggs would have been delighted to present me. Your aunt has been to the drawing-room, and she is only Mrs. Major MacWhirter; and most absurd it was of Mac to let her go. But she rules him in every thing, and they have no children. I have, goodness knows! I sacrifice myself for my children. You little know what I deny myself for my children. I said to



Lady Biggs, 'No, Lady Biggs; my husband may go. He should go. He has his uniform, and it will cost him nothing except a fly and a bouquet for the man who drives; but *I* will not spend money on myself for the hire of diamonds and feathers, and though I yield in loyalty to *no* person, I dare say my sovereign *won't* miss me.' And I don't think her Majesty did. She has other things to think of besides Mrs. General Baynes, I suppose. She is a mother, and can appreciate a mother's sacrifices for her children."

If I have not hitherto given you detailed reports of Mrs. General Baynes's conversation, I don't think, my esteemed reader, you will be very angry.

"Now, child," the general's lady continued, "let me warn you not to talk much to Philip about those places which you go to without him, and to which his position in life does not allow of his coming. Hide any thing from him? Oh, dear, no! Only for his own good, you understand. I don't tell every thing to your papa. I should only worrit him and vex him. When any thing will please him and make him happy, *then* I tell him. And about Philip. Philip, I must say it, my dear—I must as a mother say it—has his faults. He is an *envious* man. Don't look shocked. He thinks very well of himself; and having been a great deal spoiled, and made too much of in his unhappy father's time, he is so proud and haughty that he *forgets his position*, and thinks he ought to live with the highest society. Had Lord Ringwood left him a fortune, as Philip *led us to expect* when we gave our consent to this most unlucky match—for that my dear child should marry a beggar is most unlucky and most deplorable; I can't help say-

ing so, Charlotte—if I were on my death-bed I couldn't help saying so; and I wish with all my heart we had never seen or heard of him.—There! Don't go off in one of your tantrums! What was I saying, pray? I say that Philip is in no position, or rather in a very, very humble one, which—a mere newspaper-writer and a subaltern too—every body acknowledges to be. And if he hears us talking about our parties to which we have a right to go—to which you have a right to go with your mother, a general officer's lady—why, he'll be offended. He won't like to hear about them and think he can't be invited; and you had better not talk about them at all, or about the people you meet, you dance with. At Mrs. Hely's you may dance with Lord Headbury, the ambassador's son. And if you tell Philip he will be offended. He

will say that you boast about it. When I was only a lieutenant's wife at Barrackpore, Mrs. Captain Capers used to go to Calcutta to the Government House balls. I didn't go. But I was offended, and I used to say that Flora Capers gave herself airs, and was always boasting of her intimacy with the Marchioness of Hastings. We don't like our equals to be better off than ourselves. Mark my words. And if you talk to Philip about the people whom you meet in society, and whom he can't from his unfortunate station expect to know, you will offend him. That was why I nudged you to-day when you were going on about Mr. Hely. Any thing so absurd! I saw Philip getting angry at once, and biting his mustaches, as he always does when he is angry—and swears quite out loud—so vulgar! There! you are going to be angry again, my love; I never saw any thing like you! Is this my Charly who never was angry? I know the world, dear, and you don't. Look at me, how I manage your papa, and I tell you don't talk to Philip about things which offend him! Now, dearest, kiss your poor old mother who loves you. Go up stairs and bathe your eyes, and come down happy to dinner." And at dinner Mrs. General Baynes was uncommonly gracious to Philip: and when gracious she was especially odious to Philip, whose magnanimous nature accommodated itself ill to the wheedling artifices of an ill-bred old woman.

Following this wretched mother's advice, my poor Charlotte spoke scarcely at all to Philip of the parties to which she went, and the amusements which she enjoyed without him. I dare say Mrs. Baynes was quite happy in thinking that she was "guiding" her child rightly. As if a coarse woman, because she is mean, and

greedy, and hypocritical, and fifty years old, has a right to lead a guileless nature into wrong! Ah! if some of us old folks were to go to school to our children, I am sure, madam, it would do us a great deal of good. There is a fund of good sense and honorable feeling about my great grandson Tommy, which is more valuable than all his grandpapa's experience and knowledge of the world. Knowledge of the world forsooth! Compromise, selfishness modified, and double-dealing! Tom disdains a lie: when he wants a peach, he roars for it. If his mother wishes to go to a party, she coaxes, and wheedles, and manages, and smirks, and courtesies for months, in order to get her end; takes twenty rebuffs, and comes up to the scratch again smiling; and this woman is forever lecturing her daughters, and preaching to her sons upon virtue, honesty, and moral behavior!

Mrs. Hely's little party at the Hôtel de la Terrasse was very pleasant and bright; and Miss Charlotte enjoyed it, although her swain was not present. But Philip was pleased that his little Charlotte should be happy. She beheld with wonderment Parisian duchesses, American millionaires, dandies from the embassies, deputies and peers of France with large stars and wigs like papa. She gayly described her party to Philip; described, that is to say, every thing but her own success, which was undoubted. There were many beauties at Mrs. Hely's, but nobody fresher or prettier. The Miss Blacklocks retired very early and in the worst possible temper. Prince Slyboots did not in the least heed their going away. His thoughts were all fixed upon little Charlotte. Charlotte's mamma saw the impression which the girl made, and was filled with a hungry joy. Good-natured Mrs. Hely complimented her on her daughter. "Thank God, she is as good as she is pretty," said the mother, I am sure speaking seriously this time regarding her daughter. Prince Slyboots danced with scarce any body else. He raised a perfect whirlwind of compliments round about her. She was quite a simple person, and did not understand one-tenth part of what he said to her. He strewed her path with roses of poesy: he scattered garlands of sentiment before her all the way from the ante-chamber down stairs, and so to the fly which was in waiting to take her and her parents home to the boarding-house. "By George, Charlotte, I think you have smitten that fellow!" cried the general, who was infinitely amused by young Hely—his raptures, his affectations, his long hair, and what Baynes called his low dress. A slight white tape and a ruby button confined Hely's neck. His hair waved over his shoulders. Baynes had never seen such a specimen. At the mess of the stout 120th the lads talked of their dogs, horses, and sport. A young civilian, smattering in poetry, chattering in a dozen languages, scented, smiling, perfectly at ease with himself and the world, was a novelty to the old officer.

And now the Queen's birthday arrived—and

that it may arrive for many scores of years yet to come is, I am sure, the prayer of all the contributors and all the readers of the *Cornhill*—and with it his Excellency Lord Estridge's grand annual fête in honor of his sovereign. A card for their ball was left at Madame Smolensk's, for General, Mrs., and Miss Baynes; and no doubt Monsieur Slyboots Walsingham Hely was the artful agent by whom the invitation was forwarded. Once more the general's veteran uniform came out from the tin-box with its dingy epaulets and little cross and ribbon. His wife urged on him strongly the necessity of having a new wig, wigs being very cheap and good at Paris—but Baynes said a new wig would make his old coat look very shabby: and a new uniform would cost more money than he would like to afford. So shabby he went *de cape à pied*, with a moulting feather, a threadbare suit, a tarnished wig, and a worn-out lace, *sibi constans*. Boots, trowsers, sash, coat, were all old and worse for wear, and "faith," says he, "my face follows suit." A brave, silent man was Baynes, with a twinkle of humor in his lean, wrinkled face.

And if General Baynes was shabbily attired at the Embassy ball, I think I know a friend of mine who was shabby too. In the days of his prosperity Mr. Philip was *parcus cultor et infrequens* of balls, routs, and ladies' company. Perhaps because his father was angered at Philip's neglect of his social advantages and indifference as to success in the world, Philip was the more neglectful and indifferent. The elder's comedy-smiles, and solemn, hypocritical politeness, caused scorn and revolt on the part of the younger man. Philip despised the humbug, and the world to which such humbug could be welcome. He kept aloof from tea-parties then: his evening-dress clothes served him for a long time. I can not say how old his dress-coat was at the time of which we are writing. But he had been in the habit of respecting that garment, and considering it new and handsome for many years past. Meanwhile the coat had shrunk, or its wearer had grown stouter; and his grand embroidered, embossed, illuminated, carved and gilt velvet dress waistcoat, too, had narrowed, had become absurdly tight and short, and I dare say was the laughing-stock of many of Philip's acquaintances, while he himself, poor simple fellow! was fancying that it was a most splendid article of apparel. You know in the Palais Royal they hang out the most splendid reach-me-down dressing-gowns, waistcoats, and so forth. "No," thought Philip, coming out of his cheap dining-house, and swaggering along the arcades, and looking at the tailors' shops, with his hands in his pockets. "My brown velvet dress waistcoat with the gold sprigs, which I had made at college, is a much more tasty thing than these gaudy ready-made articles. And my coat is old certainly, but the brass buttons are still very bright and handsome, and, in fact, is a most becoming and gentlemanlike thing." And under this delusion the honest



PRINCE SLYBOOTS.

fellow dressed himself in his old clothes, lighted a pair of candles, and looked at himself with satisfaction in the looking-glass, drew on a pair of cheap gloves which he had bought, walked by the Quays, and over the Deputies' Bridge, across the Place Louis XV., and strutted up the Fau-

bourg St. Honoré to the Hotel of the British Embassy. A half-mile *queue* of carriages was formed along the street, and of course the entrance to the hotel was magnificently illuminated.

A plague on those cheap gloves! Why had

not Philip paid three francs for a pair of gloves, instead of twenty-nine sous? Mrs. Baynes had found a capital cheap glove shop, whither poor Phil had gone in the simplicity of his heart; and now, as he went in under the grand illuminated *porte-cochère*, Philip saw that the gloves had given way at the thumbs, and that his hands appeared through the rents, as red as raw beef-steaks. It is wonderful how red hands will look through holes in white gloves. "And there's that hole in my boot, too," thought Phil; but he had put a little ink over the seam, and so the rent was imperceptible. The coat and waistcoat were tight, and of a past age. Never mind. The chest was broad, the arms were muscular and long, and Phil's face, in the midst of a halo of fair hair and flaming whiskers, looked brave, honest, and handsome. For a while his eyes wandered fiercely and restlessly all about the room from group to group; but now—ah! now—they were settled. They had met another pair of eyes, which lighted up with glad welcome when they beheld him. Two young cheeks mantled with a sweet blush. These were Charlotte's cheeks; and hard by them were mamma's, of a very different color. But Mrs. General Baynes had a knowing turban on, and a set of garnets round her old neck, like gooseberries set in gold.

They admired the rooms: they heard the names of the great folks who arrived, and beheld many famous personages. They made their courtesies to the embassadress. Confusion! With a great *rip*, the thumb of one of those cheap gloves of Philip's parts company from the rest of the glove, and he is obliged to wear it crumpled up in his hand: a dreadful mishap—for he is going to dance with Charlotte, and he will have to give his hand to the *vis-à-vis*.

Who comes up smiling, with a low neck, with waving curls and whiskers, pretty little hands exquisitely gloved, and tiny feet? 'Tis Hely Walsingham, lightest in the dance. Most affably does Mrs. General Baynes greet the young fellow. Very brightly and happily do Charlotte's eyes glance toward her favorite partner. It is certain that poor Phil can't hope at all to dance like Hely. "And see what nice neat feet and hands he has got," says Mrs. Baynes. "*Comme il est bien ganté!*" A gentleman ought to be always well gloved."

"Why did you send me to the twenty-nine-sous shop?" says Poor Phil, looking at his tattered hand-shoes, and red obtrusive thumb.

"Oh you!"—(here Mrs. Baynes shrugs her yellow old shoulders). "*Your* hands would burst through any gloves! How do you do, Mr. Hely! Is your mamma here? Of course she is! What a delightful party she gave us! The dear embassadress looks quite unwell—most pleasing manners, I am sure; and Lord Estridge, what a perfect gentleman!"

The Bayneses were just come. For what dance was Miss Baynes disengaged? "As many as ever you like!" cries Charlotte, who, in fact, called Hely her little dancing-master,

and never thought of him except as a partner. "Oh, too much happiness! Oh that this could last forever!" sighed Hely, after a waltz, polka, mazurka, I know not what, and fixing on Charlotte the full blaze of his beauteous blue eyes. "Forever?" cries Charlotte, laughing. "I'm very fond of dancing, indeed. And you dance beautifully. But I don't know that I should like to dance forever." Ere the words are over he is whirling her round the room again. His little feet fly with surprising agility. His hair floats behind him. He scatters odors as he spins. The handkerchief with which he fans his pale brow is like a cloudy film of muslin; and poor old Philip sees with terror that *his* pocket-handkerchief has got three great holes in it. His nose and one eye appeared through one of the holes while Phil was wiping his forehead. It was very hot. He was very hot. He was hotter, though standing still, than young Hely, who was dancing. "He! he! I compliment you on your gloves and your handkerchief, I'm sure," sniggers Mrs. Baynes, with a toss of her turban. Has it not been said that a bull is a strong, courageous, and noble animal, but a bull in a china-shop is not in his place? "There you go. Thank you! I wish you'd go somewhere else," cries Mrs. Baynes, in a fury. Poor Philip's foot has just gone through her flounce. How red he is! how much hotter than ever! There go Hely and Charlotte, whirling round like two opera-dancers! Philip grinds his teeth, he buttons his coat across his chest. How very tight it feels! How savagely his eyes glare! Do young men still look savage and solemn at balls? An ingenuous young Englishman ought to do that duty of dancing, of course. Society calls upon him. But I doubt whether he ought to look cheerful during the performance, or flippantly engage in so grave a matter.

As Charlotte's sweet round face beamed smiles upon Philip over Hely's shoulders, it looked so happy that he never thought of grudging her her pleasure: and happy he might have remained in this contemplation, regarding not the circle of dancers who were galloping and whirling on at their usual swift rate, but her, who was the centre of all joy and pleasure for him, when suddenly a shrill voice was heard behind him, crying, "Get out of the way, hang you!" and suddenly there bounced against him Ringwood Twysden, pulling Miss Flora Trotter round the room, one of the most powerful and intrepid dancers of that season at Paris. They hurtled past Philip; they shot him forward against a pillar. He heard a screech, an oath, and another loud laugh from Twysden, and beheld the scowls of Miss Trotter as that rapid creature bumped at length into a place of safety.

I told you about Philip's coat. It was very tight. The daylight had long been struggling to make an entry at the seams. As he staggered up against the wall, crack! went a great hole at his back; and crack! one of his gold buttons came off, leaving a rent in his chest. It was in those days when gold buttons still lin-

gered on the breasts of some brave men, and we have said simple Philip still thought his coat a fine one.

There was not only a rent of the seam, there was not only a burst button, but there was also a rip in Philip's rich cut-velvet waistcoat, with the gold sprigs, which he thought so handsome—a great, heart-rending scar. What was to be done? Retreat was necessary. He told Miss Charlotte of the hurt he had received, whose face wore a very comical look of pity at his misadventure—he covered part of his wound with his gibbous hat—and he thought he would try and make his way out by the garden of the hotel, which, of course, was illuminated, and bright, and crowded, but not so very bright and crowded as the saloons, galleries, supper-rooms, and halls of gilded light in which the company for the most part assembled.

So our poor wounded friend wandered into the garden, over which the moon was shining with the most blank indifference at the fiddling, feasting, and parti-colored lamps. He says that his mind was soothed by the aspect of yonder placid moon and twinkling stars, and that he had altogether forgotten his trumpery little accident and torn coat and waistcoat; but I doubt about the entire truth of this statement, for there have been some occasions when he, Mr. Philip, has mentioned the subject, and owned that he was mortified and in a rage.

Well, he went into the garden, and was calming himself by contemplating the stars, when, just by that fountain where there is Pradier's little statue of—Moses in the Bulrushes, let us say—round which there was a beautiful row of illuminated lamps, lighting up a great coronal of flowers, which my dear readers are at liberty to select and arrange according to their own exquisite taste—near this little fountain he found three gentlemen talking together.

The high voice of one Philip could hear, and knew from old days. Ringwood Twysden, Esquire, always liked to talk and to excite himself with other persons' liquor. He had been drinking the Sovereign's health with great assiduity, I suppose, and was exceedingly loud and happy. With Ringwood was Mr. Woolcombe, whose countenance the lamps lit up in a fine, lurid manner, and whose eyeballs gleamed in the twilight; and the third of the group was our young friend Mr. Lowndes.

"I owed him one, you see, Lowndes," said Mr. Ringwood Twysden. "I hate the fellow! Hang him, always did! I saw the great hulkin' brute standin' there. Couldn't help myself. Give you my honor, couldn't help myself. I just drove Miss Trotter at him—sent her elbow well into him, and spun him up against the wall. The buttons cracked off the beggar's coat, begad! What business had he there, hang him? Gad, Sir, he made a cannon off an old woman in blue, and went into....."

Here Mr. Ringwood's speech came to an end: for his cousin stood before him, grim and biting his mustaches.

"Hullo!" piped the other. "Who wants you to overhear my conversation? Dammy, I say! I....."

Philip put out that hand with the torn glove. The glove was in a dreadful state of disruption now. He worked the hand well into his kinsman's neck, and twisting Ringwood round into a proper position, brought that poor old broken boot so to bear upon the proper quarter that Ringwood was discharged into the little font, and lighted amidst the flowers, and the water, and the oil-lamps, and made a dreadful mess and splutter among them. And as for Philip's coat, it was torn worse than ever.

I don't know how many of the brass buttons had revolted and parted company from the poor old cloth, which cracked, and split, and tore under the agitation of that beating, angry bosom. I hope our artist will not depict Mr. Firmin in this ragged state, a great rent all across his back, and his prostrate enemy lying howling in the water, amidst the sputtering, crashing oil-lamps at his feet. When Cinderella quitted her first ball, just after the clock struck twelve, we all know how shabby she looked. Philip was a still more disreputable object when he slunk away. I don't know by what side door Mr. Lowndes eliminated him. He also benevolently took charge of Philip's kinsman and antagonist, Mr. Ringwood Twysden. Mr. Twysden's hands, coat-tails, etc., were very much singed and scalded by the oil, and cut by the broken glass, which was all extracted at the Beaujon Hospital, but not without much suffering on the part of the patient. But though young Lowndes spoke up for Philip, in describing the scene (I fear not without laughter), his Excellency caused Mr. Firmin's name to be erased from his party lists: and I am sure no sensible man will defend his conduct for a moment.

Of this lamentable fracas which occurred in the Hotel Garden, Miss Baynes and her parents had no knowledge for a while. Charlotte was too much occupied with her dancing, which she pursued with all her might; papa was at cards with some sober male and female veterans, and mamma was looking with delight at her daughter, whom the young gentlemen of many embassies were charmed to choose for a partner. When Lord Headbury, Lord Estridge's son, was presented to Miss Baynes, her mother was so elated that she was ready to dance too. I do not envy Mrs. Major MacWhirter at Tours the perusal of that immense manuscript in which her sister recorded the events of the ball. Here was Charlotte, beautiful, elegant, accomplished, *admired every where*, with young men, young noblemen of immense property and expectations, *wild about her*; and engaged by a promise to a rude, ragged, *presumptuous*, ill-bred young man, *without a penny in the world*—wasn't it provoking? Ah, poor Philip! How that little sour, yellow mother-in-law elect did scowl at him when he came with rather a shamefaced look to pay his duty to his sweet-heart on the day after

the ball! Mrs. Baynes had caused her daughter to dress with extra smartness, had forbidden the poor child to go out, and coaxed her, and wheedled her, and dressed her with I know not what ornaments of her own, with a fond expectation that Lord Headbury, that the yellow young Spanish *attaché*, that the sprightly Prussian secretary, and Walsingham Hely, Charlotte's partners at the ball, would certainly call; and the only equipage that appeared at Madame Smolensk's gate was a hack cab, which drove up at evening, and out of which poor Philip's well-known, tattered boots came striding. Such a fond mother as Mrs. Baynes may well have been out of humor.

As for Philip, he was unusually shy and modest. He did not know in what light his friends would regard his escapade of the previous evening. He had been sitting at home all the morning in state, and in company with a Polish colonel, who lived in his hotel, and whom Philip had selected to be his second in case the battle of the previous night should have any suite. He had left that colonel in company with a bag of tobacco and an order for unlimited beer, while he himself ran up to catch a glimpse of his beloved. The Bayneses had not heard of the battle of the previous night. They were full of the ball, of Lord Estridge's affability, of the Golconda ambassador's diamonds, of the appearance of the royal princes who honored the fête, of the most fashionable Paris talk, in a word. Philip was scolded, snubbed, and coldly received by mamma; but he was used to that sort of treatment, and greatly relieved by finding that she was unacquainted with his own disorderly behavior. He did not tell Charlotte about the quarrel: a knowledge of it might alarm the little maiden; and so for once our friend was discreet, and held his tongue.

But if he had any influence with the editor of *Galignani's Messenger*, why did he not entreat the conductors of that admirable journal to forego all mention of the fracas at the embassy ball? Two days after the fête, I am sorry to say, there appeared a paragraph in the paper narrating the circumstances of the fight. And the guilty Philip found a copy of that paper on the table before Mrs. Baynes and the general when he came to the Champs Elysées according to his wont. Behind that paper sate Major-General Baynes, C.B., looking confused, and beside him his lady frowning like Rhadamanthus. But no Charlotte was in the room.

COLONEL BAKER.

RIVERS form no less striking features in the pictures of history than in the face of nature. When dignified by the passage of armies, their course runs broadening through fame. The crossing of the Rubicon by the legions of the bankrupt Roman centuries ago, has given to the rhetoric of the world a metaphor crystallized into the ordinary speech of men who never heard of the Gallic war. We never realized that the

shock of arms was coming between the Sardinian King and the Austrian Kaiser until the troops of Francis-Joseph stood on the Italian brink of the Ticino. The Danube, the Elbe, and the Po run through their ancient dominions sad with the memories of slaughter and of battles.

Hitherto the western world has had no dower of associations to link with its streams. The peaceful charms of growing opulence and advancing arts were all that hallowed our rivers after we had forgotten our vague traditions of savage ambuscade and midnight massacre. But they can never again claim that happy immunity from the red suggestions of strife. The waters of the Missouri are darkening with a tint more deep than the amber of the mountains; the Mississippi will soon become the sepulchre of heroes; and the fair ripples of the Potomac, that have never blushed before except with the dalliance of the evening sunlight streaming rosily over the Virginian hills, will henceforth flow grimly into history stained with the costliest blood of the land. As if the significance of the forward movement of the armies of the republic were not enough to stamp the crossing of the river indelibly into the mind of the world, the noblest lives in the army were sacrificed at Alexandria and Ball's Bluff, whose fame will rescue the event from all the possibilities of oblivion. The boast of Virginians becomes justified, and the ground becomes "sacred soil," when hallowed by blood like that of Elmer Ellsworth and Edward Dickinson Baker. These heroic men, falling gloriously on the southern shore of the dividing river, call eloquently to their countrymen who, pressing on to avenge them, are too busy to weep for them. Not now shall their history be written. When the storm is overpast, and peace brings leisure for eulogy, it will be time to tell the story and educe the lessons of their lives. To posterity, therefore, we will intrust the work of worthily honoring the dead Senator. At present we can only snatch from forgetfulness the simple facts of his life, and say what manner of man we have lost. The scattered garlands which affection to-day is casting upon his grave shall be hereafter gathered and woven into unfading chaplet of enduring fame. "Forget not the faithful dead" was the pathetic adjuration of the dying warrior-poet Körner; and it is ill for a republic when its martyrs begin to be forgotten.

EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER, United States Senator from Oregon, who died in battle near Conrad's Ferry on the 21st day of October, 1861, was born in the city of London on the 24th day of February, in the year 1811. His father, Edward Baker, was a man of education and refinement. His mother was the sister of Captain Thomas Dickinson of the British navy, an officer of great ability and distinction, who fought under Collingwood at Trafalgar. When Edward was four years of age his family came to America and lived for about ten years in the city of Philadelphia. He always fondly remembered his residence in Philadelphia, and his citizenship

was through life, both to him and to Philadelphians, a source of mutual pride.

Early in the spring of the year 1825 the elder Baker, impelled by that spirit of restless adventure and enterprise that seems the heritage of all the race, gathered up his household gods and turned his face once more to the sunset. Over the trackless mountains, along the strange rivers, through the still wildernesses where life was bursting into beauty and bloom, he journeyed until, tired of wandering, he rested in the rich valley of the Wabash. Only a little while though; for in a year or so we find him at the pleasant old town of Belleville, in the county of St. Clair, the earliest settled of all Central Illinois, filled with a population more wealthy and refined than that which settled in the Southern peninsula between the Mississippi and the Ohio, or that which fought and traded along the Illinois and Rock rivers. Most of the educational and social advantages of the State clustered at that early day around the villages facing the trading station that Laclède had built and called St. Louis, and those that nestled cozily in the winding valley of Kaskaskia. In later years these towns have lost their ancient prosperity, and all that reminds the visitor of what has been is the dignified idleness of the men and the still, proud beauty of the women.

Finding in the good county of St. Clair a congenial social atmosphere, the elder Baker pitched there his tent, and opened an academy for boys, which he continued with great success for many years, conducting it upon a system of instruction then called the Lancasterian plan. His son, Edward, then a handsome lad of fifteen, by the grace and dignity of his bearing, by his personal beauty, and by the astonishing charm of conversation which even at that early day distinguished him, became a general favorite in the best society there. He was always received with kindness in the family of Governor Edwards, a magnificent old gentleman in fair top-boots and ruffled wristbands, who added to a character of great generosity and executive ability the *grand Seigneur* airs of the Old School. Young Baker availed himself with avidity of the treasures of the Governor's library, the best in the State. He was always a ravenous reader. He had one of those rare memories—wax to receive, and marble to retain. He was indebted to its trustiness and quickness for much of his success as a debater. He was rarely mistaken, and never at fault for a fact or an allusion. Thus reading and remembering, dreaming and growing, he passed the pleasant days in pleasant Belleville, in congenial study and edifying society. He took much interest in the political contests that convulsed the State upon the old and always mischievous question of Slavery—in which, singularly enough, Northern and Eastern men favored the introduction of Slavery, while the Governor and his Kentucky associates opposed it. By their untiring efforts Slavery was prohibited, and Illinois remained a free State.

From Belleville young Baker went to Carroll-

ton, in Greene County, a town of less social culture, though filled with a wealthy and sterling population. Here he studied law in the office of Judge Caverly, and practiced for some time with indifferent success. He married here a lady of high character and position, who still survives him, in desolation and sorrow, on the far shore of the Pacific Ocean.

He removed to Springfield, afterward the capital city of the State, in 1835. In 1837, when Dan Stone—the member who joined Abraham Lincoln in what his opponents styled the “Abolition protest”—resigned his seat in the Legislature to assume a place on the Supreme Bench, Baker was elected to fill the vacancy thus created, and re-elected soon thereafter. He paid little attention to Legislative business; was often out of his seat, and more pleasantly employed. He was, however, always called on when an obnoxious measure was to be defeated or an opponent demolished. He mastered details with great ease when he cared, but he did not often care. He was State Senator from 1840 to 1844, defeating in the canvass John Calhoun, who afterward became memorable on account of an election manœuvre in Kansas not wholly unconnected with candle-boxes.

All this time he was applying himself assiduously to the practice of law. His infallible memory, his quickness of perception, and his ardent eloquence, were powerful agencies in the management of juries, and were usually successful against the most determined energy and labor. His bonhomie and impetuosity of delivery were irresistible to Western men; and his Kentucky admirers delighted to liken him to the great lights of the Southwestern bar, Barry and Grundy. He was fortunate in being associated with men of industry and learning, such as Judge Logan, the Nestor of the profession in Illinois; M. Hay; and, for a while, Albert T. Bledsoe, lately Assistant Secretary of War in the Southern Confederacy.

It would be hard to find in any backwoods town, at the period of which I have been speaking, a coterie of equal ability and equal possibilities with those who plead, and wrangled, and electioneered together in Springfield. Logan, one of the finest examples of the purely legal mind that the West has ever produced; M'Dougal, who afterward sought El Dorado; Bissell, and Shields, and Baker, brothers in arms and in council, the flower of the Western chivalry, and the brightest examples of Western oratory; Trumbull, then as now, with a mind pre-eminently cool, crystalline, sagacious; Douglas, heart of oak and brain of fire, of energy and undaunted courage unparalleled, ambition insatiate and aspiration unsleeping; Lincoln, then as afterward, thoughtful, and honest, and brave, conscious of great capabilities and quietly sure of the future, before all his peers in a broad humanity, and in that prophetic lift of spirit that saw the triumph of principles then dimly discovered in the contest that was to come.

Baker was elected to Congress in 1844, from

the Sangamon District. He occupied his seat there, serving with distinction, when the Mexican war broke out. Though opposed to the war in its inception, the call of his country was imperative to him. There was something in his veins that would not let him be quiet when there was fighting going on. He had had some little experience of soldiering in the Black Hawk War—as who had not? Lincoln was a captain there, Robert Anderson and Jefferson Davis were together in an expedition up the Mississippi, and Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis probably bivouacked together in the Iowa forests and dreamed of battles by the dying fire.

Baker left Washington and came to Springfield and called a thousand young men around him. They were immediately accepted by the Government as the "Fourth Illinois," and embarked for the war. Arriving at Matamoras, on the discovery of dangerous irregularities that absolutely demanded attention, Colonel Baker was sent to Washington as a bearer of dispatches. When he came there Congress was in session. He availed himself of his right of membership, and in a speech of great fire and force he plead the cause of the Volunteers, then resigned his seat, and went back to the war. He joined his regiment in time to share in the victorious termination of the siege of Vera Cruz. He advanced into the interior with the main body of Scott's army, and gained an opportunity for hot work at Cerro Gordo. When Shields's Brigade had turned the Mexican position in the rear of the mountain, and the column emerged from the chaparral into the Jalapa road, a concealed battery suddenly opened with deadly effect upon the Illinoisans. Shields fell with a hurt in his breast large enough to let out the life of any man but him; and Baker, without an instant's confusion or hesitation, took command of the brigade, and charged magnificently upon the enemy's guns, taking the position which enabled him to cut off the retreat, and completing the utter rout of the Mexican army. It was in reference to this incident, and in remembrance of the conduct of Burnett's regiment, that he said, last April, in Union Square, "I know what New York can do when her blood is up."

He was succeeded in his Congressional District by Abraham Lincoln, and shortly thereafter he removed to Galena, up in the lead-mines. The inevitable popularity that always attended his footsteps like a shadow followed him into the North, and placed him in Congress again within a very few months after his arrival in Galena. It is impossible for people living in cities, or in the heart of a dense population, to form any adequate conception of the intense affection and eager interest that a handsome, jolly, eloquent, and discreet partisan leader excites among his constituency of the backwoods. The rural school-houses and groves form the arena of his triumphs. His wit is rewarded by hearty laughter, and his eloquence by yells of approbation. Where excitements are few, a popular orator, who can make men laugh and cry, be-

comes entwined with their sluggish, emotional natures, and a speech is to them not an incident of an evening, but the event of a week. They show their appreciation of him by always designating him by some affectionate and slightly depreciatory epithet, which, though at first annoying, becomes in time a badge of honor and a cry of onset. They are hardly the most elegant names to go into the measures of history, but no titles have ever been more lovingly given than Honest Old Abe—the Little Giant—Old Tippecanoe—Old Zack—the Old Wheel-Horse. In this power of enchaining the love of a people, who though rude are always manly, and never grow maudlin in their devotion, but retain in their utterances of praise the privilege of judicious abuse, Baker was unparalleled. Though free from all degrading vices, the worst men loved him; and the rough dwellers in the mines and the timber came eagerly to hear him discourse of things above the reaches of their souls.

He served these last years in the House of Representatives with great industry and success. His principal oratorical effort of these days was the pathetic and musical eulogy he pronounced at the death of his old commander, when the honest and sagacious old warrior went to heaven from the Executive mansion. Declining a reelection, his restless and original brain fastened upon a project as wild as it was engaging. Forming a business connection with the Panama Railroad Company, he sent a body of four hundred men under his brother, the genial and talented Dr. Alfred Baker, soon following them himself. Those who have read the narrative of Lieutenant Strain, where the intensity of suffering charms while you shudder, may form an idea of the dispiriting experiences of this little band. In the depth of the matted rankness of the forests—on the humid banks of sluggish rivers—lying in the night amidst the tangled luxuriance of the wilderness—the moist splendors of tropical summer around them, and the wild voices of tropical and savage life in the pathless jungles filling the unquiet air—one by one they sunk beneath the insidious beguiling of the malarious atmosphere, and the Northern strength melted in the Southern fervors. At last their untiring leader fell sick, nearly unto death, and his brother brought him tenderly home, to see familiar skies and breathe the honest air of the prairies again.

He recovered slowly: but his heart leaned always westward. It is men like him that form the dazzling crest of the foremost wave of emigration, that never ceases to roll onward till caught and shattered into quiet by impassable boundaries. He went to California in 1852. The wild tumult of earlier years had begun to settle into the habitudes of civilized life, and the arts of peace had begun to supplant the savageries of nature. People were arriving at that point of social and moral development when they thought, on the whole, it was as well to litigate a claim as to fight about it. Retainers

began to supplant revolvers, and briefs to supply the place of bowies: which was a bad thing for surgeons, and a very good one for lawyers.

Among the lawyers of California Baker was easily chief. The astonishing ease and felicity of his diction, his marvelous quickness of apprehension, bred a careless habit in him that often exposed him to the charge of indolence and superficiality. There never was a greater mistake, though this delusion is one very frequently entertained in the case of men of great sprightliness of mind. Baker never neglected or slighted his business. His cases required little hard work, but they always received it. There was nothing slovenly or heedless about any of his habits of thought. His pleadings were always eminently safe, and his forensic harangues were models of perspicuity and force, without ornament or verbiage. His popularity increased with his success. He took his place at once, almost without effort, at the head of the profession in the State. A large proportion of all important civil causes were brought to him; and those social philosophers whose principles, embodied in practice, ran counter to the established prejudices of courts and statutes became imbued with a kind of superstitious confidence in his powers. There was certainly nothing lacking in Baker to the perfect advocate if he had cared to become so. His fascinating power with juries—his clear analytic processes of thought—his torrent of tempestuous eloquence, made him well-nigh irresistible. His success was commensurate with his powers.

He was popular in California, in spite of his politics. It was not possible for a man of such positive and aggressive character to seek power and position by subserviency to the prejudices of the people. By ancient affiliations, by accustomed habits of thought, by strong instincts of a liberal philanthropy, he was identified with the party opposed to the extension of slavery. In those early days the population of the Golden State had not yet perfectly polarized its constituent elements upon this subject of slavery. The free State colonists were largely, of course, in the ascendant; but a majority of them, led by the old traditions of organization, joined with the Southern residents on the question of propagandism. The majority was thus hopelessly against the Republicans when their party, struggling from the ashes of old defeats, unfurled the banner of Free Soil upon the Pacific shore. But there never was a fight more dauntless than that made by the forlorn hope of Republicans—Baker, Stanford, Nunes, Tracy, and a handful of followers—in the diggings and ranches of California. There was none of that sleepy security that characterizes the wordy wars of Eastern tribunes. When a man went to talk for Frémont among the squatters of Mariposa, or inveigh against slavery among the refuse ruffianism of the Gulf that haunted Yuba and Sonoma, or expound a hated doctrine to the desperadoes of Tuolumne, he took his life in his hand, and considered his pistols and knife as necessary companions as his pamphlets and papers. And who

was so qualified as Baker for a strife like this? His geniality beguiled as much as his courage impressed. Because he was always known to be ready for a fight, it was never necessary. He won the hearts of the rough people who cursed his doctrine, and his name became coupled in the mouths of the mountaineers with every expletive of profane admiration. He was utterly at home on the hustings. Those who are acquainted only with his grave senatorial efforts can form no adequate idea of the ready, sparkling, ebullient wit—the glancing and playful satire, mirthful while merciless—the keen syllogisms—and the sharp sophisms, whose fallacies, though undiscoverable, were perplexing—and the sudden splendors of eloquence that formed the wonderful charm of his backwoods harangues. His fame became coextensive with the coast; and the people, in allusion to “the good gray head which all men knew,” used to call him the “Gray Eagle.”

Years passed on, and Baker made money and friends in California. At last the great party of the North became divided on the interminably vexing question of slavery in the Territories. Broderick—one of the truest diamonds that ever existed in the rough—after battling with unavailing pluck for what he deemed truth and justice in the Senate, came back to rally his clansmen for conflict with a haughty and implacable organization. Here was a conflict that at once enlisted all the soul of Baker. It was not so forlorn in prospect as his former one, and a glimmer of hope is very inspiring in politics. A coalition was effected between the Republicans and the Douglas Democrats, by which Baker and McKibbin became the candidates for Congress against the distinctive proslavery men. The story of that well-fought campaign was not a particularly pleasant one. It was like all sudden insurrections of free thought and manhood against powerful and disciplined tyranny. The Broderick ticket was defeated, and the baffled Senator was bullied into a criminal folly that his better judgment condemned, and was slain. His last words were, “They have killed me because I was opposed to the extension of slavery and a corrupt Administration.”

The words and the event fell heavily on the heart of the nation. Far more crushingly they rested on the saddened spirits of his friends. The dull heaviness of their grief forbade parade, and made ceremony mockery. The American mind runs naturally to committees when great men fall. But there was that within the hearts of Broderick's friends, like the anguish of the royal Dane, “passing show.” By common consent Baker was the funeral orator. With none of the ordinary accessories of solemn burials, the dead Senator lay in the great square of the city, and the saddened people flocked silently to the scene. From all the streets of the crowded town they gathered in the hush of the autumnal noon, till the square was filled with the mourning multitudes, whispering with lowered voices

of the virtues of the departed, and striving to come near enough to gaze upon the calm features of the murdered tribune, turned stonily to the brightness of the skies. Aloft the church bells were jangling mournfully, and their wild lament, floating down to earth, deepened the emotion of the hour. As their ringing vibrated into silence the voice of the orator stole out upon the air, tremulous with tender feeling and musical with the memories of dead friendship. The mind of the mighty multitude, softened by the excitement of their sorrow, lay plastic to his hand, and for an hour the homage of tears and sobs was paid to Baker's genius and Broderick's memory, until he ended in those grandly pathetic words, whose touching music breathes alike the abandon of sorrow and the joy of ultimate fame:

"The last word must be spoken, and the imperious mandate of death must be fulfilled. Thus, O brave heart! we bear thee to thy rest. Thus, surrounded by tens of thousands, we leave thee to the equal grave. As in life, no other voice among us so rang its trumpet blast upon the ear of freemen, so in death its echoes will reverberate amidst our mountains and our valleys until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart.

"Good friend! true hero! hail and farewell!"

It is worth while to die if one could be mourned so gloriously.

After the death of Broderick and the impunity of his murderer, Baker, as if to free himself from the haunting presence of the unatoned crime, went to Oregon. He entered with all his might into the election of 1859 in that State, working with his usual self-forgetting energy for David Logan, a young friend from Springfield. Logan, though making a most brilliant canvass, was defeated for Congress; but the Legislature was carried, and Baker, who had by this time become the Republican party of Oregon, was proposed for the Senate. As soon as it became apparent that a Republican would be elected, the opposition, unused to any thing but victory, and unable in any other way to baffle defeat, "took to the bush," and actually spent several days in the tall timber to prevent an election being held. The sergeant-at-arms organized a hunting party, and going into the woods soon bagged enough for a quorum, and Baker was elected to the Senate of the United States. He had at last attained the summit of political ambition. As far as his nativity would permit him to be honored, he had been. He had arrived at the goal of a brilliant career before he had completed his half-century of years. And the end was not far.

Coming to California, on his way to the East, he scattered his perfect and jewel-like speeches all along his route. One evening, in San Francisco, after it had been surmised that his being elected by a coalition would induce lukewarmness of sentiment and expression, he took occasion to renew his fealty to the principles of his life. I do not think this wonderful speech

was ever reported. Every word of it seemed to flame and sparkle with the miraculous fire of genius. It brought the audience to their feet. The very spirit of liberty seemed ennobled by his apostrophe.

He at once took his place among the foremost debaters of the Senate. For the first time in his life he was placed in a position which was entirely appropriate to him. The decorum and courtesy that usually marks the intercourse of Senators was most grateful to his habits of thought and feeling. The higher range of discussion, and the more cultivated tone of sentiment and discourse prevalent there, gave him an opportunity, that all his life had lacked, of doing his best among his equals. Among these refined members of the most august of representative assemblies, there was none more courteous, more polished, than this Western lawyer, this rouser of the dwellers in the backwoods. He shed honor enough upon Oregon to atone even for General Lane.

Let it be remembered to his lasting praise, now that he is gone, in proof of the paternal and cherishing interest which he always exhibited in behalf of the common soldiers, that he exerted himself to the utmost in procuring the late increase in the rations of the rank and file. The heightened health and comfort of our brave soldiery will be the best monument to his wise forethought and liberal humanity.

In fervid, impressive oratory—in that peculiar ability which starts a man to his feet unprepared, and enables him to always do himself justice in the hurry and glow of debate, it would be hard to say what equal Baker has left in the Senate. His mind was always fully determined upon questions at issue. His convictions were firm and ardent. His opulence of expression and imagery was absolutely inexhaustible. Other men, upon the frame-work of a great idea, by labor and toil produce finished orations, and when they are done, however ornate, the fulfillment is found to lag behind the intention. But Baker never labored and never pondered; and so powerful and ready were the processes of his mind, so rich the resources of his imagination, and so warm and glowing the fervors of his spirit, that the creations of his genius came forth in the full perfection of their finished grace and beauty, with a light and a life and a color fairer than he had known.

He was especially great upon great occasions. He was a man whom the subtle magnetism of events always inspired. Those who heard will surely never forget the magnificent burst of red-hot rhetoric with which he electrified the crowding thousands that filled Union Square last April. It was a mighty assemblage—great in numbers—tremendous in earnestness—awful in aroused enthusiasm. We saw that day how hard it was for common men to address that crowd. Some simply raved, mastered by emotion. Some, wishing to be solemn, prosed. There were few who could ride on that whirlwind and direct that storm. Baker was one.

From the instant when his graceful form was discovered on the stand—his handsome face, pale but quiet; his eye fierce in its brilliancy; his white hair crowning the splendid head like a halo; and the tones of his clear, firm voice rang out on the air in the words, "The majesty of the people is here to-day to sustain the majesty of the Constitution"—to the moment when he closed in a gust of passionate plaudits, he held the audience fettered and still. A visible thrill ran through the dense mass when, in closing, he consecrated himself anew to the service of his country in these words of exquisite melody:

"And if from the far Pacific a voice, feebler than the feeblest murmur upon its shore, may be heard to give you courage and hope in the contest, that voice is yours to-day; and if a man whose hair is gray, who is well-nigh worn out in the battle and toil of life, may pledge himself on such an occasion and in such an audience, let me say—as my last word—that, as when, amidst sheeted fire and flame, I saw and led the hosts of New York as they charged in contest upon a foreign soil, for the honor of your flag; so again, if Providence shall will it, this feeble hand shall draw a sword never yet dishonored, not to fight for distant honor in a foreign land, but to fight for country, for home, for law, for government, for constitution, for right, for freedom, for humanity, and in the hope that the banner of my country may advance, and wheresoever that banner waves there glory may pursue and freedom be established!"

This was no idle trick of rhetoric. Before the echoes of his words had died he was hard at work recruiting the California regiment. It filled rapidly. Men came from a distance to join in squads or singly. Many came from Philadelphia and its outlying country. He liked to receive these. "There must be a fighting streak somewhere about us Quakers," he used to say. There was an inspiration in this man's words and presence that made men love to fight under him. His regiment soon was over-full. The President appointed him a Brigadier-General. He declined it. The same friendly hand desired to place upon his shoulder-straps the double star of a Major-General. He quietly refused it, and kept the eagles to which his regiment entitled him. As for honors, he had enough of them in another field. He went into this war for use, not fame.

The time for use was coming and for fame as well, though hidden behind the forbidding mask of disaster and death. It seems as if Colonel Baker himself was not unmindful of his coming fate. It is so easy for people after a battle to remember that the dead were haunted by the coming probabilities, and for sentimental youths to say before a skirmish their farewell to the world, that newspaper reports of presentiments are usually not devoid of ludicrous associations. But sometimes you see, in a man whose character renders a suspicion of affectation impossible, an awful solemnity, born neither of fear nor of responsibility, but as if the black plumes of the

wings of Azrael, the Death Angel, had touched him, or the ghostly gales out of the opened gates of eternity had blown for an instant over his brow. Else why that solemn farewell to his parents penned by the dauntless Ellsworth, as live a man as ever breathed, in the dead of the last midnight that he ever watched? Why the strange reckless bewilderment of the brave Lyon on that disastrous day when his gallant heart was breaking under the double conviction that death had marked him, and the Government had forgotten him? Colonel Baker for several days was oppressed by this overhanging consciousness. He became as restless as an eagle in his camp. He came down to Washington and settled all his affairs. He went to say farewell to the family of the President. A lady—who in her high position is still gracefully mindful of early friendships—gave him a bouquet of late flowers. "Very beautiful," he said, quietly. "These flowers and my memory will wither together." At night he hastily reviewed his papers. He indicated upon each its proper disposition "in case I should not return." He pressed with quiet earnestness upon his friend Colonel Webb, who deprecated such ghostly instructions, the measures which might become necessary in regard to the resting-place of his mortal remains. All this without any ostentation. He performed all these offices with the quiet coolness of a soldier and a man of affairs, then mounted his horse and rode gayly away to his death.

On the 20th day of October, the movement of General M'Call upon Dranesville having excited the attention of the enemy at Leesburg, and a regiment of gray uniforms having been observed cautiously advancing from the west and taking position behind a hill near Edwards's Ferry, General Stone, commanding the army of observation on the Potomac, resolved upon an armed reconnaissance to ascertain the position and feel the strength of the rebel force across the river. A scouting party sent out from Conrad's Ferry scoured the country rapidly in the direction of Leesburg, and when within about a mile of the town were suddenly confronted by what in the uncertain light appeared to be rows of tents, but which were afterward ascertained to be merely openings in the frondage of the woods. Upon this report, brought back by the mistaken scouts, Colonel Devens, of the Massachusetts Fifteenth, was ordered to attack and destroy the supposed camp at daybreak, and return to Harrison's Island, between Conrad's and Edwards's Ferries, or, in case he found no enemy, to hold a secure position and await sufficient force to reconnoitre. Colonel Baker was ordered to have his Californians at Conrad's Ferry at sunrise, and the rest of his brigade ready to move early.

Colonel Devens crossed and proceeded to the point indicated, and General Stone ordered a party of Van Allen's cavalry under Major Mix, accompanied by that most accomplished of English dragoons, who veils his titles under the sobriquet of Captain Stewart, to advance along

the Leesburg road and ascertain the condition of the heights in the vicinity of the enemy's battery near Goose Creek. This was performed in dashing style. They came upon a Mississippi regiment, received and returned its fire, and brought off a prisoner.

Meantime Colonel Devens had discovered the error in regard to the supposed encampment, and had been attacked by a superior force of the enemy and fallen back in good order upon the position of Colonel Lee, who had been posted to support him on the bluff. Presently he again advanced, his men, as General Stone reports, behaving admirably, fighting, retiring, and advancing in perfect order, and exhibiting every proof of high courage and good discipline.

At this juncture Colonel Baker, who early in the morning had conferred with the commanding general at Edwards's Ferry and received his orders from him, began transporting his brigade across the narrow but deep channel that ran between Harrison's Island and the Virginia shore. The means of transportation were lamentably deficient—three small boats and a scow, which the soldiers say was miserably heavy and water-logged. With such means the crossing was slow and tedious. While they were toiling across, Devens and Lee, with their little commands, were in desperate peril in front, the wide battalions of the enemy closing exultingly around them, with savage prudence availing themselves of every advantage of ground, and flanking by the power of numbers the handful of heroes they dared not attack in front. Baker was not the man to deliberate long when the death-knell of his friends was ringing in his ears in the steady, continuous rattle of the rebel musketry. He advanced to the relief of Devens with a battalion of his Californians under Wistar, the most gallant of the fighting Quakers, and a portion of the Twentieth Massachusetts. With this devoted band, 1720 men all told, for more than an hour he stood the fire of the surrounding and hidden foe, as from the concealing crescent of the trees they poured their murderous volleys. Bramhall and French struggled up the precipitous banks with a field-piece and two howitzers, which did good service till the gunners dropped dead, and the officers hauled them to the rear to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands. Every man there fought in that hopeless struggle as bravely as if victory were among possibilities. No thought was there of flight or surrender even when all but honor was lost. Their duty was to stand there till they were ordered away. Death was merely an incident of the performance of that duty; and the coolest man there was the Colonel commanding. He talked hopefully and cheerily to his men, even while his heart was sinking with the sun, and the grim presence of disaster and ruin was with him. He was ten paces in their front, where all might see him and take pattern by him. He carried his left hand nonchalantly in his breast, and criticised the firing as quietly as if on parade. "Lower, boys! Steady there!

Keep cool now and fire low, and the day is ours!" All at once, as if moved by one impulse, a sudden sheet of fire burst from the curved covert of the enemy, and Edward Dickinson Baker was promoted, by one grand brevet of the God of Battles, above the acclaim of the field, above the applause of the world, to the heaven of the martyr and the hero.

When with dirges due I saw him borne to his grave, with the dull cadence of muffled drums, with draped banners, and slow-pacing soldiers, and all the solemn adjuncts with which affection seeks to alleviate and homage to ennobled death, I could not but think of what Douglas said last year. When the October elections had made a Republican success an event beyond contingency, Douglas, always a magnanimous man and a true friend, said in conversation, "We Springfield people will take the capital next year. Lincoln in the White House, Baker, and M'Dougal, and I in the Senate—we will make Washington jolly in spite of politics."

Alas, for the dead hours of honest friendship! the goodly fellowship of noble spirits! Where are the good fellows who were friends at Springfield in the happier days? Hardin's spirit went up through the murky canopy whose baleful shadow hung over the battling legions at Buena Vista—Bissell passed from lingering pain to Paradise, honored in the highest by the State that he had honored—Douglas lies under the prairie sod in the dear old State, whose half-estranged heart burned with more than the old love for him before he died—Baker rests glorious in death, a precious offering to the Spirit of Freedom to which through life his worship was paid—and Lincoln stands, lonely in his power, a sadder, silenter, greater man than of old, time beginning to sift its early snows upon the blackness of his hair, his heart heavy with the sorrows of a nation, his mind and soul pledged to solemn and self-abnegating effort to keep from detriment in his hands the costly treasure of Constitutional Government.

For this Douglas toiled and Baker died. High examples are not without their uses; and, perchance, from the grave of the dead Senator may spring the living flowers of sacrifice and bright endeavor. Let no man now excuse himself from the service of his country by paltry suggestions of rank, of position, of diverse usefulness. Baker sacrificed more than others can. He was a Senator; he became a recruiting-officer. He was a man of extensive affairs; he neglected all for the camp. He was a man of delicate and scholarly tastes; he forsook books for bayonets, and slighted letters to study tactics. He had a family, which he tenderly loved; he bade farewell to his wife, and enlisted his son in his regiment. He enjoyed life with the intense vitality of a perfect manhood; he gave his life for his country.

And all with no bravado, no barbaric thirst for excitement. He obeyed an imperious mandate of duty; and warfare with him rose to the dignity of religion. Through the storm and

gloom of the present his prophetic spirit caught the distant sunshine of a righteous peace, to which the war was a necessary and painful introduction. Let us all remember those eloquent words of lofty cheer with which, standing in his place, bronzed in the summer weather, his fatigue uniform travel-stained and dusty from camp and field, the warrior-statesman closed his reply to the sneering cavils of the fallen angel of Kentucky—and let them end this sketch of him whose memory may safely be confided to the jealous keeping of impartial fame: "There will be some graves reeking with blood, watered by the tears of affection; there will be some privation; there will be some loss of luxury; there will be somewhat more need for labor to procure the necessaries of life. When that is said, all is said. If we have the country, the whole country, the Union, the Constitution, free government—with these will return all the blessings of well-ordered civilization; the path of the country will be a career of greatness and glory such as, in the olden time, our fathers saw in the dim visions of years yet to come; and such as would have been ours to-day if it had not been for the treason for which the Senator too often seeks to apologize."

BLUE YARN STOCKINGS.

"WHAT have you there, Katie?" asked a young man, in the familiar tone of an intimate acquaintance, touching, as he spoke, a small bundle resting on Miss Katie's arm.

"Guess." A smile, sweet but serious, went rippling for an instant about her lips, and then faded off. Her calm eyes, clear and strong, looked steadily into her companion's face. They had met, casually, and were standing on the street.

"Zephyr?" And he pushed his fingers into the bundle.

"No."

"I give it up."

"Blue yarn."

"What!" There was a lifting of the eyebrows, and a half-amused expression about the young man's mouth.

"Blue yarn and knitting-needles." Katie's voice was firm. She did not shrink from the covert satire that lurked in his tone and manner.

"No!"

"Yes."

They gazed steadily at each other for some moments, and then the young man gave way to a brief fit of laughter.

"Blue yarn and knitting-needles! Ha! ha! Soldiers' stockings, of course."

"Of course." There was no smile on Katie's face, no playful light in her eyes, but a deepening shadow. The levity shown by her friend was in such contrariety to the state of mind in which she happened to be, that it hurt instead of amusing her—hurt, because he was more than a common acquaintance.

From the beginning of our troubles Katie Maxwell's heart had been in them. Her father was a man of the true stamp; loyal to his country, clear-seeing in regard to the issues at stake, brave and self-sacrificing. He had dispensed liberally of his means in the outfit of men for the war; and more than this, had given two sons, yet of tender age, to the defense of his country. Katie was living, therefore, in the very atmosphere of patriotism. She drank in with every breath the spirit of heroism and self-sacrifice. "What can I do?" was the question oftenest on her lips; and when the call came for our women to supply stockings for the soldiers in time for the approaching winter campaign, she was among the first of those who responded. It was only on the morning of this day that the Quarter-master-General's appeal had gone forth, and already she had supplied herself with blue yarn and knitting-needles.

"I didn't believe you were such a little—" The young man had uttered so much of his reply to Katie's "Of course," when she lifted her hand with a sudden impulse and said, almost sternly,

"Take care, George!"

"Take care! Of what?" He affected to be still amused.

"Take care how you trifle with things that should be held out of the region of trifling."

"Soldiers' blue yarn stockings, for instance! Ha! ha!"

"Laugh if you will, but bear in mind one thing."

"What?"

"That I am in no laughing mood." Her clear strong eyes rested firmly in his, with something of rebuke in their expression.

"Tut, tut, Katie! don't look at me so seriously. But indeed I can't help laughing. You knitting blue yarn stockings! Well, it is funny."

"Good-morning, George." She was turning away.

"Good-morning, Katie," was answered lightly. "I'll call around this evening to see how the stockings are coming on."

When Katie Maxwell left home an hour before her step was light and her countenance glowing with the heart's enthusiasm. But she walked slowly now, with her eyes cast down, and a veil of unquiet thought shadowing her countenance. This interview with one in whom her heart was deeply interested had ruffled the surface of her smoothly-gliding thoughts. The cause of her country, and the needs of those who were offering their lives in its defense, were things so full of sober reality in her regard, that the light words of George Mason had jarred her feelings, and not only jarred them, but awakened doubts and questionings of the most painful character.

Katie Maxwell sat down alone in her own room, with hands crossed on her lap and eyes fixed in thought. She had tossed the small bundle of yarn upon the bed, and laid aside her bonnet and cloak. Now she was looking certain

new questions which had come up right in the face. Was there in the heart of George Mason a true loyalty to his country? That was one of the questions. It had never presented itself in distinct form until now. He was in good health, strong, and of manly presence. No imperative cause held him at home. During the summer he had visited Niagara, taken a trip down the St. Lawrence, enjoyed the White Mountains, and, in a general way, managed to take a good share of pleasure to himself. The state of the times never seemed to trouble him. It would all come out right in the end, he did not hesitate to affirm; but not a hand did he lift in defense of his country, not a sacrifice did he make for her safety. And yet he criticised sharply official acts and army movements, sneered at Generals, and condemned as weak or venal patriotic men in high places, who were giving not only their noblest efforts but their very lives to the cause. All this; yet were his hands held back from the work.

Occasionally these things had pressed themselves on the mind of Katie Maxwell, but she had put them aside as unwelcome. Now they were before her in stern relief.

"He is not against his country. He is no traitor! He is sound in principle." Such were the thought-answers given to the accusing thoughts that shaped themselves in her mind.

"If for his country, why, in this time of peril, does he sit with folded hands?" was replied. "Is he afraid to look danger in the face? to endure suffering? If he loved his country he would, self-forgetting, spring to her defense, as hundreds of thousands of true-hearted men are doing!"

Moved by this strong thought-utterance, Katie arose, and stood with her slight form drawn to its full erectness, her hands clenched and her eyes flashing.

"And, not enough that he holds off, like a coward or an ease-loving imbecile; he must assail with covert sneers the acts of those who would minister to the wants of men whose brave acts shame him! Loyal to his country! Is that loyalty? Do such things help or harm? Do friends hurt and hinder? Sound in principle! I am afraid not. By their fruits ye shall know them. Where are his fruits?"

Kate stood for a little while, quivering under strong excitement. Then, sitting down, she crouched as one whose thoughts were pressing back upon the mind like heavy burdens. There was a dull sense of pain at her heart. George Mason had been dear to her. But the shadow of a cloud had fallen upon the beauty of her idol. It had been gathering like a thin, almost viewless vapor for some time past; and now, compacting itself almost in an instant, it was dark enough to hide the sunlight.

Gradually the brave, true-hearted girl—for she was brave and true-hearted—rose into the serener atmosphere from which she had fallen. The pain left her heart, though a pressure as of a weight lay still on her bosom. The smile that

played about her lip as she joined the family circle, not long afterward, was more fleeting than usual; but no one remarked the soberer cast of her countenance as it died away. Her skein of blue yarn was speedily wound into a ball, the requisite number of stitches cast on to her needles, and then away went her busy fingers—not busier than her thoughts.

"What's the matter, Katie?" The unusual silence of her daughter had attracted Mrs. Maxwell's attention, and she had been, unnoted by Katie, examining her face. The maiden started at the question, and colored just a little as she glanced up at her mother.

"You look sober."

"Do I?" Katie forced herself to smile.

"Yes."

"Perhaps I feel so." Then, after a pause, she added, "I don't think this kind of work very favorable to high spirits. I can't help thinking of Frank and Willy. Poor boys! Are they not soldiers?"

"Dear, brave boys!" said the mother, with feeling. "Yes, they are soldiers—true soldiers, I trust."

"But what a change for them, mother! Home life and camp life—could any thing be more different?"

"Life's highest enjoyment is in the mind, Katie. They are doing their duty, and that consciousness will more than compensate for loss of ease and bodily comfort. How cheerfully and bravely they write home to us! No complainings—no looking back—no coward fears! What a thrill went over me as I came to the closing words of Willy's last letter: 'For God and my country first; and next for you, my darling mother!' And the words thrill me over and over again, as I think of them, with a new and deep emotion."

Katie turned her face a little farther away from her mother, and bent a little lower over her knitting. Often had the contrast between the spirit of her brothers—boys still—and that of George Mason presented itself; now it stood out before her in sharp relief. As she sat, working in silence—for she did not respond to her mother's last remark—her thought went back in review. She coned over well-remembered sentiments which Mason had uttered in her presence, and saw in them a lukewarmness, if not a downright indifference to the great issues at stake, felt before—now perceived distinctly. Her father talked of scarcely any thing but the state of the country; George found many themes of interest outside of this absorbing question, and when he did converse on matters of public concern it was with so little of earnestness and comprehensive intelligence that she always experienced a feeling of dissatisfaction.

The light tone of ridicule with which he had treated Katie's declaration that she was going to knit stockings for the soldiers hurt her at the time, for her mind was in a glow of earnest enthusiasm, and the pain that followed quickened all her perceptions. The incident pushed

young Mason back from the very near position in which he had for some time stood, and gave Katie an opportunity to look at him with less embarrassment and a more discriminating inspection. Before, there had been a strong sphere of attraction when she thought of him; now, she was sensible of a counteracting repulsion. Language that seemed to mean little when spoken, remembered now, had marked significance.

It was observed by both Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell that Katie was unusually absent-minded at tea-time. Mr. Maxwell talked about national affairs, as was his custom, and Katie listened attentively, as was her wont. Among other things, he said:

"In love of country—which involves an unselfish regard for the good of all in the country—every virtue is included. The man who is not a true patriot can not be a good citizen nor a true Christian; for love of country is that vessel in the natural mind down into which flows a love of God's kingdom; and he who loves and seeks to establish that which is highest as God's universal kingdom in the earth, helps to establish all that is lowest. In times like these, when our national existence is threatened by a force of giant magnitude and intense purpose—when all that we hold dear as a people is threatened with destruction—there must be, in any man who can look on quietly and take his ease; who can be lukewarm, or put even straws as hindrances in the way of any patriotic end, however humbly exhibited, a leaven of selfishness so vital with its own mean life that it will pervade the whole character, and give its quality to every action. I hold such men—and they are all around us—at a distance. I mark them as born of base elements. I do not mean to trust them in the future. If I were a maiden, and had a lover, and if that lover were not for his country—outspoken and outacting, full of ardor and among the first to spring to her defense—I would turn from him. The man who is not true to his country—and the indifferent are not true—will be false to all other obligations in the hour of trial. Trust no man who is not ready, in this hour, to his utmost."

Katie listened, and her soul was fired. She drank in fully of her father's spirit. That evening, as she sat knitting alone in the parlor, she heard the bell ring, and knew by the sound whose hand had pulled the wire. Her fingers grew unsteady, and she began to drop stitches. So she let the stocking upon which she was at work fall into her lap. She sat very still now, her heart beating strongly. The heavy tread of George Mason was in the hall. Then the door opened, and the young man entered. She did not rise. In fact, so strong was her inward disturbance that she felt the necessity for remaining as externally quiet as possible, in order to keep from betraying her actual state of mind.

"Good-evening," said Mason, almost gayly, as he stepped into the room. Then pausing suddenly, and lifting both hands in mock surprise, he exclaimed,

"Blue yarn and soldiers' stockings! Oh, Katie Maxwell!"

Katie did not move nor reply. Her heart was fluttering when he came in, but in an instant it regained an even beat. There was more in his tones even than in his words. The clear, strong eyes were on his face.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, gayly, now advancing until he had come within a few feet of the maiden. Then she rose and moved back a pace or two, with a strange, cold dignity of manner that surprised her visitor.

"What a good actress you would make!" he said, still speaking lightly, for he did not think her in earnest. "A Goddess of Liberty! Here is my cane; raise your stocking, and the representation will be perfect."

"I am not acting, George."

She spoke with an air of severity that sobered him.

"You are not?"

"No; I cautioned you this morning about trifling with things which should be held out of the region of trifling," she answered, steadily. "If you are not sufficiently inspired with love of country to lift an arm in her defense, don't, I pray you, hinder, with light words even, the feeble service that a weak woman's hands may render. I am not a man, and can not, therefore, fight for liberty and good government; but what I am able to do I am doing from a state of mind that is hurt by levity. I am in earnest; if you are not, it is time that you looked down into your heart and made some effort to understand its springs of action. You are of man's estate, you are in good health, you are not trammelled by any legal or social hindrances. Why, then, are you not in the field, George Mason? I have asked myself a hundred times since morning this question, and can reach no satisfactory answer."

Katie Maxwell stood before the young man like one inspired, her eyes flashing, her face in a glow, her lips firmly set but arched, her slender form drawn up to its full height, almost imperiously.

"In the field!" he said, in astonishment, and not without confusion of manner.

"Yes, in the field! In arms for your country!"

He shrugged his shoulders with an affected indifference that was mingled with something of contempt, saying blindly—for he did not give himself space to reflect—

"I've no particular fancy for salt pork, hard tack, and Minié bullets."

"Nor I for cowards!" exclaimed Katie, borne away by her feelings; and she pointed sternly to the door.

The young man went out. As he shut the door she sunk into the chair from which she had arisen, weak and quivering. The blue yarn stocking did not grow under her hand that night; but her fingers moved with unwearied diligence through all the next day, and a soldier's sock, thick, and soft, and warm, was laid beside her

father's plate when he came to the evening meal. Very sweet to her were the approving sentences that fell from his lips, and they had balm in them for the pain which had wrought at her heart for many hours.

Only a day or two the pain lasted. Then it died out; and even as it died there were whispers on the air touching George Mason that, as they came to her ears, impelled her to say, "Thank God that he is nothing to me!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes upon the 8th of November. The most important event of the month is the departure of the great naval and military expedition for the South. The vessels having been collected in Hampton Roads, set out on the morning of the 29th of October. The expedition comprised 84 vessels of all classes, of which 18 were steam gun-boats, 23 steam transports, and 32 sailing vessels. The military force embarked is estimated at 20,000 men, made up mainly of the choicest regiments from New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Michigan. This force is under the command of General Thomas W. Sherman; and the naval force under Captain Samuel F. Dupont. The destination of the expedition was not divulged. Before any intelligence was received of the fleet, after its departure, a violent tempest sprung up, which increased in force as it passed northward. Two or three vessels belonging to the fleet returned, more or less disabled, bringing accounts of severe storms. For a week serious apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the expedition. But on the 4th of November news was brought to Hampton Roads by one of the blockading vessels, that she had passed the fleet on the night of the 2d; that the storm, which appears to have been comparatively light toward the south, had passed, and that the expedition was within 30 miles of Bull's Bay, which lies about 23 miles northeast from Charleston; and that this commodious port was apparently the destination of the expedition. Port Royal Harbor, 50 miles south of Charleston and 35 miles north of Savannah, and Brunswick, Georgia, about 50 miles south of Savannah, have also been conjectured to be the destination of the expedition. These are all excellent harbors. It is surmised by many that all are to be occupied. At the time when our Record closes no account of the landing of troops at any point has been received, and our intelligence only renders it probable that the expedition has received no serious damage from the storm.

The National forces have experienced a severe check on the Upper Potomac. On the 20th of October General Stone, who commands the army of observation posted on the Maryland side, determined upon a reconnoissance in force of the position and numbers of the enemy near Leesburg. The troops sent over for this purpose soon found themselves in presence of a superior force. Colonel Baker, Senator from Oregon, commander of the "California Regiment," so called out of compliment to him, though composed mainly of volunteers from Pennsylvania, was ordered on the 21st to cross the river to support the reconnoitring party. The means of transport were deficient, and totally inadequate to afford facilities for retreat in case of being overpowered. The reinforcements under Colonel Baker consisted of a part of two Massachusetts regiments, the 15th and the 20th; the New York Tammany regiment, and a part of the California Regiment, numbering in all

about 1900 men. The fighting was kept up the whole day, the enemy being continually reinforced, until their numbers greatly exceeded ours. Baker was killed while encouraging his men to hold their ground. A fierce struggle ensued over his body; but his men succeeded in carrying it from the field: it was taken to Washington, whence it will be conveyed to his home in California. Our troops were pressed back to the river by the force of numbers. There were no sufficient means of crossing. Many plunged into the stream and were drowned. Many more were taken prisoners. We had about 1900 men, all told, in this battle; of these about 200 were killed, nearly as many wounded, and according to the Southern account 529 were taken prisoners—a total loss of more than 900 men. In a preceding part of this Magazine will be found a biographical sketch of Colonel Baker. This disastrous engagement will be known as the battle of Ball's Bluffs. The Confederate loss is stated by themselves at about 300 killed and wounded.

Several skirmishes have occurred during the month in various quarters, of which the following are the chief: On the 16th of October a party of the Confederates appeared at Bolivar Heights, near Harper's Ferry, and began cannonading the National forces across the river. Three companies from the 3d Wisconsin Regiment then crossed, charged upon the enemy, captured a cannon, and fell back to the river. Here they were reinforced by companies from the 28th Pennsylvania, under Colonel Geary, and made a renewed charge, driving the enemy back with great loss, the attacking party suffering but slightly. —In Kentucky, on the 21st of October, General Zollicoffer attacked the National forces at Camp Wild Cat, with vastly superior forces, but was beaten off with great loss. —On the same day, at Fredericktown, Missouri, 5000 Confederates, under Generals Jeff Thompson and Lowe, were attacked by 2500 National troops under Colonel Plummer, and completely routed. —In Western Virginia, General Kelley, who commanded at Philippi, attacked the enemy at Romney, on the 25th of October, and after a sharp action of two hours, routed them, taking their camp equipage, cannon, and many prisoners, with but trifling loss on his part. —On the morning of the 9th an attack was made upon the camp on Santa Rosa Island, near Fort Pickens, occupied by about 200 of Wilson's Zouaves. The enemy, 1800 strong, embarked at Pensacola Navy-yard, and in the darkness succeeded in reaching within 600 yards of the camp before being discovered. The Zouaves, after a sharp fight, were forced back from the camp, which was burned. Assistance was sent from the fort, and the Confederate troops began to retreat to their boats, pursued by the regulars and Zouaves, who kept up a sharp fire upon them, which was continued as long as their boats were within range. Their loss, as acknowledged by themselves, was 350 killed, wounded, and missing. Of the Zouaves, 10 were killed, 16 wounded, and 9 taken prisoners; the

regulars lost 4 killed, 20 wounded, and 10 prisoners.

From *Missouri* the most important intelligence is that General Frémont has been removed from the command. Much dissatisfaction has been for some time expressed at his conduct. He was involved in personal difficulties with some of his officers; was charged with wasteful and useless expenditures of the public funds, and with general incompetency in military affairs. It was said that had he acted with proper energy both Lyon and Mulligan might have been reinforced, and the defeat at Springfield and the surrender at Lexington prevented. The Secretary of War and the Adjutant-General made a journey to St. Louis to inquire into the state of affairs. Meanwhile General Frémont had set out to encounter the enemy with all the forces at his command. They fell back as he advanced, but whether to avoid an encounter or to concentrate their troops was a matter of doubt. Lexington was re-occupied by the National troops. Frémont, in the mean time, with the main part of his force, proceeded from St. Louis toward Springfield. A body of about 2000 Confederate troops were posted here. A sudden charge was made upon these, on the 24th of October, by a portion of Frémont's body-guard, numbering scarcely 150 men, commanded by Major Zagonyi. The enemy were routed with considerable loss, and driven from the place. Frémont's Guard lost 15 killed, 27 wounded, and 10 missing. Four days later General Frémont entered Springfield. The Confederate Generals, Price and McCulloch, having effected a junction, were reported to be advancing upon Springfield, with the purpose of offering battle to the National forces. At this moment, on the 2d of November, orders came from Washington removing General Frémont from the command, which was to be assumed by General Hunter. General Frémont resigned his position in a brief "order," urging the troops to give to his successor the same cordial support which they had given him, and regretting that he was not to have the honor of leading them to victory.

Winfield Scott has resigned his post as the head of the army. In his letter of resignation, dated October 31, he says: "For more than three years I have been unable, from a hurt, to mount a horse or to walk more than a few paces at a time, and that with much pain. Other and new infirmities—dropsy and vertigo—admonish me that repose of body and mind, with the appliances of surgery and medicine, are necessary to add a little more to a life already protracted much beyond the usual span of man. It is, under such circumstances, made doubly painful by the unnatural and unjust rebellion now raging in the Southern States of our so lately prosperous and happy Union, that I am compelled to request that my name shall be placed on the list of army officers retired from active service." The entire Cabinet waited upon General Scott on the following day, and the President read to him an order stating that "upon his own application to the President of the United States, Brevet Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott is ordered to be placed, and hereby is placed, upon the list of retired officers of the army of the United States, without reduction in his current pay, subsistence, or allowance." The order contained an appropriate recognition of the services and patriotism of the retiring veteran. General McClellan was by unanimous vote of the Cabinet notified that the command of the army would be devolved on him. General Scott left Washington on the 5th for New York, with the purpose of em-

barking for Europe, hoping for benefit to his health from change of scene and climate.

On the 14th of October Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, issued a circular to the Governors of the States situated on the sea-board and the lakes, stating that the agents of the Confederate States were endeavoring to embroil this country in hostilities with foreign nations; that though these efforts had been unsuccessful, and that there was less prospect of disturbance now than at any time since the commencement of the insurrection, still it was proper to take every precaution to avoid a foreign war. The complete fortification of our sea and lake ports was one of the most obvious precautions. Congress had not at the late extra session sufficiently provided for these defenses; and the Secretary suggests that the several States make appropriations for the fortifications within their limits, with the expectation that the sums would be repaid by the General Government.—Lord Lyons, the British Minister, addressed a note to our Government, in relation to two British subjects who, under the suspension of the *habeas corpus* law, had been imprisoned at Fort Lafayette. He took the ground that under the Constitution of the United States such imprisonment could only be made by authority of Congress, and by order of his Government remonstrates against these "irregular proceedings."—Mr. Seward replied, detailing the facts in the case; and stating that the proceedings of which the British Government complain with regard to these gentlemen, were taken upon information conveyed to the President by the legal police authorities of the country, and they were not instituted until after he had suspended the *habeas corpus* writ, in just the same extent that, in view of the perils of the State, he deemed necessary. For the exercise of that discretion he, as well as his chief advisers, is responsible by law before the highest judicial tribunal of the Republic, and amenable also to the judgment of his countrymen and the enlightened portion of the civilized world. Mr. Seward further reminds Lord Lyons that, although the United States Government does not question the learning of the legal advisers of the British Crown, or the justice of the deference which her Majesty pays to them, nevertheless, the British Government will hardly expect that the President will accept their explanations of the Constitution of the United States. He adds that at the time when the arrests were made it was not known that the prisoners were British subjects; but infers that a knowledge of this fact would have made no difference, for "the safety of the whole people has become, in the present emergency, the supreme law, and so long as the danger shall exist to all classes of society equally, the denizen and the citizen must cheerfully acquiesce in the measures which that law prescribes."

Messrs Mason and Slidell, appointed Commissioners from the Confederate States to England and France, have set out to their respective posts. They embarked at Charleston on the steamer *Theodora*, which succeeded in avoiding the blockading vessels, and reached Cardenas, in Cuba, whence they sailed for Europe. The *Theodora* is said to have returned to Savannah with a valuable cargo.—The Confederate States have now an almost continuous line of batteries upon the Virginia shore of the Potomac from Matthias Point to Freestone Point, a distance of twenty miles. These batteries command the river so completely that navigation is almost wholly closed, and the supplies for the army have to be transported by railway.—General Beauregard's

official account of the battle of Bull Run has at length been issued. He states that his entire force was 28,000, of which only one-fourth were actually engaged. His loss was 399 killed and 1200 wounded. The Federal loss, he says, was 4500 killed, wounded, and prisoners.

The officers and crew of the privateer *Savannah* were brought to trial in New York on the 23d of October on charge of piracy. The facts in the case were undisputed. The Judge instructed the jury that by the general law of nations a pirate was one who roved the sea in an armed vessel without a commission from any sovereign state, on his own authority, and for the purpose of seizing by force and appropriating to himself, without discrimination, whatever vessel he might meet. Such pirates, being declared enemies of the human race, the vessels of every nation have a right to pursue, seize, and punish them. But the evidence in this case showed that the design of the prisoners was to depredate upon the vessels of only one nation—the United States—an offense which fell short of piracy under the general law of nations. But there were special laws of the United States establishing and defining piracy. The particular law applying to this case was the third section of the Act of 1820, which says, "If any person shall upon the high seas commit the crime of robbery in or upon any ship or vessel, or upon the ship's company of any ship or vessel, or the lading thereof, such person shall be adjudged to be a pirate, and upon conviction shall suffer death." By this Act robbery upon the high seas, committed upon an American vessel, is made piracy. The commission issued by Mr. Davis could not be admitted as a defense; for the Courts of the United States could not recognize the Southern Confederacy until the Government had done so. The question for the jury to decide was, whether the act of the prisoners was one which, if committed upon land, would have been robbery. This is defined to be the felonious and forcible taking from the person of another any goods or money by violence or putting in fear. The felonious intent, which is an essential element of the crime of robbery, consists in the design of taking the property of another for the sake of gain. If this was wanting in this case the offense, whatever it might be, was not that of piracy under the statute—the crime for which the prisoners were indicted. The trial lasted eight days; the jury, after deliberating twenty-four hours, being unable to agree upon a verdict, were discharged, and a new trial was ordered.—While this trial was in progress in New York, one of the crew of the late privateer *Jeff Davis*, who had been taken on board of a recaptured vessel, was tried in Philadelphia on charge of piracy, and was found guilty.

Mr. Breckinridge, late Vice-President of the United States, and subsequently Senator from Kentucky, has at length gone over to the Confederates. From their post at Bowling Green, under date of October 8, he issued an Address to the People of Kentucky, explaining and defending his course. The United States, he says, no longer exists; the Union is dissolved; Kentucky exists as an independent Commonwealth, with the right to choose her own destiny. She may join the North; she may join the South; or she may remain neutral. A large majority of the people, according to Mr. Breckinridge, in the August election voted for neutrality, and this was the acknowledged attitude of the State. The Federal Government has violated this neutrality by

establishing camps, recruiting soldiers, and taking military possession of great parts of the State. A majority of the Legislature have sustained the usurpations of the Federal Government, by passing bills of pains and penalties, depriving the Governor of his authority, and inviting a Federal military force to take possession of the State. The people, though taken by surprise, have risen to repel their Northern invaders. When this is accomplished, and the people of Kentucky by a fair election shall determine their destiny, it will be the clear duty of every citizen to acquiesce or to retire from the State. For himself, Mr. Breckinridge intends to resist the Federal authority. He will avoid conflict with Kentuckians except in self-defense; but will unite with his fellow-citizens to resist the invaders; and for this purpose "exchanges, with proud satisfaction, a term of six years in the Senate of the United States for the musket of a soldier."

EUROPE.

In Great Britain the impending scarcity of cotton forms the leading topic of discussion. The fact that one-sixth of the population are directly or indirectly supported by this manufacture, and that a want of the raw material will deprive them of employment, and consequently of bread, is earnestly brought forward. The Government is urged from many quarters to break the blockade. What its present views are may be gathered from a correspondence between Earl Russell, the Foreign Minister, and Mr. Hayman, a Liverpool merchant. On the 29th of August, Mr. Hayman wrote to the Foreign Office that, in conjunction with other merchants, he contemplated fitting out a number of ships for the purpose of trading with New Orleans and other ports of the United States. He thought, as amicable relations were undisturbed between Great Britain and the United States, British ships had a right to enter and leave the ports of the latter. He asked, however, that the British cruisers in the West Indies should be ordered to protect the vessels of this proposed expedition; or if that were inexpedient, he said that they would be amply prepared to defend themselves, and asked to be authorized to do so. The Foreign Minister replied, on the 19th of September, that "Her Majesty's Government will not afford the slightest protection or countenance to the projected enterprise," and warned Mr. Hayman of the serious consequences which the measures contemplated would entail on all concerned therein. "If any neutral ship knowingly attempts to break an effective blockade, she is liable to capture and condemnation. If such ship defends herself by force against a national vessel enforcing such blockade, such defense is a breach of the law of nations, and will expose the ship and cargo to condemnation as a prize, and those persons who commit the act to personal responsibility and severe treatment, according to the law of war." The law of trading with belligerents is thus laid down by the Minister: "I am to state that the general rule as to trading by neutrals in time of war *with belligerents* is that they may freely trade; but that they are bound to respect every effective blockade, and that if they carry contraband of war to either belligerents, they do so at the risk of capture and condemnation by the other, if discovered."—Some weeks after Mr. Hayman again addressed the Government, arguing in favor of his views, and hoping for a more favorable answer. To this letter no reply was given, beyond a formal acknowledgment of its reception.

Editor's Table.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SAVING.—If he who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before may be set down among the benefactors of humanity, he is equally a benefactor who makes one blade of grass do as much good as two did before, by making his hay while the sun shines, and keeping and using it, when well made, to the best possible advantage. All that is wisely saved is doubly gained, for it is not only saved in itself, but in a way that helps virtue and enlarges joy. One peculiar excellence of this frugality that doubles a commodity by careful use lies in the universality of its application; for, while comparatively few have lands of their own to till, all depend upon the fruit of the tillage, and so all are enriched by the wisdom or the virtue that doubles its store by careful husbandry.

There is always good reason for treating the prosy, old-fashioned subject of economy, and taking the prevalent wastefulness severely to task. Yet every year, and especially every great financial emergency, has its especial lesson; and we are moved now to say a word upon the prodigality of our people, not only in respect to property, but all the gifts of Nature, Man, and Providence, mental and moral, as well as physical. We are aware that is not a very popular topic, and our Young America is very apt to nod in weariness or to decamp in disgust when the subject is broached, whether in a fire-side lecture or a monthly magazine. We will promise him, however, if he will only listen, not to lay down any churlish doctrine of mere penny saving, but to go even farther than he will in favor of spending money with a free hand when any thing better than money is to be had in exchange.

Some confusion of ideas exists as to what wastefulness is, and it sometimes seems to be thought that the matter is of very little importance, on the whole, because nothing is wholly lost—no substance is annihilated—and, generally, what one man loses another gains. A few plain thoughts at the outset may make it clear what is to be understood by waste. Evidently, though nothing is absolutely destroyed, there is great waste of goods when those goods are not of any use to the owners or to any persons who might be helped by them. The loss that comes from this source may be designated by the term *relation*, and that is virtually wasted which is not brought into useful relations with men. Thus the crops that can not be brought to the market when and where they are most needed are relatively wasted; and although they may not rot or be burned, but may be dealt out to cattle or thrown on the market in the midst of a glut, the loss is not repaired, and the wheat or the corn never represents as much value, either in money or in human welfare, as would have been the case if no such interruption had occurred. A large part of what is usually regarded as loss in commercial circles comes under the same head; and when a merchant loses a hundred thousand dollars, as so many have done of late, it can not generally be shown that the amount of actual property has been destroyed, but the relation of so much nominal property has been changed toward him. We can conceive of an actual loss of a million of dollars by fire becoming a relative loss of a hundred millions of dollars, since the absence of the one million of dollars might prevent a hundred

merchants from having a debt to that amount paid to them. Hence the deceptive inferences that are drawn from financial panics, and the general surprise at the rapidity with which industrious communities recover from them. It takes a comparatively small loss to produce many losses, and small gain to produce great gain. In a country village, often the little money that is left by city boarders in summer goes far to liquidate the debts of the whole community; and every dollar goes from hand to hand, and pays in turn a dozen, perhaps a hundred, debts. The man who parts with it does not lose it, but only loses his hold upon it. Even if he parts with it unwisely somebody has it, and it is only the relation of the dollar that is changed. Now this idea of waste, obvious as it may seem, is most important; and it is clear that if a man who parts with property does not destroy it, but only parts with it in its relation to him, so he who ignores or neglects to use what he has, actually parts with its relation to him, and such disuse is positive wastefulness. A large part of the wealth of the world is thus wasted; and while all capital, whether money or land, that is not utterly idle may be of use to the community, it is lost to the owner precisely to the extent in which he fails to get the best good out of it.

This best good we must measure not only by amount, but by character; not only by quantity, but by quality; and the waste is to be estimated accordingly. If a man loses a thousand dollars by fire or shipwreck, he is less a loser than if he made a thousand dollars by sharp dealing to the harm of his credit, or by gaming to the ruin of his character. If his loss, moreover, wears upon his temper, depresses his spirits, and moves him to fret at his family and repine against God's providence, the waste of the true worth of the man is greater far than the loss of worldly goods. Interpreting the matter thus, what a startling volume that would be that should give with any tolerable fullness and fairness the history and philosophy of waste in any given age or nation, telling us how many and what kind of goods have been lost, and what have been the cause and effect of the loss. The most obvious facts would hardly be the most important ones, and the utilitarian who might think to exhaust the subject by telling us of the thousands of lives lost in war, or the millions of dollars lost by fire, and shipwreck, and inundation, would scarcely touch the heart of the subject. A small percentage of premature death is by battle, and even in war more perish by intemperance and disease than by the sword; a still smaller percentage of waste of property is probably by accident. Every great vice takes off more lives every year—perhaps every week, if we reckon the population of the globe—than fell at Waterloo or Solferino, and destroys more value, surely more worth as well as wealth, than any fire, or flood, or storm. The point most anxiously to be considered is the *kind* of waste that is always at work, assailing not only the materials but the powers that make up the substance of life itself.

The nation has been startled by the loss of lives in battle; yet more have perished in this country since the present war began by disease from exposure or intemperance than by the sword; and if war has slain its thousands, ignorance or vice has slain its tens of thousands. Moreover, we are to remem-

ber that every life that is sacrificed to patriotism is not lost, but survives in the heart of the nation, and the heroes who have died for us enrich our common birth-right, and thus, in a historic as well as a spiritual sense, rise into immortality. We must all die, and we do not waste life so much by having its duration shortened as by having its worth dishonored and its spirit broken.

We are not, then, disposed to be churlish in our plea for frugality, nor to put Poor Richard above St. John, nor supplant the Good Samaritan to set up Bentham or Malthus. Least of all do we side with the bullionists, who measure wealth by the precious metals, and count men and nations poor precisely in the ratio in which they part with silver and gold. Silver and gold are of themselves almost the poorest kinds of property; for of themselves they are of very little use, and their main value lies in their ability to buy something better than themselves. Their use is not in keeping, but in exchanging them; and some men there are who are impoverished, like the fabled Midas, by having every thing that they touch turn into gold, and who have no moral power to turn their gold into true riches. Midas besought the gods to take away the fatal gift, and his prayer was granted by imparting the same power to the River Pactolus, in which he bathed. What greater curse could fall to any river than to change all things touched by it to gold? and old Egypt would be a sad loser by exchanging even its frogs and crocodiles for golden sands, and golden banks, and a golden soil instead of the tide of fertility and beauty that every year's flood pours upon the parching land. A certain amount of specie is needed to serve as the basis of circulation; but this amount bears a very small proportion to the wealth of a people, and generally the amount is greatest at the very times when prosperity most languishes. Our bankers must of course look well to their coffers, and have specie enough to secure them against any probable drain in seasons of mercantile depression, when credit is uncertain and the solid gold is in demand. But we can conceive of a state of society in which silver and gold shall no longer be kept out of their natural uses as metals by being made the mere representatives of other commodities, and the notes or promises of men shall have an assured value of themselves. Of course we do not deny that gold, and what represents it, is the best exchangeable security of value, nor are we in favor of expanding our paper currency; but we are simply arraigning the superstition that treats it as the only solid value, and measures the wealth of a people by the amount of gold in its coffers. Of itself it produces nothing; and land, machinery, roads, canals, ships, work-shops, schools, churches, are far more vital and productive property, and bring forth more and better goods. In fact, we are almost ready to assert the paradox as sober truth that the true economy lies not in hoarding money, but in spending it, and that the greatest prodigals on earth are those who spend the least, and so shrivel and dwarf their higher nature as to become wretched money-bags instead of children of God, and recipients of His grace, and almoners of His bounty, and stewards of His gifts.

We have thus glanced at the measure of wastefulness in its relation, quantity, and quality. Its method is capable of similar definition, although we can but touch upon it in passing. What is wasted relatively to us is lost by our inability or unwillingness to possess or use it, and thus the waste is to be ascribed to our limited power or opportunity. So

far as the substance wasted is concerned the loss is to be ascribed generally to one of two processes, that may be regarded the one as more positive, the other as more negative. Things perish either by decay or consumption—or to use plainer words, they either rust out or wear out; and life itself takes the same course, and stagnates or burns, according as sloth or excitement preponderate. Things inorganic are lost either by their decay or their destruction—as iron, which rusts out when not worn out or burned out; or grain, which rots or ferments when not consumed by insect, beast, or man; or clothing, which is eaten by moths, or disintegrated by time and the elements, when not worn out or destroyed. Things organic obey the same law only in a higher plane, and perish either by neglect or overactivity. Thus a tree dies when it has no earth nor water to feed upon, or when it is not quickened into sufficient activity to digest its food. It may die, too, of excess either of food or activity, and many a hopeful plant under our eye has been lost by a surfeit of nutriment or by a precocious putting forth of its branches. Mental life follows the same law, and man, physical, intellectual, and moral, goes to waste both by inaction and overaction. The law of our being is, that we live by duly taking and giving, by receiving and doing, or by food and exercise, learning and obeying, or by being acted upon and acting. Whatever interferes with either function of our nature tends to waste our life by exhausting or consuming its opportunities and its powers.

Surely he who neglects or abuses the abilities within him and the opportunities around him, squanders the means of living, and is therefore the worst of spendthrifts, no matter how much or how little of this world's goods he hoards. His wastefulness may take one of two forms, according as it is more sluggish or acute, or may partake more of the nature of sloth or excess, sluggishness or intemperance, and rust out or burn out. A man seems to rust out the sooner as he couples excessive indulgence with scanty performance, and to burn out the sooner by combining excessive labor or excitement with scanty rest and nutriment. To receive without giving, or to enjoy without exertion, is the wastefulness of inertia, and to work without repose or nutriment is the wastefulness of overactivity. The two processes, so different in some respects, are the same in one respect, and to rust out is but slowly to burn out; for the rusting iron wastes away slowly by the same consuming oxygen that devours it so swiftly under the blow-pipe. In fact, nothing can keep wholly still, and the solid rock crumbles into the dust which is food for the lichen on its surface or the vine at its base, and the sluggish waters stagnate into a revolting and noxious vitality. He therefore who hides his talent in order to save it is sure to lose it; for every faculty that is not used is virtually lost, and the moth or rust that doth corrupt is as rapacious as the thieves that break through and steal.

Between rusting out and burning out we waste much of our lives, and the two kinds of prodigality approach each other, as says the proverb in Holy Writ: "He also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster." Sometimes, indeed, he that burns out in one respect rusts out in another respect, as in the house of Dives, who keeps the key of his wine-cellar bright with use, while the key of his library and chapel rusts with disuse; and they who allow their better faculties to stagnate are quite sure to have some unhallowed fires burning below, as when the beacon-light is quenched on the

tower, and the keeper revels with his minions in the den beneath.

We have now glanced at the measure and the method of wastefulness; and it is time to apply our principles to practice, and see how it is that we squander our opportunities and powers, alike material, social, and religious. The simplest of our duties may appear to us in a new light, when taken out of the field of mere routine and seen in the light of first principles. Take the matter of health, for instance. We have no new statistics to give, and are always too much scared at the tables of disease and death to dwell upon them with any satisfaction or persistency. It is appalling to think how many lives are enfeebled, crippled, or lost by neglect and indulgence that the merest common sense ought to check; and as a people we seem determined to waste the great sanative elements and forces of nature, and trust to artifices and nostrums to keep us alive. The air, the water, light, warmth, electricity, as the God of nature sets them before us, are the great medicines; and we set them at naught in the very regions where they most abound, as any man must own who is aware of the fondness with which so many country people affect close atmosphere and drugs, and shun the genial breeze, and the flowing stream, and dashing shore. We are probably understanding these matters better, and attending to the care of our bodily health more wisely, yet not always with a due sense of its bearing upon mental health. Human welfare depends not so much upon physical fullness or robustness as upon a certain capacity for mental and moral efficiency and comfort; and it is a great mistake to cherish the stomach and the muscles without as careful regard to their relation to the brain, the senses, the faculties, and the affections. There is a difference between animal health and human health, both in respect to the comfort and energy resulting, and he who is fatted like the swine, or hardened like an ox, is not by any means in the best trim to do the work or take the satisfaction that belongs to a man. The best condition for intellectual and moral excellence is removed alike from plethora and hardness, and the sound body for the sound mind has of itself a mental and moral character, and like the blood-horse that man loves to ride, is not all animal but half human. We quarrel, therefore, with gross indulgence not merely for the visible wreck which it works, but for the higher edification which it prevents; and when we number the victims of gluttony, debauchery, and drunkenness who have gone to positive ruin, we must not forget the far greater number whose less conspicuous indulgence robs them of the best physical conditions for tranquillity, purity, wisdom, and force. The soul grieves at all surfeits of the senses, and the wings of Psyche droop under the burden before her feet stumble and her pulse faints. Overwork may be also wasteful of our best health, although not in so shameful a way as self-indulgence; and while we have great respect for the muscular school of men, we have great misgivings as to the wisdom of emulating the brawn or the stomach of a pugilist or coal-heaver, and must believe in a different training for the finest work and zest of our human life. There must be something of the ascetic in the true scholar and thinker, the artist, the statesman, and even for the good man of business. What that fine quality of health comes from that affords the physical basis of sweet temper, clear thought, brave purpose, and open vision, it is not easy to say; yet it is safe to declare that something more than much blood and full mus-

cles are necessary to this result; and that they are sad spendthrifts of nature and life who fail to win this precious gift, and who allow the flesh to clog or distract the spirit. Much folly, brutality, peevishness, and impiety have their root in the body and its habits; and if we add to the mischief of our sins of commission the burden of our sins of omission, the vision is appalling. It is a startling sight for a reprobate to look upon the picture of himself in his early purity, and contrast the former Hyperion with the present Satyr. It might startle some of us who are not reprobates to confront our present pale, languid, excitable body with the reasonable ideal of health that we might realize. Much as we try to work and enjoy, we probably do not get half of the good out of our constitution that a true use of nature and judicious care of health would secure. Nature has a gospel of her own which we sadly refuse to hear and obey; and the sweet air of heaven, and the cleansing water of the river and the ocean, are not only symbols of a faith that we neglect, but apostles of a health which we abjure. We are prodigal sons toward this benign mother, and need to turn from our husks, and our swine, and our revels, to ask her pardon and win her blessing. When we are at peace with her we are at peace with our own organism, and acted upon by the elements and reacting upon them in due order, the senses, muscles, nerves, pulses, move in their true orbits without torpor and without distraction.

If health is the true adjustment of our relation with nature, wealth is the adjustment of our relations with the products of nature that we call property. All wealth comes out of the ground, and human art elaborates the various yields of the soil. What spendthrifts we are of this fruitful source of our riches! and we Americans have wasted already the finest part of our domain by exhausting tillage without corresponding nutriment. We have worn out much of our soil by robbing it of its fertilizing properties, and have sent away thus not only our money but our land in exchange for the silks, laces, and wines of Europe. We are learning better now, but too slowly, and it will be a blessed day for the nation when instead of roaming from ocean to ocean to skim the riches of the surface, we give ourselves to the thorough tillage of our old settlements, and by opening the depths of the soil, and using the sewerage of our great cities, we stop the prevailing vagrancy and wastefulness, and also secure the compact and patient civilization that belongs to the best condition of humanity. A little experience in farming teaches marvelous lessons to the most plodding observer; and it is strange that so many are ignorant of the fact that land generally needs feeding as much as cattle, and that the land which is most beautiful and healthful in this country has been almost starved to death. We made a calculation lately of the value of the waste bones from the kitchen in providing nutriment toward the garden that produces the kitchen vegetables, and any man who knows the worth of a barrel of pulverized bone on the soil may see at once the worth of the material of this kind that might be furnished from the three hundred and sixty-five dinners in a well-to-do family, to say nothing of breakfasts and suppers.

We might go into this matter of prodigality to any extent, and compare our ways with European frugality. We are probably the most wasteful people on the face of the earth; and in dress, food, furniture, equipage, houses, we spend more in proportion to our means than any other people. We care

less, however, for the loss of property than of peace of mind; and while we like to see rich men circulate their money freely for the refinements, elegances, and comforts that employ labor and taste, without depraving morals, we grieve every day at the fearful tyranny which seems to compel so many families to spend more than they can afford, and to complain that they can not spend still more. Luxury is, or has been, certainly becoming the desire, and to a great extent the habit of our people, and the very wealth the acquisition of which made the old generation strong is making the new generation weak and exacting. The earnings of ordinary industry amount to very little compared with the costs of dainty living; and hosts of young people, looking with contempt upon the wages of industry, neglect the habit itself and bring others to neglect the habit. So luxury is raising up an idle class whose indolence is matched by their exaction, and who not only waste time and money but life itself. We hardly dare to make an estimate of the labors and earnings of the more luxurious class of young men in our cities with their humble imitators. We could not venture to pay for their shoe leather out of their earnings, and would be glad to know that they squandered nothing more valuable than money. The great loss is of practical habits, earnestness, fidelity, and all the virtues that come in the train of a serious purpose. With all our terrible reverses in trade we still are not half sobered, and although we are said to be ruined every few years, we are on the whole a luxurious, self-indulgent people, and are not willing to make sacrifices of our ease and profit to our country or our race. In this point of view we recall with some chagrin the circular letter which Washington addressed, June 8, 1783, to the Governors of the several States from his headquarters at Newburgh, and in which he urged four things as essential to the existence of the United States as an independent power. After urging the necessity of an indissoluble union of the States, a regard to public justice, the adoption of a proper peace establishment, he named, as the fourth essential, "the pacific and friendly disposition which will induce them to forget their local prejudices and politics, and in some instances to sacrifice their individual advantages to the interest of the community." Such self-sacrifice is, we fear, not very common now, and there is reason to believe that some of the very persons who are most severe against the sins of their neighbors are most clamorous for their own advancement, and while one hand holds out the cross in the face of an antagonist, the other hand clutches the staff of office or the purse of favor.

The boasted cure for an age of luxury is war, and we are ready to allow that the discipline of the camp is a wonderful check upon effeminacy and self-indulgence. The military and naval training of the old world, combined with the favorite field-sports, probably saves the wealth and nobility from degenerating; and we believe that the best specimens of our citizen soldiery do much for the manliness and energy of our young men. We do not deny that war has its uses, and by a fearful necessity, like the storms in nature, it sometimes clears the sky and establishes the healthy equilibrium. Yet it is always a fearful necessity that commits a nation to it, and implies fearful guilt in one or both parties. Here the common excuses for war wholly fail, and such peculiar horrors come in the train of civil strife as to put a fearful responsibility upon those who begin the hostilities. We have no surplus population

to spare, and our able-bodied men, instead of exhausting our harvests by supernumerary mouths, are not enough to consume all that we produce, and are all needed to settle our new lands, to complete our great works, to perfect our industry, and strengthen our nation. When we go to war the flower of our population must be at once in the field, and not only cut down in fearful numbers, but under circumstances most maddening and imbittering; for certainly those are the worst passions that come from the perversion of the closest ties and quickest sensibilities, and they who have been most nearly allied to each other, and who touch each other in the most points, can most irritate and wound each other. There can be no great battle in this country that will not bring acquaintances and friends face to face, and in many cases the commanders of the two forces themselves must be found to have been of old comrades of the same table and soldiers of the same flag. We confess to looking with such horror at the idea of a civil war in the United States, as to find no sufficient excuse for it but the preservation of the very life of the nation. The expense, monstrous as the cost of war always must be, is the least item in the waste; and we are glad to have the financial view presented, because it is the external form of a still more ruinous fact, and the loss of millions of money is one aspect of the destruction that wastes millions of lives and characters. The Mexican war was comparatively a small affair, being waged upon foreign soil with a strange and feeble people, and for a limited season and with a decisive result. Yet it cost some hundred millions of dollars, a sum sufficient to complete the highway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or to build and endow a magnificent university in every State in the Union. Only two thousand of our troops were reported as killed in battle, but there are no returns of the numbers whose health was shattered, and whose habits were demoralized. What war is when both parties bring into the field the new science and art, the recent battles of Europe show; yet even those chapters of death would hardly begin to describe the horrors of a conflict that arrays the people of one tongue and kindred and country against each other along the borders of two sections thousands of miles in extent, and converts the line of patriotic fellowship into a line of deadly hostility. We have had no difficulties that might not have been peacefully adjusted, and we are convinced that if they who drew the sword had peacefully appealed to our civil tribunals, they would have found their rights safe and our Constitution unbroken.

There are some things, indeed, worse than war, and a man had better die in battle than renounce his God or his country, shame his soul or his race. Yet it is hard to imagine any thing, except the utter wreck of our nationality, worse than a civil war in America; any thing more wasteful to property, life, industry, humanity, and religion. But when war is forced upon a peaceful and industrious people in defense of its public life, we must not forget that this, like every other misfortune, is full of compensations. Even the loss of property is not without great counterbalances, and the treasure expended in defense of the national Constitution is expended virtually for the security of the Government which, in its liberty and order, gives industry its motive and property its security. It must be remembered, moreover, that money spent in such a way as to defend national institutions and to strengthen national character, completes and perfects the social mechan-

ism that produces, distributes, and utilizes wealth. We do not wish to say any thing to favor public prodigality, or tempt our people to borrow money, yet we must consider that national loans are not the only form of public debt; but a hundred millions of dollars sent out of the country for liquors that fever the blood, or for laces and silks that endanger our republican simplicity, may impoverish us far more as a nation than the same amount of money spent at home among ourselves in arming and equipping the defenders of our liberties and our laws.

In all that we have been saying we have taken it for granted that character is the greatest treasure, and what harms the *worth* of a nation or a man wastes more good than any loss of wealth. Worth is measured by the qualities that are truly human, and he has the most of it who is in the best relations with humanity under God, and who enjoys and imparts true human welfare. We quarrel with all vices, crimes, and cruelties, mainly because they waste this treasure of worth and cut the offender off from true fellowship with his race. We are not disposed to deny that each person has original sensibilities and powers of his own, nor to set any limit to human capacity under good influences; but we have little confidence in any right development of the man apart from human society, and we must regard him as the saddest of prodigals who wastes the great treasure of human sympathy, and sells his birth-right for any mess of pottage, or mine of gold, or lure of ambition. Genius itself is lost when it fails to hold communion with the great human heart, and it is able to give freely of its sparkling waters only when it has freely received them at the original fountain. Those of us who are of common mould much more need this fellowship, and we are in a bad way when we are not looking for guidance to some master and giving help to some follower. Probably most of our loss of worth in our childhood and youth came from contempt of superiors, and most of the waste of our manhood comes from neglect of inferiors; and no man can survey his life as a whole, without bitterly lamenting the kind and judicious guardianship that he has rudely rejected, and the protection and counsel that he has too often selfishly withheld. We may measure our growth by our conquest of both failings, and be quite sure that we are made whole not by any pert, conceited individualism, but by the reverence and fidelity with which we accept and apply the great mind and heart of our race under its providential leaders and their loyal followers. The fruits of this mind are all around us in the arts, sciences, institutions, poetry, history, industry, labor, worship, and life of civilized and regenerated humanity, and we waste them when we fail to receive them with love and use them with faithfulness.

If any man is tempted to complain of his limitation, and to blame the stars for not making of him a genius or a hero, let him ask himself if he is looking up in any way for guidance from superiors, and looking around in any way for votaries whom he may bless. He will not think that he has no friends if he has shown himself friendly, nor complain that he has no encouragement if he is willing to submit himself to his masters, and from books, institutions, or society, drink of the waters from the delectable mountains. We certainly must think him a miserable spendthrift who goes through life an alien from the great human heart, neither blessing it nor blessed by it. He need not go far to find a mine of worth opening upon him beyond any that the great earth holds in her caverns. Some little child may unlock

the golden gate; and if he will serve the least of God's creatures kindly and truly, he will find that he receives more than he gives, and human service opens human fellowship, and changes his path through the wilderness into a walk in that garden of God, which every worthy life has been enriching since time began. If we complain that we have no friends, it is generally because of our own selfishness; and so far as our experience and observation have gone, we can say that the people who complain most of the coldness of the world, and wonder that their hearts are wasting their sweetness on the desert air, are the very persons who repel society by coldness or exaction, and who are as reasonable as the north wind would be in growling at the chill that comes from its own icy breath, and wondering that the zephyr was so ungenial as to take flight before its frowning face and biting tooth.

All habits and passions, then, that shut us up within ourselves, or withhold our service from the living world, we regard as eminently impoverishing, and we set them down as consumers of human life. It takes *time* to foot up their consequences and show the degree and kind of waste. Herein one aspect of time presents itself to us that is not usually taken into the account—that is, the aspect of time as showing the *momentum* or the combined and continuous current of our circumstances and characteristics. Not *times*, but *time* itself is the great concern—not the amount of hours, but the nerve that binds them together and connects them with the life. Thus viewed, time is the momentum of the stream of life, the current of all the living forces of conservation or destruction that are making or marring our lot. He who keeps the current flowing with continuity is the great economist of his treasures, and all his *times* fall into one tide of *time*, and all his *powers* are vitalized into one prevailing *power*. He loses nothing, but accumulates all the gifts and assimilates all the materials that are put within his reach. No truth shines upon him without leaving a lesson that lasts after the flash of its novelty has ceased, and in his soul, as in nature, the sun when it goes down and ceases to dazzle leaves its blessing in the earth warm with its glow, and in the fruits and flowers that are store-houses of its golden rays. He who by fickleness or perversity breaks the continuity of his life wastes this progressive force and breaks the channel of his life-current. We see much meaning in the brightening light, and rising purpose, and deepening joy of a true man's life; but God sees more, and promises more than we can do, and his word ascribes a certain present eternity to every loyal soul.

Three moves, says the proverb, are equal to a fire; and we may say with equal truth that three changes in our leading life-purpose, three vacillations in the line of our primal plan, are equal to a ruin, and persistency is the crowning element of strength and peace, the prevailing safeguard against wastefulness. Society and the race show the working of this great law of continuity, and they are the great enemies of mankind who break the line of social progress and throw good institutions and ideas off from their Providential track. They rob God and humanity of their due, and not only steal the fruit of the good tree of life, but destroy the tree itself. They on the other hand are the great benefactors of the race who originate and keep in activity the most useful and enduring powers and principles. They build and preserve the highways of the ages. They plant the trees that generations shall call blessed. They save life itself.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Easy Chair often feels as if it must have forfeited its reputation for good manners by the profound silence it observes with regard to most of the letters and offerings which are sent to it. But it is not from unkindly carelessness of such favors. They are read, and if of no especial moment are laid aside. They are brigaded, as it were, and encamped, and on some sunny morning they are called upon parade, and, with drums beating and flags flying, a grand review is held. Such a review Major-General Easy Chair proposes to hold to-day. Not, certainly, of all the army, a great part of which still lies snugly and whitely encamped in the drawer at his side, but of those parts which seem peculiarly fitted to gratify the spectators and to help the service.

Let the bugles sound, then, and the drums beat, and the Major-General's salute be fired as he takes his place at the head of the column and the soldiers file by. The fullest force is the light Pegasus Cavalry. Here, for instance, is a dashing charge:

"OUR BANNER IN THE SKY."

Sweep cold gray clouds across the sky,
Fall cold gray shadows on the sea!
Draw close your veil 'twixt light and dark,
Close thickly in 'twixt heaven and me!

The sea is calm, the long-drawn swells
Make gentle murmurs on the sand;
In fitful gleams the sunshine falls,
Then dies away o'er all the land.

But still the heavy-headed cloud
Lifts, genii-like, its darkening form,
And pales yet more the light of day,
And bears upon its back the storm.

I silent stand to wait the end:
The tempest's howl, the water's dash,
The tossing waves upon the cliff,
The thunder-bolt, the lightning flash.

I know that when its wrath is spent
The angry cloud will melt away,
And the sun, sinking in the west,
Give promise of a brighter day.

And so, O Lord, across our sky,
Where red and white together blend,
And stars smile from the field of blue,
A veil of darkness thou dost send.

War's rattling thunder shakes the air,
The cannon's lightning flashes gleam,
The lurid bale-fires from afar
To heaven through the thick darkness stream.

But still, O Lord, we know the storm,
Its fury spent, will pass away;
Its errand done, thy will performed,
We'll rest in freedom's purer day.

Through the blood-sweat and pain of war
We grow more free, we grow more true,
And brighter, clearer, lovelier far
Shall shine the red, the white, the blue.

HAMILTON sent some verses to the Easy Chair a few weeks since, and learning his intention to say something to the author, the author wrote this excellent letter. The few words intended by the Easy Chair were spoken last month; and certainly they could not have troubled the sleep or the sense of security of Hamilton. For he and all other friends

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should understand that the "gens" of the Easy Chair—that is to say, the editorial fraternity—is not without some feeling of honor toward all private contributors and toward the public. They are not altogether ogres and giants, who wander forth from their castles and bag luckless knights and ladies, and drag them by the hair of the head to Ogre Castle, thrusting them into the grated dungeon, where Jack saw them, until the ogreish appetite is sufficiently whetted. Oh no! not at all. Their heads are often enough so bald under the formidable frizzled wig of office! They are *such* sheep, or something else, under that tremendous lion's skin of editorial position. Dear contributors, look in the last *Harper* at that row of three bewigged judges—owls upon a perch in different stages of sleepy stupor—does it give you a profound reverence for the judiciary?

No; of course not. Well, as we are not ogres, neither are we utterly vacuous judges, but just the most ordinary men and women. "Fame!" said a famous man to the Easy Chair—"what is it? Who ought not to think the very smallest beer of himself when he sees that Martin Farquhar Tupper is famous?"

Let Hamilton advance, and present arms, and be inspected. March!

If you do I will kill you! And any unbribed and unpacked jury will pronounce such killing no murder.

Easy Chair, it is not right. Your gens has the strangest notions of *meum* and *tuum*. What did Will Shakespeare say about his trash, and his good name, and filching, etc.? Suppose you go to market and chaffer about parsnips, as you have an inalienable right to do, would you think the market-man justified in trumping it over all the town? Well, we mortals from whose brains the soul-wings have not yet budded, go to you immortals full-fledged, simply in a professional way. We just ask you quietly to feel of us and see whether the development is *in posse* wings or *in esse* pin-feathers, and you go and beat the drums, and ring the bells, and proclaim to all the world, "Pin-feathers!" Didn't you ever read Lacon? Don't you know he says it is a great deal easier to bear our misfortunes than the comments of our friends upon them? I suppose, Easy Chair, I have been "respectfully declined" by every decent periodical in the country, and I am the sunshine of my county for all that, because they don't know any thing about it. But suppose every hill difficulty up which I had dragged, and every adamant wall against which I had hurtled, had been mapped out and labeled for the eyes of my neighbors, where should I be now? Why, I maintain a respectable position in society only through my abounding secretiveness, and here you are going to undo the work of long years with a stroke of your pen, knowing all the time, as you must know, that nothing is more inexorable than print. Choate, or somebody, says a book is the only immortality, but a daily newspaper is a generation, and a monthly is a century at the very least—and for one's personal comfort a century is as bad as a mille-ry, if there is any such thing. When you are mad with the toothache, what consolation is there in knowing that it will all be over in a hundred years? You don't care whether life is a span or a drove, so it is long enough to be wretched in. And when I stand in the pillory for Shame to point his slowly unmoving finger at, what advantageth it me that 1900 will not know me?

Easy Chair, you have destroyed my peace of mind. My cheeks are round and ruddy as any milkmaid's, and I am the astonishment of the country for walking, but November will see only an animula vagula, blandula—the shadow of a shade, at which the cow-boys will point, mournfully murmuring *Ilium fuit*, and it is you that will have futed Ilium by holding that sword of "print" over my head all these beautiful brown October days that are coming! Ah me! why was I not born a plowman, or

rather, being born a plowman, why did I not rove content in my native barn-yard? "Oh! happy days! Oh! innocent days! Days wherein I tasted true joys without danger!" That is Fenelon; but, as my little contraband said, when I read to him a love-letter that I had written for him and crammed full of honey-dew, "Oh! Massa Hamilton, them is jes my feelin's!"

Easy Chair, your name is a malignant, and tantalizing, and aggravating misnomer. You are no Easy Chair at all, but one of those terrible Spanish chairs, I have forgotten what their name is, but you sit down in one and lean back, and the first you know there is your head rolling about on the floor. And you to call yourself an Easy Chair! I call you rather that razor-edged, one-railed railroad that takes people down into Domdaniel, or whatever the resonant name be wherewith Southey veils hell to ears polite—it's a good while since I read Southey and I may have forgotten the topography.

I know you don't care the lift of an eyelash whether I am a youth in life's green spring, or matron, or maid, or a sweet babe, or a gray-headed man.

Ah well! no matter! Like the Laconic youth of old time, I don't mind the sin but the being found out.

Easy Chair, at what price can I buy from you a "flash of silence?" Was my letter saucy? Behold me at your feet in abject humiliation—and if that is not enough I will dig a hole to sink into. Remember that I was on the Rampage, and one is not responsible for words spoken in such debate. And if one is ever so guilty, what can one do more than repent? I proffer any penance. I prostrate myself as never King Monmouth before King James. But if you spurn me, if you do compromise me in any way, if you mention any name or circumstance by which any body can divine me, if you mix any solution from which any body can precipitate me, I swear to you eternal hatred. I am a member of an orthodox church in good and regular standing, but self-preservation underlies all creeds, and precedes all professions. I will sacrifice life and fortune, yours and mine, to my sacred honor. I am only a mouse now and you are a lion; but if you put your paw on me—remember a mouse is only one remove from a rat, and you are too well read not to know how even Bishop Bruno on the Rhine grew dead with fear at the army of rats that were drawing near.

Dear old Easy Chair, it breaks my heart to scold you so, for I have a great regard for you; I sat up all night once on your account—not exactly on your account either, but the tones of your voice, I know not how or why, swept through the unseen corridors, and thrilled into a remote and hidden chamber and woke such strange sweet echoes that I could not choose but listen. Do not jar those memories by doing violence to my reticence.

I trust this letter will bore you very severely. My only regret is that you are not forced to read it, and in fact I don't suppose you will do more than cast your eyes at the figures, and count the pages, and throw it into the wastebasket, so there is no reason why I shouldn't keep it up as long as I choose, only as some one, speaking after the manner of Tupper, says, "It is good to pause in a thing that might go on forever."

Easy chair, dear, *don't* say any thing that I would not like to have said of me, and believe me ever your faithful and attached foot-stool, cushion, brass nail, whatever you will.

HERE is a poem cast in the mould which Browning, and afterward his wife, and still later Owen Meredith, have made familiar to all modern readers, but which has decided power and intensity of feeling, with felicity of expression. Every editor and Easy Chair sees a great deal which is very like it. Let the publication of this serve to remind scores and scores of those who have truly poetic impulses, that it no more follows that they are poets because they have such feelings, than that they are painters because they can distinguish colors.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

I.

Within, the dancers dancing to a sweet, delirious tune:
Without, the glimmering star-light, and the shimmering,
ashen moon:—

It was all the same;—in the moonlight, and within in the
glare and show,

I saw the sackcloth and ashes of an unavailing woe.

I thought I had hidden my secret where never an eye
could reach:

You entered the chamber sepulchral by the pitiless door
of speech;

You lighted the lamps of memory, and looked, in their
ghastly glow,

On the empty shrine, and the altar, and the bleaching
bones below.

Though I hate you—I say I *hate* you—for entering that
secret door—

My heart's Golgotha, you called it—I will speak this once
—no more.

It is not that I seek for pity, or would take it from your
breast,

But because some griefs in the telling lose the sting of a
mad unrest.

II.

To-night, when you turned and left me, I felt such a
worthless thing,

I fancied the pure-eyed flowers shrank away from me
shuddering;

That the lights turned pale with horror, and fell away
from me,

Discerning, through all my disguises, my soul's impurity.

I turned to the crowded parlors, and tried in vain again
To forget your recriminations in the praises of other
men.

I danced, and sung, and jested, but felt, in my desperate
mood,

The loneliest waste of Sahara would be less a solitude.

I hated my hands for their whiteness, my face for being so
fair—

While the worm in my heart was gnawing, in the black-
ness of darkness there.

The music was dull and stupid—the faces like lumps of
clay;

I hated their tuneless laughter, and so I came away.

III.

You said that you knew my story, but you do not know
it all;

I have guarded my heart from pity or scorn with an ada-
mant wall:

There the altar where incense was burned to the idol that
turned to clay,

Holds the fire that will not be quenched till the altar shall
crumble away.

I tell you the fire still smoulders—at times the flames
leap up

Till I long for the pool of Oblivion, or the fabled Lethean
cup;

Or to clutch my life in frenzy, and hurl it madly back

To the God—if there be one—who sent it, alone, on its per-
ilous track!

With a soul that was pure perverted, like the souls of
the lost I sit,

And while angels hear sphere-music, I hear the sound of
the pit.

Oh! to lay my head on my pillows in a slumber long and
deep,

If in Death there were no awaking, but only an endless
sleep!

IV.

It is not with men as with women:—they plunge their
thwarted hearts

Into some daring adventure, or the traffic of eager marts;

And so, in the healthy endeavor, their feverish heart-burning abates:—

We just sit, bitterly smiling, and order the maid who waits To bring this or that cosmetic to brighten the pallid face, Where the fire of the grief that will kill us has left its ashy trace,

And then—to our Sodomie banquets. . . . It makes me almost wild

To feel I am lost as a woman, who was pure when a little child!

I attempt no justification;—the poorest soul on earth Has more than I of honor, and truth, and legitimate worth;—

I dare not go now to church—it breaks my irreverent calm To hear the accord of the organ, and the penitential psalm.

V.

When my "first-love"—and last—and only—came, as you said, like Jove

To Semele, I thought 'twas the burning of the sacred fire of Love.

His words were "like golden apples in pictures of silver set;"

But they were the Dead Sea fruitage—I keep their bitterness yet!

All that was good within me seemed drowned in a deep, dead sea,

And revenge was the only sweetness that life had left for me.

I knew my power, and used it; I played with impassioned hearts,

And wrung them—and broke them—remembering my manifold pains and smarts.

I have never felt ruth or pity, but for one—whom we need not name—

Does the candle pity the moth-flies that flutter to its flame? Once, when my life was fresher, and my soul was full of truth,

Had we met, I might have loved him with the innocent heart of youth.

VI.

It "might have been"—but was not. I watched his heart fill up

With a passion pure and glowing, like wine in a crystal cup;

I made it a curious study—this wonderful growth of love— Begun as a cure for *ennui*, I meant, at last, to prove

If a man could love like a woman, till 'neath the laburnum-trees

I spilled the red wine from the goblet, and gave him back the lees.

'Tis but the alloy of passion that will in this heat expire, As the dross burns away from the gold before the refiner's fire.

I know his strong, true nature much better than you can know—

'Tis for him to walk with the angels—for me with the lost, below.

From his very excess of passion a diviner life will come, Like Venus Aphrodite from the iridescent foam.

VII.

I despise my paltry triumphs—my miserable pride;— I said I hated my beauty, but am glad of its power to hide;

No tell-tale wrinkle disfigures my temple's veined snow— Is the summer sea less lovely because of the wrecks below?

I am glad of my winning manner—of this white and satin skin—

The fair outside of the vessel that is so foul within!

I to publish my sorrows!—I to trumpet my grief!— Ah, no! I must keep my disguises, and hope that my life will be brief.

Well, I must woo with opiates the sleep that once came unsought,

When a mother's hand smoothed the pillows with a charm they have long forgot.

Already the lurid sunrise flares in the purple skies— When we meet you will see no traces of tears in my brilliant eyes.

This poem is imitative, and yet it is sincere. For the morbid feeling which makes it sickly is much more generally diffused among the younger women in this country—for this was doubtless written by a woman—than we suppose. It springs from listlessness and the excitement which that listlessness craves, and finds in French novels. George Sand was the type of the woman of this kind in her earlier days, and her early novels—as much forbidden books as Rousseau's "*Nouvelle Heloise*" or Mrs. Aphra Behn's performances—both expressed and gratified the morbid restlessness.

The war will purge much of this foul humor. It will give all of us real interests and real feelings. At this moment, probably, the hand that wrote these lurid lines is busily stitching, or scraping, or knitting. The fiery storm will purify our life in every relation.

HUMILITY so humble as that which follows shall surely have a hearing in these columns. All men are modest and self-deprecating, but this is a Simeon Stylites of humility. The case he sets forth, O ladies and arbiters of the destiny of men, is not peculiar to this man; it is the emotion of the sex whenever you are offended. Let your own experiences answer.

MR. EASY CHAIR,—By almost inconceivable stupidity I have offended a woman whose good opinion I am very desirous of possessing, even if I should never see her again. Do you think it would conduce in any degree to cause her to overlook my offenses, if I should go before a justice of peace and swear that, according to my best judgment, formed with great deliberation and coolness, I was the most stupid ass and irreclaimable dunce that I had any knowledge of. It occurred to me that thus enforcing the sincerity of my convictions by the solemnity of an oath—convictions which she could so cordially indorse—would recommend me to her more favorable consideration.

If you think such a course of conduct would avail any thing, I am prepared to adopt it. Or I would substitute for it another expiatory line of conduct, if you should think it would prove more efficient in bringing about the desired result. I would have a red oil-cloth sack coat made, on which I would have painted in large letters the following:

"Here is a man endowed by nature with an intuitive genius for doing to persons whose good-will he most desires to conciliate those things which are especially calculated to give offense. His skill for contriving awkward and disagreeable situations for his friends is proportioned to the strength of his friendship and his anxiety to please them. His proclivity for blundering, on the whole, makes him more agreeable than disagreeable to those whom he most dislikes. He is valuable as an enemy, but beware of taking any friendly interest in him. He is a man of the best intentions—in fact his intentions are so good, that he may reasonably expect a great paving contract in a future state."

The coat thus lettered I would wear up and down Broadway once a day for as long a time as it was answering an expiatory purpose.

The lady to whom I refer I think was inclined to be a kind and disinterested friend, and the Lord knows how poorly able I am to convert her into an enemy. It might drive me into social bankruptcy. If she doesn't want my acquaintance—very well—or rather I will make the best of that, though I should be very sorry not to know her.

I know it is easier for a woman to forgive almost any thing than stupidity; but don't you think this lady ought to forgive me, Mr. Easy Chair, considering that I am so penitent?

THE Skating Brigade will soon be called into active service. Let it practice this battle song.

SKATING SONG.

Bless me! what a very nice
And comfortable trade is
This of capering on the ice,
And skating with the ladies!

Smiling, innocent, and bland,
Lady that I wait on,
Lays her foot within my hand
And bids me strap the skate on.

Tenderly her foot I grasp,
And Cupid's arrows rankle,
In my heart the while I clasp
That small, bewitching ankle.

Every knot my fingers ply
Sets me strangely thinking
Of a certain warmer tie,
And a knot of a stronger linking.

Up and off, in staggering haste,
I, no harm designing,
Slip my arm about her waist,
To keep her from declining.

Bless me! what a very nice
And comfortable trade is
This of capering on the ice,
And skating with the ladies!

THE squad of philosophers has been almost retired from active service. But here is one who is still capable of duty. He marches by in a single file of apophthegms:

Every age will have its genius as sure as every valley will have its creek; and as the size and velocity of the creek depends chiefly upon the grade and scope of the valley, so the power and tendency of a man's genius is owing principally to the character and condition of the times in which he lives.

It is often asked, Do the times make the man, or the man the times? We would play the Yankee, and answer by asking, Does the creek make the valley, or the valley make the creek?

Theory is an air-line, the shortest possible distance from the means to the end; but in the practice, as in making a voyage, we can not follow perfectly and in detail the course laid down on our chart, but must tack and shift, take in and let out sail, and keep as near to a direct line as circumstances will permit.

The style of some authors, like the manners of some men, is so naked, so artificial, has so little root in their character, that it is constantly intruding itself upon your notice, and seems to lie there like a huge marble counter from behind which they vend only tape and needles; whereas the true function of style is as a means, not as an end; to concentrate the attention upon the thought which it bears, and not upon itself; to be, in short, so apt, natural, and easy, and so in keeping with the character of the author, that, like the comb in the hive, it shall seem the result of that which it contains, and to exist for its sake alone.

A fact is to a principle what a handle is to a blade—it gives it character and a purpose, and enables you to grasp it more firmly and wield it with greater success.

D'Alembert says there are but two things that can reach the summit of a pyramid, an eagle and a reptile; so it appears there are but two characters in this world that can gain the highest pinnacle of notoriety, the good man and the villain, the saint and the devil; one on the wings of genius and inspiration, the other on the belly of meanness and subtlety.

Dr. Johnson's periods act like a lever of the third kind;

the power applied always exceeds the weight raised; or we might with more propriety say, his sentences lap over and act and react upon each other like a compound lever inverted, with the power where the weight ought to be.

A principle pointed with fact and feathered with fancy, and shot from the bow-string of a great intellect, is the mightiest weapon under the sun.

THE great, drilled, and disciplined division of wives shall bring up the rear of our review to close the day in glory:

SONG OF THE WIFE.

In silence, weary and worn
With books—every one had been read—
A woman sat in a womanly pout
Quite tired of needle and thread.
Smoke, smoke, smoke,
It was the plague of her life;
And still with a voice that coughing broke,
She sang the song of a wife.

Puff, puff, puff,
My husband will smoke till he dies,
And smoke, smoke, smoke,
In spite of my nose and my eyes.
When first he gets out of his bed,
And before he brushes his hair,
He's sure to stick a pipe in his mouth
"To puff away all his care."

Smoke, smoke, smoke,
Till my brain begins to swim,
Smoke, smoke, smoke,
Till my eyes grow heavy and dim;
Meerschaum and clay and wood,
Wood and meerschaum and clay,
Pipes of all color and every size
Are puffing my health away.

"Oh men with sisters dear,
Oh men with mothers and wives,"
It's not tobacco you're burning out,
But the very breath of our lives.
For who would live such a lot,
Or who would wish to share
The bed and board of a chimney-pot,
And live in this tainted air?
Or who would seek the bliss
With a smoke-jack forever to dwell,
Or the joy and delight of having a kiss
With such a tobaccoey smell?

Smoke, smoke, smoke,
His smoking never flags;
And what if it did, for the smell is left
So long as weary time wags.
My room smells like an old bar;
My clothes decent bodies must shun,
For the villainous odor of pipe and cigar
Have really their very worst done.

Smoke, smoke, smoke,
From matin till vesper chime,
Smoke, smoke, smoke,
When awake he smokes all the time:
In spite of all I can say
Of health and sweetness pure,
He smokes away till the end of the day,
And at night, too, he smokes be sure.

Smoke, smoke, smoke,
He ruins my curtains and clothes,
Smoke, smoke, smoke,
Till one wishes one hadn't a nose.
When first I open my eyes,
Above my glass I behold
A St. Nicholas pipe, a fitting type
Of the misery that I've told;

For 'tis long and grim and gaunt,
 'Tis thin and ghastly and pale,
 A very ghost, and I tremble almost,
 And my heart begins to quail;
 For I know that while life shall last
 That pipe will ever be there,
 And my only hope is the river or rope,
 To save me from utter despair.

Smoke, smoke, smoke,
 There are pipes where'er I turn,
 Smoke, smoke, smoke,
 And each must be used in turn.
 I look at my mantle shelf,
 Where vases I've placed with care,
 Hoping in vain some praise to gain
 From my friends for their beauty there;
 But alas! each holds cigars or a pipe,
 And some of them several more;
 For I've counted them oft as my tears I wipe,
 And they number more than a score.

Oh, but for one short hour
 No longer to see the smoke wreath;
 No precious leisure to gather the rose,
 But only time to breathe;
 To breathe as I used to breathe
 In my chamber up aloft,
 Before I knew a husband that smoked,
 No matter how much I scoffed.

In silence, weary and worn
 With books—every one had been read—
 A woman sat in a womanly pout
 Quite tired of needle and thread.
 Smoke, smoke, smoke,
 It was the plague of her life;
 And still with a voice that coughing broke,
 She sang the song of a wife.

No word goes begging for an interpretation more persistently than the word Honor. It seems to be the peculiar possession of the best men; but gamblers, liars, thieves, and cut-throats are always painfully punctilious upon what they call a point of honor.

What do we mean by honor?

Look for the answer in the reply to the question why it is an insult to a man's honor to call him a liar. Is it not because the assertion implies that he is not a true man? The thieves may bristle upon a point of honor; but no counterfeit coin depreciates the genuine. The honor of bar-rooms and club-houses is but a vulgar imitation of true honor or manhood, as a swell with a glass diamond in his shirt is a cheap counterfeit of a gentleman.

The popular technical test of a man of honor is a man who will fight a duel. But that is not the test among gentlemen. For there are plenty of men who will fight duels whose word you would not believe, and whom no decent man would introduce to his family. A duel does not necessarily prove either courage or honesty in the duelist. He may be both courageous and honest, but the duel does not prove it. For is your honor something at the mercy of a drunken man at a dinner-table? Are you a liar or a poltroon because somebody says so? Then why shoot him for saying it? You can not shoot calumny; you can only live it down. It is the life, not the pistol, that defends honor from the aspersion of others. General Hamilton thought that his good name would suffer if he did not fight with Burr. The tragedy of the event was not his death, but Hamilton's want of faith in Hamilton. During the Revolution a collection of spurious letters, professing

to be Washington's, was published in London, intended to shake the faith of his countrymen in their leader. He took no notice of them. He felt that what his life could not do his word certainly could not: and not until twenty-five years afterward, upon retiring from the Presidency, did he make a formal denial, which he put upon record in the State Department. But his word was only a confirmation of his life. A life of honor is adamant, and upon the rock of Washington's character lies dashed hissing and baffled, like the sea upon Gibraltar.

Great bodies of men have no moral character, it is said. Corporations have no souls, says the proverb. But they have souls if the men have. You might as well say that a pile of apples has no flavor. The value of an orchard is the value of each apple. If they are individually rotten the orchard is worthless. If they are individually sound the orchard is a treasure. A dozen bad eggs will certainly not make a good omelet; and a hundred men without souls will not make a corporation with a soul. But there is no more reason that a body of men should be soulless than that an omelet should be bad. The block of granite or of marble is not less massive because it is built into the temple wall. The temple is only many blocks, and the strength of the block is the strength of the temple.

Thus the manhood or honor of the individual makes that of the nation. When it is aspersed, his life must confute it. When it is attacked with arms, with arms he must defend it.

EVEN the gossip of a time like this must and should be grave. Let us have a word, then, upon our national sensitiveness to foreign criticism. The eagerness with which our newspapers copy and we all read whatever is said of us in Europe, and the indignation or satisfaction with which we receive it, show how deep the interest is.

But the times will wear away the restless nervousness of our national youth. We are growing into our national manhood. We shall forgive Mrs. Trollope then with a smile, and Fiedler, and Captain Marryatt, and Mr. Dickens. Meanwhile let us frankly own that while we have had the sensitiveness we have also shown the truculence of a boy.

England, intrenched in a thousand years, disdainfully sneers that the Yankees are a very enterprising, acute, and disgusting people. And we foam at the mouth. The real mortification of Bull Run was not the retreat, for we knew that Americans were not cowards; but it was the painful suspense to know what the correspondent of a London paper, who did not see the battle, would say of it. That remarkable English statesman, Mr. Roebuck, lately said in a public speech: "If you say to an American, 'We concede to you every virtue under heaven. We will believe you to be the greatest people on the earth, but still it seems to me you don't speak English as it should be spoken—that you speak it through your nose. 'Fire and fury' will be the answer. 'Sir,' will be said with mighty indignation, 'I return you the imputation that we snuffle in our speech.' All that you said of good of that community will be forgotten because you said also that they snuffled." So the London *Times* declared, that when the Seventh Regiment of New York prepared to march on the sad 19th of April of this year it addressed itself to English admiration. Can we deny that we are peculiarly sensitive to these stings? that we wince and writhe under the sneers of cock-

neys? But yet it is, as usual, not the sneer but the little truth in it that stings.

We wonder that we have no friends; but have we sought to make friends? Is not a braggart very likely to be a bully? Assuming that we were the greatest and the best of people, we have carried the assertion of our superiority into the most ludicrous detail. One of the Easy Chair's family met another American on the steamer upon the Lake of Lucerne in Switzerland. Framed in lofty mountains with green garden lawns at their feet, girt with the historic shores of William Tell and Swiss liberty, there can be no more beautiful and interesting water in the world. "This is fine, Sir," remarked Easy Chair. "Yes, I suppose so; but did you ever see Lake George?" said the other. "Yes," answered the first. "Lake George is good; but Lake George is very far away. Hadn't we better enjoy this to-day?"

"Well, you're a pretty American," retorted the other. "They make such a darned fuss about their Swiss lakes, and we all come gawking over to look at 'em. Why don't they come to Lake George, I should like to know? I don't see why foreign folks don't come and see Lake George."

These are ludicrous details of which every traveler's memory is full. But we have suffered in graver ways among the nations. Our treatment of Peru in the guano question was sure to alienate, as it did, the sympathy of all the smaller powers. The Ostend conference was certainly the most unparalleled political outrage since the partition of Poland. That its objects were not accomplished, does not change the character of the intention nor affect the judgment of other nations and of all honorable men. No power could wisely dare to be really friendly with a nation which openly proclaimed itself a buccaneer.

But these are things of the Past. The discovery that other nations neither know much of us nor care for us will teach us a profounder self-respect, which will bring them to our sides. Ceasing to be a boy and a braggart, or a bully, conscious of our power, and tried by adversity, we shall find that as we cease to be solicitous other powers will cease to be scornful, and the war will give us a victory for which we had not looked.

Our Foreign Bureau.

AWAY to the north and east of Berlin, in the Prussian kingdom, seated on the flats that border the Baltic, is the old Crown town of Königsberg. It has been in its day a great amber market; it has been the seat of royalty and a palace. The great Teutonic Order (that tried culprits secretly, and secretly thrust them into hollow columns of masonry, where their bones were found ages after) had its head-quarters in Königsberg. It is the Seone and the Moscow of Prussia. There, in the last month of the last year of the eighteenth century, Elector Friederich of Brandenburg was crowned; eighteen hundred carriages, such as they were, and thirty thousand post-horses, contributed to swell the coronal procession that passed four hundred and fifty miles through tangled forests to the august ceremony. And there, in the palace, in the midst of the splendid magniloquence of bishops and chancellors, the famous Sophie Charlotte tapped her famous *tabatière*, and with a quiet pinch of snuff gave the great satiric bit of the century to the vanities of courts and coronations. A pinch of snuff that, Carlyle says, with a marvelously fine touch, "is fra-

grant all along in Prussian history." And then this sentence, which is exquisite: "Sophie Charlotte was always considered something of a Republican Queen."

But the coronations and the velvets and processions are not ended. Sophie Charlotte's fragrant rapee, and Carlyle's strong Scotch snuff that titillates to tears, have not killed them off. Königsberg, with all its traditions, still stands. The slow Pregel flows through the town; the pretty *Schloss-Teich* shines in the middle; and the ships, as in the old time, unload at Pillau. The old cathedral shows tombs of the old Brandenburg Electors, and the larger tomb of Kant. The house in which the metaphysician lived is now a coffee-house of the Prinzessinn-Strasse.

We open our month's journeying at Königsberg because, just now, all the world has gone thither to see the coronation of William the First, King of Prussia. Russia is represented by a brother of the Emperor; Austria by the Imperial brother Louis; Earl Clarendon gives greeting in the name of the British Queen; and Marshal MacMahon stands for France. We do not mean to describe processions or to enumerate the jewels; it is enough to say that there was magnificent courtly jumble of silks, crowns, swords, and Latin benedictions; Mr. Judd, of Illinois, undoubtedly being present, but with what understanding of the priestly magniloquence, or what silent comparisons with Hoosier eloquence, or what rivalry of the courtly dresses in Hoosier costume, we are not informed. Königsberg must be tame to a man fresh from Chicago; and if he carried no snuff-box, like the sensible Sophie Charlotte, the American may have emphasized his estimate of the mouldy, traditionary ceremonials by biting a quid from his Cavendish.

And yet, as we said, the kingly ceremonials thrive and luxuriate—like ivy fattening in the chinks of ruin—sucking out their great wealth of jewels and pomp from every little crevice where the tendril of a tax can fasten. Sophie Charlotte and Carlyle and Mr. Judd can not avail against kingship and its privileges and splendors. It is doubtful, indeed, if these things are not gaining every day (in Europe) in stability and esteem. Republicanism had never more modest champions. Mazzini is not so much general as corporal. The struggle of Hungary is not toward the novelty of democratic reforms so much as toward the memory of an ancient and splendid monarchy that was her own. Even the miserable traditions of a Bourbon king have rooted themselves so firmly among the mountains of Calabria that, in the very face of a liberal civilization from the north, they threaten the unity of Italy. The new Sultan lifts again the Ottoman banner, written over with august memories of a Mahmoud and a Solyman, and with the reek of them makes head against the Christianity of Montenegro. The Polish revolution will be nothing if not kingly; and the Mexican exiles in Europe are seeking for a great family that may centre loyalty, and serve as the depositary of national birth and power.

Of course the American war has a large influence in confirming this tendency. By that, it is seen that paper Constitutions are no surer safeguards against the passions of men than the unwritten traditions which cluster around a throne, and which are translated into loyalty. There is nothing less philosophic in the fact that pride and affection should rally about a bauble of a crown than that pride and

affection should rally about a piece of striped bunting. In any civilized state these are the mere symbols of national force and law; but if the force be wanting and the law broken, the crown is a football, and the flag only a bit of bunting.

All this about the great coronation festivities of Königsberg, which are a great vanity; but so are Constitutions, if trodden down.

King William of Prussia is an old man, well past sixty, but he is bringing the vigor of youth to the discipline of an army that counts nearly half a million. Some seventy thousand of his forces have been camped together the summer past upon the banks of the Rhine; and there was an exercise of this corps, lasting through a week of battles, which counterfeited, better perhaps than such things were ever counterfeited before, all the movements of offensive and defensive warfare. Towns were attacked, rivers bridged, heights scaled, foraging parties detailed, field-works thrown up, magazines exploded, reinforcements hurried forward from points fifty miles away—nothing was wanting, in fact, but the blood and the hellish animosities of war to make the whole thing as real as American history. All the powers of Europe were represented in the crowd of spectators: old enemies of Solferino, French marshals and Austrian grand-dukes, rode together to the field, and British generals hobnobbed with field-officers of Russia. Among the foreign officers present it is noticeable that there were two Virginians; but no representatives of the "Stars and Stripes." We may remark further, as matter of interest in these battle-times, that the Prussian field-pieces are mostly breech-loading, and number eight to a full battery. The bolts are coated with lead, for due action upon the rifling, but *never* strip—as is the case, we believe, with the Armstrong ordnance. The infantry, too, employ for the most part breech-loading rifles, of the "needle" patent. At a pinch, five charges can be fired from these weapons in sixty seconds. The knapsacks of the Prussian service are balanced by attachment to the belt. Overcoats are worn, as in the Austrian service, in a *rouleau*, passing over the left shoulder and outside the knapsack.

These manœuvres, near to Cologne and Düsseldorf, are understood to have cost the Government the sum of five hundred thousand Prussian thalers—cheaper than war, and prettier to look on.

WE had something to say last month of the French camp at Chalons, and of the new cavalry instructions. Although no field movements have been conducted upon so gigantic a scale as those of the Prussian forces upon the other side of the Rhine, yet British observers report the discipline as perfect, and the drill more effective, as being more in keeping with the new methods of warfare. Besides the camp at Chalons, the garrisons at both Lyons and Paris may be counted as armies, from either one of which a force of twenty thousand might be detailed at a day's notice for march to the borders of the empire.

In connection with this display of rival forces in countries adjoining the Rhine, much attention has latterly been given to a pamphlet, said to wear a look of imperial inspiration, and discussing very thoroughly the old question of the Rhine border. Its title is "The Rhine and the Vistula." It ignores any legitimate claim of France to the hither bank of the Rhine, and ridicules the idea of finding any security in river boundaries in these days of pontoon bridges and rifled artillery. Commanding ranges of

hills only make the proper line of defense and of demarkation. France would be weaker with the western bank of the river to protect than she is to-day; the only additional towns eastward to which she would ever urge claim, if any were to be urged, would be those of Landau and Saar-Louis.

The pamphleteer further argues for the rehabilitation of a strong government in the upper valley of the Vistula. Germany needs it as a defense against the great empire of the East, and an outraged nation demands it as a right. This is the pith of the pamphlet, whose leanings are of a Walewski kind.

No sooner was the pamphlet and the talk it kindled over than the *quidnuncs* found more appetizing subject of discussion in the visit of King William of Prussia to Compeigne. It was not a ceremonious visit, as kings count ceremony. Only a dozen or so of attendants, a swift run down in a special convoy of the Eastern Road; the Emperor and two or three of his *suite* in waiting *en bourgeois*, a good hand-shaking, and a hearty German spoken welcome; a drive through the unpretending street of Compeigne, where crowds saluted and ladies waved handkerchiefs; a whirl into the great court of the palace between files of Imperial Zouaves; a new welcome in a burst of music from the band of the Imperial Guard, and the prettiest welcome of all in the smiles of the charming Eugénie, who is at the foot of the hall staircase (her son by her side), and whose dainty hand the gallant old gentleman touches with a royal kiss. Then a stately walk up the stairway between the giant cuirasses of the *Cent-Gards*, and such little *abandon* as courts know.

Of course their two majesties would say something of that uneasy French spirit which breaks out from time to time in a yearning for the Rhine; but what it may have been we can not tell. Of course, too, that Roman question, as possibly involving new struggles upon the Italian borders of Germany, would have its passing appreciation; but what King William said of this we can not tell. We only know that, like a good Protestant, he hates the Pope and loves Germany, and is jealous of Austria. Of course these two monarchs would have somewhat to say of England and her fleets; but coquettishly very likely; for is not King William father-in-law of a British Princess, and the Emperor firm ally of her mother; and do not both of them in their hearts detest British arrogance?

Possibly they may have talked toward the small hours "ayont the twal" of the United States, that are now agonizing with the throes of a dismal struggle; and the old King may have chuckled at thought of the annoying reclamations of Prussian soldiers who claimed a protecting nationality, over the sea, that now threatened to go by; and the Emperor, at thought of the silent looms of Lyons, may have looked gloomy. But the triumph, if the Prussian felt it, and the gloom, if the Emperor wore it, may very likely have found abatement as they remarked upon the exceptional and embarrassed attitude of England; her fanatics, whether abolitionists or humanitarians, making Exeter Hall echo more loudly than ever with invocations of a dreadful doom on all men who do not think precisely as they think; her merchants and manufacturers comparing devices to slip the blockade, or to find some Christian excuse to interfere where they have promised non-interference; her great conservative power holding itself in proud reserve—not daring open sympathy either

with the North or with the South, lest one way it might smack of liberalism, or the other way might favor the possible triumph of revolution; last, her Government, half liberal, wholly British, coyly balancing itself between contending opinions, expressing magniloquent regrets, and steering cautiously, as every British cabinet always has steered, and always will steer, in whatever channel, whether old or new, promises the largest accession to British wealth and British power.

Of course nobody knows what the Prussian King and the French Emperor talked of. We dare say it was a pleasant visit: the meats we know were good; the palace we know is beautiful; the guests we know were courteous; and with another royal kiss, dropped this time upon the brow of the imperial heir, the King went home, to Dusseldorf, to Berlin, to Königsberg, and to the processional mummeries with whose story we began.

At the first announcement of this royal visit the London *Times*, settling upon it with a warm leader, hatched out a terrific brood of prognostics; and from having been the best abuser of every thing Prussian—anent the Macdonald brawl of last summer—now showed most logically and unmistakably how Prussia was in fact very British, and should be the best friend of England; and how their good ally the Emperor was a very astute and wily man, who meant always “the Rhine for border,” and Prussia should beware of him. But Continentalists appreciate the *Times*—we are sorry to see America does not. It gives, to be sure, the best daily reading in the world; the most salient, the most crisp, the most digestible, the most various. It has arrowy logic; it has marrowy fullness; but it is dogmatic, bigoted, all-sided, except only—persistently British. It never shows courtesy to men or nations; it satirizes the Emperor at the very time when he is the guest of the Queen; it sneers at the Prince Royal of Prussia while the Prince is courting the Queen's daughter; it criticises English generalship as insolently as it does the Austrian or Italian. More than a score of times within the last ten years it has abused every government in Europe by turns more roundly than it has abused our own in the summer past. The French Emperor, who has come in for a larger share of its contempt and its praises than any other monarch, shows a good sense (larger than Mr. Seward's) in reading it every morning with his breakfast. In nine cases out of ten, on any international topic, it shows the unmistakable drift of the leading and governing opinions of England. Observe, we say the leading and governing opinions; not necessarily the most enlightened or liberal; not always the most Christian or advanced opinions, but the opinions which control national action. For this reason, aside from its cleverness, it carries weight and commands respect. For a man to get angry with a newspaper is a very foolish thing; but for a people to get angry with a newspaper is more foolish still.

In the Academy of Sciences, a day or two since, M. Faye announced, with some particularity, that he had received a notification from the conductor of the *American Astronomical Journal* that the issue of that paper would thenceforth be suspended on account of the war. The next day's journals, however, represented that the astronomical paper in question had been suppressed by the United States authorities. Whereupon there chanced very harsh

talk against a Republican Administration, which, not content with consigning the “suspects” to an American “Bastille” without form of trial, was now guilty of the unheard-of tyranny of suppressing journals devoted to pure science! Perhaps—the wags suggested—the great Mr. Seward will command the sun and moon to stand still!

So absurd a mistake could not float long without correction; a sober second thought would have done it, even if Mr. Motley had not thought the matter worthy of a diplomatic note of emendation.

THIS little *causerie* brings us pleasantly into the streets of Paris, where, as yet, the autumn leaves have hardly thrown down the first withered token of October. But death is in the air. Only the other day it was Madame de Solm, a brilliant woman of manifold accomplishments—young, rich, courted—who last year lighted up her hotel with theatric fêtes, in which she was actress and author, winning plaudits in both rôles, and winning admiration everywhere: now they make a grand funeral for her.

THIEN, Rose Cheri, the pretty, arch, accomplished queen of the Gymnase, who entered into a good story of Scribe's with such heartiness and buoyancy that it seemed as if it were no story of Scribe's you looked on, but only a bit of Rose Cheri's own life. She deserves to have a better word spoken for her than could be spoken for most French actresses. There was no badness in her look; and, if rumor may be trusted, none in her life. She wore the face of a good, kind, clever woman, that will never beam on the full seats of the Gymnase again. She has played her last part now, and they say she played it well.

ALPHONSE DUMAS is the name of another dead one, who almost needs introduction. Not the great Alexandre; but a far away cousin, and a good type of those earnest, hopeful poets, who think themselves born for literary work, who never despair, who write poems that are rejected, who write poems that are published, who never succeed, who never know why, who write to the last, and who die in harness. How many such; not in Paris only!

M. THIERS brings his great epic of the Consulate and Empire toward a close. The nineteenth volume is before the public; swift in its march of events, highly colored, dramatic, French. The central figure of the hero appears in the grand part of the Elban exile. His quick eye following over sea the miserable errors that are breaking down the supports of the Restoration; and his proud heart yearning toward the fair land that he loves and prizes “*comme une maîtresse*.” And so, the eagles that were the companions in his glory, sailing from steeple to steeple, and from town to town, led back his steps, an easy conqueror, to the capital. Flatteries and submission wait upon him, while the weak king has fled; and he assumes again the new burden of power. But a grave sadness is in the story, which is the shadow of the coming fall. No French step approaches the battle-ground of Waterloo but it startles mournful recollections. The brilliant charges, the *élan*, the waves of flashing steel surge vainly round the imperturbable and unmoving ranks of the Saxon. It is a field of defeat. They may gild the dome of the *Invalides* that arches over the great tomb bright as they will, yet the thought of the

solitary grave, with its weird willow, at St. Helena, haunts the memory of a Frenchman.

THE little flurry occasioned by the increased price of bread has passed by; and it is probable that owing to the increase of the stock of grain, by enormous foreign purchases, which are now arriving freely, there will be no occasion for its renewal. Work is proceeding with more than the usual activity upon the newly-opened parks and thoroughfares, as well as upon the palaces of the Tuileries and Elysées Bourbon.

WHILE speaking of the city improvements in Paris, it is worthy of mention that the largest expenditures have gone to promote the health and comfort of the poorer classes. The narrow alleys and courts which carried pestilential miasma in them have given place to wide streets, abundance of air, and health-giving fountains. The opening of the Park Monceaux gave at once a magnificent garden to the enjoyment of the tens of thousands who live in the neighborhood of the Batignolle; and it is related with becoming pride, how fifty thousand persons, mostly of the humbler classes, tramped over it all day long upon the occasion of its opening, without doing damage to the amount of fifty francs to either flowers, walks, or shrubbery. The square about the old tower of Jacquerie, in the midst of the poor people of Les Halles, cost the municipality two millions of francs, and is enjoyed only by the poor. The wood of Vincennes gives a park only second to the Bois de Boulogne to the close quarters of St. Antoine; and in the neighborhood of the Conservatoire des Métiers has been opened a public square, which, of a pleasant afternoon, can hardly be entered by a late visitor for the throngs of women and children. Trees are planted with a view to the absorption of noxious gases, and minute scientific inquiries have been instituted by the Government with a view to ascertain what varieties will most contribute to the public health, and under what conditions their action will be most effective. With the exception of the private garden of the Tuileries and of the Elysées Bourbon, the public are not denied free admission to any considerable grounds in the city. There are no "locked up" squares as in London—enjoyable only by those possessing a key through purchase. Again, while the public improvements in London have been, and continue to be, mostly at the west end, thus profiting those already who had free air and healthful exercise at command, the municipal changes in Paris, although accomplished by arbitrary power, have contributed to the well-being of the most needy and helpless of the population.

WITH the same rare sagacity that has distinguished his expenditures hitherto, the Emperor Napoleon is now turning his attention to the improvement of the smaller country roads of France. It is argued, and very justly, that while the immense impetus which has been given to railway development in the Empire has quickened the trade of special localities and added largely to the public wealth, yet the benefit will not fully accrue to retired districts unless easy transportation is insured to the great lines of communication. It is a notable fact that even in England the price of land has retrograded in certain localities, from the fact that they are relatively at a greater distance from good markets than before the days of railway communication. The same is doubly true in France; and

the Emperor promises large appropriations for the purpose of remedying this condition. The best engineering talent is to be employed, and the hill countries of Lamousin, of Languedoc, and of Brittany, are at length to have the advantage of capital thoroughfares, kept in the best possible condition by the state.

It is hoped, furthermore, that this direction of the public funds will promote in the agricultural districts that love of rural pursuits which is found to be lamentably on the wane. To such an extent is this true, that in many departments it is exceedingly difficult to find capable laborers for the effective tillage of the soil, or for the securing of the harvests. The great works which have been in progress in the capital, and the construction of railways, by offer of higher wages, have drawn away very much of the muscle of the country, and the indulgences of a city life have corrupted the simple tastes of the old peasantry. It is felt that the permanent health of the nation demands, if possible, a reflux of this great tide city-ward back again to the country. The communal roads under an improved condition, it is believed, will contribute to this end, by establishing easier and more prompt communication with the great centres of trade, and assuring a readier market.

To the same end the Government is favoring, in every practicable way, the re-establishment of old country families, who by their presence and patronage, for a part of the year at least, may serve to stay the unrest of the peasants, and quicken interest in their homes.

The chateaux whose courts were overgrown with weeds are in process of repair. The plantations are revived. A new taste for field-sports is promoted. The streams are stocked, under the direction of Paris savans, with new tribes of fish. Fashion declares stoutly against autumn in Paris. The Emperor is at Compeigne. Walewski gives fêtes at his charming estate of Etiolles. Vichy, Plombières, Pau, and Aix, are full. The Countess of Persigny has a score of guests at her chateau of Charamande. And the Prince Napoleon, just now back from his swift Atlantic trip of the summer, goes to his farm near Villegenis, where a Scotch bailiff, and sleek Ayrshire cattle, and consummate drainage, almost cheat one into the belief that the soil is British soil, and the landlord a Bedford or a Derby.

Even the *feuilletonistes*, who in the good gone days of the top-knot, bourgeois King Louis, scarce left their city escritoirs for so much of shaven country as blesses the eye in the meadows of St. Cloud, now take their two months' vacation at Caudebec, watching the tide; at Harfleur, watching the sea and the sails; at Pau, scrambling on the mountains; at Biarritz, waiting the Empress; or in Savoy, surveying the new addenda of the Empire. If these things do not show an incline toward decentralization of power, they at least indicate very surely a great decentralization of taste.

APROPPOS of the Prince Napoleon, whom we just now named, he has made his report to the Emperor of his American reception, of his impressions of our new Cabinet, of his night at Manassas, and of his judgment of the two parties at issue. What may be the Imperial action upon this report, or what complexion the report may wear, only the wildest guesses tell, thus far. Of what is certain, these facts may be safely counted; first, that before the year closes the French will have a powerful fleet in the Gulf of Mexico; second, that no sovereign in Europe

deplores the existing American controversy more than the Emperor of France; third, that in view of the discontents at Lyons, and shortened exportations of silk, under the Morrill Tariff, French sympathy with the North is far less than at the beginning; fourth, that France will in no case attempt to break the established blockade, except in conjunction with the fleets of England and of Spain; and fifth, that she will enter into no such combination, except the distress in the manufacturing centres, incident to a short supply of cotton, and the shortened demand for French fabrics, shall show imminent danger of revolutionary outbreak.

The French navy was never before in so available and effective condition in the history of the kingdom; and it is only reasonable to suppose that the ambition of French naval officers, balked of any expression in the year of Italian warfare, should now be eager for the airing of a battle. The ardent pride in the mail and fleetness of *La Normandie*, and in the docks of Cherbourg wants a record.

In the old days of Paris sight-seeing the well of Grenelle was one of the wonders that drew the regard of all strangers; a well sunk to the depth of eighteen hundred feet through chalk, sand, and flint, occupying eight years in process of construction, and delivering from its bore of about seven inches six hundred and sixty gallons a minute at the surface of the ground. But now the well of Grenelle has a rival in the well of Passy; only within the month M. Dumas, the distinguished chemist, communicated a report upon the successful accomplishment of the work to the Academy of Sciences. The project of the well originated in the shortened supply of water for domestic uses. An accomplished engineer proposed to undertake the work of boring a well of the average diameter of twenty inches, in the neighborhood of Passy (a suburb of Paris), which should deliver fourteen thousand cubic yards of water per day, at an altitude of ninety feet above the highest point in the Bois de Boulogne.

Somewhere about the close of the year 1854 the work was resolved upon and commenced. Without encountering any obstacle of special importance, it was pushed forward unceasingly until March of the year 1857, when the bore had reached a depth of nearly seventeen hundred feet, and water was daily looked for. But a difficulty here overtook the enterprise which seemed almost insurmountable. The iron tubing which follows the bore burst at the depth of a hundred and sixty feet, under the pressure of the clay. Three years of unceasing activity were required to remedy the result of this accident before the boring could be renewed. It was found necessary to sink a shaft beside the tubing to a depth of a hundred and seventy feet of an average diameter of seven feet. The sides of this shaft were supported by iron tubing, which although of more than half an inch in thickness frequently snapped like glass. The laborers deserted the work, and refused to risk their lives in its prosecution. In this emergency the engineers themselves volunteered to descend until confidence was restored. At the close of the year 1859 this supplemental labor was brought to an end; the point of the original breakage was reached; the *débris* were removed, a safer tubing supplied, and the boring pushed on without serious difficulty until, at the close of September last, the water burst forth, and the orifice has delivered since that date a volume of over twenty thousand cubic yards per day; this at a temperature of about 84°

Fahrenheit, and sufficient for the ordinary supply of a population of half a million of people. Judge if the new well of Passy may not be counted a wonder!

In these days of the severe taxes which military movements always involve, it may interest your readers to know something of the report of M. Eugène Simon (an agent of the French Government) upon the fish-culture and consequent cheap food of the Chinese. It appears that the fishery of the Grand Kiang (whoever that personage may be) is equal to that of all the European nations united, and occupies millions of persons. As a consequence fish is excessively cheap, and is furnished in most of the market towns of China at the rate of two to three cents the Chinese pound (equal to a pound and a half English). Some of the *cultivated* fish reach the enormous weight of two or three hundred pounds. A variety, described as the cow-fish, fed mostly upon chopped grass, is recommended as capital eating, and as reaching a weight of from thirty to forty pounds.

In order to stock a pond the Chinese keep the young fish in pits along the bank until sufficiently strong, where they are fed with ducks' eggs crushed, and mixed with water. A little later the egg food is suppressed, and crushed pease given instead. After some six weeks of this nursery life the fish are considered strong enough to be committed to the deep water, which is done by cutting canals into the shore pits. Still, however, they are regularly fed; at first three times a day, then twice, and when of full size only once a day. The fish come to know the hours of feeding, and are as prompt to the call as so many ducklings. Several new species of these fish have been brought to France by M. Simon, and it is hoped may be acclimated in the waters of the Bois de Boulogne.

A SWIFT glance now at Great Britain, where they are building up in colossal proportions the new Palace of Industry; where the Queen, with the Hessian lover of her daughter, are rustivating among the "burns and braes" of the Highlands; where the Parliament men are bagging grouse on all the moors; where the cotton, and commerce, and labor questions are assuming week by week a most threatening aspect. Every public speaker at every public dinner must needs touch upon them, and always with a coyness of approach and that tenseness of nerve in the handling which reminds of nothing so much as of the surgeon, in whom the last hope lies, probing a deep wound. We may rely upon it that British merchants and manufacturers are chafing under the broken commerce with America and the present balance of exchange, as they have not chafed before in our generation. They are sweating every gold guinea they pay over to us now with a punching oath. The *Daily News* pours good Christian oil upon the situation; but we must remember that where five British voters swear by the *Daily News* twenty-five swear by the *Times*. No matter what may be the sympathies or the humanities of the Shaftesburys of England, we say now, as we have said before, that the very moment when it shall appear to the Government that the public tranquillity is more endangered, and the public purse more depleted by the existing cotton embargo than they would be by open hostilities, that very moment the Government will join France in breaking the Southern blockade, and the Derbys, and the Russells, and

the Broughams will say amen. England is, before all things, English. Her humanities are splendid, but they look first to the beef and the breeches of John Bull.

Of lesser mention we note the chess championship of Mr. Paulsen. Without altogether making good the place of Mr. Morphy, his play attracts much attention. Mr. Buckle (of the Civilization), an adroit amateur, was lately one of many witnesses to a blind-fold contest of Paulsen's against ten of the best players of London. Commencing at early evening, the contest was ended shortly after midnight with the following result: Mr. Paulsen gained two, lost three, and five were declared drawn. Mr. Staunton was not one of the combatants; nor does it appear, although the Shakspeare labor is now off his hands, that he is willing to imperil his reputation by a trial with Mr. Paulsen.

THE Haworth Rectory, where "Jane Eyre" was written, has been made vacant by the death of Mr. Nichols, the husband of the distinguished authoress. The low stone house, with its weird wastes of heather stretching round, must make a melancholy home for what family may come. Always the gray house and the heather fields will be haunted gloriously by the great shadows of the genius that once brooded over them.

FOR our next month's pages we put over opportunity to tell how the great serf-emancipation problem is working itself out in Russia; how Warsaw is still threatening and full of dangerous mourners; how Turkey is putting all her Ottoman valor to the test for the conquest of the Christian mountaineers of Montenegro; how Austria finds graver struggle than ever with her disobedient Hungarians; how Cialdini, having swept out the brigands of Calabria, gives place to the General della Marmora; how Florence has bloomed out in festivities over the inauguration of an Industrial Palace; how the Pope, like Giant Dagon sitting at his cave's mouth, still mumbles the old bones, and will not go; how Spain, with a wonderful recuperation of energy, is pushing forward men and ships for a new conquest of her old Cortéz domain; how the roses and the chestnuts are making the October fields fragrant with strange flowers; how the European year is marching to its close with murmurs of storm, and clash of swords, and din of artillery, and the untimely bloom of gardens.

Editor's Drawer.

ADDISON said that Cheerfulness is the best Hymn to the Divinity. And a merry heart, with a good conscience, is a constant song of praise. To be vexed with every little care that comes is folly, and it would be wiser and better to laugh at all the ills of life than be forever in the dumps and tears. There was some philosophy in Jones of Boston, who took a caning in the street without a word of complaint or resistance, and when he was reproached for his patience, he said, "I never meddle with what passes behind my back." Titus said that he lost a day if one passed by without his having a hearty laugh. The pilgrims at Mecca consider it so essential a part of their devotion, that they call upon their Prophet to preserve them from sad faces. "Ah!" cried Rabelais, with an honest pride, as his friends were weeping around his death-bed,

"if I were to die ten times over, I should never make you cry half so much as I have made you laugh."

THE FIRST RECORD OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—You city-folk, who live next door to shops where you can get any thing at a moment's notice, can not appreciate the inconveniences to which we country-people are liable. All that I had to say about Professor Bush, etc., could have been written on a half sheet of note-paper; yet for the want of this I was obliged to send you an unfinished note. One thing and another has prevented me from completing it, and I am mortified to find that you have printed the fragment which I sent you. I will now briefly finish it.

I was going to tell you what Mr. Bush said about Doctor Cox. I think you knew the Professor, as he was called, though I imagine his Hebrew Professorship in the University involved neither duties nor emolument. A more thoroughly conscientious man never lived. Up to middle age, and I think beyond, he was theologically orthodox, and his learning and abilities assured him a prominent place in his denomination. At length he began to doubt on various points, and withdrawing from his clerical functions betook himself to writing; finally, as you know, he became a Swedenborgian.

When I first knew him he was in the middle stage of his career. I was then occasionally employed as "Proof-reader" in the printing-office where his works were printed. One day a package of his copy was missing; and I was obliged to go to his room to inform him of the loss. I wish I could describe that room. Walls, floor, windows, every thing were full of books, covered thickly with dust. The Professor sat at a little desk, with a sort of circular book-case around it, containing such books as he needed for constant reference. He was not in the least angry at the loss of his copy, but undertook to re-write it; a labor, I do not doubt, of a fortnight.

Speaking of Proof-readers brings to mind a score of anecdotes which I would like to write out; but I must not do so here, as they would interrupt what I have to say about Professor Bush. I will, however, put down one.

We were printing a volume of Poems. You know that when a printer takes out a portion of "copy" he writes his name on each leaf; these names are transcribed on each page of proof, to show who set it up. It happened that the printers engaged on this volume were Good, Scott, Poor, and French, whose names, of course, were written on the proofs sent to the author. One day he came into the office in great tribulation.

"I notice," said he, "that some critical remark is appended to almost every one of my poems. I don't know who writes them, but I can not agree with him. Some are called 'good,' but they are no better than those marked 'poor,' in my opinion, or in that of literary friends whom I have consulted. Again, 'Scott' is written against others, intimating, I suppose, that they are borrowed from Sir Walter Scott. Now I have carefully read through all of Scott's poems, for this special purpose; and I assert that there is not the remotest resemblance between them and any one of mine. Then some are said to be 'French.' Now I do not understand that language at all, and so could not, if I would, plagiarize from it. I am glad to avail myself of any just criticism; but these are so unfair that I must ask that they be discontinued."

The poet was so earnest and voluble that the Reader was unable to explain the matter until he had finished. The explanation, however, when made, was perfectly satisfactory.

We did not get off quite so well with another poet, who really had a fair complaint against us. He had written a poem for a Magazine which we were printing. One line of this poem—I forget what was the subject—as it appeared in print, read thus :

“Who never stained their shirts with blood.”

The author rushed into the office in great agony. What did we mean by defacing his poetry in that manner? He was disgraced and ruined forever! A million dollars wouldn't begin to repay the loss which he had suffered!

“What is wrong?” asked the trembling Reader.

“What is wrong! Bring me my ‘copy’ and I will show you. Look there!” opening the printed sheet: “‘Never stained their *shirts*.’ Now see here is what I wrote,” pointing to the manuscript, which the boy had meanwhile brought: “This is what I wrote—‘Never stained their *skirts*.’ I wrote *skirts*, and you have printed it *shirts*, and have disgraced me forever!”

We looked at the manuscript. What should have been a *k* was an unmistakable *h*. The compositor, as in duty bound, had “followed copy,” and the Proof-reader, letting his eye for the moment do duty for his brain, had failed to detect what the poet meant to have written. He had to escape the best way he could:

“The copy reads ‘*shirts*’ as plainly as possible,” he stammered.

“Yes, yes; but I always write an *h* and a *k* exactly alike,” said the poet.

“We always print them exactly alike,” replied the Reader.

The poet was puzzled. He had appealed to his manuscript, and that was against him. He had closed up his case, and had not a leg left to stand upon. If you ever happen to turn up the Magazine with the poem containing that unlucky line, you will know how it happened to read thus. Please to correct it, making “*skirts*” out of the printer’s “*shirts*.”

The mention of my proof-reading experiences has led me into a slight digression from the subject of which I was about to write, which was Professor Bush’s *mot* about Dr. Cox. I could have told you a hundred stories about printers’ errors, “all of which I saw, and a part of which I was;” perhaps I may do so some day. But now I will finish what I had begun to say about Mr. Bush when I was betrayed into this digression.

Well, then, to make a long story short, you remember the great meteoric shower of 1835, or thereabout. I may be mistaken as to the precise year; but it was, I know, about the time of the “Great Fire” in New York—the first “Great Fire,” I mean, for there have been two which deserve this designation. The first great meteoric shower and the first great fire came so nearly together that, as I look back upon them, they appear to have happened together. Professor Bush’s *mot*, which you will presently have, is connected with the meteoric shower, but has nothing to do with the fire.

But I must—though I dislike always to wander from the point, which is the meteoric shower, Dr. Cox, and Professor Bush’s *mot*—diverge a little, and jot down a reminiscence connected, though somewhat remotely, with the “Great Fire,” which, as I have said, happened within no long time from the great meteoric shower. This first great fire occurred

in the dead of winter. The water was frozen in the hose, and the gallant exertions of the firemen were almost paralyzed by extreme cold. There is no need for me to endeavor to describe that awful time. The best description of it which I can call to mind was contained in a sermon by Rev. Dr. Krebs. This was published, and is well worthy of preservation by any one who has a collection of pamphlets of that day. This fire, remember, happened in the dead of winter. Years after—ten or a dozen, I think—a great fire occurred in Brooklyn; but this was in mid-summer. It took place Saturday night and Sunday morning. On that Sunday I attended church in Willoughby Street, not far from the point where the conflagration was stayed. An old friend of mine was pastor; but on this occasion his pulpit was supplied by Dr. Krebs. The sermon was eloquent; into it was interwoven a picture of the fire of the previous night. I was struck by one long passage. After describing the terrors of the mid-summer conflagration, the preacher went on something thus: “But, my brethren, in this instance the judgments of the Lord were tempered with mercy. Had this great conflagration, instead of occurring in summer, taken place in winter, how fearfully would its terrors have been enhanced. Then the water would have been frozen; the benumbed hands of the firemen would have been unable to have worked their engines of mercy, and—” Here followed a highly-wrought description of a great fire in mid-winter.

Going home with my friend, the Willoughby Street pastor—his name, by the way, was Locke, which puts me in mind of a good joke made thereupon. He was unmarried, and it was noticeable how many young ladies attended his church. “How do you account,” I asked of a female friend, “for so many pretty girls always being seen in the Willoughby Street Church?” “Oh,” was the reply, “I suppose it’s because they are inclined to *wed-lock*.”

But, as I was saying, going home with my friend the pastor, I expressed my astonishment that Dr. K. should in so short a time have been able to work up such an eloquent description of a fire. He answered by handing me the pamphlet, printed a half score of years before, describing the great New York fire.

But whither have I been wandering? I began this note thinking that in a single page I could tell you what Professor Bush said about Dr. Cox, and also add the conundrum about the “First Record of Corporal Punishment.”

I can not certainly gather up all these threads in the space left me on this sheet. You shall have them in brief space in another note.

Yours ever, H.

“ONE of the religious Quarterlies is down upon long prayers in the pulpit. It tells of a minister who prayed three-quarters of an hour before sermon, and of another who prayed twenty-seven minutes after sermon. It condemns eccentric prayers with equal severity, and signals a New England divine who, in 1801, when Jefferson had come into power, went into his pulpit on the Sabbath after the Inauguration, and in his leading prayer used the following language: ‘O Lord! thou hast commanded us to pray for our enemies. Accordingly we begin with Thomas Jefferson.’ This was the venom of an old Federalist oozing out in prayer.”

The same writer says: “Maine was once a District of Massachusetts before becoming a State. At the time of its erection into a State there was some dispute as to when the powers of the old government

terminated and those of the new began. The then Governor of Massachusetts was named Allan, and the first Governor of Maine was also named Allan. In the interim a venerable minister of Maine, who was equally learned and eccentric, offered the following petition during a church service: 'O Lord! we pray for thy blessing to rest on the Chief Magistrate of this Commonwealth'—certainly a very proper and timely request, had he allowed it to rest at that; but stopping a moment he added, by way of parenthesis—'Bill Allan I mean!' It happened that Bill Allan, the Governor, was present, and participated in the enjoyment of the occasion. Such eccentricities are better to be avoided than imitated. They bring religious things into contempt, and deserve rebuke."

DURING a protracted meeting at a Methodist church in East Tennessee, when some mourners were at the altar, the minister in charge called on a Presbyterian elder who was present to pray for them. The elder began one of those long, pointless, didactic effusions the dispensation of which we have often endured; and was engaged in a very full discussion of the divine attributes and perfections, when the stock of endurance possessed by the preacher gave out, and he stopped him, saying aloud, "Never mind that, brother, never mind that: the Lord knows more about that than you or I. Pray for these sinners."

Whatever doubt we may have as to the propriety of such interruption, a jury of ministers would bring in a verdict—"Served him right!"

THE camp, the field, and the hospital fill the Drawer with their pleasantries, and we might use these pages only to exhibit the humors of the war. Here follow a few:

Complaint having been made in one of the hospitals that an Irish volunteer would not submit to the prescribed remedies, one of the attendant physicians proceeded to expostulate with him, when the soldier defended himself very valiantly and with all the wit of his native isle, exclaiming,

"Sure, your honor, wasn't it a blister they wanted to put upon my back? And I only tould them it was althegither impossible; for I've such a mighty dislike to thim blisters that, put 'em where you will, they are sure to go agin my stomach!"

A CORRESPONDENT from the "Hospital, Fortress Monroe," writes: "I have often been glad to see the Drawer in the woods of Maine and on the prairies of Nebraska; but I have never experienced more real benefit from it than in this old hospital. I had seen no papers or books for a month, when last Monday I espied the June Number of *Harper* on the bed of a comrade. I borrowed it, and was soon so lost in its pages as to forget my wounded ankle. Among the anecdotes in the Drawer was one about 'Little Graves,' as we used to call him in Nebraska. I knew him well. At one time he was Assessor of Taxes, in which capacity he called upon an old gentleman noted for his oddities and penuriousness.

"Well, Mr. J-J-ones," asked Graves, in his stuttering way, 'what do you c-c-all yourself w-wuth?"

"Ain't worth nothing."

"Ain't w-wuth nothing! Who owns these things ab-bout here?"

"I hain't got nothing. They ain't mine."

"Who owns that m-mill out there?"

"My brother owns that."

"B-but you have charge on't. What's it w-wuth?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Q-queer m-mill that—only wuth t-two hundred dollars. W-who owns that b-buggy there?"

"That's mine."

"What's the b-buggy w-wuth?"

"That's worth ten dollars."

"Q-queer b-buggy—only wuth ten dollars. That c-cow is yours, I s'pose. What's she w-wuth?"

"Five dollars."

"You w-wouldn't sell 'em for that, w-would you?"

"Yes, and glad to get the money."

"W-well, if that's all they're w-wuth, I'll t-take 'em at that."

This opened Farmer Jones's eyes, and before Graves had done with him the mill was assessed at \$800, the buggy at \$50, the cow at \$20, and other stock in proportion.

"How did you make out with old Jones?" asked one of Graves's friends.

"Oh, I f-fotched him," was the reply."

A CERTAIN dignified individual opened a broker's shop on our Cincinnati Wall Street, under the much-beloved name of 'UNION BANK,' advertising for deposits and business generally. He professed to pay a liberal interest on all funds deposited in the Union Bank. Matters went smoothly on until the deposit account grew somewhat large, when he balanced cash one Saturday for the last time, and left between two days, leaving nothing but an immense sign of 'UNION BANK' to divide among the creditors. A wag went to the room above, and removed from the first word the two letters N, leaving to his terror-stricken depositors the huge sign as a legacy, to read with great emphasis 'U I O BANK.' On Monday the friends of the late institution saw, without asking any questions, the state of their claims, and are now enjoying the joke at their own loss."

"Your extract from the *Ashtabula* paper, in *Harper* for October, is a gem. Ohio has done more in that line. I send a sample:

"Some years since a new firm of dry-goods dealers in this village, on their return from the 'city' with their first purchase, sent out a large number of handbills, in which was this sentence: 'But not to pile up the agony of Western eloquence, we state with great confidence that ladies attired in our new styles of fall and winter dress goods, will find the effect so rejuvenating that all the cares incident to domestic life will be as blithesome as kissing the dew-drops from the roses of beauty that bloom in perennial fragrance in the Elysian fields of ecstatic love!'"

IN Western New York, in the town of L—, on the Erie canal, lives a man of the Spiritual faith. Some time since he professed to have received a revelation from the spirit of Robert Fulton to build a steam canal-boat on a new pattern. He accordingly set out to build one in conformity with the plan received from Fulton's spirit. He collected a large amount of material, and put together a contrivance on the bank of the canal which people thought decidedly *new*, but doubted its swimming qualities. But the Spiritual gentleman had the utmost faith in the success of his undertaking, and when his preparations were completed, and after spending \$1500, the day arrived for launching the wonderful and heavenly-originated boat, and it was

slid into the canal; but alas! it wouldn't move. It heeled over, and seemed to be neither adapted to water nor land—a mortifying failure. In the anguish of the builder's disappointment he said, "that although the spirits know every thing about the other world, they know nothing about this." He builds no more boats after Spiritual patterns.

"I HAD occasion to examine our County Court Records a few days since, and in doing so came across the following entry:

"And now comes N. D. H. and Nancy H. and make application for a Marriage License; and the Court being satisfied that the parties are old enough (being over sixty years of age, and having been married before), after full consideration of all matters and things, the Court in its wisdom sees proper to grant same application.

"T. H. N., *County Judge.*"

ONE of our correspondents at the Capital writes to the Drawer:

"In casting my eye on the superscription of some letters which came under my view a few days since, I noticed the following, post-marked 'Meriden, N. H., Aug. 28, 1861.

"Hon. S—— A. D——,
Care of his Widow,
Washington, D. C., U. S. A."

"I did not notice whether the '*Please forward,*' which I have heard of in a similar case, was on this letter or not. I presume not.

"Was it a supposition on the part of the writer of the letter that his whereabouts at the time was known to the widow of the late distinguished Senator, and that she could communicate?"

"I WAS at a negro—I beg pardon, a colored—camp-meeting, a few years since, and some six or seven miles north of this city. One afternoon a colored brother took the stand and discoursed upon the 'Millennium.' In his remarks he had occasion to refer to the prophecies. 'Yes, my bredren,' said he, 'the swords, and the spears, and the guns, and every thing of that sort, as the Scripture says, shall be turned into plow-shares and something else—I disremember what—and the whole artillery into railroads. Amen; thus let it be.'

"He was only carrying out a little more, in *extenso*, the figure of the prophet.

"The prospect, however, seems to be that, just now, we need more artillery than railroads."

OUR little sister Delaware wishes to come into the Drawer, and sends a brace of anecdotes; the last one, however, is of the ancient order.

"During the year of 1846 the remains of Commodore Jacob Jones were brought to the City of Wilmington for the purpose of being buried, with civic and military honors, in the beautiful cemetery near the city. The coffin containing the remains was placed in the City Hall, and a guard stationed at the door to prevent the citizens from entering the Hall. Applications for admission were very numerous, yet they were all met by a polite but firm refusal. At length a gentleman by the name of Fipps (a very clever fellow, by-the-way, although very consequential) applied for admission and was denied. Thereupon Mr. Fipps began hectoring the guard, telling him that the Hall was public property, etc.; but it was all to no purpose, the guard was inflexible; and Mr. Fipps, quite discomfited, was walking moodily away when an old huxter woman, who had been a

silent spectator of the scene, yelled after him, 'You are, I have no doubt, a very good *Fip*, but you couldn't *pass* there!' The crowd shouted, and Mr. Fipps vamosed the ranch."

SOME time ago an English bookmaker got up a volume with the curious title of "The Tin Trumpet." It has been reprinted with various addenda in this country, and with a great lot of rubbish has lots of good things in it—some of the best of them having found their way into the Drawer. You recollect the two Congressmen and the Lord's Prayer. It was Benson who offered to bet five dollars that Johnson could not repeat it correctly. Johnson took the bet, and, thinking a moment, said the "Now I lay me down to sleep" with perfect accuracy. "Well, I declare," said Benson as he paid over the V, "I did not think you could do it!"

Now this was thought to be a genuine Yankee, but in "The Tin Trumpet" it reads as follows:

"A reprobate fellow once laid his worthy associate a bet of five guineas that he could not repeat the Creed. It was accepted, and his friend repeated the Lord's Prayer. 'Confound you,' cried the former, who imagined that he had been listening to the Creed, 'I had no idea you had such a memory: there are your five guineas!'"

THE Rev. Dr. Sprague, in his "Lives of Methodist Ministers," has omitted the following incident in regard to Rev. Zeb Twitchell, a Methodist clergyman in full and regular standing, and a member of the Vermont Conference: At one time he represented Stockbridge in the State Legislature. Zeb, says our informant, is a man of fair talents, both as a preacher and a musician. In the pulpit he is grave, solemn, dignified, and a thorough, systematic sermonizer; but out of it there is no man living who is more full of fun and drollery. On one occasion he was wending his way toward the seat of the Annual Conference of Ministers in company with another clergyman. Passing a country inn he remarked to the other clergyman, "The last time I stopped at that tavern I slept with the landlord's wife." In utter amazement, his clerical friend wanted to know what he meant. "I mean just what I say," replied Zeb; and on went the two travelers in unbroken silence until they reached the Conference. In the early part of the session the Conference sat with doors closed, for the purpose of transacting some private business, and especially to attend to the annual examination of each member's private character, or rather conduct, during the past year. For this purpose the clerk called Zeb's name. "Does any one know aught against the character of brother Twitchell during the past year?" asked the Bishop, who was the presiding officer. After a moment's silence Zeb's traveling companion arose with a heavy heart and grave countenance; said he had a duty to perform—one that he owed to God and the Church, and to himself; he must therefore discharge it fearlessly, though tremblingly. He then related what Zeb had told him while passing the tavern, how he slept with the landlord's wife, etc. The grave body of ministers were struck as with a thunder-bolt, although a few smiled and looked first at Zeb, then upon the Bishop, knowingly, for they knew better than the others the character of the accused. The Bishop called upon brother T., and asked him what he had to say in relation to so serious a charge. Zeb rose and said: "I did the deed! I never lie!" Then pausing with an awful seriousness, he pro-

ceeded, with a slow and solemn deliberation, "There was one little circumstance, however, connected with the affair, I did not name to the brother. It may not have much weight with the Conference, but although it may be deemed of trifling importance I will state it: When I slept with the landlord's wife, as I told the brother, I kept the tavern myself!"

THE following story from Alabama belongs to the next work on natural history, and is here inserted for the use of the author. It is testimony to be used in discussing the amount of reason that belongs to dogs:

"One summer evening, during the full of the moon, my evil destiny lodged me at one of the small, uncomfortable farm-houses in a certain county of Alabama. Myself and companion were put to sleep—if sleep we could—in the single soft and rather mouldy feather-bed which occupied the larger part of a narrow, clap-boarded room at one end of the piazza. Saddles and harness, and the contents of sundry chests and barrels, contributed their quota to the general uncomfortableness of the atmosphere. Bed-bugs (they can reason, too, confound their—skins!) pursued their instincts in such wise as would have gladdened the heart of any philosophic observer. No breath of air came to our relief. The zephyrs found nothing inviting either in the door which opened upon the piazza or in the little square window—it might have been two feet by two—that looked out upon the sandy yard. These things, together with the tossings of my bedfellow, the snorings of the family, separated from us only by an open pole partition, and the baying of a pack of hounds in the yard, produced their natural effect, which also some philosopher might have been pleased to observe. The experiment was eminently successful. I couldn't get to sleep.

"Placing myself at the window, which allowed nothing of me to be seen but the head and the upper part of the naked shoulders, I wooed the breeze in vain. I was pallid with fatigue and restlessness. My spectacles gleamed strangely in the moonlight. Suddenly one of the vociferous pack darted round from the rear of the house. He had evidently intended to go straight across the yard; but catching a glimpse of the pale and glistening figure in the window, he recoiled with every appearance of amazement, stood for an instant cramped and rigid, and then, with a sharp, quick yell of terror, 'broke for the woods.' He was followed quickly by another, and another, each behaving in precisely the same way, except that their vanishing yells became more full of fear. I took pains to stand as motionless as possible; but I could easily see that the remaining dogs of the pack, instead of crossing the yard, skirted around it, keeping under the fence.

"On relating my adventure next morning, the old man 'allowed the dogs thought they had seen a ghost.' The old woman 'wished to good gracious the stranger had been jist a little grain uglier; he'd a gin the good-for-nothing, nasty, suck-egg critters sich a scare that they never would a come back agin.' 'Young hopeful,' however, resented the imputation upon the pluck of his dogs: 'they wa'n't to be skeered by the blinkest-eyed white man that ever lived, ghost or no ghost;' and he was exceedingly anxious to re-establish their reputation by giving me a personal introduction by daylight to old Louder, who fortunately was 'nowhere.'

"Sometime afterward the old man assured me his dogs carefully avoided the front-yard by moonlight.

Himself or his sons could, indeed, toll them across it; but even then they went 'between a shy and a skeer.' I had an interview with the dogs. They were so far from recognizing the cause of their fright that they enjoyed my presence and caresses as dogs generally do.

"1. The dogs did not think they had seen a ghost. They were alarmed by an unfamiliar object which might have the greatest power and will to hurt them.

"2. The three witnesses of the 'sorry sight' communicated their terror to the following members of the pack, who changed their course to shun the danger.

"3. A lasting impression was made upon the minds of that pack of hounds that that yard was not safe or comfortable at certain times.

"4. They were not sufficiently endowed with reason to ascertain whether the frightful apparition was always there."

"MANY years ago I was sitting in the Criminal Court of Philadelphia, the Judges of which were Barton, Conrad, and Doran. The case then before the Court was for receiving stolen goods, and the criminal was a big, double-fisted Irishman, who had kept a sort of second-hand old iron store down in North Water Street, whom the police had been spotting for some time. His establishment was undoubtedly a regular school for young rogues. Bob Scott was prosecuting, and the glibness with which the defendant's witnesses accounted for the existence of the various articles charged in the indictment as stolen rather alarmed Bob; he feared they would swear his case away, and a great villain would escape. Bob had a pride that way, and it seldom suffered a fall. A very pretty Irish girl was called to the stand, daughter of the prisoner. She proceeded to give a good account of how every thing had come into the possession of her father, which he was charged as receiving, knowing them to have been stolen. Among other things was a lot of bowie-knives.

"'Now, Bridget,' said Scott, 'you say your father had these knives long before he came to Philadelphia. Now tell the jury, on your oath, where he bought them.'

"'Sure, yer Honor, he niver bought them at all, at all. They were a part of my mother's fortin, and we brought them wid us from ould Ireland.'

"Scott did not lose that case."

THIS juvenile curiosity comes from Virginia:

"Some years ago there resided in Mount Savage a Mrs. L——, who had a little daughter, about three years old, who with her mother had 'braved the dangers of the stormy seas,' and was generally recognized as a bright, intelligent child. A few evenings after their arrival there was a party of young folks at a neighbor's house, and among the invited guests was Mrs. L——'s daughter, Annie.

"After the different plays had been gone through, a committee was appointed to ascertain who were native born and who were foreigners of those composing the party. The committee having made the inquiry of several, turned to Annie with the question, 'Are you a native born or are you a foreigner?' Annie replied, 'I am a native born.' With that they all laughed heartily, knowing she had been in the country but a short time.

"A lady present remarked, 'Why, Annie, how can you say so?—I thought you came from Wales.'

Says Annie, 'So I did; still I am a native born—a native of Wales.'

A WRITER in Holly Springs, Mississippi, says:

"Some time ago I met with a little book of poetry written by an old 'hard-shell' preacher of Alabama. I copied two of the pieces, which you are welcome to if you think they are worthy of a place in your Drawer. I give you the first, with his introductory remarks.

"The reader may observe in the following how many things at the same time, in point of qualification and properties, that a poet has to have in view to do work that will bear inspection:

"A poet that is qualified,
And by the wise is justified,
Invention must be in his head,
To know what's live and what is dead.

"Poetical views that give the news,
That tell of those that misconstrue,
That bring to bear, and do prepare,
And do repair, and then declare.

"To show the sense, to make defense,
And tell the race of a deface,
That do refine, for to combine,
In poet line that does refine.

"It is a gift, but having wit,
The thing is sift before it's writ:
Length, time, and rhyme must give the sign,
Or poet better pen resign.

"Without he knows how to compose,
He better not his views disclose;
Without he musters all about,
They'll give him nothing but doubt.

"But having gift, and wit, and vent,
And sounds, and bounds, and true accent,
And sight and right in holy fight,
In these delight, he is in plight.

"In a child look not for style,
But give it time for to compile;
There must be age to have a stage,
To draw a plate or pen a page."

"The other piece is on the discovery and power of steam:

"The invention does excel
Of steam that runs the craft,
Although by it has many fell,
And tumbled in the raft.

"It makes the boat appear
As sov'reign on the wave;
It masters all and makes them fear,
When running on its way.

"It gives the master force,
And moves the heaviest weight;
It bursts; the water makes a fuss
With passengers and freight."

"I do not believe your especial pet, Master Charley, could get over a knotty question better than I heard an old German lady telling how a little boy, whose religious education had been somewhat neglected, got over the following stumper:

"Who made the world?" said his teacher to him the first day he entered the village school. The little fellow shook his head and made no answer. Again the question was repeated, but in a sharper tone. No answer. The teacher, never doubting that it was pure stubbornness on the part of little Hans, now threatened to whip him soundly unless he immediately told him who made the world. This threat had the desired effect; an answer must be returned, and the trembling boy, not knowing what was meant by the world, but thinking doubtless it

was something wrong he had been unconsciously making, broke forth, 'Well, master, I made it—but I'll never do it again!'"

AN OHIO lawyer sends a notice of his first visit to the city:

"I commenced the practice of the law at Greensburg. At the expiration of the first year, with economy, I had laid by sixty dollars. I had no books but the statutes of the State and a Bible, and I concluded to go to Cincinnati and purchase some law-books. I had then never worn any clothes but linsay, and no hat but wool, which would not do to go to the city in. I ordered the best suit the country afforded. In about a week my clothes came home; the hat was made of coon fur, and out of mere curiosity I weighed it, and it weighed *six pounds and a quarter!* My coat and pants were of homemade cloth, colored with butternut. Thus equipped I started on horseback for the city, at which I arrived after two days' ride. I put up my horse and strolled around to see the sights. The rain had soaked my hat, and the brim fell down around my face, and the water ran off the heels of my boots in two small butternut-colored streams.

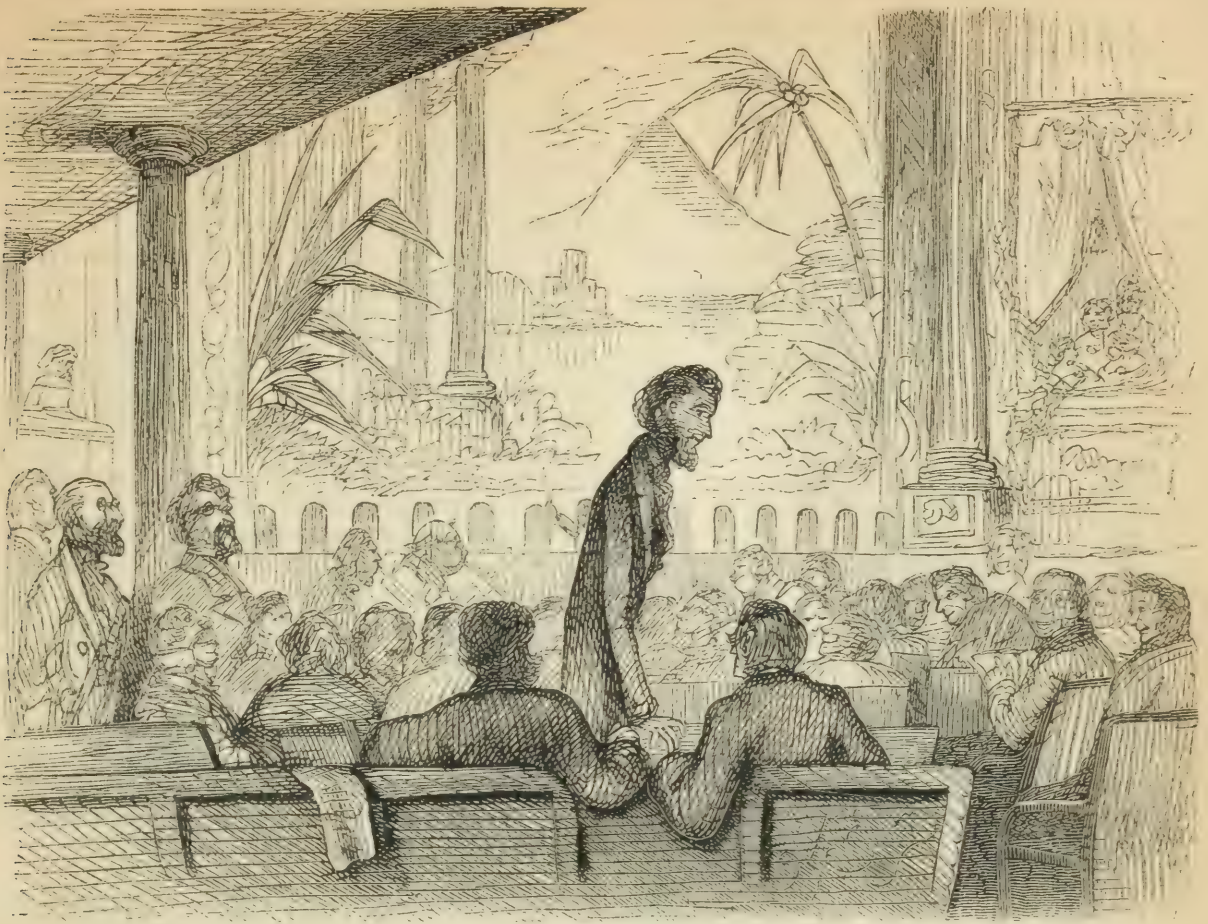
"In a short time I found the boys following me. To avoid them I went into a store at one door and came out at another door, and I thought I had missed them; when, to my surprise, a little fellow poked his head around the corner and halloed, 'Here he goes!' and they were all after me again. I concluded this would never do; so I went into a Jew store and purchased an entire new suit, and when I came out the boys did not know me.

"I had a friend in Covington whom I wished to visit. The ferry-boat not being quite ready to start, I lay down on a bench, and the day being hot, and much fatigued with my ride, I fell into a doze. When I had arrived at the other side of the river, as I supposed, I gave the ferryman a dime, out of which to take my fare; he started back in surprise, and told me that my fare was thirteen dollars and twenty-five cents! And sure enough, I lay asleep on that bench six hours, during which time the ferry-boat had crossed *two hundred and seventy-five times*, and each time the ferryman had marked it down with chalk on the side of the boat over my head!

"I returned home without any books, and have never visited the city since."

"BEING in the neighborhood of a negro camp meeting the past summer, held in Delaware County, I was persuaded by the ladies to go over and see the sights. One of the colored brethren, in the course of his sermon, thus delivered himself:

"Sisters and brothers, God made a big ball of fire and chucked it right waar it is; and waar is de white or brack man dat daar says it's not right? If man had de placing of it, he would have it too near, and de men, animals, and rivers would all burn up before he could get it higher; den he would have it so high dat de men, animals, and rivers would all freeze to death before he could get it down.' He then went on to show that there was no difference between the white man and the negro. 'Dar is no difference between the white man and the nigger except in de color. God made dem so to beautify and varigate de world, de same as he made white and black pigs. Let de white man die and also de nigger, bury them both, den after a year dig up de white man and den dig up youselves, and den see if daar is any difference.'"



AN old acquaintance writes that there is among his acquaintances one at least who enjoys a *high* reputation, for he stands over seven feet in his stockings. Though a talented member of the bar, he is a good-natured, modest citizen. Some years ago, when the Broadway Theatre was *the* theatre of town, he saw fit to witness the performances from a prominent seat in the parquette. When the curtain rose and the actors advanced to their position, a cry of "Down in front!" became general throughout the audience. Their attention was directed toward the tall B——, who, feeling himself the object of remark, thought that he was required to settle a little. Looking as if he would like to settle through the floor, he proceeded to raise himself to a standing position, in such a manner, however, as to convey an impression that there was no end to him. At last he did get straightened out to his full length, when, slowly glancing around at the astonished audience, he very deliberately remarked, "Gentlemen, to satisfy you that I *was* sitting down, I will now stand up!"

A burst of laughter and applause succeeded; audience and actors became convulsed; the curtain descended rapidly; the manager with beaming face came forward, and, amidst the wildest applause, conducted the gentleman to a private box.

THE following story of ex-Governor Grimes is vouched for by one who knew him well: The Legislature had just convened at the capital of Iowa. Governor Grimes had arrived the night before, and taken rooms at a certain hotel—at least so a young aspirant for office from a distant portion of the State ascertained as he drove up and alighted from his carriage at the steps of that public house. The hostler threw out his trunk, and the landlord conducted him to his room, leaving the trunk in the bar-room.

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Wishing his trunk, the young man demanded to have it brought up, and seeing a man passing through the lower hall, whom he took to be the porter, he gave his commands in an imperious and lofty tone. The order was obeyed; and the man charging a quarter of a dollar for his services, a marked quarter, that was good for only twenty cents, was slipped slyly into his hand, and was put into his pocket by the man with a smile.

"And now, Sirrah!" cried the new arrival, "you know Governor Grimes?"

"Oh yes, Sir."

"Well, take my card to him, and tell him I wish an interview at his earliest convenience."

A peculiar look flashed from the man's blue eyes, and with a smile, extending his hand, he said,

"I am Governor Grimes, at your service, Sir."

"You—I—that is, my dear Sir, I beg—a—a thousand pardons!"

"None needed at all, Sir," replied Governor Grimes. "I was rather favorably impressed with your letter, and had thought you well suited for the office specified. But, Sir, any man who would swindle a working-man out of a paltry five cents would defraud the public treasury had he an opportunity. Good-evening, Sir!"

"ARRAH, me darlint!" cried Jamie O'Falagen to his loquacious sweet-heart, who had given him no opportunity of even answering her remarks during a two hours' ride behind his little bay nags in his oyster-wagon—"are ye afther knowin' why yer cheeks are just like my ponies there?"

"Sure an' it's because they're *red*, is it?" quoth blushing Bridget.

"Fath, an' a better raisen than that, *mavourneen*. Because there is one uv thim each side of a wagin' (wagon) tongue!"



A WISCONSIN friend sends the foregoing specimen of an improved aboriginal, which, if sufficiently civilized, he requests us to secure in the Drawer:

"One of the Indians of a small band of the Chippewa tribe, by the name of Jerry Chebo, or Gebo, professes to have become civilized, as his own words will testify.

"'I no more Ingen; I hiteman—ugh! I dress like hiteman, I talk like hiteman, I drinks hisky like hiteman, I gets drunk like hiteman—ugh! I no more Ingen; I hiteman!' Then, with a laugh, will ask for 'a lit munnee to get a lit hisky!'"

In the little village of P—— lives Mr. Scholte, a well-known Hollander, noted as much for his modest demeanor and unassuming excellence as for his talent and education. At a public meeting of some kind Mr. Scholte met with a Mr. Elliot, an ostentatious sort of personage, fond of praise and distinction. "My friends," said Mr. Elliot, "I have spent years in obtuse investigations; I have roamed the earth from tropic to tropic; I have sought knowledge at every fountain; and after all I am nothing but a fool!"

"Dat ish so! dat ish so!" said Mr. Scholte, earnestly, to himself, yet in a sufficiently loud voice to be heard all over the house; and Mr. Elliot, confounded, broke down entirely, amidst the laugh of the congregation, much to the astonishment of Mr. Scholte, who simply coincided with the idea the speaker wished to convey of how little a man knows in comparison with what there is to be known.

A KENTUCKY subscriber writes:

"Tom Stevenson said to *Raccoon* John Smith: 'Mr. Smith, don't you think your interest is with the South?' The old preacher replied, 'Do you think I'm so great a fool as to expect interest where there is no principal?' Stevenson edits the *Kentucky Yeoman*—a disunion paper; and John Smith is an aged preacher of the Gospel, known all over Kentucky by the sobriquet *Raccoon*."

The following story, given by the Drawer as having occurred between other parties, originated really between Smith and a brother preacher. Said the preacher to him: "I can not tell why it is that my beard turns gray more rapidly than the hair on my head." "I can tell you," replied Smith; "you use your jaws more than you do your brains."

THIS commercial incident comes from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, C. S. A.:

"A tall, gaunt chap, verdant as the woods he came from, walked into P——'s clothing-store, and, in a style of tongue I can't embody in ink, asked one of the clerks to let him have 'a suit of clothes on tick.' Clerk not feeling authorized to do any thing of the kind, referred him to P——. Verdant applying was asked his name, which was given. P——, shaking his head ruefully, said: 'No; I don't like that name. A man of your name once bought a bill of goods from me and never paid for them.'

"'Oh yes!' replied verdant, a bright idea striking him; 'that was my father!'"





ABOUT twenty years since there lived in the county of Amherst, Virginia, two well-known characters. They were neighbors and boon-companions of long standing. Old Tom kept a "doggery," and his friend Andrew was a frequent visitor. He often remained several days, which were spent drinking and "carrying on" generally. After one of these regular visits, and his friend had gone home, Old Tom died. Two days after, when the neighbors had assembled to pay the last and only tribute of respect to the deceased, Andrew returned for another frolic. Not having heard of his old friend's death, he could not imagine what had assembled the crowd. The company were all in the house, and he could not inquire.

In he walked; and his surprise can be imagined when he saw the corpse of his old friend in the coffin, still exposed to view. There was but one vacant seat, and that right at the head of the coffin. As he took it Old Tom's coon-dog (as if glad to meet a sympathizing friend) came up and laid his head in his lap. About this time the minister had commenced reading the opening hymn. Andrew was much distressed, and his heart was so full that he could not hold in any longer. With the tears streaming down his face, he commenced, in a very audible tone, "Poor old Tom! poor old Tom! poor old Tom!" and hugging the old sympathizer that had laid his head in his lap, he continued: "Here is as good an old coon-dog as ever lived;" and turning to the minister, who had not yet concluded his hymn, he said, "Stop, Mr. Day; stop,

Sir! When you get a man in a narrow box like that, and his hands tied across his breast, it's a long time till day with him!"

Suffice it to say that he broke up the funeral, and "poor old Tom" was buried without further ceremony.

ONE evening the Doctor and I, all alone,

Were quietly sipping our tea,

When he sighed, and declared in a sorrowful tone,

As he turned his small eye upon me:

"I wish I had ne'er studied medicine, Joe;"

What reply, reader, pray, could I bring?

I cried, "Many souls now writhing in woe

Are wishing, dear Doc., the same thing."

"Who was ever on an ocean steamer where there was not *one individual* forming the centre around which all the fun of the cabin gathered and radiated? Our public character was an old original who, by real or affected greenness, excited no little amusement. One day, at the dinner-table, after a funny rigmarole, accompanied by expressive gestures, which kept our risibles continually excited, he came to a dead pause, and watched attentively the movements of his *vis-à-vis*, who was helping himself to almonds, taking at the same time the last pair of nut-crackers. When the nuts were handed to our friend he helped himself, and then, stretching his hand over toward his opposite neighbor—"Stranger, hand me them ar things, ef you please!" said he.

"Sir!" said the gentleman thus brought into notice, in a tone of mystification.

"Them ar-r *bullet-moulds*, I mean, Sir!" with an explanatory movement of the digits of the still outstretched arm.

"It is needless to say that the 'bullet-moulds' were surrendered, and the old gentleman ate his nuts undisturbed by the unsuppressed mirth of the spectators."





"My friend lives three miles from the post-office; and one stormy night last winter he told his new help to harness the horse, go down to the office, and see what there was in his box, giving him the number. In due time Jerry returned, and putting up horse made his appearance at the library door of Mr. C——, who, sitting in gown and slippers, was impatiently waiting the arrival of the mail.

"Well, Jerry, what was there for me?"

"Two letters and a paper, Sir."

"Well, hand them to me! What are you standing there for?"

"Indade, Sir, and you didn't tell me to bring them, at all at all!"

"Mr. C——, finding that Jerry had the best of it, asked him what he went to the office for.

"You told me to go to the office and see what was in the box, and haven't I done it, sure?"

"Jerry had to harness up again, and take another ride in the cold, muttering as he went that he wished his Honor would 'be after maning what he said next time.'"

"THE coolness of the person who after drinking a glass of Richardson's ale at the bar-room of a hotel walked off saying he would pay that gentleman for it, is remarkable; but the audacity of the individual who figures in the following is more wonderful: A clerk of one of our large houses down town,

named Brown, was one evening approaching the box-office of one of our Broadway theatres to purchase a ticket of admission. It was somewhat late, and but one or two persons entering at the time he reached the building. But as he was putting his hand in his pocket for his money he was accosted by an individual of respectable appearance, who politely inquired of our friend if he could change a bill for him. Mr. Brown replying he thought so, brought forth several silver coins from the recesses of his pocket, the largest of which was a fifty-cent piece. The stranger looked at the cash, bowed, thanked him, and took the half-dollar. Without another word he handed the coin to the box-keeper, and the next moment was in the theatre, leaving agape with wonder the gentleman whose funds he had thus appropriated. After Mr. Brown had recovered from the effects of this singular proceeding he entered the temple devoted to Thespis. But the unknown abstractor, who was now enjoying the performances in some snug corner of the house, was never seen again. Of course not. Our friend was done Brown."

"LAST Sunday my little boy Ike, three years and a half old, went to church for the first time. His mother gave him a penny to put into the contribution-box, which he did, and sat quiet for a few moments, and then wanted to know how soon the man was coming with the candy."



DEACON PINE was a faithful instructor, taking advantage of any thing that could induce the young idea to engage in target practice. While questioning the reading-class, his attention was called to the line,

"My friends are sleeping 'neath the yew," and thinking it a fitting time to speak of the uncertainties of life, he turns to the precocious Abraham Linerman, and says,

"Do you understand the meaning of this?"

"Yes, Sir," answered Abraham.

"What does it mean?" asked Deacon Pine, in a serious monotone.

A deep blush was his only answer.

"Do you know what a yew is?" asked the teacher.

"It's—it's—it's an old sheep!"

"A GENTLEMAN who was dining at the G—House, and was fond of having his food thoroughly cooked, gave an order to a 'contraband' to bring him a piece of roast beef; 'And mind,' said he, 'to have it *well done*.' The meat when brought was the rarest of the rare. Turning to the waiter, 'Do you call that *well done*?'"

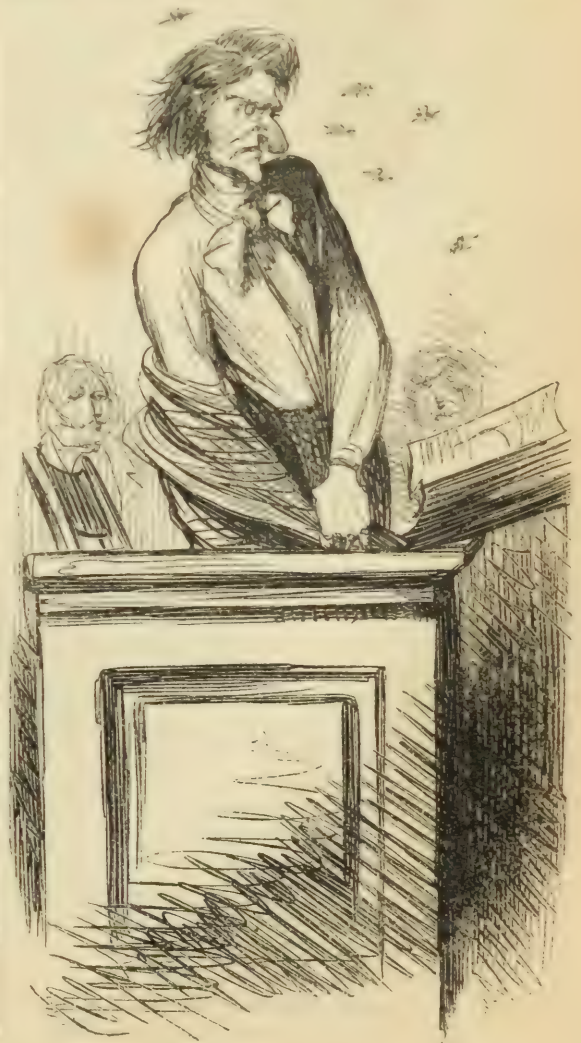
"'We hain't got any *donner*; that's the *donnest* that we've got.'"

"MISSISSIPPI rejoices in the possession of the rude talents that distinguish a backwoods preacher known as 'Uncle Bob.'"

"On one occasion 'Uncle Bob' went to minister to the spiritual wants of some 'brethring' who convened semi-occasionally at a little out-of-the-way

church known by the very classic name of 'Coon Tail.' Inspired by a crowded house, Uncle Bob turned himself loose in his most tragic style. He beat, stamped, and vociferated terribly. For some time previous the rude pulpit had been unoccupied. Invited by the apparent security and quiet of the place, a community of 'bumble-bees' had built a nest beneath. Uncle Bob's peculiar mode of conducting the services had disturbed the insects; and just as he was executing one of his most tremendous gestures an enraged bee met him half way, and popped his sting into the end of Uncle Bob's huge nose. He stopped short, gave sundry vigorous but ineffectual slaps, when he heard a half-suppressed titter from some merry youths in a far corner of the house. Turning toward them with ill-concealed rage, he exclaimed, 'No laughing in the house of God; I allow no laughing in my meetings. I'll thrash the first man that laughs as soon as service is over!' This threat checked the incipient merriment. Uncle Bob regained his composure, forgot the bees, and soon warmed up to a two-forty lick. But again, in the midst of the most impassioned gesticulation, a bee struck him full in the forehead; he bowed, dodged, and beat the air frantically, until a roar of laughter rose from the congregation. Uncle Bob looked at them a moment with mingled feelings of rage and disgust, and then shouted, 'Meetin's dismissed! Go home! Just go home, every one of you! But as for me [taking off his coat], I don't leave this hill as long as there's a bumble-bee about the house!'

"There was a sermon and a bumble-bee's nest spoiled that day, certain."





THE LITTLE PAUPER.

Up and down the city street,
 Little, weary, wandering feet;
 Golden curls, a tangled skein;
 Seamless rags—'tis all the same;
 Eyes of heaven's own deepest blue;
 Limbs a sculptor's model true.
 Is she friendless? No one knows—
 Is she homeless? On she goes
 Down the crowded, dusty streets,
 Begging alms of all she meets;
 While adown her pallid cheek
 Rolls a tear-drop in the street.
 God preserve her, with that face
 Seemingly so out of place!
 Better if her form had been
 Plainest eye hath ever seen.
 God preserve her in the hour
 When she feels temptation's power!
 May she never, in her sin,
 Sob and say, "It might have been!"
 Never, when death's hour she'll wait,
 All so fearful, "'Tis too late!"

Our war has produced nothing better, in a humorous way, than Sydney Smith's attack, in the "Peter Plimley Letters," on the English Embargo Act, by which, among other things, drugs were for a time excluded from France. He says:

"Such a project is well worthy the statesman who would bring the French to reason by keeping them without rhubarb, and exhibit to mankind the awful spectacle of a nation deprived of neutral salts. This is not the dream of a wild apothecary indulging in his own opium; this is not the distempered fancy of a pounder of drugs, delirious from smallness of profits; but it is the sober, deliberate, and systematic scheme of a man to whom the public safety is intrusted, and whose appointment is considered by

many as a master-piece of political sagacity. What a sublime thought, that no purge can now be taken between the Weser and the Garonne; that the bustling pestle is still, the canorous mortar mute, and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude! When, I should be curious to know, were all the powers of crudity and flatulence fully explained to his Majesty's Ministers? At what period was this great plan of conquest and constipation fully developed? In whose mind was the idea of destroying the pride and the plasters of France first engendered? Without castor-oil they might, for some months, to be sure, have carried on a lingering war; but can they do without bark? Will the people live under a government where antimonial powders can not be procured? Will they bear the loss of mercury? There's the rub. Depend upon it, the absence of the *Materia Medica* will soon bring them to their senses, and the cry of Bourbon and bolus burst forth from the Baltic to the Mediterranean."

"WHEN Florence was four years old her brother Willie was born, and but a few months afterward she and her father died. One day, when Willie was three years old, he was crying bitterly. I took him up, and endeavored to pacify him by telling him about his father and little sister, who had gone to heaven. With the tears still resting on his cheek, he said, thoughtfully, 'I've been to *heben*; I went there once in a two-horse wagon.' Poor child! he thought the cemetery was heaven."



Fashions for December.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURE 1.—RECEPTION OR DINNER COSTUME.



FIGURE 2.—CLOAK.

THE RECEPTION COSTUME may be of any favorite tint of taffeta, of a single color. The ornamental trimming is of a deeper shade of the same color, or of black.

The CLOAK is specially designed for a young lady. It is of cloth, with silk *passementerie*.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXL.—JANUARY, 1862.—VOL. XXIV.



STREITBERG.

THE FRANCONIAN SWITZERLAND.

EVERY one has heard of Franconia—the old *Frankenland*, or Land of the Franks—but as no branch of knowledge which we acquire at school is so neglected in after-life as geography, it will do no harm if I explicitly describe its position. Franconia occupies the very heart of Germany, and, consequently, of Europe, so far as the rivers of the continent fix its central point. Springs, which rise within a circle two miles in diameter, send their waters to the Black Sea, the German Ocean, and the British Channel. Draw a line from Nuremberg to Dresden, and another from Hanover to Ratisbon, on the Danube, and their intersection will

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give you, very nearly, the centre of Franconia. The Frankish Mountains are an offshoot of that long irregular chain, which, leaving the Rhine as it issues from the Lake of Constance, forms a vast curve through the very heart of Europe, embracing the Black Forest, the Odenwald, Spessart, the Rhön, the Thuringian Forest, the Erzgebirge, the Giant's Mountains, and the Carpathians and Transylvanian Alps. Franconia lies south of the axis of this chain, but its streams are nearly equally tributary to the Danube, the Elbe, and the Rhine. Politically, it never had an independent existence. Divided during the feudal ages into a number of quarrelsome baronies, it was afterward parceled between the Bishopric of Bamberg and the Principalities of Bayreuth and Anspach, but since 1809 has been incorporated into the Kingdom of Bavaria.

This region, less interesting in a historical point of view than on account of its remarkable scenery and its curious deposits of fossil remains, is very rarely visited by other than German tourists. The railroads from Leipzig and Frankfort-on-the-Main to Munich pass within sight of its mountains, but few indeed are the travelers who leave these highways, unless at Schweinfurt for the baths of Kissingen, or at Hof for those of Eger and Carlsbad.

Indeed, in my own case, the journey through the Franconian Switzerland requires a little explanation. The primary cause of it was the construction of seats in the passenger-cars on American railways! During nearly six months in the year, for three years, I had been obliged to use those *inconveniences*, and the result of this (for a tall man) continual cramping, and wedging, and jarring, was a serious injury to the knee-joints, which threatened to unfit me for duty as a pedestrian. Had I been enrolled among the ranks of our gallant volunteers, I am afraid I should have fallen by the wayside before the end of the first day's march. Some years ago I had occasion to regret that the directors of all railroad companies were not uniformly seven feet high, and I now repeat it with emphasis. The Camden and Amboy Railroad is to me simply a torture, the Philadelphia and Baltimore the rack, and from Baltimore to Washington I am broken on the wheel. It is greatly to be regretted that the fares on these roads are so very low, and the business so insignificant, that the companies can not afford greater space for passengers.

The prescription was: Moderate daily exercise, carefully timed so as to avoid unusual fatigue. But I am one of those persons who can not walk simply for the sake of exercise; I must have an object for locomotion. If I were to carry stones, like De Quincey on the Edinburgh turnpike, I should be crippled in an hour, but place me in a winding valley, where every turn discloses an unknown landscape, and I shall hold out for half a day. So the first thing I did, after reaching Germany, was to select an interesting field wherein to commence my Walking-Cure. Saxony, Thuringia, the Black For-

est, the Hartz, I knew already; but here, within a day's railroad travel of my summer home, lay Franconia, with its caverns, its dolomite rocks, and its fir-clad mountains. In one month from the day I left New York I found myself at Forchheim, on the railroad between Bamberg and Nuremberg, and on the western border of the Franconian Switzerland.

Here I commence my narrative.

The omnibus for Streitberg was in waiting, with two passengers besides myself. The first was a pleasant old gentleman, who I soon discovered was a Professor from the University of Erlangen—a graduate of Göttingen in 1816, where he was fellow-student with George Ticknor and Edward Everett. Then entered a miserable-looking man, with a face wearing the strongest expression of distress and disgust. He had scarcely taken his seat before he burst into loud lamentations. "No, such a man!" he cried; "I have never met such a dreadful man. I could not get rid of him; he stuck to me like a blue-fly. Because I said to one of the passengers, 'I see from your face that you have studied,' he attacked me. 'What do you think, from *my* face, that *I* am?' he said. I didn't care what he was. 'I'm not very well dressed,' said he, 'but if I had my best clothes on you might guess twenty-four hours before you could make me out!' Oh, the accursed man! What did I care about him? 'Don't go to Streitberg!' he said, 'stop at Forchheim. Go to the Three Swans. If you stay there a day, you'll stay three; if you stay three days, you'll stay three weeks. But what do you take me for?' 'A journeyman shoemaker!' I cried, in desperation. 'No, you're wrong; I'm a dancing-master!' Holy Saint Peter, what a man!" After this I was not surprised when the narrator informed us that he was very sick, and was going to Streitberg to try the "whey-cure."

We entered the valley of the Wiesent, one of the far-off tributaries of the Rhine. The afternoon was intensely hot, but the sky was clear and soft, and the landscape could not have exhibited more ravishing effects of light and shade. Broad and rich at first, bordered with low hills, the valley gradually became deeper and narrower, without losing its fair, cultivated beauty. We passed around the foot of the Walpurgisberg, on the summit of which is a chapel, whereto a pilgrimage in honor of St. Walpurgis is made on the first of May. Further up the valley, on the opposite side, is the *Vexirkapelle* (the Chapel of Annoyance); so called, I presume, because you have it in view during a day's walk. Its situation is superb, on the very crest of a wooded mountain. Peasant-women, with gay red cloths on their heads, brightened the fields, but the abundance of beggars showed that we were in Bavaria.

At the little town of Ebermannstadt two young ladies joined us. They wore round hats, much jewelry, and expansive crinolines, which they carefully gathered up under their arms before taking their seats, thereby avoiding the usual

embarrassment. They saluted me with great cordiality, apologizing for the amplitude of dress which obliged me to shift my seat. I was a little disappointed, however, to find that they spoke the broadest *patois*, which properly requires the peasant costume to make it attractive. The distance between their speech and their dress was too great. "*Gelt, Hans, 's geht a bissel barsch 'uf?*" said one of them to the postillion—which is as if an American girl should say to the stage-driver, "Look here, you Jack, it's a sort o' goin' up-hill, ain't it?"



FRANCONIAN PEASANT-WOMAN.

The valley now became quite narrow, and presently I saw, by the huge masses of gray rock and the shattered tower of Neideck, that we were approaching Streitberg. This place is the portal of the Franconian Switzerland. Situated at the last turn of the Wiesent valley—or rather at the corner where it ceased to be a gorge and becomes a valley—the village nestles at the base of a group of huge, splintered, overhanging rocks, among which still hang the ruins of its feudal castle. Opposite, on the very summit of a similar group, is the ruin of Niedeck. The names of the two places (the "Mount of Quarrel" and the "Corner of Envy") give us the clew to their history. Streitberg, no doubt, was at one time a very Ebal, or Mount of Cursing—nor, to judge from the invalid who accompanied us thither to try the whey-cure, can it yet have entirely lost its char-

acter. At the cure-house (as the Germans call it) there were some fifty similar individuals—sallow, peevish, irritable, unhappy persons, in whose faces one could see vinegar as well as whey. They sat croaking to each other in the balmy evening, or contemplated with rueful faces the lovely view down the valley.

I succeeded in procuring a bath by inscribing my name, residence, and the precise hour of bathing, in a book for the inspection of the physician. I trust he was edified by the perusal. Then, returning to the inn, I ordered a supper of trout, which are here cheap and good. They are kept in tanks, and, if you choose, you may pick out any fish you may prefer. A tap on the nose is supposed to kill them, after which the gall-bladder is removed, and they are thrown into boiling water. In Germany, trout are never eaten otherwise. The color fades in the process, but the flavor of the fish is fully retained. A slice of lemon, bread, butter, and a glass of Rhenish wine, are considered to be necessary harmonies.

I took a good night's sleep before commencing my walking-cure. Then, leaving my traveling-bag to follow with the diligence, I set out encumbered only with an umbrella-cane, a sketch-book, and a leather pouch, containing guide-book, map, note-book, and colors. Somewhat doubtful as to the result, but courageous, I began a slow, steady march up the valley. Many years had passed since I had undertaken a journey on foot, and as I recalled old experiences and old feelings, I realized that, although no sense of enjoyment was blunted, the fascinating *wonderment* of youth, which clothed every object in a magical atmosphere, was gone forever. My perception of Beauty seemed colder, because it was more intelligent, more discriminating. But Gain and Loss, in the scale of life, alternately kick the beam.

The dew lay thick on the meadows, and the peasants were every where at work shaking out the hay, so that the air was sweet with grass-odors. Above me, on either side, the immense gray horns and towers of rock rose out of the steep fir-woods, clearly, yet not too sharply defined against the warm blue of the sky. The Wiesent, swift and beryl-green, winding in many curves through the hay-fields, made a cheerful music in his bed. In an hour I reached the picturesque village of Muggendorf, near which is Rosenmüller's Cave, celebrated for its stalactitic formations. I have little fancy for subterranean travels, and after having seen the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and the grottoes of Crete, I felt no inclination to visit more than one of the Franconian caverns. After resting half an hour, and refreshing myself with a glass of water and the conversation of a company of ladies who alighted at the little tavern, I started again, still feeling tolerably brisk.

The valley now contracted to a wild gorge, with almost perpendicular walls of rock, and a narrow strip of meadow in its bed. In a distance of five miles I passed two fine old mills,



THE CASTLE OF GOSSWEINSTEIN.

which were the only evidences of life and habitation. Suddenly, on turning a rocky corner, the castle of Gossweinstein appeared before me, as if hung in the sky. The picture was so striking that, in spite of the intense heat, I stopped to sketch it. On reaching a mill at the foot of the mountain I found there was no bridge over the stream, which I should have crossed some distance back. I was sufficiently tired, however, to be glad of a good excuse for not scaling the height. Presently I reached a little village in a nook where the gorge splits into three prongs, through two of which wild trout-streams come down to join the Wiesent. The meadows were covered with pieces of coarse linen in the process of bleaching. Here there was a tavern and a huge linden-tree, and after my walk of ten miles I considered myself entitled to shade and beer. It occurred to me, also, that I might lighten the journey by taking the landlady's son to carry my coat, sketch-book, etc. This proved to be a good idea.

The main road here left the valley, which really became next to impracticable. We took a foot-path up the stream, through a wild glen half-filled with immense fragments that had tumbled from the rocky walls on either side. The close heat was like that of an oven, and, as the solitude was complete, I gradually loaded my guide with one article of dress after another, until my costume resembled that of a Highlander, except that the kilt was white. Finally, seeing some hay-makers at a point where the glen made a sharp turn, I resumed my original

character; and it was well that I did so, for on turning the corner I found myself in the village of Tüchersfeld, and in view of a multitude of women who were bleaching linen.

I know of few *surprises* in scenery equal to this. I was looking up the glen, supposing that my way lay straight on, when three steps more, and I found myself in a deep triangular basin, out of which rose three immense jagged masses of rock, like pyramids in ruin, with houses clinging, in giddy recklessness, to their sides! On a *saddell* between two of them stands the *Herrensitz*, or residence of the proprietary family. A majestic linden, centuries old, grows at the base, and high over its crown tower the weather-beaten spires of rock, with a blasted pine on the summit. The picture is grotesque in its character, which is an unusual feature in scenery. One who comes up the glen is so unprepared for it that it flashes upon him as if a curtain had been suddenly lifted.

Here I rested in the shade until the mid-day heat was over. A Jew and a young Bavarian lieutenant kept me company, and the latter entertained me with descriptions of various executions which he had seen. We left at the same time, they for Bayreuth and I for the little town of Pottenstein, at the head of the gorge, five miles further. By this time, I confess, the journey had become a toil. I dragged myself along rather than walked, and when a stout boy of twelve begged for a *krentzer*, I bribed him for twelve to accompany and assist me. His dialect was of the broadest, and I could sooner have

understood a lecture on the Absolute Reason than his simple peasant gossip. His tongue was a very scissor for clipping off the ends of words. The pronoun "*ich*" he changed into "*a*," and very often used the third person of the verb instead of the first. I managed, however, to learn that the landlord in Tüchersfeld was "fearfully rich;" all the hay in the glen (perhaps ten tons) belonged to him. I had already suspected as much, for the landlord took pains to tell us about a wedding trip he had just made to the old monastery of Banz, a day's journey distant. "It cost me as much as forty florins," said he, "but then we traveled second-class. To my thinking it's not half so pleasant as third-class, but then I wanted to be *noble* for once."

For an hour and a half we walked through a deep, winding glen, where there was barely a little room here and there for a hay or barley field. On the right hand were tall forests of fir and pine, on the left, abrupt stony hills, capped with huge irregular bastions of Jura limestone. Gradually the rocks appear on the right and push away the woods; the stream is squeezed between a double row of Cyclopean walls, which assume the wildest and most fantastic shapes, and finally threaten to lock together and cut off the path. These wonderful walls are three or four hundred feet in height—not only perpendicular, but actually overhanging in many places.

As I was shuffling along, quite exhausted, I caught a glimpse of two naked youngsters in a shaded eddy of the stream. They plunged about with so much enjoyment that I was strongly tempted to join them: so I stepped down to the bank, and called out, "Is the water cold?" Whoop! away they went, out of the water and under a thick bush, leaving only four legs visible. Presently these also disappeared, and had it not been for two tow shirts, more brown than white, lying on the grass, I might have supposed that I had surprised a pair of Nixies.

The approach to Pottenstein resembles that to



A VIEW IN TÜCHERSFELD.

Tüchersfeld, but it is less sudden and surprising. It is wonderfully picturesque—the houses are so jammed in, here and there, among the huge shapeless limestone monoliths, and the bits of meadow and garden have such a greenness and brightness contrasted with the chaos which incloses them. I found my way to the post-inn, and straightway dropped into one of the awkward carved wooden chairs (the pattern of five centuries ago) in the guests' room, with a feeling of infinite gratitude. The landlord brought me a mug of beer, with black bread and a handful of salt on a plate. I remembered the types of hospitality in the Orient, and partook of the hallowed symbols. Then came consecutive ablutions of cold water and brandy; after which I felt sufficiently refreshed to order trout for supper. But whatever of interest the little town may have contained, nothing could tempt me to walk another step that day.

In the morning I engaged a man as guide and sack-bearer, and set out by 6 o'clock for Rabenstein (the Raven-rock) and its famous cavern. We first climbed out of the chasm of Pottenstein, which was filled with a hot, silvery mist, and struck northward over high, rolling land.

from which we could now and then look down into the gorges of the Püttlach and Eschbach. There was not a breath of air stirring, and even at that early hour the heat was intense. I would have stopped occasionally to rest, but the guide pushed ahead, saying: "We must get on before the day is hot." The country was bald and monotonous, but the prospect of reaching Rabenstein in two hours enabled me to hold out. Finally the little foot-path we had been following turned into a wood, whence, after a hundred paces, it suddenly emerged upon the brink of a deep, rocky basin, resembling the crater of a volcano. It was about four hundred feet deep, with a narrow split at either end, through which the Eschbach stream entered and departed. The walls were composed of enormous overhanging masses of rock, which rested on natural arches or regular jambs, like those of Egyptian gateways, while the bed was of the greenest turf, with a slip of the blue sky mirrored in the centre, as if one were looking upon a lower heaven through a crack in the earth. Opposite, on the very outer edge of the rock, sat the castle of Rabenstein, and the houses of the village behind it seemed to be crowding on toward the brink, as if anxious which should be first to look down.

Into this basin led the path—a toilsome de-

scant, but at the bottom we found a mill which was also a tavern, and bathed our tongues in some cool but very bitter and disagreeable beer. "Sophia's Cave," the finest grotto in the Franconian Switzerland, is a little further up the gorge; and the haymakers near the mill, on seeing me, shouted up to the cave-keeper in the village over their heads to get his torches ready. The rocks on either side exhibit the most wild and wonderful forms. In one place a fragment, shaped very much like a doll, but from 80 to 100 feet in height, has slipped down from above, and fallen out, resting only its head against the perpendicular wall. On approaching the cave, the rocky wall on which the castle of Rabenstein stands projects far over its base, and a little white chapel sits on the summit. The entrance is a very broad, low arch, resting on natural pillars.

You first penetrate for a hundred feet or more by a spacious vaulted avenue: then the rock contracts, and a narrow passage, closed by double doors, leads to the subterranean halls. Here you find yourself near the top of an immense chamber, hung with stalactites and tinkling with the sound of water dropping from their points. A wooden staircase, protected by an iron railing, leads around the sides to the bottom, giving views of some curious formations—waterfalls, statues, a papal tiara, the intestines of cattle—and the blunt pillars of the stalagmites, growing up by hundreds from every corner or shelf of rock.

The most remarkable feature of the cave, however—as of all the Franconian grottoes—is the abundance of fossil remains in every part of it. The attention of geologists was first directed to these extraordinary deposits by the naturalist Rosenmüller, who explored and described them; but they were afterward better known through the writings of Cuvier and Humboldt. Here, imbedded in the incrustated stone, lie the skulls of bears and hyenas, the antlers of deer, elk, and antelopes, and the jaw-bones of mammoths. You find them in the farthest recesses of the cave, and the rock seems to be actually a conglomerate of them. Yet no entire skeleton of any animal, I was informed, has been found. Under the visible layers are other deeper layers of the same remains. How were all these beasts assembled here? What overwhelming fear or necessity drove together the lion and the stag, the antelope and the hyena? and what convulsion, hundreds of centuries ago, buried them so deep? There is some grand mystery of Creation hidden in this sparry sepulchre of pre-adamite beasts.

We passed on into the second and third chambers, where the stalactites assume other and more unusual forms, such as curtains, chandeliers, falling fringes of lily-leaves, and embroidered drapery, all of which are thin, transparent, snowy-white, and give forth a clear, bell-like tone when struck. The cave is curious and beautiful rather than grand. The guide informed me that I had penetrated 2000 feet from



ROCK NEAR RABENSTEIN.

the entrance, but this I could not believe. Eight hundred feet would be nearer the mark. On returning, the first effect of the daylight on the outer arches of the cavern transmuted them into golden glass, and the wild landscape of the gorge was covered with a layer of crystal fire so dazzling that I could scarcely look upon it.

By this time it was 10 o'clock, and the heat increasing every moment: it was 90° in the shade. An hour's walk over a bare, roasting upland brought me to the Wiesent valley and the town of Waischenfeld, which I reached in a state of complete exhaustion. Here, however, there was an omnibus to Bayreuth. My guide and baggage-bearer was an old fellow of sixty, who had waited upon me the evening before in Pottenstein, and besides had fallen in the street and broken his pipe while going to the baker's for my breakfast: so I gave him a florin and a half (60 cents). But I was hardly prepared for the outburst which followed: "Thank you, and Heaven reward you, and God return it to you, and Our Dear Lady take care of you! Oh, but I will pray ever so many paternosters for you, until you reach home again. Oh, that you may get back safely! Oh, that you may have long life! Oh, that you may be rich! Oh, that you may keep your health! Oh, that I might go on with you, and never stop! But you're a noble lordship! It isn't me that likes vulgar people: I won't have nothing to do with 'em: it's the fine, splendid gentleman like yourself that it does me good to be with!" With that he took my hand, and, bending over, kissed me just under the right eye before I knew what he was after. He then left; and when I came to pay my bill I found that he had ordered dinner and beer at my expense!

I waited at Waischenfeld until late in the afternoon, and then took the post for Bayreuth. The upper valley of the Wiesent exhibits some remarkable rock-forms; but they become less and less frequent, the valley widens, and finally, at the village of Blankenstein, the characteristics of the Franconian Switzerland, in this direction, disappear. The soil, however, is much richer, and the crops were wonderfully luxuriant. We passed a solitary chapel by the road-side, renowned as a place of pilgrimage. "The people call it *die Kabel*," said my fellow-passenger, a Bayreuther. "If you were to say *Kapelle* [chapel], they wouldn't know what you meant." The votive offerings placed there are immediately stolen; the altar-ornaments are stolen; even the bell is stolen from the tower.

At last the Fichtelgebirge (Fir-Mountains)—the central chain of Franconia—came in sight, and the road began to descend toward the valley of Bayreuth. My fellow-passenger proposed that we should alight at the commencement of a park called the *Phantasie*, belonging to Duke Alexander of Würtemberg, and he would conduct me through to the other end, where the omnibus would wait for us. We entered a charming park, every foot of which betrayed the most exquisite taste and the most tender care. No-

where could be found smoother gravel, greener turf, brighter flowers, or a more artistic disposition of trees, fountains, statues, and flower-beds. Presently we reached a stately Italian palace of yellow stone, with a level, blossomy terrace in front, overhanging a deep valley, which seemed to have been brought bodily from Switzerland. In the bottom was a lake, bordered by the greenest meadows; the opposite hill was wooded with dark firs, and every house which could be seen was Swiss in its form. Two men were on the terrace, looking over the heavy stone balustrade—one of them a very stout, strong figure, with a massive gray beard. "Ah," said my companion, "there is the Duke himself!" His Highness, seeing us, returned our salutes very politely, and then slid behind a bush. "He always does that," said the Bayreuther, "when strangers come: he goes away lest they should be embarrassed, and not see as much as they wish." This is really the extreme of politeness. The Duke's wife was the Princess Marie d'Orleans, that gifted daughter of Louis Philippe, whose statue of Joan of Arc is in the Versailles Gallery. She died, however, not in consequence of excessive devotion to her art, as is often stated, but from a cold contracted after her first confinement. Duke Alexander has never married again.

The *Phantasie* struck me as being one of the most exquisite specimens of landscape gardening in Germany. It is an illustration of what may be accomplished by simply *assisting* nature—by following her suggestions rather than forcing her to assume a new character.

As we approached Bayreuth my friend said: "Now I will try and show you the grave of Jean Paul (Richter)." But the foliage in the cemetery was too thick, and I only *thought* I saw the top of a black marble tombstone. "I remember him very well," he continued. "When I was a boy I often saw him on his way to Frau Rollwenzel's. He wore a wide coat, and always had a bottle of wine in his pocket. One hand he held behind him, and carried a stick in the other. Sometimes he would stop and take a drink of wine. I remember his funeral, which took place by torch-light. He was a most beautiful corpse! His widow gave me one of his vests, a white one, with embroidery upon it, and I was fool enough to let it go out of my hands; I shall never forgive myself for that. But then, *nobody in Bayreuth thought he was a great man.*" And this was said of Jean Paul, the greatest German humorist! There is a melancholy moral in the remark.

Bayreuth is a stately town for its size (the population is some 18,000); the streets are broad, the houses large and massive; but over all there is an air of departed grandeur like Ferrara, Ravenna, and the other deserted Italian capitals. In the former century it had an ostentatious court—its Margraves, no doubt, considered themselves *Grands Monarques* in miniature, and surrounded themselves with pompous ceremonial—but all this is over. Now and then



"HERE JEAN PAUL WROTE."

a curious stranger arrives, and he passes with scarce a glance the palace of the old rulers on his way to the statue of the grand plebeian, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. At least the latter was the only object in the city which *I* cared to see. It is of bronze, colossal, and from Schwanthaler's model. The poet is represented as leaning against a tree, with a pencil in one hand and a note-book in the other, while his head is slightly lifted, as if with the inspiration of a new idea. But it is by no means a great work.

In spite of the heat (92° in the shade) I walked out to the Hermitage, a summer resort of the Margraves, about four miles from the city. The road thither is an unbroken avenue of magnificent lindens, from which, as the ground gradually rises, you have wide views of the surrounding country. On the summit of the ridge stands the famous coffee-house, formerly kept by Frau Rollwenzel. On a tablet beside the door are the words: "*Hier dichtete Jean Paul.*" (Here Jean Paul wrote his works.) He had a garret room in the little low house, and it was his habit for many years to walk out from Bayreuth in the morning, and write there all day, returning in

the evening. I climbed the steep, dark stair case, and entered his room, a narrow den, with two windows looking toward the Fichtelgebirge. Every thing is kept in precisely the same condition as during his life. There is the same old calico sofa, the same deal table and rude bookshelf which he used. In the table-drawer is one of his manuscript works: "Remarks About Us Fools." The custodian informed me that he had been offered 300 florins (\$120) for it by an Englishman. Over the sofa hangs a portrait of Jean Paul, under which is a smaller one of Frau Rollwenzel.

In a quarter of an hour more I reached the Hermitage, which I found entirely deserted. Laborers and loafers alike had fled from the unusual heat. In the deep avenues of the park, where the sunshine, passing through triple layers of beech-leaves, took the hue of dark-green glass, I found a grateful coolness; but the fountains, the sand-stone dragons, and rococo flowerbeds in front of a semicircular temple of rough mosaic, dedicated to the Sun, basked in an intense Persian heat. The god really had visited his altar. Here there are very remarkable *jeux d'eau*; but I confess, with humiliation, that I had not sufficient energy remaining to find the person who had them in charge, and thus did not see their performance. The water, I was told, comes forth from all sorts of unexpected places; forms suns, moons, and stars in the air; spouts from the trees; spirits out of the bushes; and so envelops the beholder in a fountain-chaos that he is lucky if he escapes without a drenching. There is one seat in particular which the stranger is directed to take, in order to obtain the best view. Woe to him if he obey! All the trees and rocks around fling their streams upon him.

The Hermitage is a good specimen of what is called in Germany the *Zopf* (Queue) style—the quintessence of formality. Its position, on the opposite side of, and equidistant from, Bayreuth, challenges a comparison with the Phantasie, and the difference is just this: in the Phantasie one



FRAU ROLLWENZEL.

sees that Nature is *beloved*—in the Hermitage, that she is patronized with lofty condescension.

Returning to Bayreuth, I took the railroad to a little town called Markt-Schorgast, in order to enter the Fichtelgebirge from the most approved point. On the way I conversed half an hour in German with a fellow-passenger before either discovered that the other was an American. The discovery, however, enabled me to see a New York paper only fifteen days old, with a cheering report of the good cause, and I left the train at Markt-Schorgast in the best of spirits. Here I tried to procure a man to carry my sack to Berneck, some three miles distant, but only succeeded in obtaining a very small boy. "Really," said I, when the mite made his appearance, "he can never carry it." "Let me see," said the station-master, lifting the sack; "*ja wohl*, that's nothing for him. He could run with it!" True enough, the boy put it into a basket, shouldered it, and trotted off as brisk as a grasshopper. The load was larger than himself, and I walked after him with a sense of shame. There was I, a broad-shouldered giant in comparison, puffing, and sweating, and groaning, finding even my umbrella troublesome, and the poor little pigmy at my side keeping up a lively quick-step with his bare feet on the hot road.



IMPEDIMENTA.

We crossed a burning hill into a broad, shallow valley, with a village called Wasserknoten (the water-knots). Beyond this the valley contracted into a glen, shaded with dark fir-woods, which overhung slopes of velvet rather than grass, they wore so even and lustrous a green. After a while the ruins of Hohen-berneck (High Bear's Corner), consisting of one square tower, 80 feet high, appeared on the crest of the hill. The town is squeezed into the bottom of the glen, which is only wide enough for a single street, more than a mile long. I was so thoroughly fatigued when I reached the post-inn at the farther end of the place that I gave up all thoughts of going further.

The landlord made much of me on learning that I was an American. He not only regaled

me with beer, but took me to see another Bernecker, who had been in England, India, and China. Several "*cure*-guests" joined the company, and I was obliged to give them a history of the Southern Rebellion, which was no easy matter, as so much incidental explanation was necessary. In Berneck there is a frequented whey-cure. In fact, there are few towns in Germany without a "*cure*" of some kind. Whey-cures, water-cures, grape-cures, hunger-cures, cider-cures, pine-needle-cures, salt-cures, and herb-cures flourish in active rivalry. In addition to all these the beer-cure is universally employed.

I had engaged a man to be ready in the morning to accompany me to Bischofsgrün, ten miles further; but the man turned out to be an old woman. However, it made little difference, as she walked quite as fast with her load as I was willing to walk without one. The same temperature continued; there was not a cloud in the sky, and a thin, silvery shimmer of heat in the air and over the landscape. We followed the course of the young Main, at first through a wide, charming valley, whose meadows of grass and flowers fairly blazed in the sunshine, while on either hand towered the dark blue-green forests of fir. Shepherds with their flocks were on the slopes, and the little goose-girls drove their feathered herds along the road. One of them drew a wagon in which a goose and a young child were sitting cozily together. The cuckoo sang in all the woods, and no feature of life failed which the landscape suggested, unless it were the Tyrolean *yodel*. After an hour's hard walking the valley became a steep gorge, up which the road wound through continuous forests.

The scenery was now thoroughly Swiss in its character, and charmed me almost to forgetfulness of my weak and bruised knees. Still, I was heartily rejoiced when we reached Bischofsgrün (Bishop's-green), a village at the base of the Ochsenkopf, one of the highest summits of the Fichtelgebirge. Here a rampant golden-lion hung out, the welcome sign of food and rest. Before it stood a carriage which had brought a gentleman and three ladies—very genial and friendly persons, although they spoke a most decided *patois*. They had just ordered dinner, and the huge stove at one end of the guests' room sent out a terrible heat. The landlord was a slow, peaceful old fellow, with that meek air which comes from conjugal subjugation. But his wife was a mixture of thunder, lightning, and hail. The first thing she did was to snatch a pair of red worsted slippers from a shelf; then she rubbed her bare feet against the edge of a chair to scrape off the sand, and, sitting down, pulled up her dress so as to show the greater part of a pair of very solid legs, and put on the slippers. "There!" said she, stamping until the tables rattled, "now comes my work. It's me that has it to do. Oh yes! so many at once, and nothing in the house. Man! and thou standest there, stock-still. Ach! here, thou Bärbel! See there! [*Bang* goes the



THE TEMPEST.

kitchen-door.] It is a cursed life! [*Bang* the other door.] Ach! Ha! Ho, there!" she shouted from the street.

Just then came a hay-wagon from Berneck, with thirteen additional guests. The thunders again broke heavily, and for half an hour rolled back and forth, from kitchen to stall, and from stall to kitchen, without intermission. The old peasants, with their beer-*seidls* before them, winked at each other and laughed. I was getting hungry, but scarcely dared to ask for dinner. Finally, however, I appealed to the meek landlord. "Be so good as to wait a little," he whispered; "it will come after a while." Presently his son came in with a newspaper, saying, "Mammy, there's t' *Ziting* (*Zeitung*)."
"Get out o' my way!" she yelled. "Ja, jo, I should read t' paper, shouldn't I? Ha! Ho, there! Man! Bärbel!" and the storm broke out afresh. I wish it were possible to translate the coarse, grotesque dialect of this region—which is to pure German what Irish is to English, and with as characteristic a flavor—but I know not how it could be done.

Not quite so difficult would be the translation of an aristocratic poem, written in the *Fremdenbuch*, two days before, by a sentimental baron. It might very well compare with Pope's "Lines by a Person of Quality." But no; we have an ample supply of such stuff in our own language, and I will spare my readers. Bischofsgrün is noted for its manufacture of bottles and beads for rosaries. There is a glass furnace here which has been in steady operation for eight

hundred years. I doubt whether any thing about it has changed very much in that time. I peeped into it, and saw the men making bottles of a coarse texture and pale greenish color, but the mouths of the furnaces, disclosing pits of white heat, speedily drove me away. Although the village is at least 1800 feet above the sea, there was no perceptible diminution of the heat.

The men were all in the hay-fields, and I was obliged to take a *madel* (maiden), as the landlord called her—a woman of fifty, with grown-up children. As the last thunders of the landlady of the Lion died behind us, the "maiden" said, "Ach! my daughter can't stand it much longer. She's been there, in service, these five years; and it's worse and worse. The landlady's a good woman when she don't drink, but drink she does, and pretty much all the time. She's from Schönbrunn: she was a *mill-daughter*, and her husband a *tavern-son*, from the same place. It isn't good when a woman drinks schnapps, except at weddings and funerals; and as for wine, we poor people can't think o' that!"

It was near three o'clock, and we had twelve miles through the mountains to Wunsiedel. Our road led through a valley between the Schneeberg and the Ochsenkopf, both of which mountains were in full view, crowned with dark firs to their very summits. I confess I was disappointed in the scenery. The valley is so elevated that the mountains rise scarcely 1200 feet above it; the slopes are gradual, and not remarkable for grace; and the bold rock-formations are wanting. Coming up the Main-glen from

Berneck, the lack of these features was atoned for by the wonderful beauty of the turf. Every landscape seemed to be new-carpeted, and with such care that the turf was turned under and backed down along the edges of the brooks, leaving no bare corner any where. If the sunshine had been actually woven into its texture it could not have been brighter. The fir-woods had a bluish-green hue, purple in the shadows. But on the upper meadows over which I now passed the grass was in blossom, whence they took a brownish tinge, and there were many cleared spots which still looked ragged and naked.

We soon entered the forest at the foot of the Ochsenkopf, and walked for nearly an hour under the immense trees. The ground was carpeted with short whortleberry-bushes, growing so thickly that no other plant was to be seen. Beyond this wood lay a rough, mossy valley, which is one of the water-sheds between the Black Sea and the German Ocean. The fountains of the Main and the Nab are within Minié rifle-shot of each other. Here the path turned to the left, leading directly up the side of the mountain. In the intense heat, and with my shaky joints, the ascent was a terrible toil. Up, and up we went, and still up, until an open patch of emerald pasture, with a chalêt in the centre, showed that the summit was reached. A spring of icy crystal bubbled up in the grass, and I was kneeling to drink, when a smiling *hausfrau* came out with a glass goblet. I returned it, with a piece of money, after drinking. "What is that?" said she. "No, no; water must not be paid for!" and handed it back. "Well," said I, giving it to her flaxen-headed boy, "it is not meant as pay, but as a present for this youngster." "God protect you on your journey!" was her hearty farewell.

The ridge, I should guess, was about 2800 feet above the sea-level. The descent, I found, was a very serious matter. I was obliged to limp down slowly, with a crippled step, which in itself was no slight fatigue. When the feet have not free play it seems to tire some unused internal muscle—or, to judge by my own sensations, the very marrow of the bones. We had a tough foot-path through a dense forest for half an hour, and then emerged upon a slanting meadow, whence there was a lovely view of the country to the east of the Fichtelgebirge, with Wunsiedel away in the distance, a bright island-spot in the sea of dark-green firs. Down on the right was a broad, rich valley, in which ponds of water shone clear and blue; villages dotted the cultivated slopes, and the wooded heights of the Luisenburg and the Kösseine rose beyond. Here I began to find again the scenery of Richter's works, which had struck me so forcibly in the vicinity of Bayreuth.

By the time we had reached the bottom of the mountain and left the forest behind us, I had almost touched the limits of my endurance. But there was still a good three miles before us. The "maiden," with twenty pounds on her back, marched along bravely; I followed, a dis-

abled veteran, halting every now and then to rest and recruit. All things must have an end, and it is not every day's journey that winds up with a comfortable inn. I am not sure but that the luxury of the consecutive bath, beef-steak, and bed, which I enjoyed, compensated for all the pain endured.

A shower the next morning freshened the air, diminished the heat, and put some little elasticity into my bruised muscles. It was a gala day for Wunsiedel. The Turners of the place, who had formed themselves into a fire company, performed in the market-square, with engines, ladders, hose, etc., complete. Early in the morning the Turners of Hof and their female friends arrived in six great hay-wagons, covered with arches of birch boughs and decorated with the Bavarian colors. There was a sham fire: roofs were scaled, ladders run up to the windows, the engines played, the band performed, and the people shouted. The little city was unusually lively; the inns were overflowing, and squads of visitors, with green boughs in their hats, filled the streets.

After dinner I undertook an excursion to the Luisenburg, notwithstanding I felt so decrepit at starting that I would have given a considerable sum to any body who would have insured my coming back upon my own legs. A handsome linden avenue led up the long hill to the southward of Wunsiedel, from the crest of which we saw Alexandersbad, at the foot of the mountain, and seeming to lean upon the lower edge of its fir-forests. By a foot-path through fields which were beds of blossoms—harebell, butter-cup, phlox, clover, daisy, and corn-flower intermixed—we reached the stately water-cure establishment in three-quarters of an hour. I first visited the mineral spring, which, the guide informed me, was strongly tinctured with saltpetre. I was therefore surprised to hear two youths, who were drinking when we came up, exclaim, "Exquisite!" "delicious!" But when I drank, I said the same thing. The taste was veritably fascinating, and I took glass after glass, with a continual craving for more.

This watering-place, once so frequented, is now comparatively deserted. But fifty guests were present, and they did not appear to be very splendid persons. The grounds, however, were enlivened by the presence of the youths and maidens from Hof. I visited the *Kurhaus*, looked into the icy plunge-baths of the Hydropathic establishment, tasted some very hard water, and then took the broad birchen avenue which climbs to the Luisenburg. On entering the forest I beheld a monument erected to commemorate the presence of Fred. Wilhelm III. and Louisa of Prussia, in 1805. "On this very spot," said my guide, "the King and Queen, with King Max. I. of Bavaria and the Emperor of Austria (!), were talking together, when the news came to them that Napoleon was in Vienna. They hired a man to go to Nuremberg and see whether it was true. The man—he is still living, and we shall probably see him this afternoon [in fact, I *did* see him]—walked all the way [nine-



KLINGER'S GROTTTO.

ty English miles] in twenty-four hours, then rested twenty-four more, and walked back in the same time. Then the King of Prussia immediately went home and decided to fight against Napoleon, which was the cause of the battle of Leipzig!"

The road slowly but steadily ascended, and in half an hour we reached the commencement of the Luisenburg. Huge, mossy rocks, piled atop of one another in the wildest confusion, overhung the way, and the firs, which grew wherever their trunks could be wedged in, formed a sun-proof canopy far above them. This labyrinth of colossal granite boulders, called the Luisenburg (or, more properly, the *Lugsburg*, its original name), extends to the summit of the mountain, a distance of 1100 feet. It is a wilderness of Titanic grottoes, arches, and even abutments of regular masonry, of astonishing magnitude. I have seen similar formations in Saxony, but none so curiously contorted and hurled together.

Although this place has been, for the past eighty years, a favorite summer resort of the Bavarians, it has scarcely been heard of outside of Germany. Jean Paul, during his residence at Wunsiedel, frequently came hither, and his name has been given to one of the most striking rocky chambers. There is an abundance of inscriptions, dating mostly from the last decade of the past century, and exhibiting, in their overstrained sentimentalism, the character of the generation which produced "Werther," "Paul and Virginia," and "The Children of the Abbey." In Klinger's Grotto, the roof of which is

formed by an immense block fifty-four feet long and forty-four feet broad, there is a tablet, erected in 1794 by a certain Herr von Carlowitz, on which he says: "My wish is to enjoy my life unnoticed, and happily married, and to be worthy of the tears of the good when I fearlessly depart!" This is all very well; but it can scarcely be expected that for centuries to come the world will care much whether Herr von Carlowitz was happily married or not.

Climbing upward through the labyrinthine clefts of the rocks, we find every where similar records. The names "Otto, Therese, Amalie," deeply engraved, proclaim the fact that the present King of Greece met his two sisters here, in 1836. Just above them six enormous blocks are piled one upon the other, reaching almost to the tops of the firs. This was a favorite resort of Louisa of Prussia, and the largest rock, accordingly, bears the following description: "When we behold the mild rays of the lovely spring sun shining on this rocky colossus, we think on the gentle glance of blissful grace wherewith Louisa to-day made us happy: and the rock itself suggests our love and fidelity to her!" As a specimen of aristocratic sentiment, this is unparalleled. Beyond this point the immense masses lean against each other, blocking up the path and sloping forward, high overhead, as if in the act of falling. In 1798 somebody placed the inscription here, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther;" but under it is carved, "I made the attempt, and behold! I went farther. 1804." A ladder enables you to reach an opening, whence

the path, traversing sunless clefts, crawling through holes and scaling gigantic piles of the formless masonry of the Deluge, reaches the summit. Here, on a lonely rock, still stands a single tower of the old robber-fortress which was destroyed in the thirteenth century by Philip of Streitberg, in revenge for the abduction of his bride by the knight of the Lugsburg.

From the tower we had fine views to the north, east, and west. The day could not have been more fortunately chosen. The air was unusually clear, and the distant villages showed with remarkable distinctness, yet a light golden shimmer was spread over the landscape, and, by contrast with the dark firs around us, it seemed like an illuminated picture painted on a transparent canvas.

On the side of one of the largest boulders is an inscription recommending those who are at enmity to mount the rock and behold the landscape, as a certain means of reconciliation. It records the meeting of two estranged friends, who first looked around them and then fell into each other's arms, without a word. This was truly German. Enemies of Anglo-Saxon blood, I am afraid, would have tried to push each other off the rock instead of allowing the scenery to reconcile them. One more inscription, the climax of sentiment, and I will cease to copy: "Nature is great, Love is divine, Longing is infinite, Dreams are rich; only the human heart is poor. And yet—fortunate is he who feels this, miserable he who does not even suspect it. Thou lovest a dream and winn'st—Rest!"

To be candid, silly as many of these inscriptions were, they gave a human interest to the spot. Even the record of human vanity is preferable to the absence of any sign of man.

Feeling myself in tolerable condition, I went on, along the crest of the mountain, to the Burgstein, a mass of rock 100 feet high, and crowning a summit nearly 3000 feet above the sea. The top is about seven by nine feet in compass, and inclosed by a strong railing to prevent the visitor from being blown off. Hence I looked far down into the Upper Palatinate of Bavaria, away to the blue Bohemian mountains, and, to the west, on all the dark summits of the Fichtelgebirge. The villages shone white and red in the sun; the meadow-ponds were sapphires set in emerald, and the dark-purple tint of the forests mottled the general golden-green lustre of the landscape. A quarter of an hour further is the Haberstein, a wonderful up-building of rock, forming a double tower, from eighty to a hundred feet high.

On returning to Wunsiedel I did not neglect to visit Jean Paul's birth-place—a plain, substantial house, adjoining the church. Here the street forms a small court, in the centre of which, on a pedestal of granite, stands a bronze bust of the great man. The inscription is: "*Wunsiedel to her Jean Paul Fr. Richter.*" Nothing could be simpler or more appropriate. In front, the broad street, lined with large, cheerful yellow or pink houses, stretches down the hill and closes with a vista of distant mountains. The place is very gay, clean, and attractive, notwith-



THUS FAR, AND NO FARTHER.



THE HABERSTEIN.

standing its humble position. Jean Paul describes it completely, when he says: "I am glad to have been born in thee, thou *bright* little town!"

I was aroused the next morning by the singing of a hymn, followed by the beating of a drum. Both sounds proceeded from a company of twenty or more small boys, pupils of a school at Ebersdorf (in the Franconian Forest), who, accompanied by their teachers, were making a tour on foot through the Fichtelgebirge. The sight admonished me to resume my march, as I intended going southward to Kemnath, in the Upper Palatinate. The wind blew fresh from the southwest, and heavy black clouds filled the sky. My road led up a valley between the twin mountain-groups, crossing a ridge which divides the waters of Europe. The forests were as black as ink under the shadows of the clouds, and the distant hills had a dark indigo color, which gave a remarkable tone to the landscape. Take a picture of Salvator Rosa and substitute blue for brown, and you may form some idea of it.

Presently the rain came, at first in scattering drops, but soon in a driving shower. My guide, to keep up my spirits, talked on and on in the broad Frankish dialect, which I could only comprehend by keeping all my faculties on a painful stretch. "Down in the Palatinate," said he, "the people speak a very difficult language. They cut off all the words, and bring out the pieces very fast." This was precisely what he himself did! For instance, what German schol-

ar could understand "*wid'r a weng renga!*" (wieder ein wenig Regen)—which was one of the clearest of his expressions. To beguile the rainy road he related to me the history of a band of robbers, who in the years 1845 and '46 infested the Franconian mountains, and plundered the highways on all sides.

By this time I had the Fichtelgebirge behind me, and the view opened southward, down the valley of the Nab. The *Rauhe Kulm*, an isolated basaltic peak, lifted its head in the middle of the landscape, and on the left rose the long, windy ridge of the Weissenstein. Here and there a rocky summit was crowned with the ruins of an ancient robber-castle. But the scene would have been frightful on canvas, it lay so bleak and rigid under the rainy sky. In two hours more I passed the boundary between Franconia and the Upper Palatinate.

Here my Franconian excursion closes. The next day I reached Arnberg, on the Eastern Bavarian Railway, having accomplished about a hundred miles on foot, to the manifest improvement of one knee at the expense of the other. But I had, in addition, a store of cheerful and refreshing experiences, and my confidence in the Walking-Cure is so little shaken that I propose trying a second experiment in the Bohemian Forest—a region still less known to the tourist, if possible, than the Franconian Switzerland. Whether I do this or not, will depend upon the news which I receive from home. If the war continues in America, I shall not tarry in Europe.



THE "SHANNON" TAKING THE "CHESAPEAKE" INTO HALIFAX.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.*

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

WHILE prosecuting the siege of Boston, during the summer and autumn of 1775, Washington caused five or six armed vessels to be fitted out, and sent them to cruise as privateers on the New England coast, where British vessels had been depredating since the beginning of hostilities at Lexington and Concord, in April of that year. On the 13th of October the Continental Congress resolved to fit out two vessels of war, to cruise off the same coast, for the purpose of intercepting British transports. On the same day Silas Deane of Connecticut, John Langdon of New Hampshire, and Christopher Gadsden of South Carolina, were appointed a committee to direct naval affairs. Within two months afterward the Congress had authorized the construction and fitting out of fifteen more vessels; and the "Marine Committee" was enlarged so as to comprise one delegate from each colony. Several modifications of this committee were made during the war. In November, 1776, a *Continental Navy Board* was appointed to assist the *Marine Committee*; and in October, 1779, a *Board of Admiralty* was established. Its clerk held the relative position of the Secretary of the Navy at the present day. There was no change until 1781, when *Robert Morris*, the patriotic financier of the Revolution, who sent out many privateers on his own account, was appointed *Agent of Marine*.

In December, 1775, the Congress issued several naval commissions, and determined the rank of officers, in their relations to grades in the military service; such as *Admiral* to be equal to a *General* on land, a *Commodore* to a *Brigadier-General*, etc. Esek Hopkins, of Rhode Island, was appointed Senior Captain; and John Paul Jones, of Scotland, then a resident of Virginia, was made Senior Lieutenant. Such was the germ of the United States Navy.

While the regular navy was active and efficient during the war, its operations were limited, in comparison with those of the numerous privateers that swarmed along the coast. The regular navy for a long time was employed chiefly in the interception of British transports, and its principal theatre of operations was off the New England coast. The privateers, meanwhile, roamed the seas in every direction. According to the best authorities, these cruisers captured, during the war, eight hundred and three British vessels, with merchandise valued at more than eleven millions of dollars. The British vessels in the West Indies suffered terribly from these privateers. Of a fleet of sixty merchantmen that left Ireland for those waters, thirty-five were captured by American cruisers. The West India trade with Africa was almost destroyed by them. At the beginning of the war two hundred ships were employed in that trade: this number had dwindled to forty in 1777.

The Congress fitted out forty-two vessels dur-

* The engravings which illustrate this paper are from Lossing's *Pictorial Field-Book of the War of 1812*, now in preparation, and to be published by Harper and Brothers.

ing the war. Nearly all of them, with some smaller craft on the ocean and on Lake Champlain, fell into the hands of more powerful and more numerous foes. In the autumn of 1782 the maritime service of the United States was closed. At that time only two frigates of the American marine were left. When the sun of peace arose, after a dark night of tempest for seven years, the navy of the United States, like its army, disappeared as a mist of the morning, leaving nothing behind it but the recollections of its sufferings and its glories.

Let us take a very brief glance at the most important operations of the American marine during the Revolution.



ESEK HOPKINS.

In February, 1776, Commodore Hopkins was ordered to operate against Lord Dunmore and his amphibious marauders in the Virginia waters. The ambitious commander pushed on to the Bahama Islands, captured a hundred cannon and a quantity of stores at Nassau, New Providence, and bore away with these to New England the governor of the island. On his way Hopkins captured some prizes. He performed essential services, but because of his disobedience of orders he was dismissed from the navy.

Jones cruised off the coast between Boston and the Delaware, sometimes stretching away to the Bermudas. He once carried fifteen prizes into Newport. Whipple and Biddle, who cruised eastward as far as Nova Scotia, were both successful. The little *Doria*, commanded by the latter, took so many prizes, that when she entered the Delaware River with them she had only five of her original crew, the remainder being distributed among the captured vessels.

In the autumn of 1776 Dr. Franklin went to France as diplomatic agent for the United States. He took with him blank commissions for army and navy officers, and was permitted by the King to fit out cruisers in French ports. The vessel that carried him to Europe (the *Re-*

prisal) was a most active cruiser; and during the following summer she and two others sailed entirely around Ireland, sweeping the Channel in its whole breadth, and capturing and destroying a great number of merchant vessels. Other cruisers afterward sailed from the French coast, and produced general alarm among the British islands. Marine insurance arose as high as twenty-five per cent.; and so loth were British merchants to ship goods in English bottoms, that at one time forty French vessels were together loading in the Thames. The American cruisers, on their own coasts and adjacent seas, were very active meanwhile. They captured, during the year 1776, no less than three hundred and forty-two British vessels.

In the spring of 1778 John Paul Jones first appeared in the British waters. He swept through the Irish Channel with destructive energy and unheard-of boldness. He fell upon Whitehaven, on the coast of England, seized the fort, spiked the guns, and set fire to a ship in the midst of a hundred other vessels, and departed. His exploits spread terror along the English coast. These were followed another year by equally brave performances with a little squadron fitted out in the harbor of L'Orient. Jones's cruiser was the *Bonhomme Richard*. Off Flamborough Head, on the east coast of Scotland, he encountered two British vessels, the *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough*, in convoy of the Baltic merchant fleet. The battle, fought in the evening, was a desperate one. The *Richard* and *Serapis* closed, their rigging intermingling. In this position they poured broadsides into each other. Three times both ships were on fire, and their destruction appeared inevitable. A part of the time the belligerents were fighting hand to hand on the decks. When the contest was ended, and the victory remained with Jones, the *Richard* was a perfect wreck and fast sinking. Sixteen hours afterward she went down into the deep waters of the North Sea, off Bridlington Bay. The Continental Congress voted special thanks to Jones; and eight years afterward the Government of the United States presented him a gold medal, appropriately illustrated and described.*

During the preceding summer the American cruisers had been very successful on their own coasts. The estimated value of only eight prizes taken into Boston was over a million of dollars; and at the close of that year the names of Manly, M'Neil, Biddle, Hinman, Conyngham, Wickes, Nicholson, Rathburne, Hacker, Whipple, Barry,

* John Paul, who for some reason added the name of Jones to his own, was born in July, 1747, at Arbigland, on the Frith of Solway, Scotland. At the age of twelve years he was apprenticed to a shipmaster in the Virginia trade. He was on a slaver for some years, became Master Commander, and in 1773 settled in Virginia, and added Jones to his name. At the close of the war he went to France, but returned in 1787. The following year he was appointed Rear-Admiral in the Russian navy. At one time he was in command against the Turks. In 1780 he retired to Paris on a pension. This he enjoyed until his death in 1792. The place of his sepulture is unknown. For a sketch of Jones's career, in detail and a portrait of him, see *Harper's Magazine* for July, 1855.

Dale, Talbot, Jones, and others were spoken with pride by every patriotic American. Barney, afterward a gallant officer in the war of 1812-'15, was a lieutenant, and greatly distinguished himself, in the summer of 1780, by his services in action on board of the *Saratoga*, in the capture of a ship and two brigs. He boarded one of the latter at the head of fifty men, and took all her crew prisoners.

The war was now drawing to a close. Cornwallis had been defeated, and his whole army captured in Virginia, by the American and French forces. This was followed a few months later by a brilliant naval exploit, which closed the operations of that branch of the service. The State of Pennsylvania had fitted out a vessel, called the *Hyder Ally*, armed with sixteen pounders, and manned by over a hundred men. Her chief duty was to expel British privateers from Delaware Bay. She was anchored off Cape May, with a number of merchant ships, in April, 1782, when two armed vessels appeared. The merchantmen fled up the Delaware, while the *Hyder Ally* engaged in a desperate contest with a superior foe, the *General Monk*. They fought within pistol-shot for half an hour, when the *Monk* struck her colors. "This action," says Cooper, "has been justly deemed the most brilliant that ever occurred under the American flag." The *Hyder Ally* was commanded by the gallant Lieutenant Barney.*



JOSHUA BARNEY.

The finances of the United States were in a wretched condition at the close of the war, and a navy could not have been sustained had there been a necessity for one. Peace brought a meas-

ure of security, but not great prosperity. There was scarcely any commerce, only a limited internal trade, and few manufactures. The country was burdened with a heavy domestic and foreign debt; and the central Government, which had worked efficiently during the war, when common dangers and common interests bound the States in close alliance, now found itself almost powerless. It could not enforce the collection of taxes, nor perform any of the functions of sovereignty. The *Articles of Confederation*, that formed the organic law of the republic, acknowledged the independent sovereignty of the separate States. They were only a league of thirteen commonwealths, each having, in a degree, antagonistic interests. Each State had its own custom-house, levied its own duties, and assessed and collected its own taxes. Some of them kept small armed vessels as coast-guards and to enforce the revenue laws; and each was left free to establish its own trade policy.

The wise men of the day perceived that the new republic was fast drifting toward anarchy and ruin. The exercise of independent State sovereignty was a powerful element of dissolution, and formed a most treacherous foundation for the beautiful fabric of free government which the fathers, in theory, had established. They were impressed with the conviction that the people of the United States, under their loose system of government, did not form a *nation*, and they at once adopted measures for remedying the defect. In representative convention assembled, they formed the National Constitution. The people ratified it; and by that act they dissolved the flimsy *league* and formed a consolidated *nation*. The States were made subservient to the General Government, and a power was created, tangible and wonderful, that commanded the respect of the civilized world.

American commerce grew rapidly under the new order of things, and American ships were soon seen in distant seas. As early as 1785 an Albany sloop of eighty tons had made a voyage to China; and in 1787 the old frigate *Alliance*, converted into a merchantman, had sailed to Canton and back. The successes of these vessels tempted others from the American coast, and very soon they were floating upon the Mediterranean Sea. On the southern shores of that sea sat the pirate Dey of Algiers, watching with eager eyes for the vessels of the new-born nation, who, he had learned, had no navy to defend its commerce. Very soon his corsairs seized merchantmen from Boston and Philadelphia, and consigned their officers and crews to slavery. President Washington called the attention of Congress to the subject, and a commissioner was appointed to treat with the Dey of Algiers for their release and a cessation of his piratical prac-

* Joshua Barney was a native of Maryland. He was born in Baltimore in July, 1751. His life was spent on the sea. He was mate of a vessel at the age of fourteen years, and at sixteen he was commander. He entered the United States Navy as Lieutenant in the summer of 1776, and was the first to unfurl the American flag in Maryland. He was very active during the war, and brought the first

news of peace. He was one of the six Commanders appointed in 1794, and bore the American flag to the French National Convention. He entered the French naval service in command of two frigates. He returned to America in 1802, and in 1812 re-entered the naval service of the United States. He died at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in December, 1818.

tices. "If I were to make peace with every body," said the semi-barbarian, "what should I do with my corsairs? What should I do with my soldiers? They would take off my head for want of other prizes, not being able to live upon their miserable allowance."

These were grave questions and cogent reasons in the mind of the Dey, but failed to enlist the sympathies of Colonel Humphreys, our commissioner, who wrote, at the close of 1793, "If we mean to have a commerce we must have a navy to defend it."

These words formed the text of a message from Washington to Congress in the spring of 1794. That body immediately authorized the construction or purchase of six frigates or an equivalent naval force, and appropriated \$700,000 for the purpose. As the law had special reference to the quarrel with Algiers, it contained a clause directing all proceedings under it to cease in the event of an adjustment of the difficulties.

The keels of six frigates were speedily laid, and naval commanders appointed; but the United States Government, in the absence of a naval force, was compelled to make a humiliating treaty with the pirate for the sake of commerce and humanity, and the work was suspended.—This was an unwise measure, for the tribute and ransom money paid to the Dey was more than equal to the cost of the six frigates, which might have sealed up his ports by blockade and brought him to terms.*

The United States Government was soon convinced of its error in not completing the frigates. British cruisers, knowing our weakness on the ocean, commenced the practice of taking seamen from American merchant vessels and impressing them into the naval service of Great Britain. The French Government, then in the hands of the revolutionists, also began to exhibit an unfriendly feeling toward the United States, because they maintained a strict neutrality respecting the wars of France with other nations, and because, feeling their own strength, they no longer leaned for support upon their old ally. The French authorities determined to punish the Americans for their independence:

* Between the years 1785 and 1793, the Algerine pirates had captured and carried into Algiers 15 American vessels, used the property, and made one hundred and eighty officers and seamen slaves of the most revolting kind. In 1795, the United States agreed, by treaty, to pay eight hundred thousand dollars for captives then alive, and in addition to make the Dey or governor a present of a frigate worth a hundred thousand dollars. An annual tribute of twenty-three thousand was also to be paid. The redemption of captives by a similar tribute had long been the custom of European nations. The frigate sent to the Dey was called the *Crescent*. An idea of the utter helplessness of the Government without a navy, and the abject tone of public sentiment in the presence of such an evil as Algerine piracy, may be gathered from the fact that the public press spoke thus of the sailing of the *Crescent* for the Mediterranean. "Our best wishes follow Captain Newman, his officers, and men. May they arrive in safety at the place of their destination, and present to the Dey of Algiers one of the finest specimens of elegant naval architecture which was ever borne on the Picatagua's waters.

"Blow all ye winds that fill the prosperous sail,
And hushed in peace be every adverse gale."

and letting loose their cruisers to prey upon English commerce, they gave them full permission to depredate upon ours. These depredations were very extensive in the West Indies; and the French cruisers finally became so bold that they captured American vessels in our own waters. These events awakened our Government to the importance of creating a navy. Three of the six frigates—the *United States*, the *Constellation*, and the *Constitution*—were speedily completed, and by mid-summer, 1798, twenty-four armed vessels (none of them to exceed twenty-two guns), and several galleys and other craft, were ordered by Congress for the protection of our commerce, which in five years had greatly expanded. The exports in that time had increased from nineteen millions of dollars to more than fifty-six millions, and the imports in about the same ratio.

The establishment of an armed marine made a new cabinet officer necessary, and Benjamin Stoddart, of Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, was appointed Secretary of the Navy. Ample duties awaited his installation. War with France seemed inevitable; and in July, 1798, Congress authorized American cruisers to capture French vessels of war, and gave the President power to commission privateers. This was the beginning of the present navy of the United States.



RICHARD DALE.

The first ship of war sent to sea after the establishment of the National Government was the *Ganges*, Captain Richard Dale.* She went

* Richard Dale was a native of Virginia, and was born in 1756. He went to sea at the age of twelve years, and in 1776 became a Lieutenant of a Virginia cruiser. He was with Captain Wickes in his cruise among the British Islands in 1777, and being captured, suffered a long imprisonment in England. He was with Paul Jones in the fight with the *Serapis*, and received the thanks of Congress for his gallantry. He returned to the merchant service at the close of the war, and was a successful adventurer in the East India trade. He was fourth in rank of the six captains appointed in 1794, and was commissioned a Commodore in 1801. His squadron did good service in the Mediterranean. He left the navy in 1802, and died at Philadelphia in 1826.

out toward the close of May, 1798, to cruise from the coast of Connecticut to the capes of Virginia. The next vessels set afloat were the *Constellation*, Captain Truxtun, and the *Delaware*, Captain Decatur. They sailed early in June to cruise as far as the coast of Florida. Decatur soon captured the French privateer *Le Croyable* and sent her into the Delaware, where she was put in commission as an American vessel, was named *Retaliation*, and was placed in charge of Lieutenant Bainbridge. *Le Croyable* was the first trophy of victory secured by the navy of the United States.

The *United States* was completed in July the same year, and sailed in command of Captain Barry,* whose fourth lieutenant was the now (October, 1861) venerable Commodore Stewart, or "Old Ironsides" as he is familiarly called. The *Constitution* (yet in the service) was also sent to sea the same month, under Captain Nicholson. Among his officers was the afterward distinguished Commodore Preble. At the close of the year most of the United States cruisers were in the West Indies and vicinity, much to the surprise of both the British and French commanders.

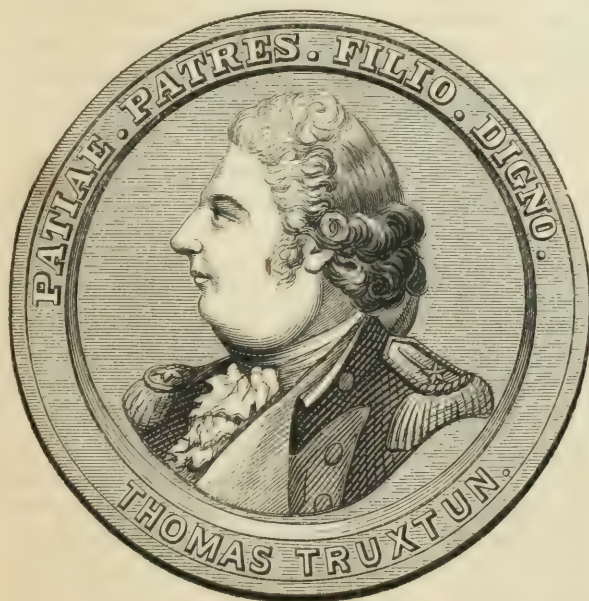
The *Retaliation* was an unfortunate vessel for both parties, for in November, 1798, she was recaptured by the French ships *Volontaire* and *L'Insurgente*, and carried into Guadaloupe.

War between the United States and France was still impending at the opening of the year 1799, and the Government of the former was very active in strengthening the navy—so active that no less than twenty-eight vessels, with an aggregate of 666 guns were set afloat. A large number of these were cruising in the West Indies. Among them was the *Constellation*, 38,

Captain Truxtun. On the 9th of February, when near the island of Nevis, he discovered a large ship, and bore down upon her. She proved to be *L'Insurgente*, the finest vessel in the French navy, and carrying forty-eight guns, and over four hundred men. After a chase of three hours the *Constellation* came alongside of the enemy, and opened a destructive fire upon *L'Insurgente*. Both ships kept up a fierce cannonade for over an hour, when the *Constellation* shot out of the smoke, wore round, hauled athwart her antagonist's stern, and prepared to deliver a raking fire. At that moment *L'Insurgente* struck her colors, and the contest ended. This first important victory achieved by the navy produced great joy throughout the United States. Lieutenants Rodgers and Porter, both of them commodores in the American Navy afterward, were with Truxtun on this occasion, and shared in the honors.

A year later, Truxtun, still in command of the *Constellation*, had another contest with a French man-of-war. On the morning of the 1st of February, 1800, while cruising off the island of Guadaloupe, he discovered a large ship which he took to be an English merchantman. He hoisted British colors to entice her to come near, but she bore away and he gave chase. He soon discovered that she was a large French vessel mounting not less than fifty-four guns. He determined to attack her, notwithstanding the disparity in strength. She was a good sailer, and the chase continued until eight o'clock in the evening of the 2d. Truxtun was then within hailing distance. He ordered his ensign to be hoisted, his battle-lanterns to be lighted, and his trumpet to be brought. At that moment she opened a fire from her stern and quarter guns upon the *Constellation*. A few minutes afterward the latter opened her fire; and for five hours the combatants fought desperately in the gloom of night. At one o'clock in the morning of the 3d of February Truxtun's antagonist became silent, but the *Constellation* was so much injured that she could not secure the prize.

* John Barry was born in Ireland in 1745, and emigrated to America at the age of 14 years. He had been on the sea for some time, and here pursued his vocation. He entered the naval service of Congress in 1776, and was active throughout the war. He was in the command of the *United States* frigate at the time of his death, which occurred at Philadelphia in September, 1803.



COMMODORE TRUXTUN'S MEDAL.

The latter escaped and sailed for Curaçoa, while the *Constellation* sailed for Jamaica for repairs. Both parties were ignorant of the name of each other's vessel, but it was subsequently ascertained that the French ship was *La Vengeance*, manned with four hundred men including passengers, among whom was the Governor of Guadaloupe and his family, and two general officers. She would have been a rich prize, for she had a full cargo of coffee and sugar, and a large amount of specie. She had lost fifty killed and one hundred and ten wounded. The *Constellation* lost fourteen killed and twenty-five wounded. The Congress of the United States voted thanks and a gold medal to Commodore Truxtun for his gallantry on that occasion.*

Napoleon Bonaparte, with the title of First Consul, succeeded the weak Directory in the Government of France. War between America and that country was averted by his wisdom and justice, and peace was secured by a treaty made early in the autumn of 1800. With a strange misconception of the public good, the Government ordered a diminution of the navy to twelve frigates, only six of these to be kept in actual service. The President was also empowered to discharge from service a great proportion of the naval officers; and that strong arm of the Government which had so protected commerce as to enable the people to sell to foreign countries, during the difficulties with France, surplus products to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars, and to import sufficient to yield the Government a revenue exceeding twenty-three millions of dollars, was almost paralyzed by an unwise economy in public expenditure. The folly of this measure was soon made apparent by events connected with the Mediterranean corsairs.

Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, known collectively as the Barbary States, were now engaged in piratical depredations on the commerce of the world. Their insolence was remarkable, considering their real insignificance compared with the powers that submitted to their insults. The conduct of the Dey of Algiers toward Captain Bainbridge, in the spring of 1800, may be cited as a fair specimen of that insolence. Bainbridge arrived at Algiers in the *Washington*, with the annual tribute of the United States. When that errand was accomplished, the Dey demanded the use of the *Washington* to convey an ambassador and presents to the Sultan at Constantinople. Bainbridge remonstrated, when the Dey haughtily observed, "You pay me tribute, by which you

become my slaves, and therefore I have a right to order you as I think proper." Bainbridge was obliged to comply, for the castle guns of the pirate governor would not let him leave the harbor. He sailed for the Orient, and had the honor of first displaying the American flag over the waters of the Golden Horn, and before the minarets of ancient Estamboul. The Sultan regarded it as a favorable omen of future friendship between the two nations because *his* flag bore the device of a crescent moon, and the American a group of stars.

The insolence of the Barbary powers at length became unbearable. The Bashaw of Tunis demanded tribute, and informed the American consul that if a present in money was not received from the United States within six months, he would declare war. He kept his word, and in May, 1801, the flag-staff of the American consulate was cut down and war proclaimed. The United States expected the event, and had already fitted out a squadron for the Mediterranean, under Captain Dale, whose flag-ship was the *President*. He anchored off Gibraltar on the 1st of July, and soon afterward the *President* appeared at Algiers and Tunis, to the great surprise of the respective governors. Meanwhile her consort, the *Enterprise*, 12, Lieutenant Sterrett, fell in with a Tripolitan ship named *Tripoli*, ran alongside of her, and commenced an engagement within pistol-shot distance which lasted for three hours. During that time the *Tripoli* struck her colors three times, and as often renewed the contest. This treachery exasperated Sterrett, and he gave orders to sink the corsair. For a few minutes the combat was fearful, when Mohammed Sous, the corsair's commander, cried for mercy, threw his flag overboard, and making a profound *salam* in the waist of his ship, begged for quarter. The *Tripoli* was a wreck, and had lost, in killed and wounded, twenty of her men. No one was injured on the *Enterprise*. When the unfortunate commander of the *Tripoli* returned to his port, wounded and weak, the enraged governor ordered him to be paraded through the streets on a jackass, and then bastinadoed. The *Philadelphia* cruised a while in the Mediterranean, exercising a wholesome restraint on the pirates, and the *Essex*, of the same squadron, guarded the straits between the Pillars of Hercules.

Another expedition was sent to the Mediterranean, under Commodore Morris, in 1802. But very little of great importance was done by the navy in that quarter until 1804, when Tripoli was bombarded. Commodore Preble had been sent thither to humble the pirates the previous year. After bringing the belligerent Emperor of Morocco to terms, he appeared before Tripoli with his squadron. The *Philadelphia*, commanded by Bainbridge, struck on a rock in the harbor, and before she could be extricated, was captured by the Tripolitans. This occurred at the close of October, 1803. The officers were treated as prisoners of war, but the crew were made slaves. She was relieved, put in order,

* Thomas Truxtun was born on Long Island, New York, in 1755. He was in command of a privateer as early as 1775, and distinguished himself in that service during the Revolution. At the close of the war he engaged in commerce, and in 1794 was one of the six naval Commanders appointed by Washington. At the close of the war with France he was ordered to the Mediterranean, but in consequence of some misunderstanding with the Government, he left the navy. For many years he followed the pursuits of agriculture in New Jersey, and then went to live in Philadelphia, where he became high sheriff in 1816. He died in May, 1822.



EDWARD PREBLE.

and moored near the castle Lieutenant Decatur, son of Captain Decatur of the *Delaware*, resolved to wipe out the disgrace by capturing or destroying the *Philadelphia*. With seventy-six volunteers he sailed into the harbor of Tripoli on the evening of the 3d of February, 1804, ran alongside the *Philadelphia* under the guns of the castle, boarded her, killed or drove into the sea all of her turbaned defenders, set her on fire, and under cover of a heavy cannonade from the American squadron, escaped without losing a man. This bold act greatly alarmed the Bashaw, and he became exceedingly circumspect.

At the close of July, 1804, Commodore Preble* appeared off Tripoli with his squadron, and at nearly three o'clock in the afternoon of the 3d of August he attacked the town at grape-shot distance. The fight with gun-boats was a desperate one; while the cannonade and bombardment, spiritedly answered by the Tripolitans, was unceasing. After a contest of nearly two hours, during which time the town suffered a severe loss of life and property from the explosion of shells, the American squadron withdrew, having been but slightly damaged.

On the afternoon of the 7th of August the bombardment of Tripoli was renewed, and continued three hours. In this affair the American vessels suffered severely. A hot shot passed through the magazine of one of the gun-boats, and she blew up, killing her commander and eight men. The squadron withdrew about six

miles from Tripoli. The Bashaw still held out, demanding five hundred dollars apiece for Bainbridge's crew.

On the 29th of August the Americans again opened upon the town. The contest commenced at three o'clock in the morning, and raged furiously until daylight. The *Constitution*, Preble's flagship, then ran in to within a short distance of the castle and batteries, pouring in destructive discharges of round and grape shot. She silenced the guns of the castle, and spread destruction among the gun-boats and other vessels. The squadron finally withdrew, after doing great injury to the town.

Another attack on Tripoli was made on the 3d of September with similar results. The conflict lasted an hour and a quarter, when the attacking squadron withdrew. On the night of the 4th an attempt was made to destroy the enemy's cruisers in the harbor by exploding a floating mine among them. The ketch *Intrepid*, used by Decatur when he burned the *Philadelphia*, was converted into an "infernal," and taken into the harbor

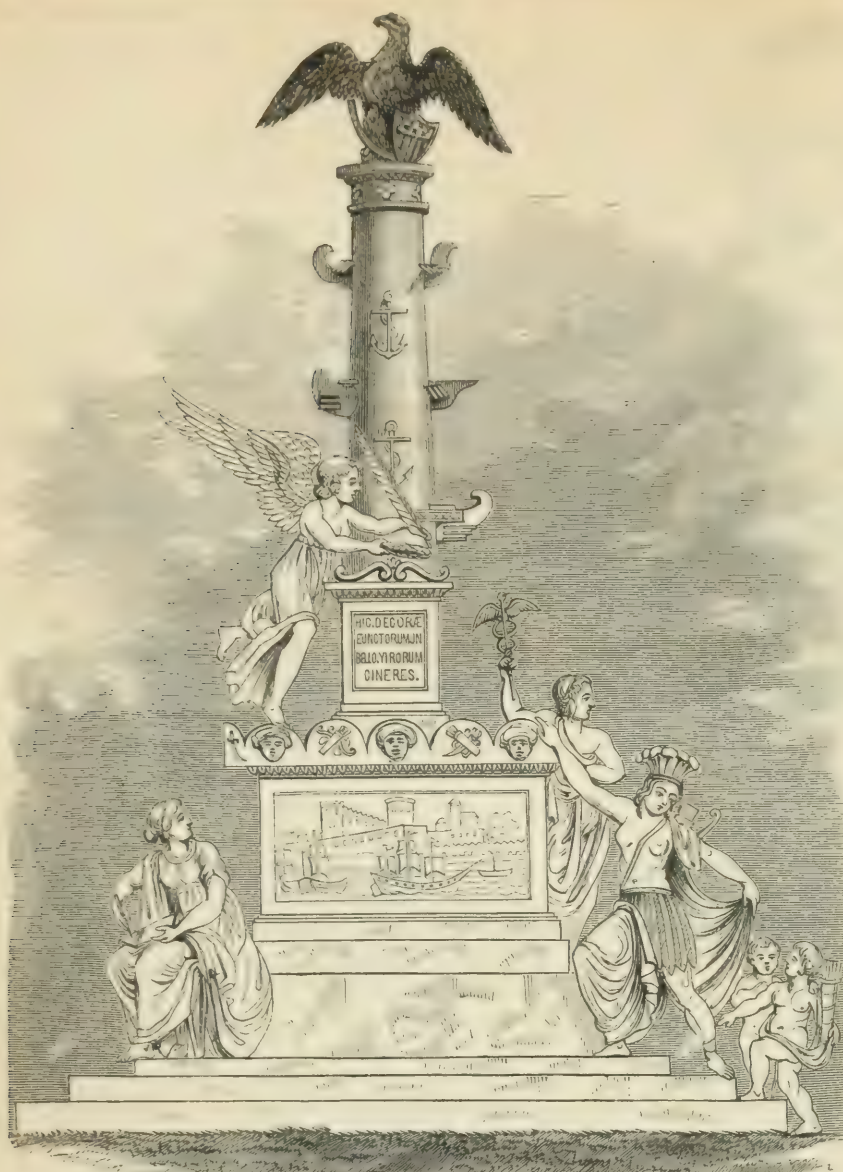
in intense darkness. Her crew were to escape in row-boats. She exploded before reaching her destination, and not one of the gallant men who manned her was ever heard of afterward.

By these several attacks by the squadron of Preble the Bashaw of Tunis was greatly alarmed and injured, but was not humbled. The following year a land-force struck him in the rear, and the terrified ruler hastened to make a treaty of peace with the Americans, but not upon terms which the latter ought to have demanded. No more tribute was to be paid, but the Americans were compelled to give sixty thousand dollars ransom money for their brethren in captivity. Thus terminated the war with Tripoli; and soon afterward the Bey of Tunis, who affected contempt for the Americans, and talked loudly about declaring war against them, was so humbled by Commodore Rodgers that he eagerly sought peace, and expressed a desire to send a minister to the United States. The old order of things on the Southern coast of the Mediterranean Sea was now much reversed. This result had been brought about wholly by the operations of the gallant little navy of the United States.*

At about this time the distinguished Robert Fulton proposed to introduce a new element into

* Edward Preble was born in Portland, Maine, in August, 1761. He became a midshipman in 1779. He was promoted to Lieutenant, and in 1798 and 1799 he made two cruises as commander. With a captain's commission he sailed in the *Essex* in 1800. For his gallant conduct in the attack on Tripoli, Congress gave him thanks and an elegant gold medal. He was greatly beloved by his officers and men. He died in August, 1807.

* Officers of the navy erected a monument in the Navy-yard at Washington in commemoration of their brother officers who fell in the war with Tripoli. It was mutilated by the British when they burned Washington City in 1814. It was afterward removed to the west front of the Capitol, but has been taken away, and set up at Annapolis. It is of white marble, about forty feet in height. On the column are bows of vessels. At the base are four marble emblematical figures—Mercury, Fame, History, and America. The column is surmounted by an eagle. On one side of the base, in relief, is Tripoli; on the others the names of the officers.



NAVAL MONUMENT AT ANNAPOLIS.

the system of naval warfare. It was that of floating mines, which he called "torpedoes," intended to destroy ships of largest dimensions by exploding them under their bottoms. He offered the "infernal machine" to the British Government, and exhibited successful experiments before members of the Board of Admiralty; but the Government declined it. He came home and offered the invention to the United States Government. He exhibited successful experiments in the harbor of New York, when quite a large vessel was broken up and destroyed by one of his torpedoes. Our Government also refused to use the destructive machine; but when the war broke out in 1812 they were tried on private account. The British vessels greatly feared them; and it is believed that the dread of Fulton's presence, with his torpedoes, prevented them entering many of our harbors and destroying the towns during the war. Fulton's grand idea was confessedly the philanthropic one of producing what

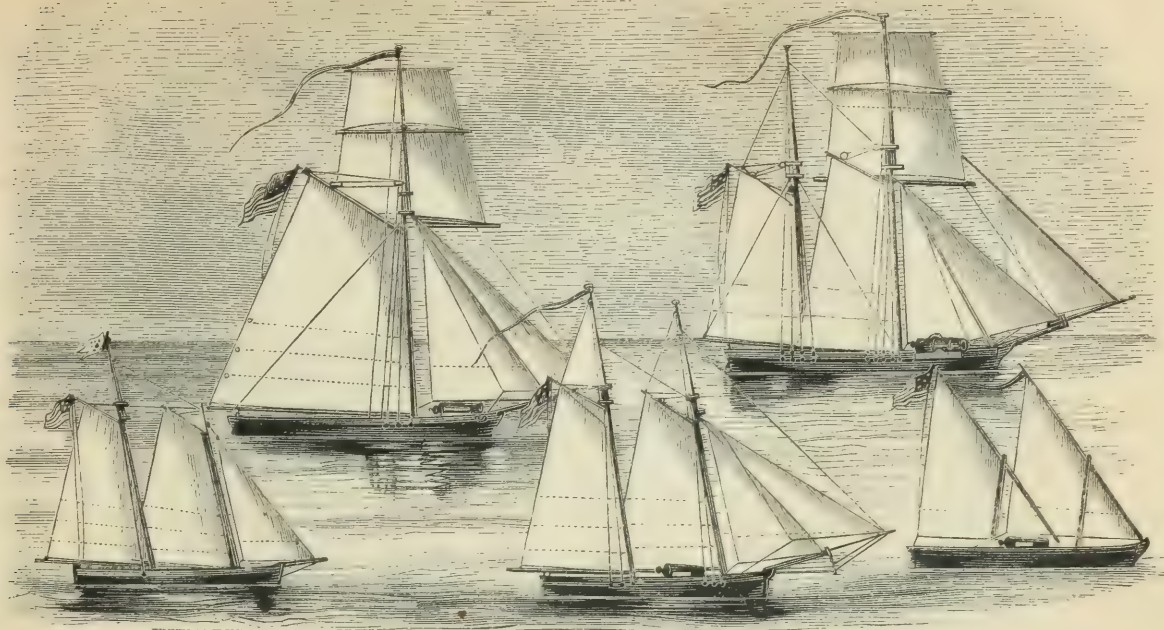
he called "the liberty of the seas," by making naval warfare so terribly destructive, by means of his submarine mines, that it would fall into desuetude.

The amicable relations which had existed between the United States and Great Britain since Jay's treaty in 1795, were now disturbed by the progress of events in Europe. Bonaparte had passed from the seat of First Consul to the throne as Emperor of France. He had also been proclaimed King of Italy, and his brothers were made ruling sovereigns. He was in the full tide of success, and flushed with the excitement of conquests. A large part of Continental Europe lay prostrate at his feet, and trembled in his presence. England had almost destroyed the French power at sea, yet she, too, turned pale at the sight of his legions and the amazing potency of his name. But the United States, still following the policy of Washington in maintaining a strict neutrality, neither coveted his favors nor feared his power. At the same time American shipping being allowed

free intercourse between English and French ports, enjoyed the vast advantages of a profitable carrying trade between them.



EFFECT OF A "TORPEDO."



GUN-BOATS.

The belligerent powers, in efforts to damage each other, ceased to respect the rights of neutral nations, and employed measures destructive to American commerce and subversive of the most sacred rights of those not engaged in war. In these measures Great Britain took the lead. An order in council issued in May, 1806, declared the whole coast of Europe, from the Elbe to Brest, in a state of blockade. Bonaparte retaliated in November by issuing a decree from Berlin, declaring all the ports of the British Islands to be in a state of blockade. At that time "paper blockades" were respected, and this was a severe blow against England's maritime superiority. In January following, the latter prohibited all coast trade with France; and thus these desperate gamblers played with the world's commerce, peace, and prosperity. Under these orders and decrees both English and French cruisers seized American vessels, and our commerce dwindled to a coast trade. Our neglected navy was too small to protect it on the ocean or to inspire the belligerents with much respect, and the swarms of gun-boats authorized by Congress, from time to time, as a coast-guard, were inefficient.

Hard pressed for seamen for her navy, Great Britain now revived her offensive policy of taking sailors from American vessels and impressing them into her naval service. She defended her practice by the theory of her laws, which declares that no subject can expatriate himself—"once an Englishman, always an Englishman"—and that she had a right to search *every where* for suspected deserters from her navy. The government of the United States stoutly denied this right, and gave the British Ministry to understand that such practices were too offensive to be borne in silence. The intimation was treated with contempt, and an open rupture soon followed. Already a seaman had

been killed on board of an American coaster, near Sandy Hook, by a shot from a British armed ship (April, 1806), and the indignation of the people was very hot. It soon burst into a flame.

Early in 1807 the frigate *Chesapeake*, 38, was put in commission for the Mediterranean. She left Hampton Roads on the morning of the 22d of June, under the broad pennant of Commodore James Barron.* At that time a squadron of British ships of war were lying in Lynn Haven Bay, on the coast of Virginia, watching for some French frigates at Annapolis. They were watching for American vessels also. On the day when the *Chesapeake* sailed the *Leopard*, one of the British squadron, went to sea, and in the afternoon came alongside the former with an order from Vice-Admiral Berkeley, at Halifax, to search for deserters. It was alleged that the *Chesapeake* had British seamen of that kind among her crew, and the right to search for them was claimed. The *Leopard* came with her ports triced up and otherwise prepared to use the argument of cannon, if necessary.

The insulted Barron refused to have his vessel searched. He was utterly unprepared for combat, yet he gave orders to make immediate preparation. In a few minutes the *Leopard* hailed, and then sent a shot before the *Chesapeake*. This was followed in a few seconds by

* James Barron was a son of the commander-in-chief of the naval forces of Virginia during the Revolution. He entered the United States Navy in 1798, as Lieutenant, under Barry. In 1799 he was promoted to the highest grade in the navy, and ordered to the Mediterranean, under the command of his brother, Samuel Barron. He was esteemed as one of the most efficient officers in the service. After the affair of the *Chesapeake* and *Leopard* he never engaged in sea duty, but remained in the service. He was Senior-Captain of the navy at the time of his death, which occurred at Norfolk, Virginia, in April, 1851, when he was eighty-two years of age.



LYNN HAVEN BAY.

a broadside; then another, and another, for the space of about twelve minutes, killing three of the Americans and wounding eighteen. So unprepared was the *Chesapeake* that she could not fire a gun until too late, and was compelled to strike her colors. Four seamen, claimed as deserters from one of the vessels in Lynn Haven Bay, were taken from her, and that evening she returned to Hampton Roads.

This outrage produced a blaze of excitement throughout the United States. Many were anxious to declare war against Great Britain. The

President, by proclamation, ordered all British armed vessels to leave the waters of the United States immediately, and forbade any entering them until full satisfaction should be made. The British Government, in an equivocal way, disavowed the act, and made reparation; and yet there were Americans so filled with partisan malignity against the Administration in power as to justify the conduct of the *Leopard*!

The civil history of the United States during the next four or five years, while the Nation was being driven into a war with Great Britain, is exceedingly interesting; but we must pass over these events, and notice only those which belong to the subject of this paper.

The Government of Great Britain, during this period, acted more honorably, but not less wickedly, than that of France. It continued its hostile orders in council, and sent ships of war to cruise near our coast to capture American merchant vessels and send them to England as lawful prizes. While engaged in this nefarious business, the British sloop of war *Little Belt*, Captain Bingham, was met in the evening off the coast of Virginia, in May, 1811, by the American frigate *President*, Commodore Rodgers.* The latter hailed the former, and received



JOHN RODGERS.

* John Rodgers was born in Maryland, in 1771. He served in the merchant service for several years, and entered the navy in 1797. At the time of the massacre at St. Domingo, he was of great service in saving the white population from destruction by the blacks. He was active in the war with the Barbary States, and in that with Great Britain in 1812-'15. He died in August, 1838.

a cannon shot in reply. Rodgers immediately gave a similar response. A short action ensued, when Bingham, having eleven men killed and twenty-one wounded, gave a satisfactory answer.

This outrage again raised a violent war spirit in the United States. Notwithstanding the British navy consisted of almost *nine hundred* vessels, and an aggregate of one hundred and forty-four thousand men, and that of the United States only *twelve* vessels and about three hundred guns, besides a large number of inefficient gun-boats, the people were willing to accept war as an alternative for submission, and to measure strength on the ocean. It is proper to remark that the British navy was necessarily scattered, because that Government had interests to protect in various parts of the globe.

Time after time the American flag was insulted by British cruisers, and the British press insolently boasted that the United States "could not be kicked into a war." Forbearance became no longer a virtue. On the 19th of July, 1812, the President of the United States, by the authority of Congress, formally declared war against Great Britain. Now was the opportunity for the little American navy to display its valor. It consisted of only twenty vessels besides gun-boats. Nine of these were of a class less than frigates. Two of them were unseaworthy, and one was on Lake Ontario. Yet they boldly defied the armed marine of Great Britain, then more than a thousand vessels strong.

The first hostile shot fired after the declaration of war was by Commodore Rodgers of the *President*, who, on the 23d of June, discharged a chase-gun after the British ship *Belvidera*, 36, not far from Sandy Hook. A running engagement ensued, and both vessels were injured.

The *President* finally gave up the pursuit. She lost twenty-two men in killed and wounded, sixteen of them by the bursting of a gun.

The *Essex*, 32, Captain David Porter, led the van in the column of victories. On the 13th of August, 1812, she was sailing in disguise when a strange vessel appeared and gave chase. The following brief dispatch of Porter to the Secretary of the Navy gives the sequel:

"SIR,—I have the honor to inform you that, upon the 13th, his Britannic Majesty's sloop of war *Alert*, Captain T. L. P. Langhame, ran down on our weather-quarter, gave three cheers, and commenced an action (if so trifling a skirmish deserves the name); and after eight minutes' firing struck her colors, with seven feet water in her hold, much cut to pieces, and three men wounded."

This was the first British national vessel that struck her colors after the declaration of war. That humiliation was soon followed by another of greater importance.

On the 19th of August the *Constitution*, 44, Captain Hull,* had a severe engagement with the *Guerriere*, 38, Captain Dacres, off the American coast, in the present track of ships to Great Britain. After much manœuvring to obtain the weather-gage the hostile vessels, at six o'clock in the evening, came within half pistol-shot of each other, and engaged in deadly conflict with the entire force of each vessel. The guns of the *Constitution* were double-shotted with round and grape, and her execution was terrible. The rigging of the two vessels finally became entangled, and both parties prepared to board. The fire from small-arms became exceedingly severe, and Lieutenant Morris, of the *Constitution*, endeavored to lash the vessels together. At this moment the sails of the *Constitution* filled, and she shot ahead, instantly exposing the shattered condition of her antagonist. The foremast of the *Guerriere* fell, carrying with it her mainmast. She was thus left a helpless wreck upon a rough sea. The combat had continued for an hour, and the *Constitution* was about to pour a raking fire into her disabled antagonist, when the latter discharged a gun to the leeward, in token of surrender. At daylight the *Guerriere* was found to be sinking. The prisoners and some movables were soon transferred to the *Constitution*, and at three o'clock in the afternoon, the battered hulk having been fired, she blew up. The *Constitution* carried the intel-



ISAAC HULL.

* Isaac Hull was born in Derby, Connecticut, in 1775. He was first in the merchant service, and in 1798 entered the navy as Lieutenant. In May, 1800, he was First-Lieutenant of the *Constitution*, under Talbot. In 1804 he commanded the brig *Argus* at the storming of Tripoli. After the war with Great Britain Commodore Hull held various commands; and he enjoyed the rank of Captain in the service for thirty-seven years. He died in Philadelphia in February, 1843. His remains repose in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

ligence of her own triumph to Boston. It produced a profound sensation in both hemispheres. The insolent tone of the British press was lowered, and the prestige of Britain's hitherto naval supremacy lost much of its power. Congress voted thanks and a gold medal to Hull.



JACOB JONES.

The victory of the *Constitution* was soon followed by the brilliant exploit of the United States schooner *Wasp*, 18, Captain Jones,* in capturing a British sloop off the coast of North Carolina. The *Wasp* was in Europe when the war was declared. She returned to the Delaware with a prize, and sailed on a cruise toward the middle of October, 1812. She fell in with a squadron of British merchantmen, convoyed by a vessel of war. It was on Sunday morning, October 18, 1812. The convoy was the *Frolic*, 18, Captain Whinyates. When the *Wasp* had come within fifty or sixty yards of the enemy, the latter opened her fire. It was returned by the *Wasp* with great energy. The sea was very rough, and it required much nautical skill to manage the vessels. At one time they were so near that they touched each other, and the destruction wrought by their guns was terrible. At length the Americans boarded the enemy, but they found no man to oppose them. The decks were covered by the dead and wounded, and every man who was able had gone below except the old seaman at the wheel. The officers cast down their swords in token of submission, and Lieutenant Biddle hauled down the *Frolic's* colors. "Not twenty persons remained unhurt" in the *Frolic*, her commander reported.

* Jacob Jones was born in Delaware, in 1770. He was educated for a physician, but in 1799 he entered the navy, under Captain Barry. He was with Bainbridge at Tripoli; and at the beginning of the war, in 1812, was commander of the *Wasp*. He went through the war with honor, and when peace came he retired to his farm in his native State, where he died in July, 1851.

Very soon after the victory was secured, the *Poictiers*, a British seventy-four gun ship, appeared, and captured both the *Wasp* and her prize.

The gallant conduct of Jones gave great joy to the Americans. Congress honored him with thanks and a gold medal. His praise was upon every lip. A caricature was issued, entitled "*A Wasp on a Frolic*," and the affair became a theme for wit and song. Many a gray-haired survivor of the war remembers the following lines of a popular song of the day:

"The foe bravely fought, but his arms were all broken,
And he fled from his death-wound, aghast and affrighted:

But the *Wasp* darted forward her death-dealing sting,
And full on his bosom like lightning alighted.

She pierced through his entrails, she maddened his brain,
And he writhed and he groaned as if torn with the colic;

And long shall John Bull rue the terrible day
He met the American *Wasp* on a *Frolic*."



A WASP ON A FROLIC.

A week after Jones's victory, another was achieved by Captain Decatur, in command of the frigate *United States*, 44. On Sunday, the 25th of October, Decatur discovered an English ship, and gave chase. At the distance of about a mile Decatur opened a broadside upon the enemy. His shot fell short. This was soon followed by another at a shorter distance; when a heavy cannonade from the long guns of both vessels commenced, and continued for half an hour. The fire of the *United States* was by far the most effective. The mizen-mast and main and fore top-masts of the enemy were speedily shot away, and his colors disappeared. When the *United States* came within hailing distance the firing on both sides had ceased. The British vessel had surrendered, and it was announced that she was the *Macedonian*, 38, Captain Carden. She was fearfully wounded, having received no less than one hundred round shot in her hull alone. She mounted 49 guns.

Decatur took his prize into New London. The victory made his name immortal. The city of Philadelphia voted him a sword; the city of New York its freedom; and the States of Massachusetts, New York, and Maryland their thanks. Pennsylvania and Virginia each gave him their thanks and a sword; and the Congress of the United States thanks and a gold medal. These victories of the American navy, in quick succession, deeply moved the public mind of Great Britain, and filled the hearts of the people there with great anxiety.



WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE.

The magnanimous Hull, in order to give other officers an opportunity to share in the honors of the naval warfare (there being more officers than vessels), left the *Constitution* after his victory over the *Guerriere*, and she was placed in command of Commodore Bainbridge.* She left Boston toward the close of October on a cruise off the coast of Brazil, in company with the *Hornet*, 18, Captain Lawrence. Leaving the *Hornet* to blockade the British sloop of war *Bonne Citoyenne* in the port of San Salvador, Bainbridge proceeded down the coast, and on the 29th of December fell in with the British frigate *Java*, 38, Captain Lambert. After considerable manœuvring they commenced an engagement, which lasted almost three hours. The action was very spirited, both vessels in their movements exhibiting great nautical skill. In the course of the action the *Java* was reduced to a wreck. She was entirely dismantled, a large number of her

guns were disabled, her hull was terribly shattered, and her bowsprit was shot away; while the *Constitution* did not lose a spar.

The *Java* was one of the best vessels in the British service. She was bound to the East Indies, and had on board upward of one hundred officers and men destined for service in the East. Among these was Lieutenant-General Hyslop, Governor of Bombay. Her officers and crew numbered over four hundred, and of these twenty-two were killed and one hundred and two were wounded. Captain Lambert was mortally wounded during the action. The *Constitution* lost nine killed and twenty-five wounded. Finding the *Java* incapable of floating long, Bainbridge burned her, and then returned to Boston. He was received with great rejoicings by his countrymen. The city of Philadelphia presented him with an elegant piece of plate, and the Common Council of New York voted him the freedom of the city in a gold box, and ordered his portrait to be painted. The Congress of the United States voted him their thanks and fifty thousand dollars. They also ordered a gold medal to be presented to him, and a silver one to each of his officers.

Thus, gloriously for the honor of the American navy, closed the year 1812. The Americans were greatly elated by the victories on the ocean, and were in a measure consoled for their defeats on the land. At the same time the ocean swarmed with active American privateers, who made conquests and seized prizes in every direction. Accounts of their exploits filled the newspapers, and a history of that service occupies a volume.* It is estimated that during the first seven months after the declaration of war, American cruisers captured more than fifty British armed vessels, and two hundred and fifty merchantmen, with an aggregate of more than three thousand prisoners, and a vast amount of booty. By these achievements British pride was wounded in a tender part; for England had long boasted that she was "mistress of the seas." They also strengthened the Administration; and at the close of 1812 naval armaments were in preparation on the lakes to assist in a projected invasion of Canada the following spring.

We have already observed that the *Hornet*, Captain Lawrence,† was left by Bainbridge to blockade the port of San Salvador. She was compelled to leave there by a superior British force. On the 24th of February, 1813, while cruising off the mouth of the Demerara River, she encountered the British brig *Peacock*, 18, Captain Peake. At a little past five o'clock in

* See COGGESHALL'S *American Privateers*.

* William Bainbridge was born at Princeton, New Jersey, in May, 1774. He entered a counting-house in New York as an apprentice, but soon went to sea. He entered the navy in 1798, as Lieutenant, and made his first cruise in command of the *Retaliation*. His services in the Mediterranean were very useful. He was in command of the *Constellation* at the beginning of the war of 1812. He went through the war with distinction, and at its conclusion went again to the Mediterranean. He died at Philadelphia in July, 1833.

† James Lawrence was born at Burlington, New Jersey, in 1781. He was partly educated for the law, but studied navigation, and at the age of 17 he entered the navy. His first voyage was to the West Indies, in the *Ganges*, Captain Tingey. He was attached to the *Enterprise* in the bombardment of Tripoli. His cruise in the *Hornet* gave him great honor, and in the spring of 1813 he was placed in command of the *Chesapeake*. In a contest with the *Shannon*, soon afterward, he was mortally wounded, and died on his way to Halifax.



JAMES LAWRENCE.

the afternoon they exchanged broadsides within half pistol-shot distance. A close and severe action continued for about fifteen minutes, when the *Peacock* struck her colors and raised a signal of distress. Lieutenant (now Commodore) Shubrick was dispatched in a boat to take possession of her. He found her in the greatest peril. Her Captain had been killed, a great portion of her crew were disabled by death or wounds, and she was rapidly sinking. Measures were immediately taken to remove the wounded to the *Hornet*, but she was engulfed before this humane undertaking was accomplished. Thirteen of her crew went down in her. The *Hornet* lost only one man killed and two slightly wounded. For his gallantry on this occasion Captain Lawrence was promoted to the command of the *Chesapeake*. He was also honored by Congress with a commemorative gold medal. He was then in his grave, and the memorial was presented to his nearest male relative.

Early in the year 1813 a British naval force took possession of Lynn Haven Bay, and committed depredations on land and water. In the vicinity was an American gun-boat flotilla under Lieutenant Arthur Sinclair. The enemy often endeavored to entice them from their anchorage ground. At length, on the 13th of March, a clipper-built schooner, the *Lottery*, mounting six guns, that had been captured from the Americans, challenged Sinclair by her movements, and he accepted it. In the schooner *Adeline*, mounting two or three guns, he went out to meet the *Lottery*. She fled, and he pursued her until darkness hid her from view. While he was lying off Gwyn's Island the *Lottery* attacked. They fought in the gloom about twenty minutes, when the enemy was silenced. Sinclair could not determine whether she had surrendered. Very soon the *Lottery* renewed the conflict, and was again silenced. Sinclair wished to shed as

little blood as possible, and he ceased his cannonading, when the *Lottery* treacherously renewed her firing. She was soon silenced by the *Adeline* forever, for she was so shattered that she sunk off New Point Comfort, while on her way to Lynn Haven Bay. Sinclair found portions of her wreck floating on the sea next morning.

In the proper order of time we should here consider the remarkable cruise of the *Essex*, Captain Porter,* which left the Delaware on the 28th of October, 1812, with the motto *Free Trade and Sailors' Rights* at her mast-head, to join and become a part of the squadron of Commodore Bainbridge. Space will not permit a detailed account of that cruise; nor is such an account here necessary for the readers of the *Magazine*, one having been given in the number for August, 1859. It is sufficient to say now that during that cruise she captured in the Pacific twelve British whale-ships, with an aggregate of three hundred and two men and one hundred and seven guns. The *Essex* was finally captured in the harbor of Valparaiso, on the west coast of South America, on the 28th of March, 1814, by the British frigate *Phabe*, 36, and sloop of war *Cherub*, 20, after one of the most desperately-fought battles of the war. The gallant Porter held out until the carnage in his ship was so great that he could muster only one officer upon the quarter-deck. The combatants were so near the shore that some of their shots struck the beach. Thousands of the inhabitants of Valparaiso saw the battle from the neighboring heights. They perceived the overpowering advantage of the British vessels, and their sympathies were in favor of the *Essex*. When she seemed to gain an advantage, loud shouts went up from the multitude; and when she was finally disabled and lost, they expressed their feelings in groans and tears. The *Essex* lost one hundred and fifty-four in killed and wounded. Captain Porter wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, "We have been unfortunate, but not disgraced."

On his return home after the capture of the *Peacock*, Captain Lawrence was placed in command of the *Chesapeake*, lately returned from an unsuccessful cruise, and styled "unlucky" by the sailors. She was lying in Boston harbor, then blockaded by a British squadron under Captain Broke, whose flag-ship was the *Shannon*, 38. Broke challenged Lawrence to come out and fight him. The challenge was accepted, in spite of the remonstrances of experienced officers, be-

* David Porter was born in Boston on the 1st of February, 1780. He entered the navy as a midshipman at the age of nineteen years, on board the *Constellation*. In the capture of *L'Insurgente* his gallantry was conspicuous, and he was promoted to Lieutenant. He was with Bainbridge in the Mediterranean, and suffered imprisonment at Tripoli. He was in command of a flotilla at New Orleans when war was declared in 1812. He was promoted to captain, and served gallantly through the war. After his return from the Pacific he aided in the defense of Baltimore. In 1817 he commanded a squadron sent to the Gulf of Mexico, to suppress the pirates there. He left the navy in 1826, and was afterward appointed Minister to Constantinople. He died there in March, 1843.



THE CHESAPEAKE AND SHANNON.

cause the *Chesapeake* was not in a condition to cope with the enemy.

Lawrence sailed out to meet Broke during the forenoon of the 1st of June. A severe engagement was opened between five and six o'clock in the evening. They became entangled, and in this condition the *Shannon* raked the *Chesapeake* terribly. At this point in the conflict Lawrence received a mortal wound, and was carried below, saying in substance to his officers, "Don't give

up the ship!" Other officers were struck down, until no one above a midshipman was to be seen on the quarter-deck. Perceiving this, Captain Broke ordered his boarders forward. The imperfect orders to the boarders of the *Chesapeake* produced confusion. Added to this, some traitorous malcontents had removed the gratings of the berth-deck, and the capture of the ship was made easy. Lieutenant Watts of the *Shannon* pulled down the colors of the *Chesapeake*.



SIR PHILIP BOWES VERE BROKE.



LAWRENCE'S FIRST MONUMENT.



GRAVES OF BURROWS AND BLYTH.

In this short but severe action the *Chesapeake* lost her commander, Lieutenants Ludlow, Ballard, and Broome, sailing-master White, boat-swain Adams, three midshipmen, twenty-seven seamen, and eleven marines killed; and ninety-eight officers and men wounded. The *Chesapeake* was taken to Halifax, where she was received with the greatest joy. Lawrence had died on the way, and was buried there with all proper honors. His remains were afterward taken to Salem, Massachusetts, and honored with a public funeral. They were finally conveyed to New York and buried in Trinity Churchyard, where a monument to his memory was erected. That decaying, another has been constructed. The victory of the *Shannon*, after the British navy had suffered so many reverses, was hailed in England with unbounded joy.

The advantages for marauding purposes offered to the British by the waters of Chesapeake Bay caused them to be much resorted to during the war; and in that vicinity many gallant deeds were performed. On the 17th of June, 1813, three British frigates anchored in Hampton Roads. The American frigate *Constellation*, Captain Tarbell, was then lying near Norfolk, with a flotilla of gun-boats. Tarbell sent fifteen of the latter to drive the enemy to sea. They reached the presence of the nearest vessel, the *Junon*, at four o'clock in the morning of the 20th, and in a thick fog opened a heavy, galling fire upon her. She was surprised and would have been compelled to surrender, so spirited was the attack, if she had not been aided by the other two frigates. The action lasted half an hour, and the *Junon* was seriously damaged. This little affair brought a stronger force of the enemy into the Roads, for the purpose of destroying the American defenses in the Elizabeth River, particularly those at Craney Island. In

defense of them the little fleet nobly seconded the efforts of the small land-forces there, and the enemy were repulsed.

In June, 1813, the United States brig *Argus*, 20, Captain Allen,* sailed for France with Mr. Crawford, American minister to the French court. She arrived at L'Orient at about the middle of July, and three days afterward sailed on a cruise in British waters. Her exploits there carried dismay to the mercantile circles of England, and revived the terror inspired by Paul Jones thirty-four years before. She captured twenty merchantmen in the immediate presence of the British Government. Several vessels were sent out to confront the audacious cruiser. Among them was the brig *Pelican*, 18, Captain Maples. She fell in with the *Argus* on the 14th of August, at six o'clock in the morning. Captain Allen was mortally wounded almost immediately. His first lieutenant was soon disabled and carried below, and the vessel was thereafter managed, in gallant style, by the second lieutenant, William H. Allen. In less than half an hour the *Argus* was so much damaged that she became unmanageable. At about seven o'clock the enemy boarded her, and at the same moment her colors were struck. The action lasted only about half an hour. Captain Allen died in the hospital of Mill prison, England.

The little American brig *Enterprise*, Lieutenant Burrows, famous as the capturer of the *Tripoli* in the Mediterranean, now gained other and more brilliant honors. On the 5th of Septem-

* W. H. Allen was born at Providence, Rhode Island, in October, 1784, and entered the navy in the year 1800. His first cruise was in the *Washington*, under Bainbridge. He was promoted to Lieutenant in 1805, and was with Barron in the *Chesapeake*, in 1807. The only gun fired on that occasion he touched off with a coal in his fingers. He was Decatur's first lieutenant at the capture of the *Macedonian*.



PUT-IN-BAY.

ber, 1813, she encountered the British cruiser *Boxer* (a brig mounting fourteen guns), off the coast of Maine, not far from Portland. They engaged in a severe contest at about half past three o'clock in the afternoon, at half pistol-shot distance. The action lasted about forty minutes, when the *Boxer* surrendered. Her colors were nailed to her mast, and could not be struck. Her officer in charge surrendered by asking a cessation of cannonading. Both vessels lost their commanders. Lieutenant Burrows was mortally wounded by a canister shot, and Captain Blyth of the *Boxer* was killed by a cannonball from the first broadside fired by the *Enterprise*. Lieutenant M'Call, who assumed the command of the *Enterprise*, had both vessels taken into the harbor of Portland. There the two commanders were buried side by side, with the honors of war. Congress voted a gold medal to both Burrows and M'Call. The late Mathew L. Davis, of New York, in after-years, erected a monument over the grave of Burrows, by the side of one that already marked the burial-place of Blyth.

Five days after the victory over the *Boxer*, Captain Perry,* in command of a squadron of

small vessels on Lake Erie, gained a complete victory over a British squadron under Commander Barclay. Perry's vessels were at anchor in Put-in-Bay, toward the western end of Lake Erie, on the morning of the 10th of September. He sailed out, having the *Lawrence* for his flag-ship, bearing the words of the brave commander of that name—"Don't give up the ship!" It was a very beautiful day, with a light breeze. The Americans had nine vessels, the British six. Perry was a young man of seven-and-twenty, and then ill with bilious fever; Barclay was a veteran who had served under Nelson.

The action commenced at a quarter before twelve by Barclay, who ordered his flag-ship *Detroit* to hurl a 24-pound shot at the *Lawrence* at nearly a mile and a half distance. The action soon became general, and Perry's ship was the principal target for the enemy, and the chief sufferer. The carnage was terrible, yet Perry would not yield. The *Lawrence* at length became a perfect wreck, and all her guns were silenced. Perry had assisted in firing her last shot. With unsurpassed bravery he left the *Lawrence*, passed through the fire and smoke in a small boat, and sprang to the deck of the *Niagara*, then almost uninjured. He brought her into action, cutting the British line, raking one of their vessels with his broadside port, and pouring a full broadside into two others that lay entangled and helpless. One of these was Barclay's flag-ship; and the gallant commander, who had lost an arm at Trafalgar, now had the other dreadfully shattered, and he was carried below.

The fortunes of the day soon turned in favor of Perry, and after a terrible battle of three hours he was enabled to write to General Harrison—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours;

* Oliver Hazard Perry was born in South Kingston, Rhode Island, on the 23d of August, 1785. He entered the navy as a midshipman, at the age of thirteen years, on board the sloop of war *General Greene*. He accompanied Preble to Tripoli. In 1810 he was promoted to Lieutenant, and placed in command of a schooner in Commodore Rodgers's squadron. Early in 1812 he commanded a flotilla of gun-boats in New York harbor. He was sent to Lake Erie, and there performed signal service. After the war he was placed in command of the *Java*, and went with Decatur to the Mediterranean to punish the Dey of Algiers. He went to the West Indies in 1819 to guard American commerce from the pirates, and to destroy the corsairs. While on that station he died of yellow-fever in August, 1819.

two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop." This was a most important blow upon the enemy, and gave the mastery of Lake Erie to the Americans. When intelligence of this victory went over the land it produced the most intense joy. Art, poetry, and song gave their homage in full measure; and to this day the name of Perry is spoken with reverence by the American people. For a long time the ballad of "Old Queen Charlotte" was exceedingly popular, and touched the public heart with this concluding stanza:

"Now let us remember the tenth of September,
When Yankees gave Britons a warning,
When our foes on Lake Erie were beaten and weary,
So full of conceit in the morning.
To the skillful and brave, who our country did save,
Our gratitude ought to be warming;
So let us be merry in toasting of Perry,
September the tenth, in the morning."

Congress gave the young hero its hearty thanks and a gold medal, and the Legislature of Pennsylvania did the same. In 1860 the city of Cleveland erected a superb marble statue of Perry, by Walcott, in the centre of its public square.

The little American navy on Lake Ontario, under Commodore Isaac Chauncey, had already won unfading honors. Early in the contest Lieutenant Woolsey, in command of the *Oneida*, 16, had displayed gallantry at Sackett's Harbor. The British had then six armed vessels on Lake Ontario. The United States perceived the great importance of those inland waters, and speedily commenced the creation of a navy on the same lake. Henry Eckford, the celebrated marine architect, was employed for the purpose, and at

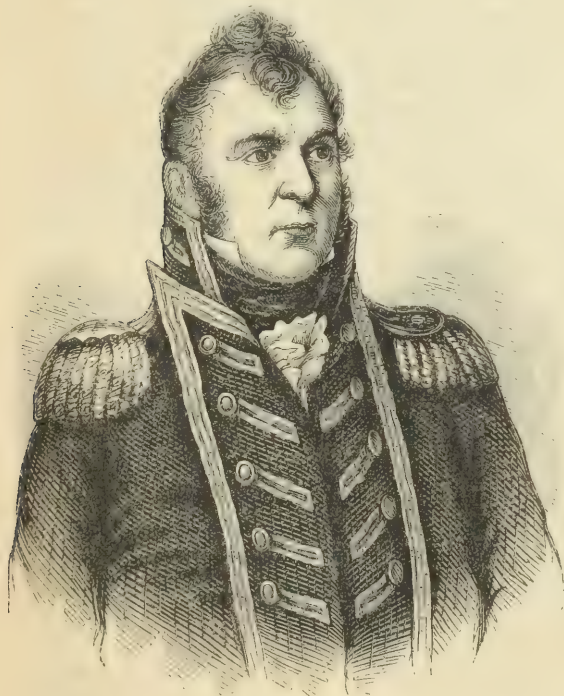


OLIVER H. PERRY.

Sackett's Harbor was his dock-yard. Captain Chauncey was appointed to the chief command, and first appeared at Sackett's Harbor in that capacity on the 8th of November, 1812. He made the *Oneida* his flag-ship, which, with six smaller vessels, composed his squadron. With these he performed some gallant exploits near the east end of the lake soon after his arrival; but early in December ice formed a barrier to further operations.

Soon after Chauncey's arrival Eckford launched the *Madison*, 24; and when spring opened the Commodore had a fleet of eleven vessels. Two brigs had been commenced at Erie meanwhile, and the British Government had built at Kingston a larger vessel than the *Madison*, and appointed Sir James L. Yeo to the command of the Ontario squadron. In the spring of 1813 Eckford laid the keel of a vessel still larger than the *Madison*, and both parties made vigorous preparations to contend for the mastery of the lake.

Chauncey* recommended an attack by land and water on York (Toronto), the capital of Upper Canada, in the spring of 1813. It was agreed to; and in April he sailed thither with a considerable land-force under General Dearborn. York was captured, but with the loss of



ISAAC CHAUNCEY.

* Isaac Chauncey was born in Fairfield County, Connecticut. He was designed for the law, but at an early age he wished to try the sea. He made voyages to the East Indies in ships belonging to the late John J. Astor. He entered the navy under Truxtun in 1798, and performed gallant services in the Mediterranean. For these Congress presented him a sword. He received the commission of Captain in the navy in 1806. His services on Lake Ontario were of the highest importance. He was again in the Mediterranean in 1816. He was appointed to the command of the naval station at Brooklyn in 1824; and in 1833 was chosen one of the Board of Navy Commissioners. He died at Washington in January, 1840, aged about sixty-five years.

the brave General Pike, who died on Chauncey's ship with the flag of his country under his head. Chauncey soon afterward made the enemy at Kingston very circumspect in the presence of his fleet, and then sailed westward to co-operate in an attack on Fort George at the mouth of the Niagara River. In that successful movement Chauncey gallantly assisted. The British immediately evacuated the whole Niagara frontier.

While Chauncey was in the west, Yeo, with a land and naval force, appeared off Sackett's Harbor, but was repulsed. Before Chauncey's return, Yeo, unwilling to encounter him, was safe in Kingston harbor. Soon after this several promotions were made in the navy, and meritorious officers were sent to the lakes.

During the summer of 1813 Chauncey and Yeo roamed the lakes, and made many hostile manœuvres, but the British commander was too shy to allow the American Commodore a chance for a real battle. Finally, toward the close of September, they had a short but indecisive skirmish off Toronto; and early in October Chauncey captured some British gun-vessels not far from Sackett's Harbor. Such had been his vigilance and activity that, at the close of 1813, he was fairly master of Lake Ontario, although the hostile squadrons had engaged in only three slight encounters during the season.

Both parties labored diligently during the winter and spring of 1814 in preparations for securing the control of Lake Ontario. In February Eckford laid down three vessels—one a frigate pierced for 50 guns, and two brigs, 22 guns each. The latter were launched early in April, and called respectively *Jefferson* and *Jones*. But their men and armaments did not begin to arrive until the 1st of May, when the frigate was also launched, and named *Superior*. She was made Chauncey's flag-ship. At the same time that efficient officer was relieved of the command of the upper lakes, to which Captain Sinclair was appointed.

The enemy, meanwhile, had gone out upon the lake in force, and on the 5th of May Sir James Yeo appeared off Oswego with seven vessels, carrying an aggregate of one hundred and seventy guns, and a few boats. The chief object of the expedition was the capture of naval materials, belonging to the Americans, that were in store a short distance up the river. The *Growler*, Captain Woolsey, was the only armed vessel at Oswego, and the garrison in the fort was weak. The *Growler* was sunk, and the fort and town were taken possession of by the enemy on the second day after his arrival. But he did not venture up the river, and the naval materials were saved. These, with thirty-three heavy guns, were taken upon a flotilla of boats under Captain Woolsey, accompanied by a corps of riflemen under Major Appling, to Sandy Creek, and from thence to Sackett's Harbor by land,



SIR JAMES LUCAS YEO.

that port being blockaded by Sir James Yeo's squadron. On that occasion several British armed boats chased Woolsey and his flotilla up Sandy Creek, and were all captured after a skirmish.

Early in June the *Superior* was ready for sea. The *Mohawk*, whose keel had been laid on the blocks of the former only thirty-four days before, was launched on the 11th. Perceiving this forwardness of Chauncey's fleet, Sir James raised the blockade and retired to Kingston. Lieutenant Gregory was immediately sent out from the harbor, at the head of an expedition, to surprise some supply-boats in the St. Lawrence, and returned with almost as many prisoners as he had men, having captured a gun-boat, which he was compelled to sink.

Chauncey's fleet, consisting of eight vessels and a look-out, and armed with an aggregate of two hundred and thirty guns, sailed on the 31st of July, its completion having been delayed by sickness at the Harbor. The Commodore was still ill, but was convalescent. He steered for the Niagara River, now again in possession of the enemy, and after spreading alarm there, and leaving a small blockading force, he went eastward with four vessels, and shut the British squadron up in Kingston harbor for six weeks.

At the middle of September Chauncey was called away to bear Izard's army of four thousand men from the Harbor to the mouth of the Genesee River. They were on their way from Lake Champlain to the Niagara frontier. When Chauncey returned he found that a great double-deck vessel, called *St. Lawrence*, and pierced for 112 guns, built by the British, was in the water at Kingston, so he prudently withdrew to Sackett's Harbor to await an attack. Sir James sailed out in his big ship soon afterward, with a force in her of eleven hundred men; and from



CUMBERLAND HEAD AND SCENE OF NAVAL ACTION.

that time until the close of the season he was master of Lake Ontario. During the winter the enemy laid down another two-decker at Kingston, while the Americans prepared to build two of equal if not superior size. Eckford agreed to launch two ships of this size within sixty days. The Government gave the order, six hundred ship-carpenters were directed to repair to Sackett's Harbor, and the work was commenced. Within thirty days intelligence of peace came, and the work was suspended. The *New Orleans*,

one of the vessels, was then nearly planked in, and the second vessel was not much behind her. The *New Orleans* was to carry 120 guns. There she stands now, on the stocks, perfectly preserved under a ship-house, the wonder of all visitors. Thus ended the warfare on the lakes. "No officer of the American navy," says Mr. Cooper, "ever filled a station of the responsibility and importance of that which Commodore Chauncey occupied; and it may be justly questioned if any officer could have acquitted himself better."

While these movements were taking place on Lake Ontario, others of less importance transpired on the upper lakes, under the command of Commodore Sinclair. He made some captures on lakes Superior and Huron, and the enemy fairly retaliated.

On little Lake Champlain, only one hundred and forty miles long and ten miles across at its greatest width, a very important naval engagement took place on the 11th of September, 1814. Sir George Prevost marched from Montreal with an invading army fourteen thousand strong, composed chiefly of Wellington's veterans. He was seconded by a small fleet, which had been constructed at the foot of the lake by the British, and was under the command of Commodore Downie. Prevost arrived at Plattsburg, on the north side of the Saranac, on the 6th of September, and was confronted on the south side by General Macomb and only about fifteen hundred men and some field-works. Downie was to be opposed by a squadron, under Commodore Macdonough, of four large vessels and ten galleys, with an aggregate of ninety-four heavy guns. The *Saratoga* was Macdonough's flag-ship. This



THOMAS MACDONOUGH.

force was materially smaller than that of the British. Downie's flag-ship *Confiance* had the gun-deck of a heavy frigate. His whole force consisted of seventeen vessels, including gun-boats, and an aggregate of 116 guns and 1000 men.

On the morning of the 11th of September the British fleet came round Cumberland Head, at the northern entrance to Plattsburg Bay, with a fair wind. Macdonough was ready to receive them; and at that quiet moment, just before the opening of broadsides, he offered a prayer to the God of Battles for assistance and protection. The prayer had just ended when the *Eagle*, without orders, opened upon the enemy. A cock on board the *Saratoga*, startled at the sound of great guns, flew upon a perch and crowed lustily. The inspirited sailors gave three hearty cheers, and soon the battle raged with fury. The engagement lasted two hours and twenty minutes, when the British commander struck his colors, and surrendered his whole fleet. The land-forces engaged at the same time fought until dark; and during the night Prevost, alarmed at some false intelligence, retreated in haste back to Canada.

This victory was hailed by the Americans with great joy. Macomb and Macdonough were highly honored. The States of New York and Vermont gave land to the latter; the cities of New York and Albany each presented him with a valuable lot; and Congress voted him thanks and a gold medal.*



COMMODORE DOWNIE'S GRAVE.

* Thomas Macdonough was born in Newcastle, Delaware, in December, 1783. He obtained a midshipman's warrant at the age of fifteen years, and in the war with Tripoli he distinguished himself. He was with Decatur at the burning of the *Philadelphia*. He was commissioned

Commodore Downie was mortally wounded in the action, and, with several others, was buried in a little cemetery at Plattsburg. A marble slab was laid over his grave, and two pine-trees were planted there. One of these perished in the winter of 1860-'61.

While these stirring events were occurring on the lakes, the American navy was active on the ocean. On the 29th of April the *Peacock*, 22, Master-Commandant Warrington,* fell in with the British brig *L'Epervier*, 18 (Sparrow-hawk), and after forty-two minutes' steady fire captured her. The *Epervier* was terribly shattered, while the *Peacock* was so slightly hurt that, according to Warrington, she was "ready for another action" fifteen minutes after her antagonist struck her colors. This brilliant achievement elicited the warmest praise for Warrington. Congress gave him thanks and a gold medal, and a homely bard wrote:

"Rare birds, 'tis said, are seldom best,
But those who feather well their nest
Are much esteemed for gain, Sir;
And Warrington has lately said,
The Sparrow-hawk with specie fed
The *Peacock* won't disdain, Sir!"



JOHNSTONE BLAKELEY.

On the afternoon of the 1st of May, 1814, the new American sloop of war *Wasp*, 24, Captain

a Lieutenant in 1807, and in July, 1813, was promoted to Master-Commandant. His services on Lake Champlain were exceedingly valuable. At the close of the war his health failed. For ten years he wasted with consumption, and died on the 10th of November, 1825.

* Lewis Warrington was born at Williamsburg, Virginia, in November, 1782, and was educated at William and Mary College. He entered the naval service as midshipman in 1800, on the *Chesapeake*, Captain Barron. He served in the Mediterranean; and in 1802 was promoted to Lieutenant. He performed gallant service during the war. He was for some years chief of the Ordnance Bureau at Washington. He died there on the 12th of October, 1851.

Johnston Blakeley, sailed on her first cruise from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and proceeded to the English waters. She made a very successful cruise there, and revived the memory of the *Argus* the year before. On the morning of the 28th of June a strange sail appeared, and the *Wasp* immediately made chase. She overtook her, and at half past three in the afternoon opened upon her with one of her 32-pound carronades. The action soon became severe, and after a contest of only about twenty minutes the British vessel struck her colors. She proved to be the *Reindeer*, 18, Captain Manners. In his letter to the Secretary of the Navy, Captain Blakeley said of the *Reindeer*, "She was literally cut to pieces in a line with her ports, and her upper-works, boats, and spare spars were one complete wreck." Her commander and twenty-four of his companions were killed, and forty of her crew were wounded. This gallant exploit won for Blakeley the applause of his countrymen. The State of North Carolina gave him a sword, and educated his daughter, and the Congress of the United States presented him with their thanks and a gold medal.*

After her engagement with the *Reindeer* the *Wasp* went into the port of L'Orient, and remained until near the last of August, when she sailed on another cruise. In the evening of the 27th she had a severe running fight with the British brig *Avon*, 20. The brig, after a combat of an hour, in the dark, gave notice that she had surrendered. The *Wasp* was about to take her prize when another vessel appeared. She was about to open on this new antagonist when a third, and then a fourth one appeared. Unequal to these fresh vessels, she put up her helm and left them, at the same time losing her prize. Blakeley learned afterward that the *Avon* sunk almost immediately, and that the second antagonist was the brig *Castalian*. He captured several prizes during his cruise. After sending one of these into Savannah the *Wasp* was never heard of. She probably foundered, and went to the bottom of the sea.

The American navy sustained a severe loss in January, 1815, by the capture of the *President*, Commodore Decatur. On the night of the 14th of January Decatur attempted to run the blockade of New York while the British squadron, blown out to sea, was absent. He would have succeeded had his vessel not struck upon a bar near Sandy Hook and been detained there five hours. He went to sea, and at dawn the next morning he was chased by four ships. The *President* was deeply laden for a long cruise, and she sailed slowly. Every thing that could be got at was cast overboard, but to no purpose. Her purs-

uers were of light draught and fleet, and at three o'clock in the afternoon the foremost in the chase opened a bow gun upon her. Decatur tried to get his antagonist alongside, but failed. He now determined to exchange ships, and escape, by capturing his opponent before the others could come up. They kept up a running fight parallel with each other with heavy guns until eleven o'clock, when all her pursuers overtook her. Surrounded by a greatly superior force, one-fifth of his crew killed or wounded, and his ship badly crippled, Decatur saw no chance for victory or escape, and surrendered. His long combat had been with the *Endymion*, 40, though mounting fifty-two guns. Decatur's loss was twenty-four killed and fifty-six wounded. The *Endymion* had eleven killed and fourteen wounded.

Soon after this event, and before it was known at home, others of Decatur's squadron went to sea. One of these was the *Hornet*, Captain Biddle. She fell in with the British brig *Penguin*, Captain Dickenson, on the 23d of March. They engaged in combat between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, and after fighting for nearly half an hour, the *Penguin* surrendered. The gallantry of Biddle on this occasion was rewarded by Congress with thanks and a gold medal. This was the last battle of the war of 1812, and has been pronounced by some as one of the most creditable. It is a singular coincidence, that in one of the first naval engagements, that of the *Wasp* and *Frolic*, which broke the charm of British naval superiority, Biddle was a gallant participant, and was also the one to command in the last battle, which gave perfect independence to his country. Also that the two vessels in which he served were named after two fiery American insects, *Wasp* and *Hornet*.

We have considered this engagement next to



STEPHEN DECATUR.

* Johnston Blakeley was born in Ireland, in October, 1781. He was brought to America by his parents when he was two years of age, and was reared in Wilmington, North Carolina. He studied in New York five years. He entered the navy as a midshipman in 1800. His career during the time of his service was gallant and honorable. The last official paper received from Captain Blakeley was dated at sea, sloop of war *Wasp*, 11th September, 1814. His fate will never be known.

the loss of the *President*, because the *Hornet* was a part of Decatur's squadron. Another important victory for the American navy in the war of 1812, occurring a little earlier, remains to be noted. I refer to the capture of the *Cyane*, 36, and the *Levant*, 20, by the American frigate *Constitution*.

The *Constitution*, Captain Charles Stewart, left Boston on a cruise, at the middle of December, 1814. On her way from Bermuda to Madeira and the Bay of Biscay she captured two prizes. At one o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th of February she discovered a strange sail, and three-fourths of an hour afterward another appeared in view. They both bore up for the *Constitution*. She prepared for action, and at five o'clock opened an ineffectual fire upon one of them. The evening was pleasant, the moon shining brightly. The two vessels manœuvred so as to attack the *Constitution* simultaneously. At half cable's length of each other they awaited their antagonist. She came up in gallant style, and managed so skillfully as to give tremendous broadsides to both of them. The action was very severe, and a quarter before seven one of the vessels, that proved to be the *Cyane*, Captain Falcon, surrendered. An hour afterward the *Constitution* started in pursuit of the other. The two ships exchanged broadsides at a quarter to nine o'clock, and then commenced a severe engagement that lasted until ten o'clock. The stranger then surrendered, and proved to be the *Levant*, Captain Douglass. The loss of the *Constitution* was three killed and twelve wounded. The two vessels lost thirty-five killed and forty wounded. The *Constitution*, appropriately called "Old Ironsides" on account of her stanchness, is yet, like her gallant commander



THE "CONSTITUTION."

on that occasion, in the service. Our little sketch shows her appearance as a school-ship at Annapolis, a year since, with all her sails set.

Thus, as briefly as perspicuity would allow, an outline history of the American Navy, to the close of the war of 1812-'15, has been given. Even these glimpses of its honorable career exhibit uncommon brilliancy. At the close of that contest it took rank among those of the proudest nations, and commanded for the United States the profound respect of the world—a respect which has steadily increased, until now the flag of the Republic is honored wherever it is seen.

Little more remains to be said concerning the operations of the navy of the United States, because for a period of fifty years, with slight interruptions, we have been at peace with all the world.

At the close of the war with Great Britain it was necessary to make the pirates of the Barbary



ALGIERS SIXTY YEARS AGO.

States feel the power of our Government. The Dey of Algiers, to whom tribute had been paid since 1795, had been informed that the navy of the United States had been annihilated during the war, and he became more insolent than ever. Our Government resolved to submit no longer to his demands or his depredations; and, in the spring of 1815, Commodore Decatur was sent to the Mediterranean with a squadron that spread dismay along the southern shores of that sea.



DECATUR'S MONUMENT.

He captured the Algerine admiral and full six hundred of his piratical companions, and then appeared in the harbor of the Dey with a peremptory demand for the instant release of all captives, indemnity for all losses, and a relinquishment of all future claims for tribute. The trembling Governor submitted to the humiliation, and complied with the demand. Decatur then sailed for Tunis and Tripoli on a similar errand, and accomplished a similar result. The overawed pirates were confounded, and the people of Europe were amazed. In that single cruise Decatur had accomplished what the combined powers of Europe had not dared to attempt. He crushed the dreaded power of the corsairs, and gave security to the commerce of the Mediterranean Sea.*

* Stephen Decatur was of French lineage, and was born on the eastern shore of Maryland in January, 1779. His father was a naval officer. Young Decatur was educated at Philadelphia, and entered the navy under Commodore Barry. He was promoted to Lieutenant in 1799, and, as we have seen, performed gallant services in the Mediterranean Sea. He superseded Commodore Barron in the command of the *Chesapeake*, and, during the whole war with Great Britain, he was one of the most gallant and most beloved of the naval commanders. On his return to the United States, after his last cruise in the Mediterranean, he was appointed one of the Board of Navy Commissioners, and resided at Kalorama, near Georgetown, District of Columbia, the former residence of Joel Barlow.

Decatur, like Hamilton, "lived like a man and died like a fool." He and Commodore Barron quarreled. The result was a duel at Bladensburg and the death of Decatur. That event occurred on the 22d of March, 1820. His remains were taken from Kalorama to Philadelphia in 1846, and now repose beneath a fine granite monument in St. Peter's Church-yard.

FROST.

BEFORE the window standing,
I see the dream-like glow
Of Frost against the dawning:—
Strange fancies gleam and go.

A little child is gazing,
With wonder-wakened eyes,
Upon the Frost-enchantment
Against the dawning skies.

His mother steals beside him—
Oh, strange the picture gleams!—
The fairy Frost has wakened
His fairy world of dreams!

Woodlands, that gleam enchanted
With crystal boughs so bright,
Where only years have wandered:
Strange castles haunt the height!

Ah, while the child is gazing
The Frost-enchantment's fled,
And I, alone, awaken,
And Fairy-Land is dead!

I linger by the window:—
The market roars and beats,
With myriad wheels and footsteps,
The Real's morning streets.

Tears, tears upon the window,
For the Frost-work's fairy gleam:—
And on my cheek are tear-drops—
The relics of my dream.

Tears gleam upon the window
Where the Frost-work flashed before:—
Ah, in Time's eastern windows
Are frosted panes no more!

THE ZOU-ZOU.

"To bugle-note and beat of drum
They come—the gallant Zouaves come!"

READER, have you ever noticed what a change dress makes in a man?

"Most certainly I have!" exclaims the reader; "but that is an *old* remark, verified by hundreds of trite sayings, and even clenched by a proverb."

Very good! But I mean not alone in his person, but also in his character. Have you ever—well-dressed, quiet citizen that you are—rolled up your pants, soap-locked your hair, stuck your hat on one side, and felt all over the Jakey? If you have not, I advise you to try it once, and see if you are not quite surprised at the amount of rowdy element lying latent in you. Mind you, I mean in *feeling* as well as in look. After that you will be less "hard" upon that very extensive ingredient of our great cities—the rowdies. I know you will!—and ascribe half their faults, at least, to their rolled-up breeches and accompaniments. And if you are the good-hearted soul that I think you are, you will institute, *on the moment*, a society with the style and title of the "Anti-turn-up-Breeches Society," take large "offices" on one of the most extensive thoroughfares, and expend all the money you can lay your hands upon for salaries to its officers—good, charitable soul that you are! You will agree with me then—so will all the world, except your enemies, perhaps—that dress *does* make a difference.

But if a mere difference in a civilian's clothing can produce such a change, how much greater must the change be when a civilian dons a uniform. Witness the martial stride of our friend Jones—behold that attitude—that look! Who would ever think that it was the same man who used to sell tape at two-pence the yard? Who would ever have thought that it would have made such a difference?

"But then the dress *suggests* the character," say you—for you are somewhat slow in coming to a conclusion—"and in putting on the dress he naturally assumes the character; just as you, in putting on a mock look of terror or smile of happiness, feel, to a certain extent, a corresponding emotion within you." Precisely; and that is just what I've been driving at! And now, as we are both agreed, and as our subject is a military one, we will ratify our agreement in camp style, if you will; up will go our canteens, and down we will come to our subject again. Ha! ha! ha! philosophical soul that you are! I know that when I said "up and down," you were thinking of the ups-and-downs of this world. "No; you were thinking of the way the liquor went down." Oh, well! one thought is productive of the other, for when the liquor goes down the man goes down; so let us go on with our subject.

Now, some uniforms are more productive of change than others. Thus I have seen a most timid horseman transformed into a most daring

and gallant cavalier by a jaunty huzzar jacket; just as I have seen the mildest, most harmless of men transformed into the veriest of devils by simply donning the braided jacket, flowing breeches, and gay fez which designate the "pet lambs." Yes, certainly the most daring, reckless fellow that ever bedeviled me with his acquaintance was a Fire Zouave who, in early life, had been designed for a preacher; whose tastes and wishes had apparently well suited him for the position; and whose every action had, as far as one could judge, proclaimed his vocation, until he got that infernal jacket on! Verily, extremes meet. But it's little of preachers you ought to be thinking, and your article headed "The Zou-Zou!" Very true, gentlest—ahem!—yes, gentlest of readers; but you must remember that we have been philosophizing, and that there is an immense distance between Philosophy and Zouaves—an immense space, through which it would not do to come down "*plump*," but through which one must descend gradually. Besides, is not the preacher the pet lamb of his congregation, just as the Zouave is the pet lamb of the army? Both are held up as respective examples, and both congregation and army are ready to—to (swear, is it?) by their respective chiefs. The army *is*, I know; and why should not it be so, when our pet General (McClellan) says that he is, "with his graceful dress, soldierly bearing, and vigilant attitude, the beau-idéal of a soldier!"

The Zou-Zou, though rapidly acclimatizing himself, is, in this country, a novelty; and was first produced prominently before the American public by the late lamented Colonel Ellsworth. The original Zouave corps had its origin soon after the taking of Algiers, when the French Government found it advisable to present some way in which the numerous native applicants for admission to the French army could attain their ends, and at the same time render valuable aid to the Government. The French Government thereupon, at the recommendation of the Algerian Army Bureau, organized a battalion of infantry, of which the companies, though commanded by French officers, were almost entirely recruited from among the native inhabitants of the country. The Dey of Algiers had been in the habit of recruiting from one of the great tribes of the Kabylia a body of troops, to which he had given the name of Zouaves; and the new corps assumed this name, and at the same time retained the rich Oriental costume, which is at once so picturesque and graceful. The Zouaves were destined to fight as skirmishers principally; it was therefore determined to give them the same tactics and armament already adopted by the Chasseurs-à-pied. These tactics, much improved upon, have become famous, and have been known throughout all the world as the Zouave tactics, though, as we have seen, they were merely adopted by the Zouaves from their brothers in arms, the Chasseurs-à-pied. The corps did not retain its position as a native corps long, for soon its original element

began to dwindle away, and it became ingrafted into the French army as an essentially French corps. It had already, by its zeal and the great services which it had rendered the Government, become quite famous, and its mysterious name, gorgeous uniform, and dazzling renommée, made it begin to be considered by the French soldier as a privilege of the first degree to be allowed to enter its ranks; so much so, indeed, that many of the best non-commissioned officers of other corps were both willing and ready to sacrifice their chevrons for the honor of entering into the ranks of the new corps. Thus it became, as it were, the very *concentration* of the esprit of the French army.

With great judgment those selected were men of a most vigorous temperament, both morally and physically, and these included within the new battalions, which the Government in view of their great usefulness determined to raise, a large proportion of that singular outflow of Parisian life known as "*les gamins de Paris*."

These gay children of Paris—always ready for any new excitement—charmed by the fascinating influence which surrounded the novel corps—"mauvaise sujets," but at the same time brave and reckless as devils, hastened to place themselves beneath its standard, and while they guarded jealously its ancient glory, never let pass an opportunity to add to its renommée—until, by almost unheard of deeds of valor, it has attained a blazing brilliancy, which has lit up its name in words of fire, as it were, throughout the world!

Since then the name of almost every battlefield in which the French have been engaged has been emblazoned in the vividness of *blood* upon their banners, until they have served to throw a halo of glory about their standards, that the very sight of them alone overwhelms their foes, and adds redoubled vigor to their friends.

For recklessness and daring the Zou-Zou has ever held the palm, and these very qualities go far to palliate the many undoubted faults to which they lead. With the recklessness of irresponsibility and mischievousness of monkeys, the pranks that they play are often of the most daring and laughable character. I have often seen them, when the French and Austrian armies were encamped on either side of the river Po, come down to the bank, and wash their clothes as unconcernedly as though there was not an enemy within a hundred miles of them; and after they had finished, wave, in the most audacious manner, a graceful acknowledgment to the Austrian sharp-shooters, whose admiration of the "*daring*" displayed had alone stayed the deadly bullet. At the battle of Melegnano, too, while in the midst of a terrific charge, a well-known air played by the magnificent band of the enemy struck on their ears, and with one impulse they dropped their muskets and applauded till the very welkin rang: this tribute to the performers over, the next moment they were up and had possession of the heights! But how many gallant spirits fell never more to rise

—and for a whim! How many a one beat out in that applause the last life-drop from his manly heart! But surely it is allowed that the Zouave has his *whim*, when the whole *war*—to quote the words of his Emperor—was but "*for an idea*." (See Speech of Napoleon III. to his Ministers of State, upon his return from the Italian Campaign.)

At the same battle an equally cool and most touching incident took place in the Austrian ranks. A gallant Hungarian regiment was in the act of charging the rapidly nearing enemy; with leveled bayonets they came sweeping on like a resistless avalanche, when, just before the shock of steel against steel took place, their much-beloved Colonel, who was at the head of his regiment, fell pierced through the heart. The body was seized by those standing near and borne rapidly to the rear, and as it passed the whole regiment, five thousand men, presented arms in honor of their chief!

A higher tribute was perhaps never paid to a commanding officer than this, and it at once evinced the discipline and spirit which he had infused into his troops. A military man may possibly exclaim, as a French General did in relation to the famous charge of the "*six hundred*"—"C'est bien magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!" Very true; but oh! if there be aught to palliate the horrors of a war, it is such incidents as these. Why reduce war to a mere slaughter? why not surround it by every noble enthusiasm that can soothe or throw a charm about its horror? Why not cover the ghastly sight with the gilded cloak of romance? Is it that it bears looking on in all its ghastliness? Nay, let us rather robe the warrior in the royal webs of glory that befit the brave, and placing upon his head the diadem and nodding plume of gallantry, bid him stand forth, not less *brave*, but more gallant, the fitting illustration to our historic title-page!

Believe me, our deeds will live longer for such incidents—our names be remembered when the battles and their dates are long forgotten. Why is it that *one* hero stands forth from the bright page of chivalry, surrounded by such a halo of glory and of romance? Is it that his companions were less brave? No; others were as brave as he, whose names are all unknown; but it was that *he* endeared himself to our hearts and minds by his deeds of gallantry as well as bravery; and the fame of our youthful idol, the chevalier, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," shall live as long as there remains a page of history on which to write it; as long as there remains a heart on which to inscribe it. These little incidents of gallant daring are also often productive of wonderful results; sometimes the very results which the stern disciplinarian has in vain attempted to attain after his own fashion. An incident has been related to me which happened at the battle of Bull Run, where a young lieutenant, for the purpose of encouraging his troops, coolly took from his pocket a cigar, and tranquilly lighting it, smoked with the most appar-

ent unconcern, amidst what an experienced officer designated "one of the most terrific fires that he had ever seen." And had it much effect? Effect? it was *electric*! Those who had begun to shrink, animated afresh by this piece of coolness, rushed with renewed courage upon the foe, and were victorious, until that fatal order of retreat came to change their victory to defeat. Now all these little things, while they serve to encourage and animate our troops, are necessarily proportionally discouraging and dispiriting to the enemy. Of this fact the Zou-Zou, and more particularly his officers, are fully aware; and they endeavor, by a thousand such incidents, to nurture that esprit which has ever distinguished their corps. As for their mere acts of mischief, for which they are equally celebrated, these are rich and numerous; for the Zouave is ever the life of the camp—he keeps alive himself, and keeps every body else alive: thus assisting much, no doubt, in preserving that cheerful tone so necessary to health and efficiency.

One of their most whimsical freaks exhibited itself soon after the battle of the Alma, while on the march toward Sebastopol.

One night the Second Zouaves came across a splendid Russian villa, and among other spoils found a magnificent pier-glass. This glass was evidently of Parisian manufacture, and in the best possible style—so it was agreed forthwith to carry it to the colonel, albeit that the camp was full six miles distant. This they did, with the most complete success, over a country impeded by what would be considered, in ordinary cases, as insurmountable obstacles, and setting it up amidst a vernal bower immediately in front of their colonel's tent, awaited until morning to witness the results. In the morning the colonel, on appearing at his tent-door, was surprised at beholding the exact counterfeit of himself, issuing, apparently, out of an opposite tent. It may readily be imagined that his confusion and surprise was great; for with scarce a piece of looking-glass larger than one's hand in the whole camp, it was hardly to be realized that it was a *mirror* that was before him. The shouts of laughter of his mischievous "jackals" soon showed, however, that there was "some joke up," and upon examination he found that it was but his reflection in the mirror which his faithful Zouaves had presented to him, that he "might," as they expressed it, "make his toilet in a Christian-like manner."

Though these "carryings on" have their origin, no doubt, in the wild life and the scenes that usually surround them, yet city life does not tame them a bit. Nay, even Paris—the great civilizer—fails to effect any change. How often have I seen them on the gay Boulevards of Paris, seated, eight, ten, twelve, in an old tumble-down carriage, some turning back-somersaults, some balancing themselves upon the horse's back or on the edge of the equipage; in short, doing all kinds of *outré* things.

And one day, being attracted by an unusual

rush and stir among the usually orderly populace, and pushing forward to see what *could* possibly be the cause, I saw, amidst the glare and pomp of the Rue de Rivoli, two Zouaves seated in an old weather-beaten barouche, with their feet resting on each other's shoulders, riding along as grave as judges. Well, it was a funny scene, to be sure, and I don't wonder that the lively Parisians hailed it with shouts of laughter.

Sometimes these tricks display an almost childlike simplicity, or a most noble generosity, and at other times the accompaniments are so at variance with all reason, that one is left completely in doubt as to the possible actuating motive. I remember, while seated at one of the brilliant cafés so numerous in Paris, having seen an old beggar-man almost knocked down by some object thrown with great violence by a Zouave, who, seated at the open window of a restaurant, was feasting with his friends to his heart's content. The first impulse of the beggar was to turn upon his assailant; but upon looking at the missile thrown, he was softened upon finding that it was a well-filled purse, attached to which was a paper bearing the words, "Accept, Monsieur, these, my most humble apologies." Apologies offered in this insinuating form, it may be readily understood, were *satisfactory*.

Thus their deeds of glory and of devilment go side by side, and keep one in a continual glow of admiration, disturbed throughout by irrepressible paroxysms of laughter. For as no hardship can dampen their ardor, so no peril can exhaust their capital stock of fun. So it always is, and so it must ever be; for fun and courage are the inherent elements of Zou-Zou nature. Amidst the snows of the Crimea, upon the bloody fields of Solferino, or in the gay streets of Paris, they are always the same, always "bon vivants;" for they believe in the commandment, "Take care of thyself." Always gay—for with their gayety they combat more than half their griefs. Always brave—dashing—the fiend—the idol—the gallant—the reckless—the noble-hearted—the mischievous; in short, a conglomeration of the most opposite characteristics, which yet resolve themselves into those three residues which should form the basis of every good soldier, viz., courage, good spirits, and gallantry.

No other European army possesses a corresponding corps, for the proper element is wanting; and it has remained for America to prove that which she has always contested, that whatsoever the requisite needed, she possesses it within her own bounds—no matter what the trial imposed, that she is equal to the task. Already have we seen this exemplified in the arts and sciences of peace, and now we see it exemplified by the wonderful rise and progress and gallant deeds of a corps which, it was thought, was peculiarly and solely French, fully proving that

"We're very sure what they
Have done can here be done to-day."

PENNY DEXTER.

A BRIGHT and beautiful morning in early June was shining on the earth, with almost earth's primeval splendor; the softened air was full of perfume, and birds were singing cheerily amidst the fresh young foliage; and over the lawn, which lay spread out in its summer greenness before a stately but old-fashioned country seat, the soft shadows of the fleecy clouds and the yellow butterflies were chasing each other in rival swiftness.

The only occupant of the drawing-room, whose windows commanded this fair prospect, was a woman of small stature, and rather inclined to embonpoint. She was far advanced in life, even beyond "the middle ages" upon which Mrs. Skewton professed to dote, in which so many of her sex would be content to linger; but the erect figure, the well-preserved teeth, the glossy black hair, and the sallow complexion—sallow in spite of the rather artificial bloom upon the high cheek-bones—betrayed the Frenchwoman.

Mademoiselle de St. Loe, or Miss Low, was a native of Paris. She was the descendant of a patrician family, and had been driven from France by the terrors of the Revolution; and having neither money, friends, nor influence at her command, she had remained through life in exile—having, indeed, little desire to return to scenes where such fearful tragedies had been enacted, and to the home which they had desolated. She was dressed with care and neatness, and had the unmistakable air of a lady; and her well-worn *chiné* silk, though somewhat *passée* in pattern, had been rendered effective by the judicious admixture of a little black lace and a good deal of French taste.

She was leaning upon the back of a high cushioned arm-chair, standing just within the window, out of which she was gazing abstractedly, and from her lips dropped—all unconsciously, as it seemed—the murmured music of an old French song, to which she was idly tapping an accompaniment with her fan upon the back of the chair.

"What are you doing, Mademoiselle?" asked a clear, sweet, young voice.

Mademoiselle started; she had roamed so far away in thought, she had been so entirely absorbed in her own musings, she had not even heard the entrance of the young and lovely girl who thus addressed her.

"Ah! ma dear Mees!" she said, turning gayly toward the new-comer. "Pardonnez moi; I vas not aware. I did not to know how dat you 'av entré. Ah, ma foi! ma dear Mees Rose; mais you is charmante to-day! Mon Dieu! when dey chresten you dey 'av ze grand perspicacité, sagacité, prescience—your sponsors! Dey call you ze Rose: you is dat! ze queen ov ze flowers. I you rendre ma homage; permettre me!" and, advancing, she kissed her young friend on both cheeks with courtly French grace, but real warmth of affection.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle; you are very complimentary," said the younger lady, as she bent, laughing and blushing, to receive the offered caress. "But you have not yet answered my question. What were you doing when I came in?"

"I vas not doing notting at all, ma dear Mees; I vas ony vaitin'."

"And for whom do you wait and look so anxiously, Mademoiselle?"

"I 'av not no anxieté, ma dear Mees. I 'av wait for ze Docteur; for Docteur Summer-ville."

"For Dr. Summerville!" said Rose, looking up in friendly concern; "why, Mademoiselle, are you ill?"

"Me?" said Mademoiselle, laughing gayly; "me seek? ma foi! non; I 'av nevair seek—nevair! nevair!"

"Who, then, *has* sent for the Doctor?"

"It 'av be ma dear Mees Marie," said Mademoiselle.

"My aunt Mary! is she ill? I did not know it; I will go to her at once. It must be very sudden; she did not complain of being ill at breakfast; I thought she seemed as well as usual; I had no idea that she was sick."

"She is not seek, ma dear Mees! Stop, my dear chile; I sall explain; she 'av not no seekness, she 'av not no maladé, mais she 'av ze cough, she 'av ze cold, she 'av not ze strength, she not 'av ze good sleeps at night; she is just la-la; and so she shall consult ze Docteur, her broder say; and so I wait him to receive. Ah! here he 'av come, I perceive ze wheels."

And even as Mademoiselle spoke a somewhat dusty-looking vehicle, drawn by a horse of more bone than beauty, drew up to the door, and a stout, burly-looking man—hale, hearty, and cheery—first hitching up his reins to the top of the gig in the most approved Esculapian method, descended heavily, climbing out backward, and lugging out a heavy check-weight, proceeded leisurely to secure his horse, which looked full as likely to sit down as to run away. When, by this apparently unnecessary performance, he had "made assurance doubly sure" in regard to this interesting quadruped, the Doctor walked round in front of him and looked him full in the eye, stroked his old parti-colored face, and patted him approvingly on the neck; and then dusting his hands together, as a preliminary operation, while he took a cool and apparently satisfactory survey of the equipage generally, he drew from his pocket a huge red silk bandana, in size and color resembling an auction-flag, and having dusted his hands a second time with it, he proceeded to put it to its more legitimate use by blowing a shrill clarion peal, which was his usual announcement of his arrival on the field of action; then restoring the red flag to his pocket, and replacing it with a white one, he deliberately shook out its spotless folds to the air, and ascended the steps.

Placing in one corner of the entrance-hall the cane which he had gravely invested with the hat taken from his own head, Dr. Summerville ad-

vanced to the door of the room in which the two ladies were sitting, and placing his great hands one on either side of the door-way, he leaned in, his body vacillating backward and forward like that of some neophyte in the easy stages of a gymnastic education.

"Good-morning!" he said, in a loud, strong voice, rolling his eyes around the room. This original remark was probably addressed to the ladies in their collective capacity, for he added immediately, "Good-morning, Miss Low; how are *you* to day? and what's the matter with Miss Mary?"

"Good-morning to you, Sare," said the little Frenchwoman, rising with prompt courtesy; "I tank you. Ma dear Mees Marie she is not feel herself ver well."

"Not very well! No, I suppose not," was the rather curt reply. "Well folks don't send for the doctor very often, I guess, do they?"

Mademoiselle shrugged her shoulders slightly, and was silent.

"And what is the matter with Miss Mary?" asked the Doctor, all unconscious of the solecism in good-breeding which he had committed.

"Pardon me! Dat you sall 'av ze goodnees to tell to us," said Mademoiselle de St. Loe in tones polished and frigid as an Alpine glacier.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Doctor, good-humoredly; "that's a good one; fairly hit that time. 'That's your business,' says you. Well said; I owe you one. But what does she complain of?"

"Ma dear Mees Marie, she sall not complain ov notting; she 'av nevair complain; she is so good as ze angel!" said the enthusiastic friend.

"She must be unlike most other women then," said the Doctor, sarcastically, "for they are apt to complain of nothing; but what is her trouble, Miss Low?"

"Elle ne se porte pas bien," said Mademoiselle, speaking slowly, and with cautious hesitation; "she 'av not ze strength—she sall 'av ze unrest—she do not take to her ze good sleeps—she 'av ze cough—she 'av ze pain."

"Pain, pain!" said the Doctor, still see-sawing in the door-way; "where does she have pain?"

"In her trunk," said Mademoiselle, with calm dignity.

"In her trunk!" roared the Doctor. "*Where?*"

The little Frenchwoman laid her hand upon her bosom.

"I think," interposed Miss Rose Tremaine, now speaking for the first time, and with difficulty controlling her desire to laugh—"I think Mademoiselle has mistaken the word she meant to use. She most probably means *chest*."

"Then for the Lord's sake why couldn't she say so?" said the Doctor, laughing. "Who on the face of the earth ever heard of calling a woman's chest her *trunk* before?"

Poor Mademoiselle!—whose early life had been spent in association with the "*crème de la crème*" of Parisian high life, and at a period, too, in the history of that brilliant and fascinating capital

when manners certainly competed with, if they did not actually take precedence of morals, and whose ingrained and habitual courtesy forbade her even to smile at the barbarous absurdities of the mongrel dialect daily offered to her acceptance in the land of her adoption as the pure utterance of her native tongue—shrugged her shoulders yet more decidedly; her color rose perceptibly, even through her rouge; and the word *Bête!* trembled upon her lip, but was repressed.

The multitudinous synonyms and homonyms of our language had always puzzled her. She knew that the words chest and trunk were used at pleasure to express the same thing, and she had a vague sense of having observed that chests were used by seamen and by domestics, and trunks by the higher classes. Thus *trunk* was to her aristocratic, and *chest* plebeian; and in her love and zeal for her dear "Mees Marie" she had chosen the word she felt was most calculated to do her honor.

"I appréhende," she said, rising stiffly, and speaking in a tone of proud humility, "I 'av make mees-take; your language is ver hard, ver difficile. I 'av been study him so long, and speak him so bad. Pardonnez moi. But Mees Marie shall wait you; if you pleases I sall you to her boudoir."

The Doctor nodded, and as Mademoiselle approached him he removed his hands from the door-posts and suffered her to glide by him and trip lightly up stairs; and then, with another sonorous trumpet peal to herald his approach to the sick-room, he too ascended the stairs, and the two disappeared from view, like a huge merchantman following a little clipper-built convoy.

Mademoiselle was gone only long enough to introduce her companion to the library or boudoir, as she called it, where Miss Mary was awaiting him. When she returned she found Miss Rose established at her embroidery.

"Pah!" she said, crossing the room with shrugging shoulders and extended hands—"dat Docteur Summer-ville—pah!"

"You do not like him, then?" asked Rose, looking up with an amused smile.

"Non, I sall not," said Mademoiselle; "he is not no gentleman! He is brusque; he is un ours—vat you sall call 'em?—ze bear?"

"Oh! I don't know," said Rose, laughing. "He is a little rough, I think; but he means well; he is good in his way."

"Yees, yees," said the Frenchwoman, hesitatingly, while she shook out the silken folds of her dress, as if she shook off thus the dust of her indignation against him, and seating herself by Miss Rose she took up her netting work—"yees, ma dear Mees, he may be, as you shall say, good in his way; and zo is ze bear! But you sall not vant to take ze bear's paw."

"No, of course not," laughed Rose. "But, Mademoiselle, did Dr. Summerville ever ask you to take *his* paw?"

"Non, non, certes!" said Mademoiselle, laughing gayly in her turn; "he nevair do *dat*,

for certain; and likevize he 'av ze vife dis twenty, tirty, forty year, an' she shall not be une ourse—a bearess—nudder; she sall be von nice leetle vomans. Ma foi! I sall to pity her."

"I do not think you need to," said Rose, good-humoredly; "she does not consider herself an object of compassion, I believe—at least not on that ground. The good old Doctor! I used to know him when I was a very little girl; but I have been away so long I find he has quite forgotten me. I have not seen him for years; but he looks just as he did when I was a little child and he tended me with a sore throat; and I can remember to-day the very taste of the silver fork-handle with which he used to hold down my rebellious tongue, while he examined my throat."

"Ze brute!" said Mademoiselle—"how he is savage—he!"

"Oh no!" said Rose; "it was all right, only rather disagreeable—the poor old gentleman!"

"Gentilemon!" said the little French lady—"he is not no *gentilemon*! Pardonnez moi! I 'av forgeet. In dis country ev'ry mon is ze gentilemon, an' ev'ry gentilemon is ze king!"

"Well," said Rose, "that is convenient, any way, is not it?"

"Yees," said Mademoiselle de St. Loe, thoughtfully—"yees, it may be so; I can not to say. Mais (you sall pardon me, ma dear Mees) I tink you 'av not ze consistency; you sall be proud ov your independency, and your *égalité*, and likevize you 'av pride in aristocratical name, and of coat of arm gained by your ancestors on field of battle. How den? If all mens is *égal* to-day, why is not von grandpere so good as anoder grandpere? I do not comprehend."

"I fancy it is rather incomprehensible," said Rose, laughing, "at least I can not make it clear to you, although I own to both views of the case. I suppose it is because we are of such a composite order of architecture, our true nationality has not yet had time to develop itself. But you, my dear friend, have no such conflicting sentiments, you are all patrician."

"Oui, yees," said Mademoiselle, "mon pere vas of ze noblesse, or he should not 'av perish; if he vos been ze mean man he should 'av be safe. Helas! it vas ze noblest blood of ma France which vas shed as ze rain; and yet, if ma raison, ma jugement approve your pride, ma heart goes back to ze day of knighthood's age."

In the mean time, Dr. Summerville having been admitted to the room where Miss Tremaine was sitting, found his patient awaiting him. She was a fair woman, no longer young, but one of those favored few whose charms, consisting rather in expression and grace of manner, outlive the flight of years and seem to be almost imperishable. "Lovely! charming! most engaging!" had been the terms in which she had been spoken of in early life, and there was no flattery in using them to describe her still, although she had numbered half a century.

She was dressed in a soft silver-gray silk, the quiet tint of which seemed in unison with the pure, spiritual beauty of her features and her quiet elegance of manner. She was seated by an open window, and a vacant chair near her awaited the Doctor.

"Well, my dear Miss Mary," he said, speaking in loud, cheery tones, which might have grated upon some nervous ears, but which to her, from long habit, conveyed only a sense of relief and protection—"well, my dear Miss Mary, what is the matter with us now? Got run aground again, hey?"

"Not much of any thing, I believe, Doctor," said the lady with a smile, as she gave him her hand. "Only a little cold, I think—a little more of a cough, a little more pain. I did not think it worth while to send for you, but George insisted upon it."

"The Squire was right," said the Doctor, laughing. "Good folks are scarce, you know—we must not let them get scarcer; and fees are scarce too. I think the Squire is a very sensible man!"

But as the Doctor's fingers closed over the delicate white hand, which lay like the petals of a lily on his broad palm, he felt the nervous throbbing of the pulse, and saw the faint color deepening in the clear cheek; and he had practiced his profession too long and too successfully not to be aware of the natural shrinking which a sensitive person often experiences at being, as he termed it, "medically overhauled;" and with a tact and kindness scarcely to be expected from his rough exterior, he determined to engage her in conversation till the temporary excitement had time to pass off.

"I don't think there is much ails you, after all," he said, playfully—for he had been her physician from her early life, and looked upon her with almost paternal love—"only just what ails nine-tenths of our American women—run down, run down; that's it: I believe you all shut yourselves up too much—you make exotics of yourselves: I wish you'd all take pattern of your English sisters, and ride, and walk, and drink porter, and eat beef-steaks, and be what God and Nature meant you to be, real live women, and not dressed dolls or fashion-plates! I wish our women knew and realized that there was something else to be done in this world besides knitting, crochet, and worsted work," he said, glancing at the basket of embroidery wools which stood on the table beside him. "Crewel work, my old mother used to call it, and I call it so too: it is *cruel* work; it has put out more eyes, twisted more spines, and ruined more constitutions than I can number; and what is the result of it all? A useless pack of trumpery—yarn dogs, and staring, blue-eyed shepherdesses, and roses like red cabbages just ready for pickling! And for that you shut yourselves up from the pure air of the country, and work and mope till you are pale in face and blue in spirits; and then you think, ten to one, you are industrious and deserve credit for it. The needle is a peace-

ful-looking weapon enough; there is no blood dripping from its point; but I can tell you it has wrought mighty harm. Where the sword has slain its thousands the needle has slain its tens of thousands, and without the honors of war either!"

"You are hard upon us," said Miss Tremaine, laughing, "or rather you are hard upon our favorite occupation. You forget, I think, that many and many a woman has worked off her nervous irritability into a rosebud, or her loneliness and *ennui* into 'a blue-eyed shepherdess;' but we do not spend all our lives over our Berlin wools—at least I do not."

"No? Well then, what else do you do?"

"Oh! I go out a good deal."

"You do? I'm glad to hear of it, I'm sure I did not know it. And where do you go, except to church and shopping?"

"Oh! I ride a good deal."

"What, in the saddle? Strange! I have never met you."

"Excuse my Americanism," said Miss Tremaine, "I should have said *drive*."

"Oh!" said the Doctor, "that's it; I thought as much. And what does that amount to, I wonder? toted out three miles and back again by two old coach-horses, too fat and lazy to stamp when the flies bite 'um; and with little Marm Low for company! There's neither air nor exercise for body or mind in that."

"But stop," said the patient, amused by the Doctor's animadversion; "I do something else. I work in the garden sometimes."

"Worse and worse," said Dr. Summerville. "Oh yes; this female gardening! I know all about that. You put on thick gardening gloves and thin slippers, and arm yourselves with a case-knife (or, if the habit is confirmed, a trowel) and some strings, and go out and tie up carnations, and dahlias, and gladiolas all wet with the dew; and pull up weeds, and work as if there was never to be another day made; and get your feet wet and your skirts drabbled; and then, when your little strength is all exhausted with heat and fatigue, you give out, and throw off your hat and sack and sit down on a bench, or maybe a green bank to rest; and this invariably happening just about the time when in our amiable climate the wind has a trick of getting out east; and you rise stiff, and languid, and chilly, and come in to change your dress in a room with the windows open. Don't tell me—I know all about it—every rope in the ship. Haven't I got a wife and four daughters of my own, all garden-mad every spring? and don't I know that women are the most wrong-headed, imprudent, provoking creatures ever made since the day when Adam just called the creatures by names?"

"You are too flattering, Doctor!" said Miss Tremaine, laughing heartily. "You are a true son of Adam, and I see the love of calling names is not yet extinct in the family."

"A chip of the old block!" said the Doctor.

"I really think so; but, Doctor, in regard to

gardening, permit me to ask you, did it never occur to you that Adam was not good in that line? he did not know how to dress the garden of Eden; if he had he would not have had to ask for a helpmate; if he could have kept the garden himself I think there would have been no Eves in the world."

"Think so?" said the Doctor; "I rather question that; did she help him *keep* the garden though? I always thought she helped him lose it. But the fact is, we read in different Bibles, you and I; I think mine must be translated from the *He-brew* Scriptures, and yours from the *She-brew*!"

And now, having by this amiable trifling brought his patient into a suitable frame of mind, the worthy Doctor ventured to commence his medical inquiries. The delicacy of his patient's constitution was well known to him, but he was pleased to find there was no new cause for alarm; a slight cold had rather increased former difficulties than induced new ones, and a few questions, and a little simple advice terminated the conference. But as the Doctor rose to leave her, a new idea struck him.

"Who have you down stairs?" he said. "I saw a new face there, and a very pretty one too, or else it looked so, from contrast with your old Frenchwoman. Who is she?"

"Did not you know her?" said Miss Tremaine; "that was my niece."

"Your niece! and where in the world did you pick up a niece?"

"Well! not exactly my niece, to be sure, though she calls me aunt; she is a cousin's child. Do not you remember my Cousin Edward?"

"To be sure I do."

"She is his only child."

"What—not that little Rose Tremaine who used to be here as a child?"

"Certainly; did not you know her?"

"No, indeed; I might though, for now I know it, she is very like her father; when did she come home?"

"Only two days since."

"Why she's a little beauty! She ought to be your daughter though, and not your niece. I used to think, in old times, you would marry Edward Tremaine."

"He was my cousin, you know," said Miss Tremaine, evasively, while a soft color rose on her cheek.

"Well!" said her companion, "what if he was? you were not Catholics, either of you. I'm sure it would have been better for him than that Southern woman he did marry. But I need not blame *him*, poor fellow! I dare say it was not his fault, and there was a time I rather thought you liked him."

"I did like him," said Miss Tremaine in a low voice; "no sister could have loved a brother better than I loved my Cousin Edward."

"Ah, yes; but that was not just the thing. You see that brotherly and sisterly love has not worked well in your family; it has kept you,

and George, and Arthur, all single, and here you are cooping up in one house the happiness which might have sufficed for three families. You ought to be indicted for monopolizing."

"Stop, stop," said the lady, "do not visit my brothers' sins on my head."

"I believe I must," replied the fault-finder. "You have made their home too agreeable. How can we expect men who have all the comforts and refinements of life in a quiet, well-ordered home, and a sweet-voiced, gentle, loving sister to preside over it, to turn themselves out to rough it in the world, and be snubbed, and hectored, and driven round by a wife! It's unreasonable—don't you see it is? I am afraid it is too late to reform now, but it is not yet too late to repent. And so good-day to you."

Shaking hands with his patient, the Doctor left the room, and descending the stairs with a heavy tread, he looked in again at the drawing-room door.

"So you are little Rose Tremaine, are you?" he said, abruptly. "Why did not you tell me so? I did not know you."

"I saw you did not," said Rose, coming forward and holding out her hand to him; "I knew you at once; I should have known you in Rome. You have not changed, it seems, as I have."

"No!" said the Doctor, laughing, as he gave her hand a friendly squeeze, which nearly flattened her finger rings. "You see the difference is you have bloomed out, and I am out of bloom; very little difference in the terms, but a good deal in the reality. My wife and the girls will come and call on you, and you must come and see them, just as you used to when you were little girls, and I used to carry you all on my shoulders in turn."

"Vat do you tink of Mees Marie, Sare?" asked Mademoiselle de St. Loe.

"Miss Mary? Oh, I think very highly of Miss Mary! Oh, yes; I know—she will do well enough; only a little cold—no fever—all right in a day or two. Good-morning to you, my dear. Good-morning, Miss Low; remember, if your *trunk* gets out of order, to send for me at once."

And with a loud, ringing laugh, a wave of the hand, and a scrape of the foot, equivalent to a bow, the Doctor left the room, regained his hat and cane—hoisted in the sheet-anchor, of the neighborhood of which his patient horse had been utterly oblivious, and departed whistling "Malbrook," influenced possibly in his selection of his music by a vague remembrance of Mademoiselle and her fatherland.

As the Doctor disappeared from view Rose flung aside her needle-work and proceeded to her aunt's room. She found Miss Tremaine still sitting just as her guest had left her, her quiet hands folded on her lap, and her mild eyes suffused with tears, fixed on the prospect before her window. But her far wandering thoughts, roused by the Doctor's words, had reverted to the events and companions of her girl-

hood's days; the "might have been" was in her thoughts.

"Dear auntie!" said Rose, stealing softly to her side, and fondly pressing her own blooming cheek to the soft cheek of her friend—"I did not know that you were indisposed to-day; I am afraid I have kept you up too late and made you talk too much—I was so glad to be at home again."

"I am not ill, my dear Rose; you need not take any blame upon yourself; it was really not worth while to send for Doctor Summerville, only your uncle is such a fidget, if I happen to cough or sneeze he is in a panic, poor fellow! Sit down here, my dear Rose, and let me look at you—you are very like your father."

"Am I?" said Rose, seating herself on the foot-stool at her aunt's feet. "I am glad to hear you say so. I feared you might think me more like my mother's family. Papa was in hopes I should resemble *you*. He always used to say he would ask for me nothing more than to be like you, in mind and person."

Miss Tremaine did not answer, but the hand which played lightly with Rose's curls trembled visibly.

"Auntie," said the young girl, suddenly looking up with a smile on her lips—"I have often thought you must have been papa's first love, he always talked to me of you so much. Was it so, auntie?"

Strange, that for the second time to-day this idea of long ago should have met her ear!

"My dear Rose," she said, gently, "your father and I were almost as brother and sister—we were own cousins."

"But if you *hadn't been*, aunt?" persisted Rose.

"But, my child, we *were*," said Miss Tremaine, conclusively; and Rose dared not press the subject farther.

"I always feel," said the younger lady, after a thoughtful pause, "as if I belonged most to my father's family, having never seen and known my mother; and whenever I try to fancy my mother I only think of you. What was my mother like?"

"I can not tell you, my darling. I never saw her. Your father's marriage was a sudden one, and she lived only a year and a half after it. I never saw her."

Finding her aunt was not inclined to be communicative, Rose dropped the subject, and chatted gayly on other topics for half an hour; then Miss Tremaine said,

"My dear Rose, I see you are dressed for dinner, but I am not, and it is time I was. Ring the bell for Jane, and when I am dressed I will join you down stairs."

Rose did as her aunt requested, and then left the room. Descending the stairs she passed an open door, through which the sweet southwest wind came in wooingly, and she stepped out upon the piazza to gather a branch of roses which hung temptingly from one of its columns. The air was soft and clear, not yet hot enough

to be oppressive, and, tempted by the beauty of the day, she wandered slowly down into the garden.

But we remember we have not yet introduced her to the reader in proper form and style; and that was wrong, for she was the prettiest figure in our little family group, and quite well worth sitting for her picture as either Mademoiselle de St. Loe or Dr. Summerville; and as the clear summer sunlight is full upon her now, it may be a good time to take her photograph.

Miss Rose Tremaine, then, was about eighteen. She was fair and delicate, with all the beauty peculiar to youth. She had a clear, finely-grained complexion of pure red and white, mild hazel eyes, a profusion of bright brown hair, and that attractive charm of youth (and which in this country rarely survives it), firm, white, regular, well-set teeth, which were disclosed to view by a sweet and innocent smile. Rose was not a decided beauty, judged by the conventional rules of art, but she had quite enough of personal charms to justify those who loved her in thinking her exceedingly lovely. She was dressed in a light silk, of that peculiar shade of green (doubtless the modistes have a distinctive name for it) which has a subdued, silvery, white lustre over it—such a green as we see in blocks of pure, transparent ice. This dress was flounced nearly to the waist; and around the delicate throat, when the dress was open, and from beneath the wide sleeves, fell a cloud of soft creamy-white lace; her only ornaments being an opal pin and bracelet, whose trembling, changeful rays flashed through the costly lace, and in her soft hair the spray of roses she had just gathered.

As she walked down the garden path with slow, undulating movement, the many flounces of her dress rising and falling with light, billowy motion, the soft hue of her dress relieved by the foamy whiteness of the lace, and her fresh young face brightening in the summer light, she suggested a sense of coolness and purity—like the grace of falling water, like some classic fountain. Passing on, “in maiden meditation fancy-free,” as she crossed the shrubbery her step was hastily arrested; she had nearly stepped upon the prostrate body of a boy, or young man, who lay sleeping on the grass.

The figure, which was clad in the dress of a working-man, was thrown down in an attitude of careless grace, and might have served as a model; the eyes were closed, the face sunburned and bronzed by exposure, but the brow, from which the moist hair had been brushed back, was smooth and white. But the face, though beautiful, struck the gazer as peculiar: it was the face of a child, though the darkening shade round the too facile lips told of early manhood: and she noticed too, that the hand which was thrown above his head, although hardened and roughened by toil, was slender and shapely as the hand of a gentleman.

Rose had but one moment to notice all this, for even as her foot paused he sprung up and

confronted her—for one moment silently, then a strangely-sweet smile broke over his face, and, speaking in a quick but stammering, headlong manner, he said, almost breathlessly,

“You—you—you—you’re just as pretty as new paint!” The first words were uttered with hesitating difficulty; and then, as if some imperceptible barrier had been suddenly broken down, the words came tumbling out in a precipitous rush. Struck with the comic oddity of the compliment, Rose laughed gayly; and her strange companion, catching the infection of her innocent mirth, joined in, with a clear, musical laugh, and for one moment their young voices mingled in unchecked merriment; then, recalled to a sense of her childish impropriety, Rose, who was gifted with a good deal of natural dignity, checked herself, and supposing him to be an intruder, said, as soon as her recovered breath permitted,

“What were you doing, and how came you in here?”

“I—I—I wasn’t a doing no harm,” stammered the boy. “It’s noon hour; noon hour.”

“Oh yes, I dare say,” said the young lady, now understanding him to apologize for being found idle. “Then you work here, do you? and what is your name?”

“My—my—my name is Penny—Penny Dexter.”

“And where do you live?”

“We—we—we don’t live nowhere *now*,” said the boy, sadly. *Mother’s dead.*”

“Ah, indeed! But where do *you* live?”

“I—I—I told you,” said the boy, in mournful accents. “I—I—don’t live nowhere. *Mother’s dead.* I—I—stay at the gardener’s, and work in Miss Tremaine’s garden now. I can pull weeds, and pick up sticks, and rake up the walks. Why, Miss Mary says I can rake up c’en-amost as well as the gardener can! But—but—I didn’t use to work here ’fore mother died.”

“Poor boy!” said the young listener, painfully struck by the mournful repetition of that one sad note, which seemed to mark the salient point in his history; “poor boy! I am very sorry for your loss.”

“Why—why—why be you?” said the poor lad. “That’s good of you; I thank you.”

“And how long has your mother been dead?”

“Ever—ever—ever so long—ever since last Thanksgiving. There won’t be no more Thanksgivings now, you know, coz mother’s dead. When—when—*she* was alive I did not use to work none then.”

“No? And what did you do then?”

“Go—go—go pick nuts, and find birds-nests, and—and climb up the tall trees, and rock in them all day,” said the boy, communicatively, “and climb to the tip-top of Rummen Rock.”

“To do what?” asked Rose.

“To—to—to lie on the grass and watch the clouds. Oh, that was prime! But I don’t never go there now, since mother’s dead. But—but—but you, what’s your name? I guess I don’t know.”

"My name," said the young lady, smiling, "is Rose—Miss Rose."

"Is?" said Penny. "Well, you—you—you look just so. You're a master-pretty gal!"

Miss Rose Tremaine scarcely knew how to receive this strange tribute to her charms. She could not be angry, and resent it as an impertinence, for she saw it was not intended as such; and the boy's evident admiration, though embarrassing, was not offensive; for she felt instinctively that he regarded her exactly as he would have regarded a new flower, a bright-winged bird, or a shining stone. There was a moment's silence, and then the boy, who had been attentively regarding her, spoke again:

"You—you—you ain't got no other name, have you?"

"Oh yes," said Rose. "My name is Tremaine—Miss Rose Tremaine."

"Is?" said her companion. "Do—do tell! You—you ain't *one of 'um*, be you?"

"One of what?" asked Rose, laughing.

"One—one—one of *them*?" said the lad, giving his head a quick jerk toward the house.

"Yes," said Rose; "I'm one of the family."

"Be? I—I—I never see you before, did I? Are you Miss Mary's gal?"

"Oh no!" said Rose. "Miss Mary has no daughter, you know."

"No—no—no," said poor Penny, thoughtfully. "Squire's gal, then—or the minister's?"

"No," said the young lady; "neither of them. My father's name was Edward Tremaine."

"Oh! yes—yes—yes," said the boy, drawing nearer, and regarding her with a look of wondering interest. "I—I—I know. John Edward Hazelhurst Tremaine. Why, *he* died afore mother did!"

"Yes," said Rose, surprised in her turn, "he has been dead many years. But did you know him?"

"No; I—I—I didn't know him; never see him, not to my knowledge; but—but I've heerd mother tell 'bout him. But why didn't I never see you afore?"

"Because I have been away a great ways off."

"Have? Why—why, where you been to?"

"Oh!" said Rose, carelessly, "I've been to the other side of the world."

"Do tell!" said Penny, a pale look of awe stealing over his handsome features. "And—and—and when did you come back?"

"Only two days ago."

"Possible! And—and—and did you see mother there?"

"Your mother? No; I thought you said she was dead?"

"Yes, yes," said the boy; "and—and—and ain't you been dead too?"

"Me?" said Rose, laughing. "No. What could have made you think so?"

"Coz—coz—coz you said so."

"I said so? You are mistaken. I didn't say so."

"Yes; you—you—you said you'd been to

t'other world; and I thought if they'd lived you, and sent you back again, mebbe they would mother."

"You misunderstood me," said Rose, gravely and kindly. "I said the other side of the world. I meant in England and France, not the world beyond the grave. Nobody comes back from there, you know."

"Oh!" said the boy, sad and droopingly; "that—that—that's only foreign parts. Is that all?"

"That's all," said Rose. "And now"—gathering up the folds of her dress—"I must go in."

"No—no—no! don't ye—don't ye go; I like to look at you."

"But I believe I must," said Rose; "my aunt will be waiting for me."

"And—and—and won't ye come agin?" said the boy, following her wistfully. "Look—look—look-a-here; do you love pond-lilies? Coz I know where there's a pond chock-full of 'um. I'll get you a lot of 'um any day, if you want 'um. And—and—and I know of a robin's-nest with four blue eggs in it; don't you want 'um? You jest wait a minite and I'll climb and get it for you."

"Oh no, thank you," said Rose, walking on; "I'd rather hear the birds sing in the trees. Don't take away their nests, please."

"I—I—I won't, if you say so; Squire Tremaine says, 'Pull down all their nests'—they eat his cherries; but—but I won't, if you don't want me to."

"Well, good-by now," said Rose, "I will see you again."

"Do—do—do," said her humble admirer; "and—and I'll pick you some high blackberries when they're ripe; I know where there'll be a sight of 'um." And so they parted.

Rose hurried in, intent on questioning her aunt regarding this strange individual, but she met a servant coming out to inform her of the arrival of company, and as the guests remained all day, it was not until the little home-circle had gathered together in the evening that she had a chance to speak of it.

"Oh! Uncle James," she said, as she sat at her aunt's feet, holding the worsted she was winding, "I met with quite an adventure this morning, and I want to ask you about it. Who is Penny Dexter?"

"That is more than I can tell you, Miss Rose Tremaine," said the Squire.

"Why, Uncle James! he says he works for you."

"So he does, if you can call his feeble efforts work," said her uncle. "But as to his history, I must refer you to your aunt—he is her protégé, not mine."

"Oh, then, you tell me, Aunt Mary; so then there is a history. Do tell me; he is so queer."

"I can not tell you much, my dear; I know very little, and much of that little is only conjectural."

"Well! tell me that little then, while we wind all this worsted for your shawl."

"My dear Rose," said Miss Tremaine, sighing, "his mother was a very pretty girl (he is very like her, poor fellow!), who lived with my mother years ago as a seamstress; she was the only daughter of old Dexter, the sexton of our church. She was very lovely, and of sweet manners. She had been well educated for a girl in her position; and soon after she came to us I had a long and severe illness, and poor Lucy devoted herself to me. She was about my own age, and the intimacy begun in my sick-room gradually broke down the slight distinction of caste, never very strongly defined in this country, and became almost a friendship. Lucy had quick perceptions and a refined taste, and during my convalescence she used to read to me. I have sometimes feared the poems and romances I then put into her hands were not suitable reading for a girl in her station. The last summer she lived with us we had a house full of company—your father, Rose, and his two sisters, and many others—and occupied with them, I saw less of Lucy, and when I did see her, I thought she seemed depressed; and having the vanity to think she missed my society while so occupied by my cousins, I redoubled my kindness. Judge of my surprise when my mother told me Lucy wished to leave her service. I could not realize it. I felt a few words from me would set all right again. But I talked and reasoned, coaxed and scolded in vain. Lucy was resolute in her purpose even to obstinacy. She, who had been open as the day, was now shut up in an icy reserve; deaf to all my entreaties, she wept and trembled, but would assign no reason for her departure. The fact that she wished to go was all she would give. At last I became hurt and vexed by her obstinate self-will, and feeling myself aggrieved, I talked of her ingratitude and bade her go—and she went.

"I learned from her parents she had gone to a town about fifty miles from here, and was working as a dress-maker, but I could learn nothing more. If they knew the reason of her conduct they kept the secret.

"At the close of that summer my mother was taken sick; she lingered nearly two years, a prisoner to her room, and then died, and I was too much occupied by attention to her and by sorrow for her loss to inquire for or even remember Lucy. A year after my loss I heard of the death of Lucy's mother; and as the old man was nearly helpless, I went, at the request of your Uncle Arthur, to see what could be done for his comfort; then, to my surprise, I learned that Lucy had returned, bringing back with her her child (the boy you met), then a beautiful creature about three years old. But what a change had come over my poor Lucy! I had known her, beautiful, loving, and confiding—a joyous-hearted girl, with frank, truthful eyes, and sunny temper. I found a cold, stern, passionless, self-contained woman, faded in beauty and withered in form, with cold, averted eyes and compressed lips, silent and reserved, neither giving nor asking sympathy. I tried to befriend

her, she repelled me; I offered assistance, it was declined; her needle could maintain them—she needed no help. I noticed and praised the beauty of her child; she caught him up and hurried him out of my sight; but it seemed to me that if there was any feeling left in her it was for her boy—it seemed to me he was at once her pride and shame."

"And did you never learn any thing more of her history?" asked Rose.

"Nothing more with certainty," said Miss Tremaine. "All we knew was suggested by the name she gave her child; she called him 'Penitence,' which, in the vernacular of the neighbors' children, was soon shortened into 'Penny.' But she made no confidant—she uttered no complaints, no reproaches."

"Ah! mon Dieu!" said Mademoiselle de St. Loe, "dere sall be no doubt—it sall be ze ole story—ole as ze universe, and daily repeated all de world over; jest de ole story—de voman's wrong, and de man's perfidie! from ze day of Eden's gloire until now—is it not so—hey?"

"Oh yes, I suppose so," said the Squire, laughing. "At least so the story goes. Man ate the apple and flung away the core, and thought no more about the matter; but when it began to oppress him he weakly faltered forth; 'The woman tempted me, and I did eat.'"

"Yes," said the parson, musingly, as he walked up and down the room. "But woman scorns to fling back upon him the pitiful recrimination. If she faltered, it was before she plucked the fruit; but having dared the sin she can brave the penalty, and, clasping her hands upon her bosom, she stands in the grace of a magnificent silence, not defiant but expectant; not submissive to, but awaiting her doom. Oh, woman, woman! The first to sin—the first to lead others into sin! First sinner—first temptress! And then, and ever after, by a righteous and irrevocable sentence, the one to bear the heaviest consequences of sin (suffering, if guilty, for thyself; if innocent, for the guilt of others). Take heart; there is hope for thee yet, since He whose eye read the deepest recesses of all human hearts could say of thee, 'O woman, great is thy faith!'"

"'The Defense of Woman;' a sermon without notes, by the Reverend Arthur Tremaine," laughed the Squire.

"Hush, hush! James. Don't!" said his sister, entreatingly.

"Why, Mary, the parson should not practice his undigested sermons upon us here, poor defenseless creatures! He has a fair chance at us Sundays; has it all his own way then. But I don't think we're called upon to stand it here."

"Well, auntie," said Rose, "I have not quite done with you yet; tell me a little more."

"My dear Rose, what can I tell you? Lucy's whole interest seemed to centre in her child, whom she appeared to regard as a creature every way superior to herself. She kept him always dressed with a delicacy and taste far beyond their station, though she worked day and night

to do so. But the child, though he developed in strength and stature, was deficient in some way, I can not tell in what. I have thought it might be owing partly to his mother's moody state of mind, and to his having no other companions than this stern, silent woman, whose love, however intense, was never demonstrative in caresses, and his imbecile, doting old grandfather. But poor Lucy would not see it; she kept him at school, though successive teachers told her he would not learn, and though class after class rose progressively on the rounds of the ladder of learning, and left poor Penny still idling at its foot. At last, when his physical growth had outstripped and overtopped all his instructors, she had to remove him; and from that time he led a wandering, out-of-door life, finding fellowship with birds and beasts, and playthings in flowers, and clouds, and stars. When his mother died suddenly, less than a year ago, his means of support were at an end, and it was proposed to put him in the alms-house; but I requested your uncles to give him a home at the gardener's lodge, and try to keep him occupied in light labor in the garden; for I felt he could not live shut up from the open air. He has been here two or three months. And now, dear Rose, you know all I do about him."

From this time a strange sort of friendship—ardently proffered on his part, tacitly accepted on hers—grew up between Rose and her strange admirer. Every time she went into the garden he met her with some simple offering of fruit, or flowers, or some slight but warmly-pressed offer of service, for which a kind smile or gentle "Thank you" seemed to be a sufficient recompense. When she walked, he followed her steps with the patient satisfaction of a faithful dog; and when at evening she played and sang, poor Penny, who had a quick ear for music, would lie on the grass beneath the open window and weep in the very excess of nervous and intense delight.

But this did not last long. One day Rose said to her aunt, in evident concern,

"Aunt Mary, did you know that Penny was very sick?"

"No," said Miss Tremaine. "I have not heard of it. How did you?"

"I have missed him for two days," said Rose, "and to-day I asked Murphy where he was, and he told me he was very sick indeed."

"And did you go to the lodge, or ask what ailed him?"

"No, aunt; I have just heard it, and I thought you would prefer to make inquiries yourself."

"You are right, my dear. I will get you to write a note for me to Dr. Summerville, and ask him to visit Penny, and then report to us. In that way we shall know the true state of the case. Murphy may exaggerate; persons in his station often do so, ignorantly."

In about two hours the Doctor made his appearance. He looked grave; he had found the case much worse than they expected. Penny had had a bad fall some months before, and had injured his chest and side, and a neglected

cold had produced hemorrhage. "He has bled profusely," said the Doctor, "and it has weakened him prodigiously. He has never rallied since; indeed he seems to have no strength of constitution to fall back upon, great fellow as he is. I suppose he inherits a tendency to such complaints, for he tells me his father died in that way."

"So did mine," said Rose, her eyes filling with tears at the recollection.

"He seemed desirous of seeing you, Miss Rose," said the Doctor; "and I promised to ask you to come and see him."

"Certainly I will," said Rose, promptly. "And is there any thing else I can do for him, poor fellow? Can he take jelly or broth? What can I do for him?"

"Nothing that I know of, except to gratify him by going to see him. I do not think now that he will live to need jellies and broths. If he should, I will let you know. But his time is very short, I apprehend. Can you go now?"

"This moment," said Rose; "but my Uncle Arthur is in his study. May I ask him to go too? He will know what to say to the poor boy far better than I shall."

"You are right, my dear young lady; that's a good idea. Ask the parson, by all means."

"And Rose," said Miss Tremaine, "as I can not go with you, you had better ask Mademoiselle to go."

In a very few moments Rose came back equipped for her walk, and was followed by the parson and Mademoiselle.

When the little party entered the sick-room poor Penny was asleep, sleeping the dull, heavy sleep of exhaustion, the great beaded drops of extreme weakness moistening the cold white brow; and as they gathered silently around his bed they were shocked to see how the outline of the pale high features had already become sharpened and shrunk. They stood a moment regarding him in melancholy interest, and then, with a deep, tremulous sigh, he unclosed his eyes.

He seemed surprised, but not startled, at seeing them; and when his eye fell upon Rose a quick bright smile trembled on his lips. "I—I—I'm real glad you've come," he said, speaking in low, thick, husky tones. "I—I—I wanted to see you agin. I—I—I am going to the other world now, and I wanted to bid you good-by first."

Rose did not speak, but her quick tears told her interest and pity.

"Why—why—why are you sorry, Miss Rose?" he asked, as if surprised at her concern. "Why, don't you know? Mother's there, ain't she?"

"Yees, mon poor boy!" said Mademoiselle, kindly, seeing Rose could not speak; "dare, in dat 'appy world, de poor orphan sall find fader and moder, and de exile sall not to be lonely no more!"

"Don't—don't—don't you cry, Miss Rose," said the boy, feebly (for Rose, to whom the dread

solemnities of death were new, was weeping nervously); "you—you—you've been real good to me, and I'll tell mother so."

"Can we do any thing for you, my poor boy?" asked Mr. Tremaine, kindly.

"Raise—me—up a little;" and the Doctor and Mr. Tremaine raised him. "Miss Rose," he said, in a voice scarcely audible, and reaching out his thin hand to her, "you—you—you look—a—here—say—Our father—" He was stopped abruptly by a fit of coughing.

When it was over, and he was quiet again, Rose, who had understood him to ask her to pray with him, controlling herself with a strong effort, knelt by the bedside, and, with clasped hands and lifted eyes, commenced devoutly the beautiful prayer so universally known among children as "Our Father."

"No—no—no!" said the sick one, with a look of disappointment, just lifting his feeble hand from the bed, and dropping it with a deprecatory gesture; "I—I—I didn't mean that." Rose stopped.

"Would you like to have me pray for you, my poor lad?" said Mr. Tremaine.

"No," said the boy, sadly; "I dunno as I care nothing 'bout it. I—I—I wanted to tell Miss Rose—" But a violent fit of coughing here stopped his utterance. The paroxysm was long and severe, and when it was over he lay spent, exhausted, and breathless. The Doctor raised him again in his arms, and Mademoiselle bathed his brow and lips, while Rose fanned him, and Mr. Tremaine chaffed his cold hands. But even while they thus ministered to him the unchallenged spirit made its escape—so gently passing from the midst of them that not until the Doctor said, quietly, "It is over—he has gone!" did they realize the world-wide separation which had come between them and the object of their cares.

"Poor boy! he is at rest," said Dr. Summerville, gently replacing his pale burden upon the pillows.

"'Appy boy!" ejaculated the Frenchwoman, as she bent down and kissed reverently the pale cold brow of the dead; "'appy boy! he 'av found fader and moder now, and dere sall not be no more of tears, of parting, of death!"

Silently Rose drew near and followed her friend's example, bestowing a tearful kiss, and turned away; and then the two ladies retired, leaving the Doctor and Mr. Tremaine to give the necessary orders.

When this was over, and the two gentlemen were about leaving the room, Mr. Tremaine said, looking back upon its lonely occupant,

"Well, poor lad! he was faithful to the last. He has kept the secret intrusted to him by his poor mother."

"Yes," said Dr. Summerville, meaningly, "he has kept it in life faithfully; but I think Death has revealed it."

"How do you mean?" asked Mr. Tremaine.

"Go up and look at him now," said the Doctor; and as he spoke he drew aside a curtain,

and let the light more fully in upon the pale, still face, which the hand of Death was already investing with a new and strange dignity. "Look at him now; family resemblances often come out at such an hour with startling accuracy; notice the outline of the brow and chin, and you will agree with me that we, who remember Miss Rose's father, have need to ask no farther questions."

"Is it possible? What, my cousin, Edward Tremaine? You are right," said Mr. Tremaine. "Strange it never occurred to me before! When did you make the discovery?"

"Not until within the last hour."

"And do you think he knew it?"

"Undoubtedly he did. That was probably what he wanted to say to Miss Rose when she understood him to ask her to repeat the Lord's Prayer."

"And does she know it, do you think—Rose?"

"I am sure she does not, and it is far better she should not."

"Of course. And my sister?"

"Of that I can not judge; but I would not name it to her or any one. Let us respect the veil of secrecy which his poor mother enshrouded herself in, and which she evidently bequeathed to him. The disclosure could do no good to the dead, and could only pain the living."

"I believe you are right," said Mr. Tremaine. "We will let 'the dead bury the dead.' It can not harm him, poor fellow! Let him be known in death, as he was in life, only as Penny Dexter."

MY BRIER-WOOD PIPE, AND WHAT IT COST ME.

I SMOKE. Not having the fear of King James before my eyes, I may say I "drink" tobacco; for when he wrote his "Counterblast" the enjoyment of the burning weed was regarded as potation, not fumigation. To be in the fashion, I smoke a pipe. But not only to be in the fashion. The pipe pleases me as a work of art, and it gives me something to care for and become attached to. Your cigar-smoker is an unhappy, solitary creature, compared to me. He enjoys only what he consumes, and flings away, into the fire or into the kennel, that which he has just pressed delightfully to his lips. But I always have a cherished companion in my soothing pleasure. My pipe is with me. It is not merely so much clay, and wood, and amber. It has assumed an individuality, and is a partner of my musing hour. We have got used to each other's ways, and thoroughly understand one another; are tolerant of each other's peculiarities, and accommodate ourselves to each other's moods. Sometimes, indeed, my companion seems coy and reluctant at the most interesting moment; but a little attention, half compulsory, half enticing, almost always puts matters upon their natural footing again. At other times, I must confess I am ill treated, and my attendant minister, instead of burning incense before me, will coldly go out, and sullen-

ly refuse any response to my most importunate wooing, just when it ought to be aglow with warmth and fragrant with perfume. But I am able to trace these little miffs, in almost all cases, to some neglect on my part. I have been remiss in proper care, or have allowed other affairs to divert my attention more than suits the views of my jealous companion. Matters, however, very rarely come to this pass between us; a little judicious coaxing generally brings about an understanding, to our great mutual satisfaction.

I have spoken of my pipe: I have two. That is, two of principal importance. Of these, one is the pipe *par excellence*, but the other is a prime favorite; and there are, besides, three or four that are well enough in their way when the whim takes me to enjoy them; but they have no particular and recognized position. Pipe-smoking is a Turkish habit. The pipe, that is, the one which I always mean when I ask Jenny about my pipe, is, of course, a meerschaum. It is of such fine quality and so exquisitely carved that I am the envy of at least a dozen of my friends, who have not been able, for love or money, to compass such a marvel. The bowl is in the form of a Turk's head, and is decorated with two small dark carbuncles by way of eyes. The tobacco is, of course, put through the top of the turban into the place of the skull; and I derive consequence in the eyes of some people from appearing to consume the brains of one of my fellow-creatures for my passing pleasure. I have already the serene joy, only to be appreciated by the meerschaum smoker, of seeing my Turk's full and lightly-flowing beard turning so gradually a rich brown under my fumigations. But although I contemplate the present aspect of his countenance with the greatest satisfaction, I must confess that I have some misgivings in regard to the certainly-approaching period when the line of demarkation shall invade the face proper, and the finely-cut nose of my Turk shall be divided horizontally across the bridge into a cream-colored section and a tawny-brown section. Then, however, I shall build my hopes upon the time when this line shall have risen to the very turban's edge, while the hue in the lower part has deepened, so that I shall have my tawny-skinned Oriental with a dark, chestnut-brown beard and a white turban; and then I shall stop smoking this pipe, and lay it away in a little cabinet—a peaceful trophy.

But although I worship with all loyal devotion at my meerschaum shrine, I confess to a great fondness for a little brier-wood pipe—the second in order of precedence among my favorites—so great that, if the meerschaum knew it, it would, I fear, breed permanent trouble between us. This brier-wood beauty is no mere knot of wood with a hole in it, but the daintiest little pipe that ever was made. Its chief charm, however, is that it gives me no trouble whatever, and always accommodates itself to my convenience and my temper. It requires no solicitous looking after, like the other; which, I must

confess, is capricious and exacting, like all prima donnas of well-established reputation. I can enjoy it when I please, and as I please—taking no thought whether it is too hot or too cold, or whether it is in a condition to be handled. Its very form is at once graceful and convenient. The stem is made with a double curvature, which conforms to the position of my thumb and fingers as I hold it, and to that of my chin as I let it carelessly hang from my mouth. It is mottled beautifully, and the bowl is lined with the finest meerschaum, which shows itself above the edge like the creamy foam upon rich ale.

But, alas! one evening I discovered that it had a defect; and I am of such an exacting disposition that I never tolerate any faults that can be remedied, except those in my own character. Mrs. Maddox has often said that she “never found hany gentleman as was so 'ard to please as Mr. Robinson.” Mrs. Maddox is my landlady. She describes herself as “a Hinglish lady in rejuiced circumstances,” and is fond of occasional reference to her “connection with the harrystocracy.” It is more than suspected that the particular form of harrystocracy with which she was connected was a certain Harry, Lord W——, and that the nature of the alliance may be best learned from the columns of the *London Times*, among the reports of trials before Sir Creswell Creswell for divorce. Mrs. Maddox frets at my exactions; but Jenny, who is the maid that takes care of my room, says, “To be sure Mr. Robinson is a bit partic'ler; but then there's a comfort in doing any thing for him, 'cause you can see he knows when it's well done.” The fact is that Jenny is a very excellent and intelligent person. I found out that she understood and appreciated me very soon after I took my present apartments. She has continued to do so ever since; so that it has come to be an understood thing in the house, that if Mr. Robinson wants any thing done, it will be done if Jenny can do it. Mrs. Maddox tosses her well-oiled black curls—in which I detected a gray hair the other day—and has more than once insinuated that “the hussy” has particular reasons for her attention to Mr. Robinson. But let me tell you that Jenny is not only prettier and better behaved than her mistress ever was, but one who, if she lived in London, would never become acquainted with Sir Creswell Creswell, unless, indeed, through the instrumentality of a brute of a husband. What might be Jenny's views and feelings, were it not for certain differences of social position which must obtain under all forms of government, I, of course, am not called upon to say.

But the defect in my brier-wood pipe. It was a scratch on the stem, made accidentally with some tool or other, and which escaped the notice of the maker, and also mine when I bought it. Touch—touch in fine organizations always so much more delicate a sense than sight, with all men so much more to be relied upon as evidence of fact—revealed it to me. I was sitting

upon the balcony on one of these glorious autumn evenings, smoking with Miss Kate Johnstone. That is, Miss Johnstone was sitting there with me, and I was smoking. She is a charming girl; so sensible, cheerful, and good-natured, and yet with a will of her own. She often sits, or used to sit, on the balcony in the evening while I smoked, for she did not object to the fumes of fine tobacco in the open air. She is a belle wherever she goes. And well she may be. Such a round, lithe figure, such an arched instep, and such white dimpled hands and shoulders, such clear brown eyes, and such waving chestnut hair are not often the united property of one woman. And then a fortune too! Not much, only thirty-five thousand dollars; but the whole thirty-five are there, and all well invested. Munneigh Bagges, Esq.—she is an orphan, and Mr. Bagges is her uncle and guardian—who had noticed her inclination to sit upon the balcony while I smoked, took me aside one evening and spoke to me about this fortune.

“Mr. Robinson,” said he, “it has been my duty to observe indications on your part of a desire to address my ward and niece, Miss Johnstone.”

“Indeed, Sir,” I began, “I haven’t yet—”

“Pray don’t explain or apologize. The transaction, I have no doubt, would be a most honorable one. I know your position and your reputation. I shall not make myself directly or indirectly a party to the affair. But I think it only correct to say to you, Sir, in view of prudential considerations, which, of course, being a man of sense, you entertain, that the amount of the lady’s fortune has been much exaggerated by report. She has only thirty thousand dollars; and all of that must be settled upon her at her marriage. I should, however, be willing to consent to the investment of ten thousand dollars in a safe special partnership for the benefit of her husband. I may as well add that I am empowered by the will to retain the whole property as trustee, and make only such quarterly payments over eight hundred dollars a year as I should deem advisable in case she should marry without my consent. I’ve just said as much to Mr. Axletree. Good-evening, Sir. I have a business engagement.”

Who was Axletree? Why the son of a village blacksmith who had worked his way through college, and into the law, and who was quite popular in our house—I always did hate popular men—and who had made a sort of particular acquaintance with Miss Johnstone by holding her horse hard, and swinging her quickly off the saddle one morning when, just as she was starting for the Central Park, the animal began to plunge and rear most violently; after which time she would sometimes sit and hear him talk about Dante and Shakspeare when I thought she might much better be out upon the balcony with me. Be this as it may, there Mr. Munneigh Bagges left me, with the assurance that if I could get Miss Johnstone’s consent I might have her, and with her ten thousand dollars in cash for

any safe concern in which I might desire to become a partner. Why it was just the sum that Grist, of Hopper and Grist, the rising flour house, mentioned that they were looking out for with a capable junior as Co. My fortune was in my hand; and so I smoked upon the balcony regularly, always invited Miss Johnstone out with me to enjoy the evening air, and always made myself as agreeable as possible.

On this particular evening, as I took my little pipe from my lips, I felt for the first time a long seam down the wavy, well-polished stem. It was the merest scratch, a scarcely perceptible indentation of the surface. But still it was there; and it attracted my attention, and finally annoyed me. A hundred times did my finger wander up and down the pipe-stem, tracing out the length and shape of the blemish, as I talked to my fair companion. I could not help turning my eyes from hers to the pipe once or twice, even while she was speaking; till finally she stopped short in the middle of a sentence, and it was only by a promptly paid compliment, based upon what she was saying, that I prevented her from retiring quickly into the parlor where I knew Axletree was sitting. I finished my smoke and my chat with her; asked to be allowed to attend her on her ride the next afternoon to the Central Park, and we parted to our respective chambers.

On looking at my pipe, I found that the depth of the scratch was even less than it had seemed to the touch of my restless finger. It really did not mar the pipe at all, and to most eyes would need pointing out to be seen. But there it was: I had discovered it; and I should know of its existence if the whole world besides were ignorant. It was the spider in my soup, the skeleton in my closet. It annoyed me all the more because of the absolute perfection of the pipe in all other respects. Why should not a thing that was so nearly perfect be made absolutely so? There was no reason, and I was determined that it should be made perfect without delay; and that I would place it the next day in the hands of a little Hungarian, with whose name, as it consists chiefly of three *c*’s, four *k*’s, two *z*’s, and a *y*, somewhat promiscuously distributed, I shall not trouble you, and who, a meerschaum pipe-maker in his own country, had been reduced here, from lack of money to buy stock, to a mere pipe-mender; for which he sought consolation by living with a pipe in his mouth. But I was impatient of delay. Why not do such a trifling and simple piece of work myself? I had the implements by me, why not use them? I determined to do so, and in a minute was rubbing away at my pipe-stem with the finest sand-paper. The surface was soon smoothed; but alas! I saw, when too late to stay my hand, that I had rubbed off color as well as surface. My pipe was of a light kind of brier-wood which had been stained darker to give it the usual and the coveted color. There was but one remedy—to sand-paper it all over, and stain it all anew again. So at it I went, and rubbed until the first part of the opera-

tion was completed, and I postponed the rest until the morrow.

When I awoke in the morning my eye first sought my pipe where I left it upon my toilet table. You smile because it was a pipe that I looked after; just as you smiled when you found that that kepi-capped boy, who is the delight and the torment of your life, took the toy gun with the real lock that you denied yourself to buy for him to bed the first few nights after the acquisition of the longed-for treasure. But you, when that handsome bay who does his mile so easily within 2.40 first took his place in your stable, did you not, next morning, come to the breakfast-table with the odor of his stall about you? When that pretty little yacht first took you up the river to your country-place, did not your wife detect you standing at your bedroom window at an unwonted matinal hour, in a very scanty garment, feasting your eyes upon her—the yacht, alas! not the wife—as she sat like a duck upon the water? When that rare, early edition of your favorite poet came from London, rich with the decorating skill of Hayday, didn't you quite in an unconscious sort of way carry it up stairs with you when you went to bed, and take a last look at it “as it was up there” after you were undressed, and a first look at it in the morning before you were dressed? You know you did. And what difference does it make whether it is a horse, a boat, a book, or a toy gun, or a pipe? I looked then at my hobby as you looked at yours, and it seemed whiter in the daylight than under the gas-burner; and I felt that I had done a foolish thing. Had sleep brought me wisdom as well as rest, I should have done no more than consign the pipe to the hands of my little friend of the consonantal designation. But I thought that that was hardly worth while, and that as I had begun I might as well go on. The truth was that I secretly shrunk from asking his ministrations, though I did not acknowledge it to myself, for fear he should pronounce my pipe not genuine.

I numbered a young druggist among my acquaintances, and calling upon him on my way homeward early that afternoon, I was provided with various dyes, including logwood and copperas, and a tincture which he thought would produce exactly the tint required. On reaching the house I overtook Miss Johnstone, radiant, upon the front steps, and, entering together, we had a moment's talk about our anticipated pleasure, for which the afternoon promised finely. But I found that a full hour must pass before we should mount our horses, and I determined to improve a part of this by finishing my pipe. It would take but a little while, and just leave me time to leisurely don my riding gear. I took off my coat, turned up my cuffs, and applied the tincture with a camel's-hair brush. But to my surprise and disgust the fluid, which when shaken in a bottle seemed to have just the reddish-brown hue that I so much desired to produce, when spread over the wood dried of a bright carnation color, besides looking as palpa-

bly painted as Miss ——'s cheeks, and making the stem as streaked as those rods by the aid of which Jacob so effectually “did” his father-in-law in that little operation in sheep and neat cattle. This experience cost me some minutes of my hour, but it taught me nothing; for I went on with my job as if besotted. I summoned the ever-willing Jenny, and asked her to get for me a Wedgewood mortar, in which I had seen the waiter pulverizing salt for the table, and in this I ground up my logwood extract, and turned upon it hot water from the facet of my toilet-stand. I confess to some rueful misgivings as I saw the various tints which my mess assumed at various stages of the mixture—passing cloudily from pale pink, through deep crimson, to a dull and muddy brown; but I went on, and leaving my dye-pot to settle, rubbed my pipe colorless again, and applied the murky fluid. The result was that the precious utensil looked as if it had been dipped by some mischievous boy into weak molasses-and-water. I was again disgusted and surprised. But it flashed upon me what was needed—the copperas. My drug-selling friend had told me that copperas was used to fix and deepen the color of various dyes, and particularly of logwood; and so I popped a lump of copperas into the pot of my misfortunes, and went at it with the pestle to grind it up and make it dissolve the easier. Again I rubbed my pipe down to its natural hue, and again I stained it. The result was still far from satisfactory: it was too pale and gray.

I had thus far got on without soiling my fingers; but as I was giving my dye another stir before applying it again, there came a sharp, hasty knock at the door. I started a little, the pestle slipped, and dashed half the mixture over me—face, hands, shirt, waistcoat, and trowsers all shared in the aspersion. I laid down my implements hastily, and with eyes and mouth smarting, caught up a towel and alternately wiped and sputtered, to relieve myself externally and internally from the disgusting bath. I seized the water-bottle and rinsed my mouth and gargled my throat, and amidst my bewilderment, mingling with the singing in my ears, the rush of water in my throat, and the stinging pulsation in my eyes, I heard the knock again, sharper and quicker than before, and a voice I recognized as Jenny's, saying, in an excited undertone,

“Mr. Robinson! Mr. Robinson! do come to the door!”

I would not have even Jenny see my clothes in such a plight; and throwing on my dressing-gown, which covered me from head to foot, I opened the door. Jenny started back a moment, in seeming fright, and then tittering, as only a saucy woman can titter at a man, said,

“Mr. Robinson, Miss Johnstone sends her compliments, and she has waited ten minutes; and she bid me to be particular to say was she to have the honor of your company?”

And then the pretty, silly, good-natured hus-

sy looked at my face with a quizzical expression and tittered out again. I heard from down stairs faintly, but distinctly, the impatient sh-wack! sh-wack! of a riding-whip upon a riding-skirt, and the click, click, of two little boot-heels as they were brought together. I knew the wearer rose upon her toes, and came down firmly with her heels together as she did it. Could it be that my hour had all slipped away and more? I flew to my toilet-table, and there my watch confirmed the ominous announcement. But I saw not only this. As my eye glanced at the mirror I discovered the cause of Jenny's meriment. When I thought I had been removing the contents of the mortar from my face, I had only been smearing the drops, and spreading them wide upon my cheeks and nose and forehead. The color had deepened quickly as it dried, and my whole face was as striped as a zebra's! I looked at my hands: they were as black as a journeyman-hatter's over his dye-pot. Here was a predicament for a gentleman to be in who had a thirty-thousand-dollar woman waiting for him to keep his appointment to ride with her!

But I could wash my face and hands, and dress in less than ten minutes; and so I rushed back to Jenny, and said,

"Tell Miss Johnstone that I will be with her in five minutes, and make my apology for my delay."

"Yes, Sir— te-he, te-he-he-he; but please, Mr. Robinson, do give me the mortar and pestle. James have been a lookin' after them this half hour for Mrs. Maddox, and she'll come presently and ask me about it."

I hurriedly emptied the contents of the mortar into my wash-bowl and handed it to Jenny, who looked aghast at its blackened condition. "Clean it for me, Jenny, there's a good girl; I've spilled some ink into it." I shut the door in her face, turned the key, and plunged into my own purification. But horrors! on going to my bowl it seemed as if a huge ladleful of the River Styx had been splashed into it. I jerked out the plug, and turned on hot and cold water; but though the water ran in it would not run out; and mid the cloudy shadings of the fluid, varying from pitchy black to smoky brown, I discerned a jet-black gummy, glairy substance, one end of which was fixed in the vent-hole, while the other swayed about in the brimming bowl. It looked as if I had murdered a cuttle-fish, and was endeavoring to conceal his mangled remains by sending them out through the waste-pipe. Had it been a black baby instead of a black polypus, I could not have been in greater dread of detection. I seized hold of the viscid mass, and tried to pull it out of the vent; but it was very tender, and parted just at the rim, and I only grimed my hand and wrist. I thrust the loathsome jelly down through the vent with my fingers, and had the satisfaction of seeing its inky heart's-blood follow it. But my bowl was stained all the colors of the rainbow, besides one or two not seen in that

bright bridge of hope. It looked like a polyphemic eye that had been blackened by a Titanic Heenan. I rubbed a moment at its variegated sides; but quickly stayed my vain endeavors, to turn them to my own face and hands, on which I found the inky color even more unremovable. I applied soap; and again, O horrors! the tint deepened and settled but the more firmly. I flew backward and forward between my mirror and my wash-stand with constantly-increasing apprehension. In vain: the color would have immovably answered even Mrs. Siddons's query whether it would wash. I got my pumice-stone, and scraped away at myself in a frenzy, abrading and excoriating my hapless face and hands, and doing little else, and in my excitement not knowing that I did so; until, having heard of the efficacy of lemon juice in removing stains, I seized one which lay upon my mantle, and cutting it in two, applied the halves to my face, which now looked not unlike that of a pied negro. Then I discovered, with a jump, that I had nearly flayed my cheeks, my nose, my forehead, and my knuckles. In the midst of my despair, while my mottled face and hands were smarting and my eyes running water, I heard Jenny's rap at the door.

"What the devil do you want?"

"Please, Sir, Miss Johnstone's compliments, and it's ten minutes; and she won't trouble you for the honor of your company this afternoon. Mr. Axletree have sent for a horse, and he'll ride with her."

Cursing my fate and my folly, I sat down hopelessly upon my bedside, and as I ruefully contemplated the condition of my room and my person, and saw how hopeless it was for me to attempt to make the latter presentable for days, I gave up the effort for the present, and fell into a gloomy reverie, which was soon broken by hearing two horses start off at a smart canter.

I confined myself to my room, on the pretense of illness, for a day; and communicating by penny post with the pharmaceutical friend who was an innocent link in the chain of my despair, I received from him the means of cleansing the filthy witness of my folly from my hands and face, and also an ointment very soothing in its lubrications. My face was not so deeply scraped as I thought at first; and in the course of forty-eight hours I was restored to something like my natural condition. I again presented myself before Miss Johnstone, who received me and my apologies and explanations with extreme politeness, but with—or else I fancied it—the slightest possible curl downward of the deep-cut corners of her mouth. I endeavored to resume my former undefined position toward her, but in vain. Without being in the least degree a jilt, she had been trembling, unconsciously almost, between two men, as many a woman does, with such a slight and delicate poise that the merest accident determines into whose arms she shall fall. And that afternoon had settled the question irrevocably against me and in favor of Axletree.

When I came to look into the affair I found

it rather an expensive one for me. My pipe was ruined, except, indeed, for the purpose of smoking. The clothes I had on during my fatuous attempt were also destroyed. Mrs. Maddox demanded a new marble top and bowl for the wash-stand, and a new Wedgewood mortar. I don't believe the others were entirely spoiled; but I was obliged to satisfy the woman's demands quietly to keep her from making my mishap—the nature of which she had wormed out of Jenny—the talk of the house; which, by the way, I left as quietly as possible after I saw that my fate was decided. I lost Miss Johnstone and her fortune. So that my mere cash account in that affair stood exactly thus:

JOHN ROBINSON, ESQ., <i>in Account with FOLLY.</i>	
One brier-wood pipe, meerschaum lined ..	\$3 00
One marble topped wash-stand and bowl ..	17 50
One Wedgewood mortar	3 00
One gray cassimere waistcoat	6 00
One pair gray cassimere trousers	9 00
One shirt	3 00
One third of Miss Johnstone's fortune	10,000 00
	<u>\$10,041 50</u>
Less value of one damaged brier-wood pipe ..	00 00½
	<u>\$10,041 49½</u>

My experiment was a costly one; but it taught me two lessons worth some expenditure:

To let well alone;

Not to be diverted from a greater matter by a less—especially if the greater be the attempt to win a handsome, spirited, independent woman.

CASTLE PINCKNEY:—1861.

“DULL” you find it, comrade? Rather. Like two lizards on a wall,
Here we lie and bask together—watch the tides that rise and fall;
Watch the sun—it travels slowly, dropping brilliants in the sea;
Count the crests of dark palmettos. Nay, you should not curse the tree!

Once it served the country nobly; this you call “a bastard palm”
Built the walls of old Fort Moultrie, kept a handful there from harm:
Bedding in its fibrous body plunging rain of shot and shell,
Or the tale of Jasper's daring none had lived that day to tell.

“But this Moultrie—!” Ay, I grant it. That's the shame it can not purge
Save by baptism of fire, such as some at home may urge;
First to do a foul dishonor to the flag that Jasper's hands
Snatched from being England's trophy, yonder on the bloody sands.

I have marked the tree in hummocks—dull, unsightly, sloughing leaves—
You would wonder it was chosen to the honor it receives;
For they mean it thus! but later up the noble shaft has sprung,
Though decay and seeming ruin to its rank wild growth had clung.

'Tis a symbol of this people, fitly chosen, set aside:
They are sloughing old traditions, prejudice, and fatal pride;
Their majestic growth shall bear them in the coming tranquil years—
As the tree its crown of verdure—upward, nearer to the spheres.

For I know them—know yon landscape, a familiar face to me;
I have been their guest before, and with less pressing courtesy;
When we stood that dreary midnight, guarded in their hollow square,
More than one old friend I counted by the torches' flickering glare.

I could show you on the main land noble old ancestral homes,
Glades where oaks make tent-like shadows, and the antler'd deer still comes:
Towering rise the green magnolias, brakes of roses, creamy white,
Make fit haunts for lovers strolling in the starlit perfumed night.

Shall I tell you all my story? It is simple. Thus I loved,
Was betrothed, and should have wedded had not death a rival proved.
More than brother was her brother, parting slowly, with wrung hands,
Standing by her grave. You saw him, issuing at their head commands—

When we trod along like felons: our first meeting since that day.
But I spared what pain I could—to him; I turned my face away,
Kept within the deepest shadow:—it had made his task too hard,
Knowing whom he ordered prisoner under strictest watch and ward.

Oh that night! so filled with shadows of the ghostly buried past!
With her face, now warm and radiant, then as when I saw her last;
All the life and love flown upward—all I loved returned to heaven—
Leaving only mask-like features with the impress she had given.

But my eyeballs have gone tearless in those few hot drops of rage
Shed for shame to see our cowards shirk the fight they plead to wage.
Thanks! I feel your trial also—know inaction chafes the steed,
Rusts the steel; I feel its gnawings, though I left no soul in need.

“Hard?” ’Tis madd’ning! How you bear it I who watch can scarcely tell;
Hard enough with happy tidings—“All is over, all is well!”
In the tender rush of feeling, in the glowing honest pride,
Of the new-made happy father—one caress to be denied!

But to have the days creep onward with an aching silence dumb,
Tortured with a thousand fancies that the worst you dread has come:
“She is dead! the child, the mother, both are dead!” you sometimes moan;
I can hear you in the midnight—once your arm was round me thrown.

“Oh my darling!”—thus you murmured—“do I find you still in life?
Did I dream that fearful parting? God be thanked, my precious wife!”—
Courage! angels stoop to prisons; one has borne this dream to you:
Trust me, in some happy waking you shall find the presage true.

And we are not wholly useless in the service of the State:
There is comfort in the saying, “They do serve who stand and wait:”
We are hostage for its honor—you or I would scorn to stand
Free, and find some heart had faltered in the counsels of the land.

Hostages for freedom also—for a world-wide liberty;
For the growing glorious promise of united Italy;
For all nations moved, upheaving, struggling toward the coming day
When all the kingdoms shall be His who gives to kings their sway.

Standing in the shock of battle, where the hosts have rudely met,
We can see but half the order of the field now ranged and set:
We are chastened, we are humbled, taught through loss God’s sovereignty;
But we stand for broader issues, future ages that shall be.

When the desert place is planted with the seeds this whirlwind sows,
When the wilderness shall blossom with its product as the rose,
When the cotton-bolls shall whiten by the lotus of the Nile,
We shall see His face was hidden from us for a little while

That His light might pierce their jungles, lead each crushed or savage race
Outward from their dreary coverts to a freer, nobler place,
Never more to sit in darkness; for the curse must be removed,
Commerce bind all lands together, Peace the one great good be proved.

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE ANGEL OF LIGHT.

IN speaking of the character and antecedents of Felix Graham, I have said that he was moulding a wife for himself. The idea of a wife thus moulded to fit a man's own grooves, and educated to suit matrimonial purposes according to the exact views of the future husband, was by no means original with him. Other men have moulded their wives; but I do not know that, as a rule, the practice has been found to answer. It is open, in the first place, to this objection—that the moulder does not generally conceive such idea very early in life; and the idea, when conceived, must necessarily be carried out on a young subject. Such a plan is the result of much deliberate thought, and has generally arisen from long observation, on the part of the thinker, of the unhappiness arising from marriages in which there has been no moulding. Such a frame of mind comes upon a bachelor, perhaps about his thirty-fifth year, and then he goes to work with a girl of fourteen. The operation takes some ten years, at the end of which the moulded bride regards her lord as an old man. On the whole, I think that the ordinary plan is the better, and even the safer. Dance with a girl three times, and if you like the light of her eye and the tone of voice with which she, breathless, answers your little questions about horse-flesh and music—about affairs masculine and feminine—then take the leap in the dark. There is danger, no doubt; but the moulded wife is, I think, more dangerous.

With Felix Graham the matter was somewhat different, seeing that he was not yet thirty, and that the lady destined to be the mistress of his family had already passed through three or four years of her novitiate. He had begun to be prudent early in life; or had become prudent rather by force of sentiment than by force of thought. Mary Snow was the name of his bride-elect; and it is probable that, had not circumstances thrown Mary Snow in his way, he would not have gone out of his way to seek a subject for his experiment. Mary Snow was the daughter of an engraver—not of an artist who receives four or five thousand pounds for engraving the chef-d'œuvre of a modern painter, but of a man who executed flourishes on ornamental cards for tradespeople, and assisted in the illustration of circus play-bills. With this man Graham had become acquainted through certain transactions of his with the press, and had found him to be a widower, drunken, dissolute, and generally drowned in poverty. One child the man had, and that child was Mary Snow.

How it came to pass that the young barrister first took upon himself the charge of maintaining and educating this poor child need not now

be told. His motives had been thoroughly good, and in the matter he had endeavored to act the part of a kind Samaritan. He had found her pretty, half-starved, dirty, ignorant, and modest; and so finding her, had made himself responsible for feeding, cleaning, and teaching her—and ultimately for marrying her. One would have said that in undertaking a task of such undoubted charity as that comprised in the three first charges, he would have encountered no difficulty from the drunken, dissolute, impoverished engraver. But the man from the beginning was cunning; and before Graham had succeeded in obtaining the custody of the child, the father had obtained a written undertaking from him that he would marry her at a certain age if her conduct up to that age had been becoming. As to this latter stipulation no doubt had arisen; and indeed Graham had so acted by her that had she fallen away the fault would have been all her own. There wanted now but one year to the coming of that day on which he was bound to make himself a happy man, and hitherto he himself had never doubted as to the accomplishment of his undertaking.

He had told his friends—those with whom he was really intimate, Augustus Staveley and one or two others—what was to be his matrimonial lot in life; and they had ridiculed him for his Quixotic chivalry. Staveley especially had been strong in his conviction that no such marriage would ever take place, and had already gone so far as to plan another match for his friend.

"You know you do not love her," he had said, since Felix had been staying on this occasion at Noningsby.

"I know no such thing," Felix had answered, almost in anger. "On the contrary, I know that I do love her."

"Yes, as I love my niece Maria, or old Aunt Bessy, who always supplied me with sugar-candy when I was a boy."

"It is I that have supplied Mary with her sugar-candy, and the love thus engendered is the stronger."

"Nevertheless you are not in love with her, and never will be; and if you marry her you will commit a great sin."

"How moral you have grown!"

"No, I'm not. I'm not a bit moral. But I know very well when a man is in love with a girl, and I know very well that you're not in love with Mary Snow. And I tell you what, my friend, if you do marry her you are done for life. There will absolutely be an end of you."

"You mean to say that your royal highness will drop me."

"I mean to say nothing about myself. My dropping you or not dropping you won't alter your lot in life. I know very well what a poor man wants to give him a start; and a fellow like you who has such quaint ideas on so many

things requires all the assistance he can get. You should look out for money and connection."

"Sophia Furnival, for instance."

"No; she would not suit you. I perceive that now."

"So I supposed. Well, my dear fellow, we shall not come to loggerheads about that. She is a very fine girl, and you are welcome to the hatful of money—if you can get it."

"That's nonsense. I'm not thinking of Sophia Furnival any more than you are. But if I did it would be a proper marriage. Now—" And then he went on with some further very sage remarks about Miss Snow.

All this was said as Felix Graham was lying with his broken bones in the comfortable room at Noningsby; and to tell the truth, when it was so said his heart was not quite at ease about Mary Snow. Up to this time, having long since made up his mind that Mary should be his wife, he had never allowed his thoughts to be diverted from that purpose. Nor did he so allow them now—as long as he could prevent them from wandering.

But, lying there at Noningsby, thinking of those sweet Christmas evenings, how was it possible that they should not wander? His friend had told him that he did not love Mary Snow; and then, when alone, he asked himself whether in truth he did love her. He had pledged himself to marry her, and he must carry out that pledge. But nevertheless did he love her? And if not her, did he love any other?

Mary Snow knew very well what was to be her destiny, and indeed had known it for the last two years. She was now nineteen years old—and Madeline Staveley was also nineteen: she was nineteen, and at twenty she was to become a wife, as by agreement between Felix Graham and Mr. Snow, the drunken engraver. They knew their destiny—the future husband and the future wife—and each relied with perfect faith on the good faith and affection of the other.

Graham, while he was thus being lectured by Staveley, had under his pillow a letter from Mary. He wrote to her regularly—on every Sunday, and on every Tuesday she answered him. Nothing could be more becoming than the way she obeyed all his behests on such matters; and it really did seem that in his case the moulded wife would turn out to have been well moulded. When Staveley left him he again read Mary's letter. Her letters were always of the same length, filling completely the four sides of a sheet of note-paper. They were excellently well written: and as no one word in them was ever altered or erased, it was manifest enough to Felix that the original composition was made on a rough draft. As he again read through the four sides of the little sheet of paper, he could not refrain from conjecturing what sort of a letter Madeline Staveley might write. Mary Snow's letter ran as follows:

"3 BLOOMFIELD TERRACE, PECKHAM,

"Tuesday, January 10, 18—.

"MY DEAREST FELIX"—she had so called him for the last twelvemonth by common consent between Graham

and the very discreet lady under whose charge she at present lived. Previously to that she had written to him as My dear Mr. Graham—"I am very glad to hear that your arm and your two ribs are getting so much better. I received your letter yesterday, and was glad to hear that you are so comfortable in the house of the very kind people with whom you are staying. If I knew them I would send them my respectful remembrances, but as I do not know them I suppose it would not be proper. But I remember them in my prayers."—This last assurance was inserted under the express instruction of Mrs. Thomas, who however did not read Mary's letters, but occasionally, on some subjects, gave her hints as to what she ought to say. Nor was there hypocrisy in this, for under the instruction of her excellent mentor she had prayed for the kind people.—"I hope you will be well enough to come and pay me a visit before long, but pray do not come before you are well enough to do so without giving yourself any pain. I am glad to hear that you do not mean to go hunting any more, for it seems to me to be a dangerous amusement." And then the first paragraph came to an end.

"My papa called here yesterday. He said he was very badly off indeed, and so he looked. I did not know what to say at first, but he asked me so much to give him some money, that I did give him at last all that I had. It was nineteen shillings and sixpence. Mrs. Thomas was angry, and told me I had no right to give away your money, and that I should not have given more than half a crown. I hope you will not be angry with me. I do not want any more at present. But indeed he was very bad, especially about his shoes.

"I do not know that I have any more to say except that I put back thirty lines of *Télémaque* into French every morning before breakfast. It never comes near right, but nevertheless M. Grigaud says it is well done. He says that if it came quite right I should compose French as well as M. Fénelon, which of course I can not expect.

"I will now say good-by, and I am yours most affectionately,
MARY SNOW."

There was nothing in this letter to give any offense to Felix Graham, and so he acknowledged to himself. He made himself so acknowledge, because on the first reading of it he had felt that he was half angry with the writer. It was clear that there was nothing in the letter which would justify censure; nothing which did not, almost, demand praise. He would have been angry with her had she limited her filial donation to the half-crown which Mrs. Thomas had thought appropriate. He was obliged to her for that attention to her French which he had specially enjoined. Nothing could be more proper than her allusion to the Staveleys; and altogether the letter was just what it ought to be. Nevertheless it made him unhappy and irritated him. Was it well that he should marry a girl whose father was "indeed very bad, but especially about his shoes?" Staveley had told him that connection would be necessary for him, and what sort of a connection would this be? And was there one word in the whole letter that showed a spark of true love? Did not the footfall of Madeline Staveley's step as she passed along the passage go nearer to his heart than all the outspoken assurance of Mary Snow's letter?

Nevertheless he had undertaken to do this thing, and he would do it—let the footfall of Madeline Staveley's step be ever so sweet in his ear. And then, lying back in his bed, he began to think whether it would have been as well that he should have broken his neck instead of his ribs in getting out of Monkton Grange covert.



FELIX WRITES.

Mrs. Thomas was a lady who kept a school consisting of three little girls and Mary Snow. She had in fact not been altogether successful in the line of life she had chosen for herself, and had hardly been able to keep her modest door-plate on her door, till Graham, in search of some home for his bride, then in the first novitiate of her moulding, had come across her. Her means were now far from plentiful; but as an average number of three children still clung to her, and as Mary Snow's seventy pounds per annum—to include clothes—were punctually paid, the small house at Peckham was maintained. Under these circumstances Mary Snow was somebody in the

eyes of Mrs. Thomas, and Felix Graham was a very great person indeed.

Graham had received his letter on a Wednesday, and on the following Monday Mary, as usual, received one from him. These letters always came to her in the evening, as she was sitting over her tea with Mrs. Thomas, the three children having been duly put to bed. Graham's letters were very short, as a man with a broken right arm and two broken ribs is not fluent with his pen. But still a word or two did come to her. "Dearest Mary, I am doing better and better, and I hope I shall see you in about a fortnight. Quite right in giving the money. Stick to the French. Your own F. G." But as he signed himself her own his mind misgave him that he was lying.

"It is very good of him to write to you while he is in such a state," said Mrs. Thomas.

"Indeed it is," said Mary—"very good indeed." And then she went on with the history of "Rasselas" in his happy valley, by which study Mrs. Thomas intended to initiate her into that course of novel-reading which has become necessary for a British lady. But Mrs. Thomas had a mind to improve the present occasion. It was her duty to inculcate in her pupil love and gratitude toward the beneficent man who was doing so much for her. Gratitude for favors past and love for favors to come; and now, while that scrap of a letter was lying on the table, the occasion for doing so was opportune.

"Mary, I do hope you love Mr. Graham with all your heart and all your strength." She would have thought it wicked to say more; but so far she thought she might go, considering the sacred tie which was to exist between her pupil and the gentleman in question.

"Oh yes, indeed I do;" and then Mary's eyes fell wishfully on the cover of the book which lay in her lap while her finger kept the place. *Rasselas* is not very exciting, but it was more so than Mrs. Thomas.

"You would be very wicked if you did not. And I hope you think sometimes of the very responsible duties which a wife owes to her husband. And this will be more especially so with you than with any other woman—almost that I ever heard of."

There was something in this that was almost depressing to poor Mary's spirit, but nevertheless she endeavored to bear up against it and do her duty. "I shall do all I can to please him, Mrs. Thomas; and indeed I do try about the French. And he says I was right to give papa that money."

"But there will be many more things than that when you've stood at the altar with him and become his wife; bone of his bone, Mary." And she spoke these last words in a very solemn tone, shaking her head, and the solemn tone almost ossified poor Mary's heart as she heard it.

"Yes; I know there will. But I shall endeavor to find out what he likes."

"I don't think he is so particular about his

eating and drinking as some other gentlemen; though no doubt he will like his things nice."

"I know he is fond of strong tea, and I sha'n't forget that."

"And about dress. He is not very rich, you know, Mary; but it will make him unhappy if you are not always tidy. And his own shirts—I fancy he has no one to look after them now, for I so often see the buttons off. You should never let one of them go into his drawers without feeling them all to see that they're on tight."

"I'll remember that," said Mary, and then she made another little furtive attempt to open the book.

"And about your own stockings, Mary. Nothing is so useful to a young woman in your position as a habit of darning neat. I'm sometimes almost afraid that you don't like darning."

"Oh, yes I do." That was a fib; but what could she do, poor girl, when so pressed?

"Because I thought you would look at Jane Robinson's and Julia Wright's, which are lying there in the basket. I did Rebecca's myself before tea, till my old eyes were sore."

"Oh, I didn't know," said Mary, with some slight offense in her tone. "Why didn't you ask me to do them downright, if you wanted?"

"It's only for the practice it will give you."

"Practice! I'm always practicing something." But nevertheless she laid down the book and dragged the basket of work up on to the table. "Why, Mrs. Thomas, it's impossible to mend these; they're all darn."

"Give them to me," said Mrs. Thomas. And then there was silence between them for a quarter of an hour, during which Mary's thoughts wandered away to the events of her future life. Would his stockings be so troublesome as these?

But Mrs. Thomas was at heart an honest woman, and as a rule was honest also in practice. Her conscience told her that Mr. Graham might probably not approve of this sort of practice for conjugal duties, and in spite of her failing eyes she resolved to do her duty. "Never mind them, Mary," said she. "I remember now that you were doing your own before dinner."

"Of course I was," said Mary, sulkily. "And as for practice, I don't suppose he'll want me to do more of that than any thing else."

"Well, dear, put them by." And Miss Snow did put them by, resuming *Rasselas* as she did so. Who darned the stockings of *Rasselas* and felt that the buttons were tight on his shirts? What a happy valley must it have been if a bride expectant were free from all such cares as these!

"I suppose, Mary, it will be some time in the spring of next year." Mrs. Thomas was not reading, and therefore a little conversation from time to time was to her a solace.

"What will be, Mrs. Thomas?"

"Why the marriage."

"I suppose it will. He told father it should be early in 18—, and I shall be past twenty then."



MARY'S LETTER.

"I wonder where you'll go to live."

"I don't know. He has never said any thing about that."

"I suppose not; but I'm sure it will be a long way away from Peckham." In answer to this Mary said nothing, but could not help wishing that it might be so. Peckham to her had not

been a place bright with happiness, although she had become in so marked a way a child of good fortune. And then, moreover, she had a deep care on her mind with which the streets and houses and pathways of Peckham were closely connected. It would be very expedient that she should go far, far away from Peckham when

she had become, in actual fact, the very wife of Felix Graham.

"Miss Mary," whispered the red-armed maid of all work, creeping up to Mary's bedroom door when they had all retired for the night, and whispering through the chink. "Miss Mary. I've somethink to say." And Mary opened the door. "I've got a letter from him:" and the maid of all work absolutely produced a little note inclosed in a green envelope.

"Sarah, I told you not," said Mary, looking very stern, and hesitating with her finger whether or no she would take the letter.

"But he did so beg and pray. Besides, miss, as he says hisself, he must have his answer. Any gen'leman, he says, 'as a right to a answer. And if you'd a seed him yourself I'm sure you'd have took it. He did look so nice with a blue and gold handkercher round his neck. He was a-going to the the-a-tre, he said."

"And who was going with him, Sarah?"

"Oh, no one. Only his mamma and sister, and them sort. He's all right—he is." And then Mary Snow did take the letter.

"And I'll come for the answer when you're settling the room after breakfast to-morrow?" said the girl.

"No; I don't know. I sha'n't send any answer at all. But, Sarah, for Heaven's sake, do not say a word about it!"

"Who, I? Laws love you, miss, I wouldn't—not for worlds of gold." And then Mary was left alone to read a second letter from a second suitor.

"Angel of light!" it began, "but cold as your own fair name." Poor Mary thought it was very nice and very sweet, and though she was so much afraid of it that she almost wished it away, yet she read it a score of times. Stolen pleasures always are sweet. She had not cared to read those two lines from her own betrothed lord above once, or at the most twice; and yet they had been written by a good man—a man superlatively good to her, and written, too, with considerable pain.

She sat down all trembling to think of what she was doing; and then, as she thought, she read the letter again. "Angel of light! but cold as your own fair name." Alas, alas! it was very sweet to her.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MR. FURNIVAL LOOKS FOR ASSISTANCE.

"AND you think that nothing can be done down there?" said Mr. Furnival to his clerk, immediately after the return of Mr. Crabwitz from Hamworth to London.

"Nothing at all, Sir," said Mr. Crabwitz, with laconic significance.

"Well, I dare say not. If the matter could have been arranged at a reasonable cost, without annoyance to my friend Lady Mason, I should have been glad; but, on the whole, it will per-

haps be better that the law should take its course. She will suffer a good deal, but she will be the safer for it afterward."

"Mr. Furnival, I went so far as to offer a thousand pounds!"

"A thousand pounds! Then they'll think we're afraid of them."

"Not a bit more than they did before. Though I offered the money, he doesn't know the least that the offer came from our side. But I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Furnival—I suppose I may speak my mind."

"Oh yes! But remember this, Crabwitz; Lady Mason is no more in danger of losing the property than you are. It is a most vexatious thing, but there can be no doubt as to what the result will be."

"Well, Mr. Furnival, I don't know."

"In such matters I am tolerably well able to form an opinion."

"Oh, certainly!"

"And that's my opinion. Now I shall be very glad to hear yours."

"My opinion is this, Mr. Furnival, that Sir Joseph never made that codicil."

"And what makes you think so?"

"The whole course of the evidence. It's quite clear there was another deed executed that day, and witnessed by Bolster and Kenneby. Had there been two documents for them to witness they would have remembered it so soon after the occurrence."

"Well, Crabwitz, I differ from you—differ from you in toto. But keep your opinion to yourself, that's all. I've no doubt you did the best for us you could down at Hamworth, and I'm much obliged to you. You'll find we've got our hands quite full again—almost too full." Then he turned round to his table, and to the papers upon it; whereupon Crabwitz took the hint and left the room.

But when he had gone Mr. Furnival again raised his eyes from the papers on the table, and leaning back in his chair, gave himself up to further consideration of the Orley Farm case. Crabwitz he knew was a sharp, clever man, and now the opinion formed by Crabwitz, after having seen this Hamworth attorney, tallied with his own opinion. Yes; it was his own opinion. He had never said as much, even to himself, with those inward words which a man uses when he assures himself of the result of his own thoughts; but he was aware that it was his own opinion. In his heart of hearts he did believe that that codicil had been fraudulently manufactured by his friend and client, Lady Mason.

Under these circumstances, what should he do? He had the handle of his pen between his teeth, as was his habit when he was thinking, and tried to bring himself to some permanent resolution.

How beautiful had she looked while she stood in Sir Peregrine's library, leaning on the old man's arm—how beautiful and how innocent! That was the form which his thoughts chiefly took. And then she had given him her hand,

and he still felt the soft silken touch of her cool fingers. He would not be a man if he could desert a woman in such a strait. And such a woman! If even guilty, had she not expiated her guilt by deep sorrow? And then he thought of Mr. Mason of Groby Park; and he thought of Sir Peregrine's strong conviction, and of Judge Staveley's belief; and he thought also of the strong hold which public opinion and twenty years of possession would still give to the cause he favored. He would still bring her through! Yes; in spite of her guilt, if she were guilty; on the strength of her innocence, if she were innocent; but on account of her beauty, and soft hand, and deep liquid eye. So at least he would have owned, could he have been honest enough to tell himself the whole truth.

But he must prepare himself for the battle in earnest. It was not as though he had been briefed in this case, and had merely to perform the duty for which he had been hired. He was to undertake the whole legal management of the affair. He must settle what attorney should have the matter in hand, and instruct that attorney how to reinstruct him, and how to reinstruct those other barristers who must necessarily be employed on the defense, in a case of such magnitude. He did not yet know under what form the attack would be made; but he was nearly certain that it would be done in the shape of a criminal charge. He hoped that it might take the direct form of an accusation of forgery. The stronger and more venomous the charge made, the stronger also would be public opinion in favor of the accused, and the greater the chance of an acquittal. But if she were to be found guilty on any charge, it would matter little on what. Any such verdict of guilty would be utter ruin and obliteration of her existence.

He must consult with some one, and at last he made up his mind to go to his very old friend, Mr. Chaffanbrass. Mr. Chaffanbrass was safe, and he might speak out his mind to him without fear of damaging the cause. Not that he could bring himself to speak out his real mind, even to Mr. Chaffanbrass. He would so speak that Mr. Chaffanbrass should clearly understand him; but still, not even to his ears, would he say that he really believed Lady Mason to have been guilty. How would it be possible that he should feign before a jury his assured, nay, his indignant conviction of his client's innocence, if he had ever whispered to any one his conviction of her guilt?

On that same afternoon he sent to make an appointment with Mr. Chaffanbrass, and immediately after breakfast on the following morning had himself taken to that gentleman's chambers. The chambers of this great guardian of the innocence, or rather not-guiltiness, of the public were not in any so-named inn, but consisted of two gloomy, dark, paneled rooms in Ely Place. The course of our story, however, will not cause us to make many visits to Ely Place, and any closer description of them may be spared. I have said that Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Furni-

val were very old friends. So they were. They had known each other for more than thirty years, and each knew the whole history of the other's rise and progress in the profession; but any results of their friendship at present were but scanty. They might meet each other in the streets, perhaps, once in the year; and occasionally—but very seldom—might be brought together on subjects connected with their profession; as was the case when they traveled together down to Birmingham. As to meeting in each other's houses, or coming together for the sake of the friendship which existed—the idea of doing so never entered the head of either of them.

All the world knows Mr. Chaffanbrass—either by sight or by reputation. Those who have been happy enough to see the face and gait of the man as, in years now gone, he used to lord it at the Old Bailey, may not have thought much of the privilege which was theirs. But to those who have only read of him, and know of his deeds simply by their triumphs, he was a man very famous and worthy to be seen. "Look; that's Chaffanbrass. It was he who cross-examined — at the Old Bailey, and sent him howling out of London, banished forever into the wilderness." "Where, where? Is that Chaffanbrass? What a dirty little man!"

To this dirty little man in Ely Place Mr. Furnival now went in his difficulty. Mr. Furnival might feel himself sufficient to secure the acquittal of an innocent person, or even of a guilty person, under ordinary circumstances; but if any man in England could secure the acquittal of a guilty person under extraordinary circumstances, it would be Mr. Chaffanbrass. This had been his special line of work for the last thirty years.

Mr. Chaffanbrass was a dirty little man; and when seen without his gown and wig, might at a first glance be thought insignificant. But he knew well how to hold his own in the world, and could maintain his opinion, unshaken, against all the judges in the land. "Well, Furnival, and what can I do for you?" he said, as soon as the member for the Essex Marshes was seated opposite to him. "It isn't often that the light of your countenance shines so far east as this. Somebody must be in trouble, I suppose?"

"Somebody is in trouble," said Mr. Furnival; and then he began to tell his story. Mr. Chaffanbrass listened almost in silence throughout. Now and then he asked a question by a word or two, expressing no opinion whatever as he did so; but he was satisfied to leave the talking altogether in the hands of his visitor till the whole tale was told. "Ah," he said then, "a clever woman!"

"An uncommonly sweet creature too," said Mr. Furnival.

"I dare say," said Mr. Chaffanbrass; and then there was a pause.

"And what can I do for you?" said Mr. Chaffanbrass.

"In the first place, I should be very glad to

have your advice; and then— Of course I must lead in defending her—unless it were well that I should put the case altogether in your hands."

"Oh no! don't think of that. I couldn't give the time to it. My heart is not in it as yours is. Where will it be?"

"At Alston, I suppose."

"At the Spring assizes. That will be—let me see—about the 10th of March."

"I should think we might get it postponed till the summer. Round is not at all hot about it."

"Should we gain any thing by that? If a prisoner be innocent, why torment him by delay? He is tolerably sure of escape. If he be guilty, extension of time only brings out the facts the clearer. As far as my experience goes, the sooner a man is tried the better—always."

"And you would consent to hold a brief?"

"Under you? Well; yes. I don't mind it at Alston. Any thing to oblige an old friend. I never was proud, you know."

"And what do you think about it, Chaffanbrass?"

"Ah! that's the question."

"She must be pulled through. Twenty years of possession! Think of that."

"That's what Mason, the man down in Yorkshire, is thinking of. There's no doubt of course about that partnership deed?"

"I fear not. Round would not go on with it if that were not all true."

"It depends on those two witnesses, Furnival. I remember the case of old, though it was twenty years ago, and I had nothing to do with it. I remember thinking that Lady Mason was a very clever woman, and that Round and Crook were rather slow."

"He's a brute, is that fellow Mason of Groby Park."

"A brute, is he? We'll get him into the box and make him say as much for himself. She's uncommonly pretty, isn't she?"

"She is a pretty woman."

"And interesting? It will all tell, you know. A widow with one son, isn't she?"

"Yes, and she has done her duty admirably since her husband's death. You will find too that she has the sympathies of all the best people in her neighborhood. She is staying now at the house of Sir Peregrine Orme, who would do any thing for her."

"Any thing, would he?"

"And the Staveleys know her. The judge is convinced of her innocence."

"Is he? He'll probably have the Home Circuit in the summer. His conviction expressed from the bench would be more useful to her. You can make Staveley believe every thing in a drawing-room or over a glass of wine, but I'll be hanged if I can ever get him to believe any thing when he's on the bench."

"But, Chaffanbrass, the countenance of such people will be of great use to her down there. Every body will know that she's been staying with Sir Peregrine."

"I've no doubt she's a clever woman."

"But this new trouble has half killed her."

"I don't wonder at that either. These sort of troubles do vex people. A pretty woman like that should have every thing smooth; shouldn't she? Well, we'll do the best we can. You'll see that I'm properly instructed. By-the-by, who is her attorney? In such a case as that you couldn't have a better man than old Solomon Aram. But Solomon Aram is too far east from you, I suppose?"

"Isn't he a Jew?"

"Upon my word I don't know. He's an attorney, and that's enough for me."

And then the matter was again discussed between them, and it was agreed that a third counsel would be wanting. "Felix Graham is very much interested in the case," said Mr. Furnival, "and is as firmly convinced of her innocence as—as I am." And he managed to look his ally in the face and to keep his countenance firmly.

"Ah," said Mr. Chaffanbrass. "But what if he should happen to change his opinion about his own client?"

"We could prevent that, I think."

"I'm not so sure. And then he'd throw her over as sure as your name's Furnival."

"I hardly think he'd do that."

"I believe he'd do any thing." And Mr. Chaffanbrass was quite moved to enthusiasm. "I've heard that man talk more nonsense about the profession in one hour than I ever heard before since I first put a cotton gown on my back. He does not understand the nature of the duty which a professional man owes to his client."

"But he'd work well if he had a case at heart himself. I don't like him, but he is clever."

"You can do as you like, of course. I shall be out of my ground down at Alston, and of course I don't care who takes the fag of the work. But I tell you this fairly—if he does go into the case, and then turns against us or drops it, I shall turn against him and drop into him."

"Heaven help him in such a case as that!" And then these two great luminaries of the law shook hands and parted.

One thing was quite clear to Mr. Furnival as he had himself carried in a cab from Ely Place to his own chambers in Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Chaffanbrass was fully convinced of Lady Mason's guilt. He had not actually said so, but he had not even troubled himself to go through the little ceremony of expressing a belief in her innocence. Mr. Furnival was well aware that Mr. Chaffanbrass would not on this account be less likely to come out strongly with such assurances before a jury, or to be less severe in his cross-examination of a witness whose evidence went to prove that guilt; but nevertheless the conviction was disheartening. Mr. Chaffanbrass would know, almost by instinct, whether an accused person was or was not guilty; and he had already perceived, by instinct, that Lady Mason was guilty. Mr. Furnival sighed as he stepped out of his cab, and again wished that he could

wash his hands of the whole affair. He wished it very much; but he knew that his wish could not be gratified.

"Solomon Aram!" he said to himself, as he again sat down in his arm-chair. "It will sound badly to those people down at Alston. At the Old Bailey they don't mind that kind of thing." And then he made up his mind that Solomon Aram would not do. It would be a disgrace to him to take a case out of Solomon Aram's hands. Mr. Chaffanbrass did not understand all this. Mr. Chaffanbrass had been dealing with Solomon Arams all his life. Mr. Chaffanbrass could not see the effect which such an alliance would have on the character of a barrister holding Mr. Furnival's position. Solomon Aram was a good man in his way, no doubt—perhaps the best man going. In taking every dodge to prevent a conviction no man could be better than Solomon Aram. All this Mr. Furnival felt; but he felt also that he could not afford it. "It would be tantamount to a confession of guilt to take such a man as that down into the country," he said to himself, trying to excuse himself.

And then he also made up his mind that he would sound Felix Graham. If Felix Graham could be induced to take up the case thoroughly believing in the innocence of his client, no man would be more useful as a junior. Felix Graham went the Home Circuit on which Alston was one of the assize towns.

CHAPTER XXXV.

LOVE WAS STILL THE LORD OF ALL.

WHY should I not? Such had been the question which Sir Peregrine Orme had asked himself over and over again, in these latter days, since Lady Mason had been staying at his house; and the purport of the question was this: Why should he not make Lady Mason his wife?

I and my readers can probably see very many reasons why he should not do so; but then we are not in love with Lady Mason. Her charms and her sorrows, her soft, sad smile and her more lovely tears have not operated upon us. We are not chivalrous old gentlemen, past seventy years of age, but still alive, keenly alive, to a strong feeling of romance. That visit will perhaps be remembered which Mr. Furnival made at The Cleeve, and the subsequent interview between Lady Mason and the baronet. On that day he merely asked himself the question, and took no further step. On the subsequent day and the day after, it was the same. He still asked himself the question, sitting alone in his library; but he did not ask it as yet of any one else. When he met Lady Mason in these days his manner to her was full of the deference due to a lady and of the affection due to a dear friend; but that was all. Mrs. Orme, seeing this, and cordially concurring in this love for her guest, followed the lead which her father-in-law gave, and threw herself into Lady Mason's arms. They two were fast and bosom friends.

And what did Lady Mason think of all this? In truth there was much in it that was sweet to her, but there was something also that increased that idea of danger which now seemed to envelop her whole existence. Why had Sir Peregrine so treated her in the library, behaving toward her with such tokens of close affection? He had put his arm round her waist, and kissed her lips, and pressed her to his old bosom. Why had this been so? He had assured her that he would be to her as a father, but her woman's instinct had told her that the pressure of his hand had been warmer than that which a father accords to his adopted daughter. No idea of anger had come upon her for a moment; but she had thought about it much, and had thought about it almost in dismay. What if the old man did mean more than a father's love? It seemed to her as though it must be a dream that he should do so; but what if he did? How should she answer him? In such circumstances what should she do or say? Could she afford to buy his friendship, even his warmest love, at the cost of the enmity of so many others? Would not Mrs. Orme hate her—Mrs. Orme, whom she truly, dearly, eagerly loved? Mrs. Orme's affection was, of all personal gratifications, the sweetest to her. And the young heir, would not he hate her? Nay, would he not interfere, and with some strong hand prevent so mean a deed on the part of his grandfather? And if so, would she not thus have lost them altogether? And then she thought of that other friend whose aid would be so indispensable to her in this dreadful time of tribulation. How would Mr. Furnival receive such tidings, if it should come to pass that such tidings were to be told?

Lady Mason was rich with female charms, and she used them partly with the innocence of the dove, but partly also with the wisdom of the serpent. But in such use as she did make of these only weapons which Providence had given to her, I do not think that she can be regarded as very culpable. During those long years of her young widowhood in which nothing had been wanting to her, her conduct had been free from any hint of reproach. She had been content to find all her joy in her duties and in her love as a mother. Now a great necessity for assistance had come upon her. It was necessary that she should bind men to her cause, men powerful in the world and able to fight her battle with strong arms. She did so bind them with the only chains at her command—but she had no thought, nay, no suspicion of evil in so doing. It was very painful to her when she found that she had caused unhappiness to Mrs. Furnival; and it caused her pain now, also, when she thought of Sir Peregrine's new love. She did wish to bind these men to her by a strong attachment; but she would have stayed this feeling at a certain point had it been possible for her so to manage it.

In the mean time Sir Peregrine still asked himself that question. He had declared to himself when first the idea had come to him, that

none of those whom he loved should be injured. He would even ask his daughter-in-law's consent, condescending to plead his cause before her, making her understand his motives, and asking her acquiescence as a favor. He would be so careful of his grandson that this second marriage—if such event did come to pass—should not put a pound out of his pocket, or at any rate should not hamper the succession of the estate with a pound of debt. And then he made excuses to himself as to the step which he proposed to take, thinking how he would meet his friends, and how he would carry himself before his old servants.

Old men have made more silly marriages than this which he then decided. Gentlemen such as Sir Peregrine in age and station have married their housemaids—have married young girls of eighteen years of age—have done so and faced their friends and servants afterward. The bride that he proposed to himself was a lady, an old friend, a woman over forty, and one whom by such a marriage he could greatly assist in her deep sorrow. Why should he not do it?

After much of such thoughts as these, extended over nearly a week, he resolved to speak his mind to Mrs. Orme. If it were to be done it should be done at once. The incredulous unromantic readers of this age would hardly believe me if I said that his main object was to render assistance to Lady Mason in her difficulty; but so he assured himself, and so he believed. This assistance to be of true service must be given at once; and having so resolved he sent for Mrs. Orme into the library.

"Edith, my darling," he said, taking her hand and pressing it between both his own, as was often the wont with him in his more affectionate moods—"I want to speak to you—on business that concerns me nearly; may perhaps concern us all nearly. Can you give me half an hour?"

"Of course I can—what is it, Sir? I am a bad hand at business; but you know that."

"Sit down, dear; there; sit there, and I will sit here. As to this business, no one can counsel me as well as you."

"Dearest father, I should be a poor counselor in any thing."

"Not in this, Edith. It is about Lady Mason that I would speak to you. We both love her dearly; do we not?"

"I do."

"And are glad to have her here?"

"Oh, so glad. When this trial is only over, it will be so sweet to have her for a neighbor. We really know her now. And it will be so pleasant to see much of her."

There was nothing discouraging in this, but still the words in some slight degree grated against Sir Peregrine's feelings. At the present moment he did not wish to think of Lady Mason as living at Orley Farm, and would have preferred that his daughter-in-law should have spoken of her as being there, at The Cleeve.

"Yes, we know her now," he said. "And

believe me in this, Edith—no knowledge obtained of a friend in happiness is at all equal to that which is obtained in sorrow. Had Lady Mason been prosperous, had she never become subject to the malice and avarice of wicked people, I should never have loved her as I do love her."

"Nor should I, father."

"She is a cruelly ill-used woman, and a woman worthy of the kindest usage. I am an old man now, but it has never before been my lot to be so anxious for a fellow-creature as I am for her. It is dreadful to think that innocence in this country should be subject to such attacks."

"Indeed it is; but you do not think that there is any danger?"

This was all very well, and showed that Mrs. Orme's mind was well disposed toward the woman whom he loved. But he had known that before, and he began to feel that he was not approaching the object which he had in view. "Edith," at last he said abruptly, "I love her with my whole heart. I would fain make her—my wife." Sir Peregrine Orme had never in his course through life failed in any thing for lack of courage; and when the idea came home to him that he was trembling at the task which he had imposed on himself, he dashed at it at once. It is so that forlorn hopes are led, and become not forlorn; it is so that breaches are taken.

"Your wife!" said Mrs. Orme. She would not have breathed a syllable to pain him if she could have helped it, but the suddenness of the announcement overcame her for a moment.

"Yes, Edith, my wife. Let us discuss the matter before you condemn it. But in the first place, I would have you to understand this: I will not marry her if you say that it will make you unhappy. I have not spoken to her as yet, and she knows nothing of this project." Sir Peregrine, it may be presumed, had not himself thought much of that kiss which he had given her. "You," he continued to say, "have given up your whole life to me. You are my angel. If this thing will make you unhappy it shall not be done."

Sir Peregrine had not so considered it, but with such a woman as Mrs. Orme this was, of course, the surest way to overcome opposition. On her own behalf, thinking only of herself, she would stand in the way of nothing that could add to Sir Peregrine's happiness. But nevertheless the idea was strong in her mind that such a marriage would be imprudent. Sir Peregrine at present stood high before the world. Would he stand so high if he did this thing? His gray hair and old manly bearing were honored and revered by all who knew him. Would this still be so if he made himself the husband of Lady Mason? She loved so dearly, she valued so highly the honor that was paid to him! She was so proud of her own boy in that he was the grandson of so perfect a gentleman! Would not this be a sad ending to such a career? Such were the thoughts which ran through her mind at the moment.

"Make me unhappy!" she said, getting up and going over to him. "It is your happiness of which I would think. Will it make you more happy?"

"It will enable me to befriend her more effectually."

"But, dearest father, you must be the first consideration to us—to me and Peregrine. Will it make you more happy?"

"I think it will," he answered, slowly.

"Then I, for one, will say nothing against it," she answered. She was very weak, it will be said. Yes, she was weak. Many of the sweetest, kindest, best of women are weak in this way. It is not every woman that can bring herself to say hard, useful, wise words in opposition to the follies of those they love best. A woman to be useful and wise no doubt should have such power. For myself I am not so sure that I like useful and wise women. "Then I, for one, will say nothing against it," said Mrs. Orme, deficient in utility, wanting in wisdom, but full of the sweetest affection.

"You are sure that you will not love her the less yourself?" said Sir Peregrine.

"Yes, I am sure of that. If it were to be so, I should endeavor to love her the more."

"Dearest Edith. I have only one other person to tell."

"Do you mean Peregrine?" she said, in her softest voice.

"Yes. Of course he must be told. But as it would not be well to ask his consent—as I have asked yours—" And then as he said this she kissed his brow.

"But you will let him know it?"

"Yes; that is, if she accepts my proposition. Then he shall know it immediately. And, Edith, my dear, you may be sure of this: nothing that I do shall be allowed in any way to injure his prospects or to hamper him as regards money when I am gone. If this marriage takes place I can not do very much for her in the way of money; she will understand that. Something I can, of course."

And then Mrs. Orme stood over the fire, looking at the hot coals, and thinking what Lady Mason's answer would be. She esteemed Lady Mason very highly, regarding her as a woman sensible and conscientious at all points, and she felt by no means certain that the offer would be accepted. What if Lady Mason should say that such an arrangement would not be possible for her? Mrs. Orme felt that under such circumstances she at any rate would not withdraw her love from Lady Mason.

"And now I may as well speak to her at once," said Sir Peregrine. "Is she in the drawing-room?"

"I left her there."

"Will you ask her to come to me—with my love?"

"I had better not say any thing, I suppose?"

Sir Peregrine in his heart of hearts wished that his daughter-in-law could say it all, but he

would not give her such a commission. "No; perhaps not." And then Mrs. Orme was going to leave him.

"One word more, Edith. You and I, darling, have known each other so long and loved each other so well, that I should be unhappy if I were to fall in your estimation."

"There is no fear of that, father."

"Will you believe me when I assure you that my great object in doing this is to befriend a good and worthy woman whom I regard as ill used—beyond all ill usage of which I have hitherto known any thing?"

She then assured him that she did so believe, and she assured him truly; after that she left him and went away to send in Lady Mason for her interview. In the mean time Sir Peregrine got up and stood with his back to the fire. He would have been glad that the coming scene could be over, and yet I should be wronging him to say that he was afraid of it. There would be a pleasure to him in telling her that he loved her so dearly and trusted her with such absolute confidence. There would be a sort of pleasure to him in speaking even of her sorrow, and in repeating his assurance that he would fight the battle for her with all the means at his command. And perhaps also there would be some pleasure in the downcast look of her eye, as she accepted the tender of his love. Something of that pleasure he had known already. And then he remembered the other alternative. It was quite upon the cards that she should decline his offer. He did not by any means shut his eyes to that. Did she do so, his friendship should by no means be withdrawn from her. He would be very careful from the onset that she should understand so much as that. And then he heard the light footsteps in the hall; the gentle hand was raised to the door, and Lady Mason was standing in the room.

"Dear Lady Mason," he said, meeting her half-way across the room, "it is very kind of you to come to me when I send for you in this way."

"It would be my duty to come to you if it were half across the kingdom, and my pleasure also."

"Would it?" said he, looking into her face with all the wishfulness of a young lover. From that moment she knew what was coming. Strange as was the destiny which was to be offered to her at this period of her life, yet she foresaw clearly that the offer was to be made. What she did not foresee, what she could not foretell, was the answer which she might make to it!

"It would certainly be my sweetest pleasure to send for you if you were away from us—to send for you or to follow you," said he.

"I do not know how to make return for all your kind regard to me; to you and to dear Mrs. Orme."

"Call her Edith, will you not? You did so call her once."

"I call her so often when we are alone to—"

gether now; and yet I feel that I have no right?"

"You have every right. You shall have every right if you will accept it. Lady Mason, I am an old man—some would say a very old man. But I am not too old to love you. Can you accept the love of an old man like me?"

Lady Mason was, as we are aware, not taken in the least by surprise; but it was quite necessary that she should seem to be so taken. This is a little artifice which is excusable in almost any lady at such a period. "Sir Peregrine," she said, "you do not mean more than the love of a most valued friend?"

"Yes, much more. I mean the love of a husband for his wife; of a wife for her husband."

"Sir Peregrine! Ah me! You have not thought of this, my friend. You have not remembered the position in which I am placed. Dearest, dearest friend—dearest of all friends;" and then she knelt before him, leaning on his knees, as he sat in his accustomed large arm-chair. "It may not be so. Think of the sorrow that would come to you and yours if my enemies should prevail."

"By — they shall not prevail!" swore Sir Peregrine, roundly; and as he swore the oath he put his two hands upon her shoulders.

"No; we will hope not. I should die here at your feet if I thought that they could prevail. But I should die twenty deaths were I to drag you with me into disgrace. There will be disgrace even in standing at that bar."

"Who will dare to say so when I shall stand there with you?" said Sir Peregrine.

There was a feeling expressed in his face as he spoke these words which made it glorious, and bright, and beautiful. She, with her eyes laden with tears, could not see it; but nevertheless she knew that it was bright and beautiful. And his voice was full of hot, eager assurance—that assurance which had the power to convey itself from one breast to another. Would it not be so? If he stood there with her as her husband and lord, would it not be the case that no one would dare to impute disgrace to her?

And yet she did not wish it. Even yet, thinking of all this as she did think of it, according to the truth of the argument which he himself put before her, she would still have preferred that it should not be so. If she only knew with what words to tell him so—to tell him so and yet give no offense! For herself, she would have married him willingly. Why should she not? Nay, she could and would have loved him, and been to him a wife, such as he could have found in no other woman. But she said within her heart that she owed him kindness and gratitude—that she owed them all kindness, and that it would be bad to repay them in such a way as this. She also thought of Sir Peregrine's gray hairs, and of his proud standing in the county, and the respect in which men held him. Would it be well in her to drag him down in his last days from the noble pedestal on which

he stood, and repay him thus for all that he was doing for her?

"Well," said he, stroking her soft hair with his hands—the hair which appeared in front of the quiet, prim cap she wore, "shall it be so? Will you give me the right to stand there with you and defend you against the tongues of wicked men? We each have our own weakness, and we also have each our own strength. There I may boast that I should be strong."

She thought again for a moment or two without rising from her knees, and also without speaking. Would such strength suffice? And if it did suffice, would it then be well with him? As for herself, she did love him. If she had not loved him before, she loved him now. Who had ever been to her so noble, so loving, so gracious as he? In her ears no young lover's vows had ever sounded. In her heart such love as all the world knows had never been known. Her former husband had been kind to her in his way, and she had done her duty by him carefully, painfully, and with full acceptance of her position. But there had been nothing there that was bright, and grand, and noble. She would have served Sir Peregrine on her knees in the smallest offices, and delighted in such services. It was not for lack of love that she must refuse him. But still she did not answer him, and still he stroked her hair.

"It would be better that you had never seen me," at last she said; and she spoke with truth the thought of her mind. That she must do his bidding, whatever that bidding might be, she had, in a certain way, acknowledged to herself. If he would have it so, so it must be. How could she refuse him any thing, or be disobedient in aught to one to whom she owed so much? But still it would be wiser otherwise; wiser for all—unless it were for herself alone. "It would be better that you had never seen me," she said.

"Nay, not so, dearest. That it would not be better for me—for me and Edith—I am quite sure. And I would fain hope that for you—"

"Oh, Sir Peregrine! you know what I mean. You know how I value your kindness. What should I be if it were withdrawn from me?"

"It shall not be withdrawn. Do not let that feeling actuate you. Answer me out of your heart, and however your heart may answer, remember this, that my friendship and support shall be the same. If you will take me for your husband, as your husband will I stand by you. If you can not—then I will stand by you as your father."

What could she say? A word or two she did speak as to Mrs. Orme and her feelings, delaying her absolute reply—and as to Peregrine Orme and his prospects; but on both, as on all other points, the baronet was armed with his answer. He had spoken to his darling Edith, and she had gladly given her consent. To her it would be every thing to have so sweet a friend. And then as to his heir, every care should be taken that no injury should be done to him;

and speaking of this, Sir Peregrine began to say a few words, plaintively, about money. But then Lady Mason stopped him. "No," she said, "she could not, and would not, listen to that. She would have no settlement. No consideration as to money should be made to weigh with her. It was in no degree for that—" And then she wept there till she would have fallen had he not supported her.

What more is there to be told? Of course she accepted him. As far as I can see into such affairs no alternative was allowed to her. She also was not a wise woman at all points. She was one whose feelings were sometimes too many for her, and whose feelings on this occasion had been much too many for her. Had she been able to throw aside from her his offer, she would have done so; but she had felt that she was not able. "If you wish it, Sir Peregrine," she said at last.

"And can you love an old man?" he had asked. Old men sometimes will ask questions such as these. She did not answer him, but stood by his side; and then again he kissed her, and was happy.

He resolved from that moment that Lady Mason should no longer be regarded as the widow of a city knight, but as the wife elect of a country baronet. Whatever ridicule he might incur in this matter he would incur at once. Men and women had dared to speak of her cruelly, and they should now learn that any such future speech would be spoken of one who was exclusively his property. Let any who chose to be speakers under such circumstances look to it. He had devoted himself to her that he might be her knight, and bear her scathless through the fury of this battle. With God's help he would put on his armor at once for that fight. Let them who would now injure her look to it. As soon as might be she should bear his name; but all the world should know at once what was her right to claim his protection. He had never been a coward, and he would not now be guilty of the cowardice of hiding his intentions. If there were those who chose to smile at the old man's fancy, let them smile. There would be many, he knew, who would not understand an old man's honor and an old man's chivalry.

"My own one," he then said, pressing her again to his side, "will you tell Edith, or shall I? She expects it." But Lady Mason begged that he would tell the tale. It was necessary, she said, that she should be alone for a while. And then, escaping, she went to her own chamber.

"Ask Mrs. Orme if she will kindly step to me," said Sir Peregrine, having rang his bell for the servant.

Lady Mason escaped across the hall to the stairs, and succeeded in reaching her room without being seen by any one. Then she sat herself down and began to look her future world in the face. Two questions she had to ask. Would it be well for her that this marriage should take place? and would it be well for him? In an

off-hand way she had already answered both questions; but she had done so by feeling rather than by thought.

No doubt she would gain much in the coming struggle by such a position as Sir Peregrine would give her. It did seem to her that Mr. Dockwrath and Joseph Mason would hardly dare to bring such a charge as that threatened against the wife of Sir Peregrine Orme. And then, too, what evidence as to character would be so substantial as the evidence of such a marriage? But how would Mr. Furnival bear it? and if he were offended, would it be possible that the fight should be fought without him? No; that would be impossible. The lawyer's knowledge, experience, and skill were as necessary to her as the baronet's position and character. But why should Mr. Furnival be offended by such a marriage? "She did not know," she said to herself. "She could not see that there should be cause of offense." But yet some inner whisper of her conscience told her that there would be offense. Must Mr. Furnival be told, and must he be told at once?

And then what would Lucius say and think, and how should she answer the strong words which her son would use to her? He would use strong words, she knew, and would greatly dislike this second marriage of his mother. What grown-up son is ever pleased to hear that his mother is about to marry? The Cleeve must be her home now—that is, if she did this deed. The Cleeve must be her home, and she must be separated in all things from Orley Farm. As she thought of this her mind went back, and back to those long-gone days in which she had been racked with anxiety that Orley Farm should be the inheritance of the little baby that was lying at her feet. She remembered how she had pleaded to the father, pointing out the rights of her son—declaring, and with justice, that for herself she had asked for nothing; but that for him—instead of asking, might she not demand? Was not that other son provided for, and those grown-up women with their rich husbands? "Is he not your child as well as they?" she had pleaded. "Is he not your own, and as well worthy of your love?" She had succeeded in getting the inheritance for the baby at her feet; but had his having it made her happy, or him? Then her child had been all in all to her; but now she felt that that child was half estranged from her about this very property, and would become wholly estranged by the method she was taking to secure it! "I have toiled for him," she said to herself, "rising up early and going to bed late; but the thief cometh in the night and despoileth it!" Who can guess the bitterness of her thoughts as she said this?

But her last thoughts, as she sat there thinking, were of him—Sir Peregrine. Would it be well for him that he should do this? And in thus considering she did not turn her mind chiefly to the usual view in which such a marriage would be regarded. Men might call Sir Peregrine an old fool, and laugh at him; but

for that she would, with God's help, make him amends. In those matters he could judge for himself; and should he judge it right thus to link his life to hers, she would be true and leal to him in all things.

But then about this trial. If there came disgrace and ruin, and an utter overthrow? If—? Would it not be well, at any rate, that no marriage should take place till that had been decided? She could not find it in her heart to bring down his old gray hairs with utter sorrow to the grave.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHAT THE YOUNG MEN THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

LUCIUS MASON at this time was living at home at Orley Farm, not by any means in a happy frame of mind. It will be, perhaps, remembered that he had at one time had an interview with Mr. Furnival in that lawyer's chambers, which was by no means consoling to him, seeing that Mr. Furnival had pooh-poohed him and his pretensions in a very off-hand way; and he had since paid a very memorable visit to Mr. Dockwrath in which he had hardly been more successful. Nevertheless, he had gone to another lawyer. He had felt it impossible to remain tranquil, pursuing the ordinary avocations of his life, while such dreadful charges were being made openly against his mother, and being so made without any authorized contradiction. He knew that she was innocent. No doubt on that matter ever perplexed his mind for a moment. But why was she such a coward that she would not allow him to protect her innocence in the only way which the law permitted? He could hardly believe that he had no power of doing so even without her sanction, and therefore he went to another lawyer.

The other lawyer did him no good. It was not practicable that he, the son, should bring an action for defamatory character on the part of the mother, without that mother's sanction. Moreover, as this new lawyer saw in a moment, any such interference on the part of Lucius, and any interposition of fresh and new legal proceedings, would cripple and impede the advisers to whom Lady Mason had herself confided her own case. The new lawyer could do nothing; and thus Lucius, again repulsed, betook himself to Orley Farm in no happy frame of mind.

For some day or two after this he did not see his mother. He would not go down to The Cleeve, though they sent up and asked him; and she was almost afraid to go across to the house and visit him. "He will be in church on Sunday," she had said to Mrs. Orme. But he was not in church on Sunday, and then on Sunday afternoon she did go to him. This, it will be understood, was before Sir Peregrine had made his offer, and therefore as to that there was as yet no embarrassment on the widow's mind.

"I can not help feeling, mother," he said, after she had sat there with him for a short time, "that for the present there is a division between you and me."

"Oh, Lucius!"

"It is no use our denying it to ourselves. It is so. You are in trouble, and you will not listen to my advice. You leave my house and take to the roof of a new and an untried friend."

"No, Lucius—not that."

"Yes; I say a new friend. Twelve months ago, though you might call there, you never did more than that—and even that but seldom. They are new friends; and yet, now that you are in trouble, you choose to live with them."

"Dear Lucius, is there any reason why I should not visit at The Cleeve?"

"Yes; if you ask me—yes;" and now he spoke very sternly. "There is a cloud upon you, and you should know nothing of visitings and of new friendships till that cloud has been dispersed. While these things are being said of you, you should sit at no other table than this, and drink of no man's cup but mine. I know your innocence," and as he went on to speak he stood up before her and looked down fully into her face, "but others do not. I know how unworthy are these falsehoods with which wicked men strive to crush you, but others believe that they are true accusations. They can not be disregarded; and now it seems—now that you have allowed them to gather to a head—they will result in a trial, during which you will have to stand at the bar charged with a dreadful crime."

"Oh, Lucius!" and she hid her eyes in her hands. "I could not have helped it. How could I have helped it?"

"Well, it must be so now. And till that trial is over here should be your place—here, at my right hand; I am he who am bound to stand by you. It is I whose duty it is to see that your name be made white again, though I spend all I have, ay, and my life in doing it. I am the one man on whose arm you have a right to lean. And yet in such days as these you leave my house and go to that of a stranger."

"He is not a stranger, Lucius."

"He can not be to you as a son should be. However, it is for you to judge. I have no control in this matter, but I think it right that you should know what are my thoughts."

And then she had crept back again to The Cleeve. Let Lucius say what he might—let this additional sorrow be ever so bitter—she could not obey her son's behests. If she did so in one thing she must do so in all. She had chosen her advisers with her best discretion, and by that choice she must abide—even though it separated her from her son. She could not abandon Sir Peregrine Orme and Mr. Furnival. So she crept back and told all this to Mrs. Orme. Her heart would have utterly sunk within her could she not have spoken openly to some one of this sorrow.

"But he loves you," Mrs. Orme had said,

comforting her. "It is not that he does not love you."

"But he is so stern to me." And then Mrs. Orme had kissed her, and promised that none should be stern to her, there, in that house. On the morning after this Sir Peregrine had made his offer, and then she felt that the division between her and her boy would be wider than ever. And all this had come of that inheritance which she had demanded so eagerly for her child.

And now Lucius was sitting alone in his room at Orley Farm, having, for the present, given up all idea of attempting any thing himself by means of the law. He had made his way into Mr. Dockwrath's office, and had there insulted the attorney in the presence of witnesses. His hope now was that the attorney might bring an action against him. If that were done he would thus have the means of bringing out all the facts of the case before a jury and a judge. It was fixed in his mind that if he could once drag that reptile before a public tribunal, and with loud voice declare the wrong that was being done, all might be well. The public would understand and would speak out, and the reptile would be scorned and trodden under foot. Poor Lucius! It is not always so easy to catch public sympathy, and it will occur sometimes that the wrong reptile is crushed by the great public heel.

He had his books before him as he sat there—his Latham and his Pritchard, and he had the jawbone of one savage and the skull of another. His Liverpool bills for unadulterated guano were lying on the table, and a philosophical German treatise on agriculture which he had resolved to study. It became a man, he said to himself, to do a man's work in spite of any sorrow. But nevertheless, as he sat there, his studies were but of little service to him. How many men have declared to themselves the same thing, but have failed when the trial came! Who can command the temper and the mind? At ten I will strike the lyre and begin my poem. But at ten the poetic spirit is under a dark cloud, because the water for the tea had not boiled when it was brought in at nine. And so the lyre remains unstricken.

And Lucius found that he could not strike his lyre. For days he had sat there and no good note had been produced. And then he had walked over his land, having a farming man at his heels, thinking that he could turn his mind to the actual and practical working of his land. But little good had come of that either. It was January, and the land was sloppy and half frozen. There was no useful work to be done on it. And then what Farmer Greenwood had once said of him was true enough, "The young maister's spry and active surely; but he can't let unself down to stable doong and the loik o' that." He had some grand idea of farming—a conviction that the agricultural world in general was very backward, and that he would set it right. Even now in his sorrow, as he walked through his splashy, frozen fields, he was tormented by a desire to do something, he knew not what, that might be great.

He had no such success on the present occasion, and returned disconsolate to the house. This happened about noon on the day after that on which Sir Peregrine had declared himself. He returned, as I have said, to the house, and there at the kitchen door he met a little girl whom he knew well as belonging to The Cleeve. She was a favorite of Mrs. Orme's, was educated and clothed by her, and ran on her messages. Now she had brought a letter up to Lucius from his mother. Courtesying low she so told him, and he at once went into the sitting-room, where he found it lying on his table. His hand was nervous as he opened it; but if he could have seen how tremulous had been the hand that wrote it! The letter was as follows:

"DEAREST LUCIUS—I know you will be very surprised at what I am going to tell you, but I hope you will not judge me harshly. If I know myself at all, I would take no step of any kind for my own advantage which could possibly injure you. At the present moment we unfortunately do not agree about a subject which is troubling us both, and I can not therefore consult you as I should otherwise have done. I trust that by God's mercy these troubles may come to an end, and that there may be no further differences between you and me.

"Sir Peregrine Orme has made me an offer of marriage, and I have accepted it—"

Lucius Mason, when he had read so far, threw down the letter upon the table, and rising suddenly from his chair, walked rapidly up and down the room. "Marry him!" he said out loud, "marry him!" The idea that their fathers and mothers should marry and enjoy themselves is always a thing horrible to be thought of in the minds of the rising generation. Lucius Mason now began to feel against his mother the same sort of anger which Joseph Mason had felt when his father had married again. "Marry him!" And then he walked rapidly about the room, as though some great injury had been threatened to him.

And so it had, in his estimation. Was it not her position in life to be his mother? Had she not had her young days? But it did not occur to him to think what those young days had been. And this then was the meaning of her receding from his advice and from his roof! She had been preparing for herself in the world new hopes, a new home, and a new ambition. And she had so prevailed upon the old man that he was about to do this foolish thing! Then again he walked up and down the room, injuring his mother much in his thoughts. He gave her credit for none of those circumstances which had truly actuated her in accepting the hand which Sir Peregrine had offered her. In that matter touching the Orley Farm estate he could acquit his mother instantly—with acclamation. But in this other matter he had pronounced her guilty before she had been allowed to plead. Then he took up the letter and finished it.

"Sir Peregrine Orme has made me an offer of marriage and I have accepted it. It is very difficult to explain in a letter all the causes that have induced me to do so. The first, perhaps, is this: that I feel myself so bound to him by love and gratitude, that I think it my duty to fall in with all his wishes. He has pointed out to me that as my husband he can do more for me than would be possible for

him without that name. I have explained to him that I would rather perish than that he should sacrifice himself; but he is pleased to say that it is no sacrifice. At any rate he so wishes it, and as Mrs. Orme has cordially assented, I feel myself bound to fall in with his views. It was only yesterday that Sir Peregrine made his offer. I mention this that you may know that I have lost no time in telling you.

"Dearest Lucius, believe that I shall be, as ever,

"Your most affectionate mother,

"MARY MASON.

"The little girl will wait for an answer if she finds that you are at the farm."

"No," he said to himself, still walking about the room. "She can never be to me the same mother that she was. I would have sacrificed every thing for her. She should have been the mistress of my house, at any rate till she herself should have wished it otherwise. But now—" And then his mind turned away suddenly to Sophia Furnival.

I can not myself but think that had that affair of the trial been set at rest Lady Mason would have been prudent to look for another home. The fact that Orley Farm was his house and not hers occurred almost too frequently to Lucius Mason; and I am not certain that it would have been altogether comfortable as a permanent residence for his mother after he should have brought home to it some such bride as her he now proposed to himself.

It was necessary that he should write an answer to his mother, which he did at once.

"ORLEY FARM, — *January.*

"DEAR MOTHER,—It is, I fear, too late for me to offer any counsel on the subject of your letter. I can not say that I think you are right.

"Your affectionate son,

"LUCIUS MASON."

And then, having finished this, he again walked the room. "It is all up between me and her," he said, "as real friends in life and heart. She shall still have the respect of a son, and I shall have the regard of a mother. But how can I trim my course to suit the welfare of the wife of Sir Peregrine Orme?" And then he lashed himself into anger at the idea that his mother should have looked for other solace than that which he could have given.

Nothing more from The Cleeve reached him that day; but early on the following morning he had a visitor whom he certainly had not expected. Before he sat down to his breakfast he heard the sound of a horse's feet before the door, and immediately afterward Peregrine Orme entered the sitting-room. He was duly shown in by the servant, and in his ordinary way came forward quickly and shook hands. Then he waited till the door was closed, and at once began upon the subject which had brought him there.

"Mason," he said, "you have heard of this that is being done at The Cleeve?"

Lucius immediately fell back a step or two, and considered for a moment how he should answer. He had pressed very heavily on his mother in his own thoughts, but he was not prepared to hear her harshly spoken of by another.

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"Yes," said he, "I have heard."

"And I understand from your mother that you do not approve of it."

"Approve of it! No; I do not approve of it."

"Nor by Heavens do I!"

"I do not approve of it," said Mason, speaking with deliberation; "but I do not know that I can take any steps toward preventing it."

"Can not you see her, and talk to her, and tell her how wrong it is?"

"Wrong! I do not know that she is wrong in that sense. I do not know that you have any right to blame her. Why do not you speak to your grandfather?"

"So I have—as far as it was possible for me. But you do not know Sir Peregrine. No one has any influence over him but my mother; and now also your mother."

"And what does Mrs. Orme say?"

"She will say nothing. I know well that she disapproves of it. She must disapprove of it, though she will not say so. She would rather burn off both her hands than displease my grandfather. She says that he asked her, and that she consented."

"It seems to me that it is for her and you to prevent this."

"No; it is for your mother to prevent it. Only think of it, Mason. He is over seventy, and, as he says himself, he will not burden the estate with a new jointure. Why should she do it?"

"You are wronging her there. It is no affair of money. She is not going to marry him for what she can get."

"Then why should she do it?"

"Because he tells her. These troubles about the lawsuit have turned her head, and she has put herself entirely into his hands. I think she is wrong. I could have protected her from all this evil, and would have done so. I could have done more, I think, than Sir Peregrine can do. But she has thought otherwise, and I do not know that I can help it."

"But will you speak to her? Will make her perceive that she is injuring a family that is treating her with kindness?"

"If she will come here I will speak to her. I can not do it there. I can not go down to your grandfather's house with such an object as that."

"All the world will turn against her if she marries him," said Peregrine. And then there was silence between them for a moment or two.

"It seems to me," said Lucius at last, "that you wrong my mother very much in this matter, and lay all the blame where but the smallest part of the blame is deserved. She has no idea of money in her mind, or any thought of pecuniary advantage. She is moved solely by what your grandfather has said to her, and by an insane dread of some coming evil which she thinks may be lessened by his assistance. You are in the house with them, and can speak to him—

and if you please to her also. I do not see that I can do either."

"And you will not help me to break it off?"

"Certainly; if I can see my way."

"Will you write to her?"

"Well, I will think about it."

"Whether she be to blame or not, it must be your duty as well as mine to prevent such a marriage if it be possible. Think what people will say of it?"

After some further discussion Peregrine remounted his horse and rode back to The Cleeve, not quite satisfied with young Mason.

"If you do speak to her—to my mother—do it gently." Those were the last words whispered by Lucius as Peregrine Orme had his foot in the stirrup.

Young Peregrine Orme, as he rode home, felt that the world was using him very unkindly. Every thing was going wrong with him, and an idea entered his head that he might as well go and look for Sir John Franklin at the North Pole, or join some energetic traveler in the middle of Central Africa. He had proposed to Madeline Staveley, and had been refused. That in itself caused a load to lie on his heart which was almost unendurable; and now his grandfather was going to disgrace himself. He had made his little effort to be respectable and discreet, devoting himself to the county hunt and county drawing-rooms, giving up the pleasures of London and the glories of dissipation. And for what?

Then Peregrine began to argue within himself, as some others have done before him:

"Were it not better done as others use—" he said to himself, in that or other language; and as he rode slowly into the court-yard of The Cleeve he thought almost with regret of his old friend Carrotty Bob.

MEHETABEL WESLEY.

MEHETABEL, the sister of John Wesley, was one of the most remarkable women of her time. She was born in 1697. Nature, which seldom grants the double favor, richly endowed her both in body and mind. Contemporary poets praised her beauty. The following descriptive lines are from a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1736. Like most of the gallant poetry of the time, they are sufficiently inflated with silly conceits:

"'Twere difficult with portrait just to trace
The blooming beauties of her lovely face;
The roseate bloom that blushes on her cheek,
Her eyes, whence rays of pointed lightning break;
Each brow the bow of Cupid, whence her darts
With certain archery strike unguarded hearts;
Her lips, that with a rubied tincture glow
Soft as the soothing sounds which from them flow."

This is enough, such as it is; and we are half tempted to ask, with Prior,

"For who conceives what bards devise,
That heaven is placed in Celia's eyes?
Or where's the sense, direct or moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?"

Mehetabel Wesley was doubtless a handsome if not a beautiful woman. A gentleman who was acquainted with her during the last days of her sad life described her to Dr. Adam Clarke as an elegant person of great refinement of manner, the traces of beauty still lingering in her countenance, which too plainly betrayed a sorrowful heart. Such was the casket. The jewel was of still rarer brilliance. Whatever of personal beauty or grace of manner may have belonged to her was fully equaled by her polished intellect. The rhymer already quoted exclaims:

"But O! what words, what numbers shall I find,
To express the boundless treasures of her mind?
Where wit and judgment spread their copious mines,
And every grace, and every beauty shines."

Happily we have no need of these flattering verses to form an estimate of her fine talents. Her small literary remains, provokingly few in number, and mostly written in the gloom of affliction, give us glimpses of a mind worthy of the Annesleys and Wesleys, from whom she descended. Her education was principally conducted by her mother, who, as well as any woman that ever lived, understood the difficult art. Lady Jane Grey was deemed a prodigy, when, at the age of fourteen, under the care of Aylmer, she read Plato in his own Greek. Mehetael Wesley was not permitted to learn even the English alphabet until she was five years of age, but read the Greek original of the New Testament at eight. Like several others of the family, she possessed the dangerous gift. Her wit was of the keenest edge, and the free indulgence of it seems to have been her only sin. But who is there of this tribe that liveth and sinneth not?

Of this beautiful and accomplished girl there remains but a broken and meagre history. But brief as it is, like the little book in the Apocalypse, it is a sweet bitter, the bitterness, however, prevailing in the end. Her father was the rector of Epworth, an obscure village in Lincolnshire, and a man of scholarly attainments, but grievously afflicted all his days with the *res angusta domi*, which sometimes almost touched the point of starvation. It was charged against him that he lacked the scrupulous economy that makes the most of a narrow income. But on a stipend of about six hundred dollars per annum, with other slight casual aid, he raised a family of ten or twelve children, gave his three sons an Oxford education, twice rebuilt the parsonage after it had been twice burned, and died at last with no debts but such as were paid out of his estate. Better husbandry than this is as rare as better men than he. It is true that he was a man of independent spirit, who with great reason supposed that in all things lawful he might think and act for himself. He never could perceive that, because he was poor and sometimes in debt, he ought therefore in matters civil and ecclesiastical to follow the judgment of his wealthier parishioners. They thought that a small bill against him ought to keep him out of politics, and make him relax the wholesome severity of church dis-

cipline. But he thought otherwise, and accordingly sat as bolt upright on the trial of spiritual offenders as if he owed nothing, and went into politics as if his accounts were all squared. He did the last as conscientiously as the first, however inexpedient it may have been. His son John once said, with as much truth as terseness, that "if a man love you on account of your politics, he loves you less than his dinner; and if he hate you on the same account, he hates you worse than the devil." Perhaps he learned this from the history of his father, who borrowed money from his parishioners, and failing to pay at maturity, his parishioners sent him to jail, then fired his house, and stabbed his cows, which were almost the entire dependence of his poor children. And all this for siding with one candidate for Parliament against another. He was in jail three months, where, like the parson of Goldsmith's fancy, he was as true to the spiritual interests of what he called his "*brother jail birds*" as he had ever been to his flock in the parish church. How touchingly he writes from his prison to Archbishop Sharp! We give only a few sentences:

"MY LORD,—Now I am at rest, for I have come to the haven where I've long expected to be..... The sum [of the debt for which he was arrested] was not thirty pounds, but it was as good as five hundred. I was arrested in my church-yard on Friday last when I had been christening a child. When on the road [to jail] I sent for my adversary that I might make some proposals to him. But all his answer was, that I must immediately pay the whole sum or go to prison. Thither I went, with no great concern for myself; and find much more civility and satisfaction than in my own Epworth. I thank God my wife was pretty well recovered, and churched some days before I was taken from her; and hope she'll be able to look to my family, if they don't turn them out of doors, as they have often threatened. One of my biggest concerns was my being forced to leave my poor lambs in the midst of so many wolves. [John Wesley was then just two years and eight days old.] But the great Shepherd is able to provide for them and preserve them. My wife bears it with that courage that becomes her, and which I expected from her.

"I don't despair of doing some good here, and so I sha'n't quite lose the end of living, and I may do more in this *new parish* than in my old one. I have leave to read prayers every morning and afternoon here in the prison, and to preach once on a Sunday. I am getting acquainted with my brother jail-birds as fast as I can, and shall write to London next post to the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, which I hope will send me some books to distribute among them.....

"Your Grace's very obliged and most humble servant,
"S. WESLEY."

Who would have supposed that such an imprisonment as this could have happened in England within the first quarter of the last century? And did not the imprisonment of Samuel Wesley, and his pious zeal for the welfare of his fellow-prisoners, furnish the original of the Vicar of Wakefield in jail? Or was it no unusual thing for the Thornhills of the age to imprison the parish priest?

Mrs. Wesley, twelve years after the last burning of her house, complained that it had not yet been half furnished, and that she and the children had not yet been half clothed. As to food, she said one day to the Archbishop of York that

she had "never quite wanted for bread, but that she had so much trouble to get it, and so much anxiety about paying for it, that bread on such terms was the next degree of wretchedness to having none at all." Such was the poverty of the family into which Mehetabel Wesley was born—a family destitute of almost every thing but incorruptible integrity and rare intellectual wealth.

Never did the principle of subjection to parental authority sink deeper than in the mind and heart of this fair girl. Her mother held that self-will is the very stamen of original sin. The result was that, in governing her children, she felt it to be her duty, as she expressed it, to "break the will," not guide it, not educate it, but *break* it—a term that reminds us more of a beast to be subdued than a reasoning child to be trained. In the case of Mehetabel it had been so effectually broken as to involve her in a misery that ended only with her life. We allude to her unhappy marriage. The broken will, as we shall see, was the forerunner of a broken heart. She had been warmly attached to a young barrister; and when he was about to lead her to the altar her father for some reason interfered and broke the engagement, denouncing him at the same time as "an unprincipled lawyer." Perhaps it was one of the sudden whimsies of his capricious temper—such as drove him for a whole year from the society of his wife because she refused to pray for the Prince of Orange. Thus disappointed in gaining the man of her choice she seems to have made a rash vow, either that she would never marry or take the first man who might offer. The first man who offered was one William Wright, a journeyman plumber and glazier—a worthless fellow, as ill-suited to her as any thing human to be found within the four seas. Her father, however, urged her to take him—for what reason it is difficult to say. Perhaps it was to prevent a marriage with the man of her choice, "the unprincipled lawyer;" or perhaps he thought that the plumber and glazier would at least bring her bread, the want of which had been keenly felt at the Epworth Parsonage. The poor girl, with a heart bleeding for the loss of her former lover, saw in this new adventurer the ignorance and coarseness which would fill all her days with a melancholy loathing of life. She felt as a shivering bird feels, when under some irresistible influence she is flying into the jaws of a serpent. She protested, she begged that her life might not be imbibed by such an incongruous connection. The only word in the marriage service that could be a comfort to her at the altar was the word "*Death*." Yet her father urged her, almost forced her thus to throw away her angelic beauty and talents. Her sister Maria was the only one of the family who had the courage to advise her to annul her foolish vow, and even violate her father's command in a matter of such infinite importance to herself. Years afterward, when this sister had descended to the grave, Mehetabel wrote verses to her memory,

in which she thus alludes to her kind interference in the affair of her fatal marriage:

"When deep immersed in griefs beyond redress,
And friend and kindred heightened my distress,
And with relentless efforts made me prove,
Pain, grief, despair, and wedlock without love;
My soft Maria could alone dissent,
O'erlooked the fatal vow, and mourned the punishment."

But the marriage took place, the irreversible word was spoken at the altar, and from that day she was miserable until her freed spirit went up to where they neither marry nor are given in marriage. Her uncle, a man of some wealth, gave her a sum of money, which she turned over to her husband that he might begin business on his own account. Besides this, she tried to make the best of her unfortunate condition, dutifully striving to love and respect the man to whom she was linked for life. But the vital principle of union was wanting, and no effort of will could produce it.

The following letter to her father, written not long after her marriage, reveals the depth of her despair:

"HONORED SIR,—Though I was glad on any terms of the favor of a line from you, yet I was concerned at your displeasure on account of the unfortunate paragraph which you are pleased to say was meant for the flower of my letter, but which was in reality the only thing I disliked in it. Since I perceive it gave you uneasiness, I wish it had not gone. I should be glad to speak freely, were I sure that the least I could say would not grieve or offend you, or were I so happy as in every thing to think like you. I earnestly beg that the little I shall say may not be offensive, since I promise to be as little witty as possible, though these late years past I have been pretty free from that scandal.

"You ask me 'what hurt matrimony has done me, and whether I had always so frightful an idea of it as I have now?' I once more beg of you not to be offended at the least I can say to these questions, if I say any thing.

"I had not always such notions of wedlock as now; but thought that where there was a mutual affection, and desire of pleasing, something near an equality of mind and person, either earthly or heavenly wisdom, there was a possibility of happiness in a married state; but where all, or most of these were wanting, I ever thought people could not marry without sinning against God and themselves. I could say much more, but would rather eternally stifle my sentiments than have the torment of thinking they agree not with yours.

"I think exactly the same of my marriage as I did before it happened; but though I would have given at least one of my eyes for the liberty of throwing myself at your feet before I was married at all, yet since it is past, and irreparable, it is best to say little of things past remedy, and endeavor, as I really do, to make myself more and more contented, though things may not be to my wish.

"You say 'you will answer this if you like it.' Now, though I am sorry to occasion your writing in pain, yet I must desire you to answer it, whether you like it or not, since if you are displeased I would willingly know it; and the only thing that could make me impatient to endure your displeasure is your thinking I deserve it. I need not remind you that I am not more than human; and if the calamities of life, of which perhaps I have my share, sometimes wring a complaint from me, I need tell no one that though I bear I must feel them; and if you can not forgive what I have said, I sincerely promise never more to offend you by saying too much; which (with begging your blessing) is all from

"Your most obt. daughter,
"MEHET. WRIGHT."

There it is!—a most vigorous expression of a heart wrung with anguish under an irretrievable misfortune that rubbed and fretted the silver cord until it snapped asunder. And yet what filial piety! what loyalty to her father! How tenderly regardful of his feelings; and that too while she is saying that she would have given one of her eyes for the privilege of throwing herself at his feet, to prevent by her prayers the catastrophe of which he alone was the author!

Let not the reader judge too harshly of this mistaken father. He was without doubt one of the best men of his time, and Hetty well knew it, though his judgment in the affairs of life was more liable to go wrong than right. If he had stuck to the defense of the Hebrew original against the Septuagint, and left the matrimonial concerns of his daughters to their judicious mother, better things had doubtless come of it. But it was the age when fathers gave their daughters away.

In the course of a few years matters grew worse instead of better. She had done her best to make her husband's home attractive, and, if possible, refine away the coarseness of his nature. But it was all labor in vain. His natural instincts got the better of her art of pleasing; and he quit her society for that of the lowest dregs of men, whose nightly haunts were the filthiest ale-houses in London. She sat up for him, and waited in tears through the small hours of the night, and often until far toward the dawn; and when the watchman apprised her of his coming, she wiped her eyes and received him with as many smiles as her aching heart would permit. At last, however, her patience gave way, and she broke forth in terms of expostulation and entreaty, ending in a threat that might have moved or scared a demon into a reformed life. Such tender pleading and such parching sarcasm are seldom found together either in poetry or prose. But the address is womanly all through. We give it in part:

"O thou whom sacred rites designed
My guide and husband ever kind,
My sovereign master, best of friends,
On whom my earthly bliss depends;
If e'er thou didst in Hetty see
Aught fair, or good, or dear to thee,
If gentle speech can ever move
The cold remains of former love,
Turn thee at last—my bosom ease,
Or tell me why I cease to please.

"Is it because revolving years,
Heart-breaking sighs, and fruitless tears,
Have quite deprived this form of mine
Of all that once thou fanciedst fine?
Ah no! what once allured thy sight
Is still in its meridian height.
These eyes their usual lustre show,
When uneclipsed by flowing woe;
Old age and wrinkles in this face
As yet could never find a place:
A youthful grace informs these lines
Where still the purple current shines;
Unless, by thy ungentle art,
It flies to aid my wretched heart;
Nor does this slighted bosom show
The thousand hours it spends in woe.

"Or is it that, oppressed with care,
I stun with loud complaints thine ear,
And make thy home, for quiet meant,
The seat of noise and discontent?
Ah no! those ears were ever free
From matrimonial melody;
For though thine absence I lament,
When half the lonely night is spent,
Yet when the watch or early morn
Has brought me hopes of thy return,
I oft have wiped these watchful eyes,
Concealed my cares and curbed my sighs,
In spite of grief, to let thee see
I wore an endless smile for thee.
Had I not practiced every art
To oblige, divert, and cheer thy heart,
To make me pleasing in thy eyes,
And turn thy house to paradise,
I had not asked, 'Why dost thou shun
These faithful arms, and eager run
To some obscure, unclean retreat,
With fiends incarnate glad to meet—
The vile companions of thy mirth,
The scum and refuse of the earth;
Who, when inspired by beer, can grin
At witless oaths and jests obscene,
Till the most learned of the throng
Begins a tale of ten hours long;
While thou, in raptures, with stretched jaws
Crownest each joke with loud applause?"

"Deprived of freedom, health, and ease,
And rival'd by such things as these,
This latest effort will I try,
Or to regain thy heart or die;
Soft as I am, I'll make thee see
I will not brook contempt from thee.

"Then quit the shuffling, doubtful sense,
Nor hold me longer in suspense:
Unkind, ungrateful as thou art,
Say, must I ne'er regain thy heart?
Must all attempts to please thee prove
Unable to regain thy love?"

"If so, by Truth itself I swear
The sad reverse I can not bear;
No rest, no pleasure will I see—
My whole of bliss is lost with thee!
I'll give all thoughts of patience o'er
(A gift I never lost before);
Indulge at once my rage and grief,
Mourn obstinate, disdain relief,
And call that wretch my mortal foe
Who tries to mitigate my woe;
Till life, on terms severe as these,
Shall, ebbing, leave my heart at ease;
To thee thy liberty restore
To laugh when Hetty is no more!"

It is not probable that these burning lines took effect on the dissolute life of her husband. It is even doubtful whether his illiterate and besotted mind was capable of feeling their force. He was quite incapable of seeing their beauty. But who can read them, though written a century and a quarter since, without an ineffably sickening disgust that such a woman should plead in such a strain for the love and attentions of such a man?

There is a single letter of this model husband still extant. It was written to John Wesley just after Mrs. Wright had given birth to a child, which lived but three days. For the purpose of showing his qualification for literary sympathy with his wife, we give it exactly as it was written:

"DEAR BRO:—This comes to Let you know that my wife is brought to bed and is in a hopeful way of Doing well but the Dear child Died—the Third day after it was born—which has been of great concerne to me and my wife She Joins With me In Love to your Selfe and Bro: Charles
From Your Loveing Bro:

"to Comn—WM. WRIGHT

"P.S. I've sen you Sum Verses that my wife maid of Dear Lamb Let me hear from one or both of you as Soon as you think Convenient"

The verses referred to in this barbarously written postscript, are on the death of the infant mentioned in the letter. They were dictated by Mrs. Wright as she lay beside her dying child, and taken down by her husband. They are as perfect a specimen of the poetry of feeling—of maternal sorrow that gushes into mournful song, as we have ever read. The smoothness of the versification is not surpassed by any thing which we can call to mind in the English language:

"Tender softness! infant mild!
Perfect, purest, brightest child!
Transient lustre! beauteous clay!
Smiling wonder of a day!
Ere the last convulsive start
Rends thy unresisting heart;
Ere the long enduring swoon
Weigh thy precious eyelids down;
Ah, regard a mother's moan,
Anguish deeper than thy own.

"Fairest eyes, whose dawning light
Late with rapture blest my sight,
Ere your orbs extinguished be,
Bend their trembling beams on me!

"Drooping sweetness! verdant flower!
Blooming, withering in an hour!
Ere thy gentle breast sustains
Latest, fiercest, mortal pains,
Hear a suppliant! let me be
Partner in thy destiny!
That whene'er the fatal cloud
Must thy radiant temples shroud;
When deadly damps impending now,
Shall hover round thy destined brow,
*Diffusive may their influence be,
And with the blossom blast the tree!"*

The last two lines are an exquisitely beautiful prayer for death. Overwhelmed by the calamity of her marriage, her naturally cheerful mind threw away all hope of happiness in this world, and like the children of misery in the book of Job, she "longed for death, and dug for it more than for hid treasures." In her few poetical remains she prays not less than three times for the quiet of the grave. We can not withhold the following:

"Enable me to bear my lot,
O Thou who only can'st redress!
Eternal God! forsake me not
In this extreme of my distress.

"Regard thy humble suppliant's suit;
Nor let me long in anguish pine,
Dismay'd, abandon'd, destitute
Of all support, but only thine!

"Nor health, nor life, I ask of thee,
Nor languid nature to restore,
Say but, 'A speedy period be
To these thy griefs'—I ask no more!"

Marriage is indissoluble, excepting for the sin which is itself a vital breach of the covenant. Differences in talents, tempers, tastes, or whatever else may affect the happiness of the parties, are no valid plea for a dissolution of the sacred contract. Severe as the law may seem to those who crave indulgence, its philosophy lies deep at the foundations of society. Passion, bent upon having its own way, is too blind to perceive its wisdom, and too selfish to submit to its restraint. To many a couple a union for life may be a life-union in misery; but let the law be annulled, or practically disregarded, as caprice or discontent may require, and the mischief becomes fatal to the whole family relation. Confusion and every evil work are the inevitable result. It is one evidence of the wisdom of the divine law in the case, that the misery of ill-assorted marriages is usually softened and relieved by time. Necessity obliges the parties to mutual forbearance, and where there is mutual forbearance kindness is not far off. But time brought no alleviation to the miserable marriage of this admirable woman. She had given her hand, and as far as she could, her heart to a man who had not the first qualification for her, either mental or moral. It was Parian marble sorting with a cobble-stone; or the old fable of Pausanias turned into fact: a shipwrecked lady doomed to the embrace of a satyr. Yet when the deed had been done, her conscience sternly forbade all attempt at separation or divorce. Instead of following the example of thousands who "choose iniquity rather than affliction," she dragged on with him in disgust and despair until she dropped into the grave. For many years before she died her decayed health only added to the calamity of her marriage, imparting to her wretched life a still deeper gloom. The arrows of affliction drank up the remainder of her spirits, and the frail vessel was exhausted and dry. She had not yet asked the question, "Who shall minister to such a grief, or what hand shall apply the healing remedy?" But the time for that question had come. The best argument for the truth of religion—and we mean by the term no "*dry clutter of morality*," but what old Scougal called "the life of God in the soul of man"—is the *need* of it; the need of it at all times, but especially when every other prop breaks and falls. We knew an intelligent gentleman who was brought back from atheism by the death of his wife. The sense of desolation and grief quite overcame him. He quit the society of men and took to the fields and woods, and in the anguish of his heart he found himself instinctively praying to the God whose existence he had denied. Such, when fairly heard, is the logic of pain, and grief, and loss. It leads to the Strong for strength. Taught at last by this logic, Mrs. Wright spurned the broken staff, and turned aside from the broken and empty cistern to lean thenceforth on the everlasting rock, and drink from the living spring. And she found them both in the God of her fathers.

Never did the sacred promise come to a more thirsty spirit than hers: "When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them." Is not this the key that unlocks the mystery of her doleful life? Was not this the final purpose of that strange providence that led her, sore of foot, through a waste howling wilderness of briers, and thorns, and fiery flints? Her pious brothers, John and Charles, had but recently known and sung the fullness of the "blessed hope," as apostles and martyrs had sung it before them. She listened to their earnest exhortations, and the story of their new-found experience, until a new sorrow welled up from her heart. It was no longer "the sorrow of the world that worketh death," and which, according to her own words, had nearly finished its work—

"Grief has my blood and spirits drunk,
My tears do like the night-dew fall;
My cheeks are faded, eyes are sunk,
And all my draughts are dashed with gall;"

but that "godly sorrow that worketh repentance unto life." The great mysterious change soon followed—a change that makes and marks the greatest epoch in the whole history of an immortal spirit—a change on which inspired pens exhaust the boldest figures that the world supplies. It is a change from darkness to light. It is a new birth, a resurrection from the dead, a new creation. In a word, it is an inward change, such as the calm Paley said "a man can no more forget than he can forget an escape from a shipwreck." We like the direct Christian words of John Wesley concerning the new experience of his once hapless sister: "Before she went hence, she was for some years a witness of that rest that remains, even here, for the people of God."

All this, however, seems to have had no other effect upon her sullen husband than to stir his resentment. The brightest part of religion—its very joy—is hateful to a wicked mind, as the sight of the sun was despair to Milton's lost angel. Mrs. Wright complains that she had to seek religious society "by stealth;" but she added, "I have a firm persuasion and blessed hope that in the country to which I am going I shall not sing Hallelujah, and holy, holy, holy, without company, as I have done in this."

At the period of her conversion her health was ruined beyond recovery. It cast a melancholy tinge over her spirit, and made her long more than ever, but with sweetest hope, for a refuge in the grave. Cold gray clouds still hung round her sky, but they were not the clouds of night, for that had forever passed away. She partook of that delicious mournful joy which characterized the spirit of her brother Charles, whom she so closely resembled in poetical talent. Some of his best hymns are indebted to this feeling for their exquisite tenderness and power to touch the heart. Like him, therefore, she sung for the rest of her days:

"To take a poor fugitive in,
The arms of thy mercy display,
And give me to rest from all sin,
And bear me triumphant away;
Away from a world of distress,
Away to the mansions above
The heaven of seeing thy face,
The heaven of feeling thy love."

A few years, and the gate opened and the "poor fugitive" went in, as weary a spirit as ever cast its burden in the dark waters that lie before the shining city. "I have heard my father say," said Charles Wesley, "that God had shown him he should have all his nineteen children about him in heaven." Poor Hetty took her place by his side on the day of the vernal equinox in the year 1750.

Let us hear the affecting words of her brother Charles:

"March 5, 1750.—I prayed by my sister Wright, a gracious, tender, trembling soul; a bruised reed which the Lord will not break."

"March 14.—I found my sister Wright very near the haven—in hope believing against hope."

"March 21.—I called a few minutes after her spirit had been set at liberty."

A few days after her decease Charles wrote to his wife, saying: "Last Monday I followed our *happy sister* to her grave." Sometime between her death and burial he preached her funeral sermon, from the well-chosen words, "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." During the hour of the discourse, he says, "*I had sweet fellowship with her.*"

Not a doubt of it! say what ye will, ye fools and blind, ye gross earthlings, who vainly think that the grave takes all; or, which is kindred to it, that the blessed can not whisper their sympathies and loves through walls of flesh!

Mrs. Wright had written her own epitaph, probably at one of the gloomiest periods of her life, for sadder lines were never cut in marble. We close her mournful story with the words:

"Destined while living to sustain
An equal share of grief and pain;
All various ills of human race
Within this breast had once a place.
Without complaint she learned to bear
A living death, a long despair,
Till hard oppressed by adverse fate,
O'ercharged she sunk beneath its weight,
And to this peaceful tomb retired,
So much esteemed, so long desired:
The painful, mortal conflict's o'er,
A broken heart can bleed no more."

We only add the appropriate words of the Psalmist:

"Their soul is melted because of trouble. Then they cry unto the Lord, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

UNDER GREEN LEAVES.

UNDER green leaves the shadows fell;
We sat together—Paul and I—
Where, tinkling like a silver bell,
The little brook ran rippling by.

We felt the whispering summer breeze,
That swept in melody among
The trembling branches of the trees,
And woke the birds to sweeter song.

We parted—and the summer-time
Fled panting by, with torturing haste;
I heard the bells: ten Sabbaths chime,
And then—the world was all a waste.

The sun, that day by day was warm
Where passed my peaceful country life,
Shone hot and lurid through the storm
Of blood, and wrath, and fearful strife.

And he was there—my noble Paul!—
There, 'mid the carnage and the woe;
He was my very, very all—
And yet I could but let him go.

I knew he fought a glorious fight,
To die, mayhap, a glorious death;
And knowing that, I felt 'twas right,
And would not hold him with a breath.

The end came soon—and I am here—
Here where he sat 'neath summer leaves;
Alas! the trophy of a tear
Is all the glory he achieves.

He lies beneath an alien sod;
Above, the tide of war flows on:
I know he sleeps at peace with God,
I only *feel* that he is gone.

'Tis autumn, and the mournful air
Seems heavy with a thousand sighs;
They flutter round me every where,
And tell me that the season dies.

The leaves have changed their summer hue,
And now are brown, and dead, and dry;
The sky above is coldly blue,
The brook below runs silent by.

Under green leaves I sit no more—
The world to me is dead and sere;
My heart is very, very sore,
As here I watch the dying year.

And, oh! I know that not alone
Am I in all my misery;
That, this sad summer's labor done,
Others shall weep and sigh with me.

Under green leaves the shadows fell;
We sat together—Paul and I:
Thank God! there was no voice to tell—
"*The summer leaves and thou must die.*"

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

IN the winter of 1837-'38, while strolling through the Capitol at Washington in company with Professor Thomas Miller, then as now one of the most eminent medical men of the metropolis, I was requested to accompany the Doctor to a committee-room in order to witness some new and interesting experiments in electro-magnetism. I had there the good fortune to meet with Mr. Morse for the first time, who, after a personal presentation, was kind enough to exhibit his method of telegraphing. The apparatus used consisted of two coils of wire, five miles each in length, forming a circuit of ten miles, insulated by a covering of cotton, somewhat like ordinary bonnet-wire, connected at one end with a galvanic battery and at the other with a recording instrument of his own invention.

At this period Mr. Morse had filed a caveat for a patent, and was busied in bringing his invention to the attention of the members of the two Houses of Congress, in order to secure an appropriation to enable him to test its practical application as a method of communication between places remote from each other—a task, as the sequel proved, of no little difficulty, and attended with no small degree of personal annoyance. The instantaneous communication through the whole circuit of ten miles of insulated wire, which followed the immersion of the battery, and the palpable results, which manifested themselves at the recording end of the coil, seemed to me to be almost the work of magic, and I could scarcely find words in which to express my enthusiasm. This was among the first attempts at communicating intelligence in this manner which had ever been attempted, and no reason could be seen why, after accomplishing a distance of ten miles through a coiled wire, the same might not be done through one extended over that space in a straight line; or why this could not be increased to a hundred or a thousand miles, and thus completely annihilate space in the transmission of intelligence. But in the midst of this ardor came the doubt as to the distance which the power of the battery was capable of communicating itself—a doubt which was equally shared by Mr. Morse himself, who, however, proposed to overcome the difficulty by the establishment of relays of batteries wherever they should be needed.

In looking at this subject at this period, after a lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, and when the electro-magnetic telegraph has embraced within its coils nearly every part of the civilized world, it appears wonderful that there should have existed a doubt as to the propriety of Congress affording its encouragement and aid to an invention which appeared to be fraught with such practical utility. But the record of the times shows that not only did a doubt exist, but that the whole scheme, in its incipency, was considered by many but little better than the delusions of mesmerism, and its projector an enthusiast too wild to command the attention of

grave legislators. There were, however, honorable exceptions to this, and among these Hon. John P. Kennedy, of Maryland, and Hon. G. Ferris, of New York, were prominent. At this session Mr. Morse succeeded so far as to procure a report from a committee in favor of his project; but it was not until the session of 1843 that a bill appropriating thirty thousand dollars was passed in the House of Representatives, by the small majority of 89 ayes to 83 nays, to enable him to construct a line of telegraph from the capital to the city of Baltimore, a distance of about forty miles. This vote would seem to indicate a nearly equal division of opinion in the House as to the merits of the question; but an incident occurred in its passage which demonstrates how much the members were operated upon by a fear lest their names should be recorded as voting for a measure which might be unpopular with their constituents.

While the ayes and nays were being called Mr. Morse, who was in the lobby awaiting with anxious expectation the result, was much surprised to observe that a friend who, he supposed, favored the measure voted in the negative. This friend, who shortly after approached him, remarked that he was doubtless surprised at his vote, but that he would shortly explain it. When the result was ascertained he moved its reconsideration, which was lost by an almost unanimous nay, showing that a large majority of the House were willing to allow the passage of the bill by a *viva voce* vote, but were fearful when called upon to record an affirmative vote, lest it might influence unfavorably their political position with their constituents.

The bill authorizing the appropriation to test the value of Morse's improvement was, under the operation of the previous question, passed on the 23d of February, without discussion; but a few days before, when under the motion of Mr. Kennedy it was brought to the attention of the House, members were not wanting who were willing to cover the whole scheme with ridicule, as impracticable and Utopian. Among the motions of this kind was one offered by Hon. Cave Johnson, of Tennessee, proposing "that one half of the appropriation should be given to try mesmeric experiments." Against obstacles of this character, which would have induced most men to abandon the hope of obtaining aid from the Government in despair, Mr. Morse steadily and perseveringly labored until his application was crowned with success.

But there was an opposition of another character, not so easily comprehended nor so speedily overcome. This arose from a personal prejudice entertained by some members against the recipient of the favors granted by the bill, among which class was the venerable ex-President, John Quincy Adams, at that time a member of the House. This was the more singular, as the personal relations between Morse and himself were apparently of a friendly character, and certainly contained no germ of ill-feeling on the part of Mr. Morse. It doubtless had its origin

in a newspaper attack made, some years previous, upon Mr. Adams for employing foreign instead of native artists, attributed, but without foundation, to Mr. Morse. The facts of the case are these :

In building the Capitol eight spacious niches were left in the Rotunda, intended to be filled with paintings illustrative of national events. Four had already been occupied by paintings executed by Trumbull; and native artists crowded eagerly forward to enter the lists as competitors for the vacant ones, as the highest goal of their ambition; among the rest Mr. Morse, who had acquired a prominent position as a painter, presented himself among the applicants. At this stage Mr. Adams moved that the competition should be extended to foreign artists, declaring that the country possessed none of sufficient ability properly to execute the desired paintings. Mr. Morse was first apprised of this motion by Fenimore Cooper, who called upon him at his rooms in the University of New York, and read the criticism which was supposed to have excited the ire of the "old man eloquent," and which appeared in the *Evening Post* of the same day. It was universally attributed to Mr. Morse, whose denial of its authorship was supposed to arise from modesty; and, consequently, the more strongly he protested the more he was believed to be the author. Be this as it may, it resulted in Mr. Adams casting out his name from the list of applicants in committee; and he consequently lost the opportunity, for which he had so eagerly sought, of perpetuating his name by his artistic work upon the walls of the Capitol. How little did he then dream that a fame more lasting and wide-spread than any he could ever hope to attain by the pencil speedily awaited him! Nor did Mr. Adams forget his early prejudices when, years after, he was called upon to vote for the appropriation for the electro-telegraph experiment. During the excitement of the moment, when it was manifest from the yeas and nays that the vote was one of great uncertainty, an active friend of the measure approached Mr. Adams, who stood perfectly immovable amidst the excitement, and urged him to give his vote for the measure; but his appeal called forth no response, and he either did not vote at all, or cast it in the negative. It would appear, from subsequent events, that the feelings of Mr. Adams underwent a great change in regard to Mr. Morse; for, in a conversation had long after with the Rev. Dr. Gurley, on the subject of aspiration for position, he declared emphatically, "I had rather be a Fulton or a Morse than a hundred Presidents!"

But the action of the House was but one step in the advancement of the measure. It yet required the concurrence of the Senate and the sanction of the President to become a law; and although no opposition to its passage was apprehended in the Senate, yet the brief space intervening between the 23d of February and the 3d of March, upon which day the session was term-

inated, seemed to render it doubtful whether the bill could be reached in time for the action of the Senate. This apprehension increased as time wore on, until at last the 3d of March arrived, and the bill in numerical order stood far down on the calendar. Mr. Morse, who had watched with nervous trepidation the slow progress of legislation in the Senate, at this juncture requested an interview with Mr. Huntington, Senator from Connecticut, for the purpose of ascertaining what possible chance of success remained. Mr. Huntington, who was not only a sincere friend of Mr. Morse, but favored the bill, assured him that it then stood one hundred and nineteen from the one before the Senate—all of which would have to be acted upon before his own came up for consideration, under the rule that no bill could be taken from its regular order. This intelligence seemed disheartening enough; but a ray of hope was presented by the Senator in the assurance that if no bill called out much discussion it might still be reached.

During the entire day Mr. Morse watched the course of legislation from the gallery with an anxiety probably shared by few of the eager expectants who, from their places in the gallery above, hung with anxious solicitude upon the action of the measures in which they were especially interested upon the floor of the Senate. At length, worn out by the interminable discussion of some Senator who seemed to be speaking against time, and overcome by his prolonged watching, he left the gallery at a late hour and returned to his lodgings, under the belief that it was not possible his bill could be reached, and that he must again turn his attention to those labors of the brush and easel by means of which he might be enabled to prosecute appeals to Congress at a future time.

He accordingly made his preparations to return to New York on the following morning, and retiring to rest, sank into a profound slumber, from which he did not awake until a late hour on the following morning. But a short time after, while seated at the breakfast-table, the servant announced that a lady desired to see him. Upon entering the parlor he encountered Miss Annie Ellsworth, the daughter of the Commissioner of Patents, whose face was all aglow with pleasure.

"I have come to congratulate you," she remarked, as he entered the room, and approached to shake hands with her.

"To congratulate me!" replied Mr. Morse, "and for what?"

"Why upon the passage of your bill, to be sure," she replied.

"You must surely be mistaken; for I left at a late hour, and its fate seemed inevitable."

"Indeed I am not mistaken," she rejoined; "father remained until the close of the session, and your bill was the very last that was acted on, and I begged permission to convey to you the news. I am so happy that I am the first to tell you."

The feelings of Mr. Morse may be better im-

aged than described. He grasped his young companion warmly by the hand, and thanked her over and over again for this joyful intelligence. "As a reward," concluded he, "for being the first bearer of this news, you shall send over the telegraph the first message it conveys."

"I will hold you to that promise," replied she. "Remember."

"Remember," responded Mr. Morse; and they parted.

The plans of Mr. Morse were now altogether changed. His journey homeward was abandoned, and he set to work to carry out the project of establishing the line of electro-telegraph, between Washington and Baltimore, authorized by the bill. His first idea was to convey the wires, inclosed in a leaden tube, beneath the ground. He had already arranged a plan by which the wires, insulated by a covering of cotton saturated in gum shellac, were to be inserted into leaden pipes in the process of casting. But after the expenditure of several thousand dollars, and much delay, this plan was abandoned, and the one now in use, of extending them on poles, adopted. The season, however, had so far progressed that it was found impossible to complete the undertaking that year, and it was delayed until the following spring.

By the month of May, 1844, the whole line was laid, and magnets and recording instruments were attached to the ends of the wires at Mount Clare Dépôt, Baltimore, and at the Supreme Court Chamber, in the Capitol at Washington. When the circuit was complete, and the signal at the one end of the line was responded to by the operator at the other, Mr. Morse sent a messenger to Miss Ellsworth to inform her that the telegraph awaited her message. She speedily responded to this, and sent for transmission the following, which was the first formal dispatch ever sent through a telegraphic wire connecting remote places with each other:

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"

The original of the message is now in the archives of the Historical Society at Hartford, Connecticut.

Shortly after the completion of the line from Washington to Baltimore the Democratic Convention which nominated Mr. Polk as President, and Mr. Dallas as Vice-President, assembled at Baltimore, and the results of the various ballots by which Mr. Van Buren was defeated and Mr. Polk selected were rapidly communicated by telegraph. When the question of the nomination of Vice-President arose the New York delegation transmitted to Silas Wright, Senator from New York, a dispatch asking to be allowed to use his name as a candidate, and assuring him of success. To this dispatch he replied as follows:

"Mr. Wright requests the New York delegation to say that he can not accept the nomination of Vice-President."

In reply to this dispatch a second was sent, asking if he was at the office, and to review his decision. To this Mr. Wright replied:

"Mr. Wright is here. Will support the nomination of

Mr. Polk cheerfully, but can not accept the nomination of Vice-President."

A third dispatch was sent, in which he was still further urged to accept the nomination. To which he replied:

"Under no circumstances can Mr. Wright accept the nomination. He thanks the Convention, and refers to his two former answers."

A fourth dispatch was sent, urging him to reconsider his decision, and informing him that a committee would visit Washington to confer with him. Mr. Wright's reply was as follows:

"Mr. Wright has well considered, and begs that his previous answers may be satisfactory."

The originals of these messages, in the handwriting of Mr. Wright, which were transmitted by Mr. Morse himself, are carefully preserved by him, not only as a pleasant reminiscence of his early days of telegraphing, but likewise as mementos of one of the purest and ablest statesmen of his time. Mr. Wright had used his influence with the Convention to secure the nomination of Mr. Van Buren for the Presidency, but without success; and it is supposed that his steadfast declension of the office of Vice-President, tendered to him under such flattering circumstances, and urged by a delegation from the Convention, was due to the circumstance that he feared he might be suspected of relaxing his efforts in favor of the candidate whom he had undertaken to sustain, in order that he might reap a reward in the bestowal of a distinguished office in his own person.

The appropriation for the establishment of the line, notwithstanding the untoward events which always attend new undertakings, and call for expenditures which subsequent information show to be useless, was more than sufficient to pay the expenses incurred. The sum which remained, amounting to several thousand dollars, was, at the suggestion of the inventor, expended in maintaining the line in operation until it should have gained a sufficient stability to sustain itself. In February, 1845, a bill was introduced into Congress to appropriate \$8000 for the further maintenance of the telegraph established between Baltimore and Washington, the funds received from the transmission of messages not being sufficient to defray the expense, which was passed at this session, and appropriated to its further continuance.

Mr. Morse now renewed his application to the Government to become the sole possessor of the telegraphs in the United States, which was declined. Mr. Cave Johnson, who had in the mean time become Postmaster-General, in his report declined to burden that department with the telegraph enterprise on the ground that, however beneficial it might be as a private enterprise, and however advantageous to the Government in the rapid transmission of intelligence, yet it could never become a paying concern, and must necessarily be sustained by a large outlay, with which he was unwilling to burden the Treasury. The effect of this announcement upon capitalists was truly disheart-

ening, and many who had proposed to invest considerable sums in the extension of lines to New York and Buffalo were now induced to reconsider their proposals, and decline what appeared so hazardous a venture.

At this juncture, when a cloud as dark as any that had overspread the chances of the success of telegraphing hung like a pall over it, Amos Kendall, the former Postmaster-General, and a gentleman of enlarged views, clear foresight, strict business tact, and great integrity, became associated with Mr. Morse in its development. A period of seventeen years has now elapsed since the time to which allusion has been made, during which telegraphs have increased until they may be counted by hundreds of thousands of miles, intricate business relations have been multiplied, and fortunately considerable fortunes realized by the projectors, during all which period no circumstance has occurred to mar the pleasant relations between Mr. Morse and Mr. Kendall. The writer, in his frequent pleasant interviews with Mr. Morse, has on more than one occasion heard him declare that if he was blessed by a sufficiency of means to place him above the contingencies of want, he was mainly indebted for it to the strict integrity and admirable business tact of Amos Kendall.

Shortly after the time when I first met Mr. Morse in Washington, he left for Europe for the purpose of securing a patent for his invention in England and France. The knowledge of his experiments, and their results in America, had already preceded him. His request was met on the part of the English Attorney-General, Lord (then Sir John) Campbell, with the fact that a publication of it had already been made, and that his right to a patent was consequently rendered invalid.

Foiled in his attempt to secure a patent in England, Mr. Morse visited Paris, and found no difficulty in obtaining a patent for France. His exhibitions in Paris not only attracted the attention of the most eminent Continental savans, but likewise that of many of the English nobility temporarily residing in Paris. The Earl of Elgin frequently visited him, bringing with him many of his distinguished friends, among whom were the Earl of Lincoln and the Hon. Henry Drummond. Through the courtesy of these gentlemen he received letters to Lord Brougham, the Marquis of Northampton, the President of the Royal Society, and many other distinguished persons in England.

In leaving Paris Earl Lincoln gave him a pressing invitation to revisit England, and begged to be apprised of his arrival in London at the earliest moment. On his departure from Paris for the purpose of returning to America he visited London, and the day after his arrival sent his card to the Earl of Lincoln, and his letter of introduction and card to the Marquis of Northampton, and in a few hours received a visit from both. The Earl of Lincoln at once invited him to send his telegraph to his house, where he exhibited its operations to the Lords of the Ad-

miralty, the members of the Royal Society, and of both Houses of Parliament, who had been invited by Lord Lincoln for the purpose. All were well pleased with the results, and no doubt exists that if he had remained he might easily have procured by special Act of Parliament a patent for his invention in England, but his tarry having been limited by his desire to return home, he declined the pressing offers of his distinguished friends, hoping at some future day to renew his application, which now promised to be successful.

Among the numerous distinguished acquaintances which he formed while in Paris was the eminent savant Arago, who was Astronomer Royal, and as such the Director of the Observatory, and Perpetual Secretary of the Institute. He first met Arago, by an engagement previously made by Mr. Warden, an American gentleman resident in Paris and a member of the Institute, September 3, 1838, at the rooms of the Institute, and on the following day at the Observatory, where he exhibited his telegraph apparatus, pretty much in the same manner as he had done in Washington the previous winter. Arago manifested great interest in its operation, and questioned him carefully as to its minutest detail, at the same time examining the apparatus, so as to fully comprehend its operations, which he speedily did. On the following Monday he exhibited his apparatus before the members of the Institute, Arago being in the chair. As Mr. Morse operated the machine Arago explained to the members its method of working. They became so interested in its operations that they left their seats and crowded around the desk of the Secretary of the Institute where the apparatus was placed. This created some little confusion, which was allayed by Arago calling the Institute to order, and requesting members to be seated. Among the members who crowded around the desk was Humboldt, with whom Mr. Morse had been previously acquainted, while he was engaged as an artist in copying pictures in the Louvre. Before taking his seat he approached Mr. Morse, and shaking him warmly by the hand, congratulated him on his success, at the same time declaring his belief that his invention was destined to produce the most astonishing results.

Humboldt's partiality for intelligent Americans is well known. His early labors on this continent, and his intimate knowledge of its social progress, always rendered an inhabitant of America a welcome companion, from whom he never failed to extract something to add to his vast fund of knowledge respecting the new world. Long before Mr. Morse appeared before the world as the producer of a remarkable and useful invention Humboldt had been attracted to him by his amenity of manner and his intelligent appreciation of art. They frequently met at the hospitable mansion of Baron Gérard, whose soirées were attended by all the most eminent artists in Paris, and also, as has been already stated, in the gallery of the Louvre. On

these occasions Humboldt's custom was to approach the easel of the young artist and engage in conversation, usually upon subjects of art. Frequently he would remark that Mr. Morse must feel fatigued, and would invite him to take a stroll among the paintings, stopping to admire such as attracted his especial notice, and while passing criticisms upon their merits himself, demand of his companion his opinion concerning them. Their meeting at the Institute therefore, although under different circumstances, was as between old friends.

In 1856, while Mr. Morse was on a visit to Europe, he paid a visit to Humboldt at Potsdam, who received him cordially, and was very solicitous in his inquiries about the future of the United States. It was about this period that intelligence had reached Europe of the appointment of a vigilance committee in San Francisco, and its bold and decisive acts. Humboldt stated that this attempt of a few to place themselves above the constituted law was, in his judgment, a dark shadow on the surface of free suffrage, and led him to entertain great fear as to the perpetuity of our institutions. Mr. Morse remarked that the society of California was at best in a chaotic state; that unprincipled men had been elected to office through the machinations of their comrades, and that the more respectable part of the community found it impossible to obtain justice for the high-handed outrages which were committed in the most open and shameless manner. He asked Humboldt if, under these circumstances, it would not be better to consider the people as assembled in vigilance committee as the true exponents of public sentiment, and as showing a change in society from anarchy to law and order, although reached through violent measures. These views seemed to produce an impression on the mind of Humboldt, who admitted their justice, and hoped, but with some fears, that republican institutions might survive the shocks to which they appeared to be subjected. It was on the occasion of this visit that Humboldt presented to Mr. Morse an engraving of himself, with the following written upon it in French :

"To Mr. S. F. B. Morse, whose philosophic and useful labors have rendered his name illustrious in two worlds. The homage of the high and affectionate esteem of

"ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT.

"POTSDAM, August, 1856."

This engraving, in a circular gilt frame, occupies a prominent position in the library of Mr. Morse.

While on this visit to Europe Mr. Morse was presented to King Frederick of Denmark, to whom he had previously sent a set of telegraph instruments. The King, at the time of his visit, was at the Castle of Fredericksburg, about twenty miles from Copenhagen, whither he was accompanied by Colonel Rasloff, the present accomplished Minister of the Danish Government to the United States. They arrived at the village in which the castle was situated in the evening, and immediately dispatched a messen-

ger to demand an audience, at the pleasure of the King. The messenger returned with the intelligence that the King would leave for another residence at eight on the following morning, but that he would grant an audience prior to his leaving. After dispatching an early breakfast the party visited the castle, and were ushered into two or three stately apartments, from which they were shortly after invited into the presence of the King, who received Mr. Morse with great frankness and good-humor. He spoke English tolerably well, and was frank and open in manner. He informed Mr. Morse that the instruments he had presented were the ones now in use in his cabinet at the residence he then occupied, and were connected with a line from thence to Copenhagen. He was costumed on this occasion in the dress of an ordinary citizen, and wore a blue frock coat, on the breast of which was the order of the elephant, and one or two others. In parting he shook Mr. Morse warmly by the hand, a ceremony not usual with crowned heads, and directed the governor of the castle, to whom he introduced Mr. Morse, to show him over the establishment, in which occupation some pleasant hours were spent, and the party finally took their leave, well pleased with the King and their visit to his rural residence. About one year after Mr. Morse received from the King the decoration of the order of the "Danebrog."

An incident which occurred in Paris a few years previous, demonstrates Arago's opinion of the value of the telegraph at that time. A motion was made in the Chamber of Deputies to appropriate a sum of money to defray the expense of constructing a line of telegraph from Paris to Rouen. The motion was opposed by M. Berryer, the distinguished advocate, on the ground that it was a mere experiment. At this moment Arago, who was likewise a member and a warm advocate of the measure, arose, and held aloft in his hand a letter which he had just received from Mr. Morse, containing a slip from the *Baltimore Sun*, with the message from President Polk to Congress in relation to the Mexican war, transmitted entire by telegraph in a short space of time. If this, declared the eminent savan, is not a "*fait accompli*" I know not what is. Berryer was silenced, and the appropriation for the erection of the first telegraphic line in France passed by acclamation.

An interesting reminiscence of the European tour of Mr. Morse, not only on account of his participation in it, but also as showing the manner in which such receptions are conducted, is his presentation to the present Emperor of Russia, which took place shortly before his coronation. Owing to the preparations in progress for this event, the Emperor had declined to receive any persons, except such as were accredited as the representatives from foreign governments to be present on this occasion. Through the intervention of Governor Seymour, the ambassador from the United States to the Court of St. Petersburg, Mr. Morse was enabled to be presented on

the occasion of the Emperor's reception of the delegates from different governments. His first knowledge of this event was conveyed to him in an order from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, directing him to be at the dock at 8 o'clock on the following morning, to take the steamer which would convey him to the imperial palace at Peterhof, which is the Emperor's country residence, and is about seventeen miles from St. Petersburg, and in the immediate vicinity of Cronstadt.

The steamer left the wharf at 10 o'clock, and in about an hour after reached Peterhof, where numerous carriages, attended by servants in the Emperor's livery, awaited the arrival of the guests. Here they were presented to the master of ceremonies, who accompanied them to a carriage, stating that it was intended for their accommodation. Those who were under the auspices of the American legation were driven through a portion of the magnificent park which surrounds the Imperial palace to a spacious villa appropriated exclusively to the use of the American legation. After breakfast the master of ceremonies called to inform them that he should at once escort them to the palace, and in the mean time that carriages were in readiness to take them wherever they desired to drive.

At the hour appointed the master of ceremonies appeared, and, taking carriages, they drove to the Imperial palace, which was approached through a long line of soldiers, succeeded by a similar one of domestics in the Imperial livery. They were ushered into a spacious saloon, on either side of the door of which stood a stalwart black in attendance. In this saloon were congregated the guests from the different villas appropriated to each of the legations, and among them Prince Esterhazy, of Austria, who was clad for the occasion in his famous coat sparkling with diamonds, said to be worth a small principality, the Austrian princes, Lord Grenville of the English Embassy, Sir Robert Peel, Lady Peel, Earl of Lincoln, son of the Duke of Newcastle, who recently accompanied the Prince of Wales to the United States, and others, amounting in all to about forty guests. After waiting for about three-fourths of an hour, which was spent in frank and pleasant conversation among the persons assembled without distinction or formality, the master of ceremonies again appeared, and preceded the guests to a piazza overlooking the gardens, where they were arranged with their faces inward in a line preparatory to presentation. The Emperor soon appeared by a side door, and, passing down the line, stopped before each person, whose name was announced by the master of ceremonies, and held a few words conversation with him, for the most part in French. Immediately by the side of Mr. Morse stood a surgeon of the English navy, to whom the Emperor also spoke in French. The master of ceremonies announced the name of Morse as *Mora*. Mr. Morse corrected him, and gave his true name. The Emperor smiled, and said, in excellent English, "Oh, your name is

quite familiar to us here. I have your invention over every part of my empire."

This ceremony occupied but a short time. After its completion the guests followed the master of ceremonies to a spacious state apartment, where they were arranged in a similar manner preparatory to a presentation to the Empress. The Empress soon appeared, richly clad, and sparkling with diamonds. Her tiara was nearly made up of these precious stones. Nor was her necklace scarcely less brilliant or costly. The buttons of her robe were composed of a single diamond about one-fourth of an inch in diameter, encircled by a row of smaller ones. She was accompanied by a retinue of maids of honor, and passed along the line of persons to be presented in the same manner as the Emperor had done, but tarried longer before each guest. She was particular in her inquiries of Mr. Morse about the extent of the Telegraph in the United States and its origin, and passed some pleasant compliments upon its great value. The guests were now conducted to the room they originally occupied, and, taking carriages, drove back to their apartments, which they had scarcely reached before they were joined by the master of ceremonies, who informed them that they were expected to dine at the English villa at five o'clock, and in the mean time that carriages would be in attendance to convey them over the park.

Availing themselves of this invitation, they returned to their carriages and pursued their excursion through the park, which, although covering an extent of between nine and ten miles, is so carefully tended that a dead leaf or unkempt blade of grass was scarcely to be found in its whole extent.

The dinner at the English Embassy was served in the exquisite taste for which the Russians are justly celebrated, and was especially marked by the perfect ease and the freedom from all restraint which pervaded the whole party. After its conclusion Mr. Morse, while sipping a cup of coffee in the drawing-room, in company with a knot of American and English gentlemen, inquired about the time, and expressed a fear lest it would be too late to take the last boat for St. Petersburg. One of the English gentlemen who left as this remark was made soon returned, accompanied by Lord Grenville, who remarked that one of his legation had informed him that Mr. Morse feared he should be too late for the boat. He then stated that his own yacht would await his leisure, and invited him to accompany him to town. The courtesy thus kindly offered was at once accepted; and after a pleasant sail they arrived at St. Petersburg at midnight, well pleased with each other, and happy to have participated in the events of a day which seldom occurs to those whose lives are not spent at the courts of the more wealthy empires of Europe.

The recollections of the writer have thus far been confined to reminiscences connected with the time during which Mr. Morse has been be-

fore the world in connection with the establishment of a system of electro-magnetic telegraphs which is scattered far and wide over Europe and North America; but there is another period of his life less known to the great world, the events of which should not be passed over in silence—and, indeed, which have for the writer a greater charm than any of the more recent and, perhaps, more brilliant ones. Allusion is made to the period which may properly be denominated his artist life. This commences about one year after he graduated at Yale College, when, under the charge of Washington Alston, he went to Europe to begin his labors as a student of art.

He reached Europe August 7, 1811, and returned to his native land precisely four years after—embarking from Liverpool in 1815, upon the very day of the year he had landed four years earlier. During this time he was a student at the Royal Academy, over which Benjamin West presided, and numbered among his friends not only this distinguished artist, but many of the most eminent artists and literary men of the day. West, who had an especial regard for his own countrymen, was on particularly friendly terms with Morse and Charles Leslie. These two young students, who had many views in common, took apartments together; and while they prosecuted their art-studies upon a common basis, had access to the same social circles. While West was particularly engaged he directed his servant, Robert, to refuse admission to most persons. On these occasions Leslie and Morse were made exceptions. To them he was always, when alone, at home, no matter how busily engaged.

The intimacy subsisting between George III. (at that time the monarch of England) and West is well known. West used frequently to declare that he was more intimately acquainted with the King than any of his ministers. He believed him to be an excellent monarch, who was frequently made the dupe of his ambitious ministers. He always spoke of him as the "good old man;" and maintained to the last that his character was entirely different from that in which he is represented in history, more especially that portion of history which relates to the revolted colonies. As an illustration of this, Mr. Morse relates that, on one occasion when he paid a visit to West, he found him seated in his study with a portrait on the easel before him, which he was engaged in copying. He asked his young visitor if he recognized it. Morse replied that it was a portrait of the King.

"While," remarked West, "the King was sitting for this portrait, a box was handed him containing the Declaration of American Independence."

"And pray, Sir," asked Morse, "how did he receive it?"

"He appeared at first buried in thought and solemn," replied West; "but at last he remarked, 'Well, if they can be happier under the Government they have chosen than under mine I shall be happy.'"

West constantly averred that the war was carried on and troops sent in direct opposition to the judgment and wishes of the King, who only yielded to the strong representations of his Ministry that he had no right to dismember so large and important a part of the British empire. As an evidence of this he cited the case of Lord Mansfield, who, on the occasion of a question as to the propriety of sending more troops to America, in the House of Peers, remarked "that it was now time for the Government to throw off the mask." The King, who could be aroused on certain occasions, became exceedingly angry with Lord Mansfield for the manner in which he had procured his sanction to send troops, and directed him never to see his face again—an order which was never relaxed.

It may be that West's partiality for the King induced him to overlook his own part in the American war, and disposed him to place on the shoulders of others the blame which should in part at least have been borne by him. Be this as it may, the friendship subsisting between them continued unabated, although occasions were not wanting in which those who were jealous of the influence of an American over the mind of their King strove to alienate their friendship. West was fully aware of this, and while he seldom paid attention to these attempts, could not fail occasionally to be annoyed at them. As an illustration of this feeling he narrated to Morse the following:

"While," remarked West, "the King was on a visit to me, news was brought of an important victory of his troops over the rebels. Not finding him at the palace, the messenger immediately traced him to my studio, and communicated the intelligence. After this was accomplished, turning to me, the messenger said,

"And are you not gratified at the success of his Majesty's troops?"

"No," I replied; "I can never rejoice in the misfortunes of my countrymen."

"Right," replied the King, rising and placing his hand approvingly on my shoulder. "If you did you would not long be a fit subject for any Government."

Among the members of the Royal Academy with whom Morse was in the habit of frequent association was Fuseli, whose erratic genius is perpetuated in the remarkable productions of his pencil, which at that time had great currency. Fuseli, who was a profound thinker and an agreeable companion, was on one occasion debating the question of the immortality of the soul with a disbeliever.

"I do not know that your soul is immortal," said Fuseli to his companion: "perhaps it is not; but I know that mine is."

"Why so?" demanded his companion, greatly astonished at the comparison.

"Because," said Fuseli, "I can conceive more in one minute than I can execute in a lifetime."

No stronger illustration than this can be given of the soul's immortality.

Another of these was Northcote, who did not affect to conceal his jealousy of other artists. On one occasion Coleridge attempted to take him to task for this unfortunate trait in his character. "Nonsense!" replied Northcote. "You possess, all men of genius possess, the same quality. As a test, are you willing to admit that Southey is as great a poet as yourself?"

"To be sure I am," replied Coleridge.

"Will you confess," continued Northcote, "that if you saw Southey standing under that beam"—pointing to the one above his head—"you would not secretly wish it to fall on and crush him?"

It must be admitted that Northcote's envy was inveterate and incurable.

Coleridge, who was a frequent visitor at the rooms of Leslie and Morse, frequently made his appearance under the influence of those fits of despondency to which he was subject. On these occasions, by a preconcerted plan, they often drew him from this state of despondency to one of brilliant imagination. "I was just wishing to see you," said Morse, on one of these occasions, when he entered with a hesitating step, and replied to their frank salutations with a gloomy aspect, and deep-drawn sighs. "Leslie and myself have had a dispute about certain lines of beauty; which is right?" And then each argued with the other for a few moments, until Coleridge became interested, and, rousing from his fit of despondency, spoke with an eloquence and depth of metaphysical reasoning on the subject far beyond the comprehension of his auditors. Their point, however, was gained, and Coleridge was again the eloquent, the profound, the gifted being which his remarkable productions show him to be.

"On one occasion," said Morse, "I heard him improvise, for half an hour, in blank verse, what he stated to be a strange dream, which was full of those wonderful creations that glitter like diamonds in his poetical productions."

"All of which," remarked I, "is undoubtedly lost to the world." "Not all," replied Mr. Morse, "for I recognize in the 'Ancient Mariner' some of the thoughts of that evening; but doubtless the greater part, which would have made the reputation of any other man, perished with the moment of inspiration, never again to be recalled."

When his tragedy of "Remorse," which had a run of twenty-one nights, was first brought out, Washington Alston, Charles King, Leslie, Lamb, Morse, and Coleridge, went together to witness its performance. They occupied a box near the stage, and each of the party was as much interested in its success as Coleridge himself. The effect of the frequent applauses upon Coleridge was very manifest; but when, at the end of the piece, he was called for by the audience, the intensity of his emotions was such as none but one gifted with the fine sensibilities of a poet could experience. Fortunately the audience was satisfied with a mere presentation of himself. His emotions would have pre-

cluded the idea of his speaking on such an occasion.

Alston, who had for some time been a sufferer from what was afterward found to be a stricture of the colon, soon after this became so much out of health that he thought a change of air, and a short residence in the country, might relieve him. He accordingly set out on this journey, accompanied by Leslie and Morse. When he reached Salt Hill, near Oxford, he became so ill as to be unable to proceed, and requested Morse to return to town for his medical attendant, Dr. Tuthill, and Coleridge, to whom he was ardently attached. Morse accordingly returned, and procuring a post-chaise, immediately set out for Salt Hill, a distance of twenty-two miles, accompanied by Coleridge and Dr. Tuthill. They arrived late in the evening, and were busied with Alston until midnight, when he became easier, and Morse and Coleridge left him for the night. Upon repairing to the sitting-room of the hotel Morse opened "Knickerbocker's History of New York," which he had thrown into the carriage before leaving town. Coleridge asked him what work he had?

"Oh," replied he, "it is only an American book!"

"Let me see it," demanded Coleridge. He accordingly handed it to him, and he was soon buried in its pages. Mr. Morse, overcome by the fatigues of the day, soon after retired to his chamber and fell asleep. On awaking the next morning he repaired to the sitting-room, when what his astonishment to find it still closed, with the lights burning, and Coleridge busy with the book he had lent him the previous night!

"Why, Coleridge," said he, approaching him, "have you been reading the whole night?"

"Why," remarked Coleridge, abstractedly, "it is not late."

He replied by throwing open the blinds and permitting the broad daylight, for it was now ten o'clock, to stream in upon them.

"Indeed," said Coleridge, "I had no conception of this; but the work has pleased me exceedingly. It is admirably written; pray who is its author?"

He was informed that it was the production of Washington Irving. It is needless to say that during the long residence of Irving in London they became warm friends.

Among the literary acquaintances formed by Morse in London at this period was Rogers, the poet, whose breakfasts have attained so wide a celebrity. At one of these, at which Leslie and Morse were the only guests, Rogers waggishly remarked to Morse that his friend Leslie was a very clever artist, but that it was a great pity that he did not throw more grace and beauty into his female figures.

Now if Leslie prided himself upon any thing it was precisely upon the grace and symmetry of his female figures, in which he particularly excelled, and so Morse informed him.

"You think so," said Rogers, quietly indulging in a pleasant laugh at his own waggery, and

changed the conversation, without explanation, to another subject.

It is well known that Rogers's house was literally made up of choice gems, and among these was a sketch of the "Miracle of the Slain" by Tintoretto, which Rogers informed Morse was executed by that great artist preparatory to the execution of the painting itself.

Morse asked Rogers where the original now was, as he had an order to paint a copy of it, and supposed, as it had been captured by Napoleon I., it was in Paris. Rogers informed him that it had been returned to Venice, where he afterward found it in the Academy of Fine Arts, immediately opposite Titian's "Assumption of the Virgin." The copy he then made, and which upon the death of its owner fell again into his hands, is in the library room of his town house. Fuseli, who at the time of Mr. Morse's residence in London was at the zenith of his fame, considered the original the finest picture in the world.

At this period Abernethy was in the full tide of his popularity as a surgeon, and Alston, who had for some little time had a grumbling pain in his thigh, proposed to Morse to accompany him to the house of the distinguished surgeon to consult him on the cause of the ailment. As Alston had his hand on the bell-pull the door was opened and a visitor passed out, immediately followed by a coarse-looking person with a large shaggy head of hair, whom Alston at once took for a domestic. He accordingly inquired if Mr. Abernethy was in.

"What do you want of Mr. Abernethy?" demanded this uncouth-looking person, with the harshest possible Scotch accent.

"I wished to see him," gently replied Alston, somewhat shocked by the coarseness of his reception; "is he at home?"

"Come in, come in mon," said the same uncouth personage.

"But he may be engaged," responded Alston; "perhaps I had better call another time."

"Come in, mon, I say," replied the person addressed, and partly by persuasion and partly by force, Alston, followed by Morse, was induced to enter the hall, which they had no sooner done than the person who admitted them closed the street door, and placing his back against it, said, "Now tell me what is your business with Mr. Abernethy. I am Mr. Abernethy."

"I have come to consult you," replied Alston, "about an affection—"

"What the de'il hae I to do with your affections!" bluntly interposed Abernethy.

"Perhaps, Mr. Abernethy," said Alston, by this time so completely overcome by the apparent rudeness of the eminent surgeon as to regret calling on him at all, "you are engaged at present, and I had better call again."

"De'il the bit, de'il the bit, mon," said Abernethy. "Come in, come in," and he preceded them to his office, and examined his case, which proved to be a slight one, with such gentleness as almost to lead them to doubt whether Aber-

nethy within his consulting-room, and Abernethy whom they had encountered in the passage, was really the same personage.

Mr. Morse first settled himself as an artist in Boston, but afterward removed to Charleston, South Carolina, where he obtained as a patron Governor Alston, a relative of his early friend Washington Alston. This gentleman, whom Mr. Morse had never seen, soon after his arrival in Charleston, directed him by letter to paint portraits of his two children, a son and a daughter, leaving the price optional with the artist. When the paintings were completed, Governor Alston not only added a considerable gratuity to the sum demanded, but gave Mr. Morse an order to execute a painting of his daughter in the very best style of art. For this painting, which represents Miss Alston amidst the ruins of an old abbey caressing a young fawn, the artist demanded eight hundred dollars. Governor Alston, in a highly complimentary letter, inclosed a check for one thousand dollars. When Mr. Morse left Charleston to become a resident of New York, he begged Governor Alston, in consideration of the many kindnesses he had bestowed upon him, to accept as a parting gift a picture painted by himself, entitled the "Judgment of Jupiter," and which he highly prized. This painting for many years occupied a place in Governor Alston's collection, but upon his decease it was sold among others, and for years its locality remained a mystery. A few years since, while on a visit to Europe, his niece received as a present from a friend a painting attributed to another artist, but which upon examination proved to be the identical "Judgment of Jupiter" presented many years before to Governor Alston, and which had now, by the merest accident, returned to the possession of the family of its author.

Mr. Morse, after a life of great activity, intermixed with no little personal annoyance and many pleasant remembrances, at the advanced age of seventy, has retired from the active duties of life, and devotes himself to the gratification of the tastes of a cultivated gentleman, and the exercise of a generous hospitality. His country residence, situated in a most picturesque spot, amidst deep ravines and lofty forest trees, upon the banks of the Hudson, a short distance from the town of Poughkeepsie, is built in the Italian style of villa architecture, and contains a high tower, and extensive piazzas clustering with vines and flowers.

In this delightful spot, adorned with all the chasteness of an artist's taste, in the midst of a charming and affectionate family, and a large circle of sympathizing friends, the evening of life is passing away in quiet and undisturbed repose. Occasionally the little world of "Locust Grove" is fluttered by the announcement of the completion of some new telegraphic enterprise, as the fruits of his invention, but it soon subsides into its customary channel, and moves along as quietly and as undisturbed as the dreamy river that flows languidly at its feet.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXV.

INFANDI DOLORES.

PHILIP'S heart beat very quickly at seeing this grim pair, and the guilty newspaper before them, on which Mrs. Baynes's lean right hand was laid. "So, Sir," she cried, "you still honor us with your company, after distinguishing yourself as you did the night before last. Fighting and boxing like a porter at his Excellency's ball. It's disgusting! I have no other word for it—disgusting!" And here I suppose she nudged the general, or gave him some look or signal by which he knew he was to come into action; for Baynes straightway advanced and delivered his fire.

"Faith, Sir, more bub-up-blackguard conduct I never heard of in my life! That's the only word for it; the only word for it," cries Baynes.

"The general knows what blackguard conduct is, and yours is that conduct, Mr. Firmin! It is all over the town: is talked of every where: will be in all the newspapers. When his lordship heard of it he was furious. Never, never will you be admitted into the Embassy again, after disgracing yourself as you have done," cries the lady.

"Disgracing yourself, that's the word. And disgraceful your conduct was, begad," cries the officer second in command.

"You don't know my provocation," pleaded poor Philip. "As I came up to him Twysden was boasting that he had struck me, and—and laughing at me."

"And a pretty figure you were to come to a ball. Who could help laughing, Sir?"

"He bragged of having insulted me, and I lost my temper, and struck him in return. The thing is done and can't be helped," growled Philip.

"Strike a little man before ladies! Very brave indeed!" cries the lady.

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"Mrs. Baynes!"

"I call it cowardly. In the army we consider it cowardly to quarrel before ladies," continues Mrs. General B.

"I have waited at home for two days to see if he wanted any more," groaned Philip.

"O yes! After insulting and knocking a little man down, you want to murder him! And you call that the conduct of a Christian, the conduct of a gentleman!"

"The conduct of a ruffian, by George!" says General Baynes.

"It was prudent of you to choose a very little man, and to have the ladies within hearing!" continues Mrs. Baynes. "Why, I wonder you haven't beaten my dear children next. Don't you, general, wonder he has not knocked down our poor boys? They are quite small. And it is evident that ladies being present is no hindrance to Mr. Firmin's *boxing matches*."

"The conduct is gross, and unworthy of a gentleman," reiterates the general.

"You hear what that man says—that old man, who never says an unkind word? That veteran, who has been in twenty battles, and never struck a man before women yet? Did you, Charles? *He* has given you his opinion. He has called you a name which I won't soil my lips with repeating, but which you deserve. And do you suppose, Sir, that I will give my blessed child to a man who has acted as you have acted, and been called a—? Charles! General! I will go to my grave rather than see my daughter given up to such a man!"

"Good Heavens!" said Philip, his knees trembling under him. "You don't mean to say that you intend to go from your word, and—"

"Oh! you threaten about money, do you? Because your father was a cheat, you intend to try and make us suffer, do you?" shrieks the lady. "A man who strikes a little man before ladies will commit any act of cowardice, I dare say. And if you wish to beggar my family because your father was a rogue—"

"My dear!" interposes the general.

"Wasn't he a rogue, Baynes? Is there any denying it? Haven't you said so a hundred and a hundred times? A nice family to marry into! No, Mr. Firmin! You may insult me as you please. You may strike little men before ladies. You may lift your great wicked hand against that poor old man in one of your tipsy fits; but I know a mother's love, a mother's duty, and I desire that we see you no more."

"Great Powers!" cries Philip, aghast. "You don't mean to—to separate me from Charlotte, general! I have your word. You encouraged me. I shall break my heart. I'll go down on my knees to that fellow. I'll—oh!—you don't mean what you say!" And, scared and sobbing,

the poor fellow clasped his strong hands together, and appealed to the general.

Baynes was under his wife's eye. "I think," he said, "your conduct has been confoundingly bad, disorderly, and ungentlemanlike. You can't support my child, if you marry her. And if you have the least spark of honor in you, as you say you have, it is you, Mr. Firmin, who will break off the match, and release the poor child from certain misery. By George, Sir, how is a man who fights and quarrels in a nobleman's ball-room to get on in the world? How is a man who can't afford a decent coat to his back to keep a wife? The more I have known you, the more I have felt that the engagement would bring misery upon my child! Is that what you want? A man of honor." ("Honor!" in italics, from Mrs. Baynes.) "Hush, my dear! A man of spirit would give her up, Sir. What have you to offer but beggary, by George? Do you want my girl to come home to your lodgings, and mend your clothes?"..... "I think I put that point pretty well, Bunch, my boy," said the general, talking of the matter afterward. "I hit him there, Sir."

The old soldier did indeed strike his adversary there with a vital stab. Philip's coat, no doubt, was ragged, and his purse but light. He had sent money to his father out of his small stock. There were one or two servants in the old house in Parr Street, who had been left without their wages, and a part of these debts Philip had paid. He knew his own violence of temper, and his unruly independence. He thought very humbly of his talents, and often doubted of his capacity to get on in the world. In his less hopeful moods he trembled to think that he might be bringing poverty and unhappiness upon his dearest little maiden, for whom he would joyfully have sacrificed his blood, his life. Poor Philip sank back sickening and fainting almost under Baynes's words.

"You'll let me—you'll let me see her?" he gasped out.

"She's unwell. She is in her bed. She can't appear to-day!" cried the mother.

"Oh, Mrs. Baynes! I must, I must see her," Philip said; and fairly broke out in a sob of pain.

"This is the man that strikes men before women!" said Mrs. Baynes. "Very courageous, certainly!"

"By George, Eliza!" the general cried out, starting up. "It's too bad.".....

"Infirm of purpose, give me the daggers!" Philip yelled out, while describing the scene to his biographer in after-days. "Macbeth would never have done the murders but for that little quiet woman at his side. When the Indian prisoners are killed, the squaws always invent the worst tortures. You should have seen that fiend and her livid smile as she was drilling her gimblets into my heart. I don't know how I offended her. I tried to like her, Sir. I had humbled myself before her. I went on her

errands. I played cards with her. I sate and listened to her dreadful stories about Barrackpore and the governor-general. I wallowed in the dust before her, and she hated me. I can see her face now: her cruel yellow face, and her sharp teeth, and her gray eyes. It was the end of August, and pouring a storm that day. I suppose my poor child was cold and suffering up stairs, for I heard the poking of a fire in her little room. When I hear a fire poked overhead now—twenty years after—the whole thing comes back to me; and I suffer over again that infernal agony. Were I to live a thousand years I could not forgive her. I never did her a wrong, but I can't forgive her. Ah, my Heaven, how that woman tortured me!"

"I think I know one or two similar instances," said Mr. Firmin's biographer.

"You are always speaking ill of women!" said Mr. Firmin's biographer's wife.

"No, thank Heaven!" said the gentleman. "I think I know some of whom I never thought or spoke a word of evil. My dear, will you give Philip some more tea?" and with this the gentleman's narrative is resumed.

The rain was beating down the avenue as Philip went into the street. He looked up at Charlotte's window; but there was no sign. There was a flicker of a fire there. The poor girl had the fever, and was shuddering in her little room, weeping and sobbing on Madame Smolensk's shoulder, *que c'était pitié à voir*, Madame said. Her mother had told her she must break from Philip; had invented and spoken a hundred calumnies against him; declared that he never cared for her; that he had loose principles, and was forever haunting theatres and bad company. "It's not true, mother, it's not true!" the little girl had cried, flaming up in revolt for a moment; but she soon subsided in tears and misery, utterly broken by the thought of her calamity. Then her father had been brought to her, who had been made to believe some of the stories against poor Philip, and who was commanded by his wife to impress them upon the girl. And Baynes tried to obey orders; but he was scared and cruelly pained by the sight of his little maiden's grief and suffering. He attempted a weak expostulation, and began a speech or two. But his heart failed him. He retreated behind his wife. She never hesitated in speech or resolution, and her language became more bitter as her ally faltered. Philip was a drunkard; Philip was a prodigal; Philip was a frequenter of dissolute haunts, and loose companions. She had the best authority for what she said. Was not a mother anxious for the welfare of her own child? ("Begad, you don't suppose your own mother would do any thing that was not for your welfare, now?" broke in the general, feebly.) "Do you think if he had not been drunk he would have ventured to commit such an atrocious outrage as that at the Embassy? And do you suppose I want a drunkard and a beggar to marry my daughter?" "Your ingratitude,

Charlotte, is horrible!" cries mamma. And poor Philip, charged with drunkenness, had dined for seventeen sous, with a carafon of beer, and had counted on a supper that night by little Charlotte's side: so, while the child lay sobbing on her bed, the mother stood over her, and lashed her. For General Baynes—a brave man, a kind-hearted man—to have to look on while this torture was inflicted, must have been a hard duty. He could not eat the boarding-house dinner, though he took his place at the table at the sound of the dismal bell. Madame herself was not present at the meal; and you know poor Charlotte's place was vacant. Her father went up stairs, and paused by her bedroom door, and listened. He heard murmurs within, and Madame's voice, as he stumbled at the door, cried harshly, "*Qui est là?*" He entered. Madame was sitting on the bed, with Charlotte's head on her lap. The thick brown tresses were falling over the child's white night-dress, and she lay almost motionless, and sobbing feebly. "Ah, it is you, General!" said Madame. "You have done a pretty work, Sir!" "Mamma says, won't you take something, Charlotte, dear?" faltered the old man. "Will you leave her tranquil?" said Madame, with her deep voice. The father retreated. When Madame went out presently to get that panacea, *une tasse de thé*, for her poor little friend, she found the old gentleman seated on a portmanteau at his door. "Is she—is she a little better now?" he sobbed out. Madame shrugged her shoulders, and looked down on the veteran with superb scorn. "*Vous n'êtes qu'un poltron, général!*" she said, and swept down stairs. Baynes was beaten indeed. He was suffering horrible pain. He was quite unmanned, and tears were trickling down his old cheeks as he sate wretchedly there in the dark. His wife did not leave the table as long as dinner and dessert lasted. She read *Galigani* resolutely afterward. She told the children not to make a noise, as their sister was up stairs with a bad headache. But she revoked that statement, as it were (as she revoked at cards presently), by asking the Miss Bolderos to play one of their duets.

I wonder whether Philip walked up and down before the house that night? Ah, it was a dismal night for all of them—a racking pain, a cruel sense of shame throbbed under Baynes's cotton tassel; and as for Mrs. Baynes, I hope there was not much rest or comfort under her old night-cap. Madame passed the greater part of the night in a great chair in Charlotte's bedroom, where the poor child heard the hours toll one after the other, and found no comfort in the dreary rising of the dawn.

At a very early hour of the dismal rainy morning, what made poor little Charlotte fling her arms round Madame, and cry out, "Ah, que je vous aime! ah, que vous êtes bonne, Madame!" and smile almost happily through her tears? In the first place, Madame went to Charlotte's dressing-table, whence she took a pair of scissors. Then the little maid sat up on her bed,

with her brown hair clustering over her shoulders; and Madame took a lock of it, and cut a thick curl; and kissed poor little Charlotte's red eyes; and laid her pale cheek on the pillow, and carefully covered her; and bade her, with many tender words, to go to sleep. "If you are very good, and will go to sleep, he shall have it in half an hour," Madame said. "And as I go down stairs I will tell Françoise to have some tea ready for you when you ring." And this promise, and the thought of what Madame was going to do, comforted Charlotte in her misery. And with many fond, fond prayers for Philip, and consoled by thinking, "Now she must have gone the greater part of the way; now she must be with him; now he knows I will never, never love any but him," she fell asleep at length on her moistened pillow: and was smiling in her sleep, and I dare say dreaming of Philip, when the noise of the fall of a piece of furniture roused her, and she awoke out of her dream to see the grim old mother, in her white night-cap and white dressing-gown, standing by her side.

Never mind. "She has seen him now. She has told him now," was the child's very first thought as her eyes fairly opened. "He knows that I never, never will think of any but him." She felt as if she was actually there in Philip's room, speaking herself to him; murmuring vows which her fond lips had whispered many and many a time to her lover. And now he knew she would never break them she was consoled and felt more courage.

"You have had some sleep, Charlotte?" asks Mrs. Baynes.

"Yes, I have been asleep, mamma." As she speaks, she feels under the pillow a little locket containing—what? I suppose a scrap of Mr. Philip's lank hair.

"I hope you are in a less wicked frame of mind than when I left you last night," continues the matron.

"Was I wicked for loving Philip? Then I am wicked still, mamma!" cries the child, sitting up in her bed. And she clutches that little lock of hair which nestles under her pillow.

"What nonsense, child! This is what you get out of your stupid novels. I tell you he does not think about you. He is quite a reckless, careless libertine."

"Yes, so reckless and careless that we owe him the bread we eat. He doesn't think of me! Doesn't he? Ah—" Here she paused as a clock in a neighboring chamber began to strike. "Now," she thought, "he has got my message!" A smile dawned over her face. She sank back on her pillow, turning her head from her mother. She kissed the locket, and murmured: "Not think of me! Don't you, don't you, my dear!" She did not heed the woman by her side, hear her voice, or for a moment seem aware of her presence. Charlotte was away in Philip's room; she saw him talking with her messenger; heard his voice so deep, and so sweet; knew that the promises he had spoken he never would break. With gleaming eyes and flushing cheeks she

looked at her mother, her enemy. She held her talisman locket and pressed it to her heart. No, she would never be untrue to him! No, he would never, never desert her! And as Mrs. Baynes looked at the honest indignation beaming in the child's face she read Charlotte's revolt, defiance, perhaps victory. The meek child, who never before had questioned an order or formed a wish which she would not sacrifice at her mother's order, was now in arms asserting independence. But I should think mamma is not going to give up the command after a single act of revolt, and that she will try more attempts than one to cajole or coerce her rebel.

Meanwhile let Fancy leave the talisman locket nestling on Charlotte's little heart (in which soft shelter methinks it were pleasant to linger). Let her wrap a shawl round her, and affix to her feet a pair of stout galoshes; let her walk rapidly through the muddy Champs Elysées, where, in this inclement season, only a few policemen and artisans are to be found moving. Let her pay a half-penny at the Pont des Invalides, and so march stoutly along the quays, by the Chamber of Deputies—where as yet deputies assemble—and trudge along the river side, until she reaches Seine Street, into which, as you all know, the Rue Poussin debouches. This was the road brave Madame Smolensk took on a gusty, rainy autumn morning, and on foot, for five-franc pieces were scarce with the good woman. Before the Hôtel Poussin (*ah, qu'on y était bien à vingt ans!*) is a little painted wicket which opens, ringing, and then there is the passage, you know, with the stair leading to the upper regions, to Monsieur Philippe's room, which is on the first floor, as is that of Bouchard, the painter, who has his atelier over the way. A bad painter is Bouchard, but a worthy friend, a cheery companion, a modest, amiable gentleman. And a rare good fellow is Laberge of the second floor, the poet from Carcassonne, who pretends to be studying law, but whose heart is with the Muses, and whose talk is of Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset, whose verses he will repeat to all comers. Near Laberge (I think I have heard Philip say) lived Escasse, a Southern man too—a capitalist—a clerk in a bank, *quoi!*—whose apartment was decorated sumptuously with his own furniture, who had Spanish wine and sausages in cupboards, and a bag of dollars for a friend in need. Is Escasse alive still? Philip Firmin wonders, and that old colonel, who lived on the same floor, and who had been a prisoner in England? What wonderful descriptions that Colonel Dujarret had of *les meess anglaises* and their singularities of dress and behavior! Though conquered and a prisoner, what a conqueror and enslaver he was, when in our country! You see, in his rough way, Philip used to imitate these people to his friends, and we almost fancied we could see the hotel before us. It was very clean; it was very cheap; it was very dark; it was very cheerful—capital coffee and bread and butter for breakfast for fifteen sous; capital bedroom *au premier* for

thirty francs a month—dinner if you would for I forget how little, and a merry talk round the pipes and the grog afterward—the grog, or the modest *eau sucrée*. Here Colonel Dujarret recorded his victories over both sexes. Here Colonel Tymowski sighed over his enslaved Poland. Tymowski was the second who was to act for Philip in case the Ringwood Twysden affair should have come to any violent conclusion. Here Laberge bawled poetry to Philip, who no doubt in his turn confided to the young Frenchman his own hopes and passion. Deep into the night he would sit talking of his love, of her goodness, of her beauty, of her innocence, of her dreadful mother, of her good old father—*que sais-je?* Have we not said that when this man had any thing on his mind straightway he bellowed forth his opinions to the universe? Philip, away from his love, would roar out her praises for hours and hours to Laberge, until the candles burned down, until the hour for rest was come and could be delayed no longer. Then he would hie to bed with a prayer for her; and the very instant he awoke begin to think of her, and bless her, and thank God for her love. Poor as Mr. Philip was, yet as the possessor of health, content, honor, and that priceless pure jewel the girl's love, I think we will not pity him much; though, as the night when he received his dismissal from Mrs. Baynes, he must have passed an awful time, to be sure. Toss, Philip, on your bed of pain, and doubt, and fear. Toll, heavy hours, from night till dawn. Ah! 'twas a weary night through which two sad young hearts heard you tolling.

At a pretty early hour the various occupants of the crib at the Rue Poussin used to appear in the dingy little *salle-à-manger*, and partake of the breakfast there provided. Monsieur Menou, in his shirt-sleeves, shared and distributed the meal. Madame Menou, with a Madras handkerchief round her grizzling head, laid down the smoking coffee on the shining oil-cloth, while each guest helped himself out of a little museum of napkins to his own particular towel. The room was small: the breakfast was not fine: the guests who partook of it were certainly not remarkable for the luxury of clean linen; but Philip, who is many years older now than when he dwelt in this hotel, and is not pinched for money at all, you will be pleased to hear (and between ourselves has become rather a gourmand), declares he was a very happy youth at this humble Hôtel Poussin, and sighs for the days when he was sighing for Miss Charlotte.

Well, he has passed a dreadful night of gloom and terror. I doubt that he has bored Laberge very much with his tears and despondency. And now morning has come, and as he is having his breakfast with one or more of the before-named worthies, the little boy-of-all-work enters grinning, his *plumet* under his arm, and cries, "*Une dame pour M. Philippe!*"

"*Une dame,*" says the French Colonel, looking up from his paper; "*allez, mauvais sujet!*" "Grand Dieu! what has happened?" cries

Philip, running forward, as he recognizes Madame's tall figure in the passage. They go up to his room, I suppose, regardless of the grins and sneers of the little boy with the *plumet*, who aids the maid-servant to make the beds, and who thinks Monsieur Philippe has a very elderly acquaintance.

Philip closes the door upon his visitor, who looks at him with so much hope, kindness, confidence in her eyes, that the poor fellow is encouraged almost ere she begins to speak. "Yes, you have reason; I come from the little person," Madame Smolensk said; "the means of resisting that poor dear angel! She has passed a sad night. What? You, too, have not been in bed, poor young man!" Indeed Philip had only thrown himself on his bed, and had kicked there, and had groaned there, and had tossed there; and had tried to read, and, I dare say, remembered afterward, with a strange interest, the book he read, and that other thought which was throbbing in his brain all the time while he was reading, and while the wakeful hours went wearily tolling by.

"No, in effect," says poor Philip, rolling a dismal cigarette; "the night has not been too fine. And she has suffered too? Heaven bless her!" And then Madame Smolensk told how the little dear angel had cried all the night long, and how the Smolensk had not succeeded in comforting her, until she promised she would go to Philip, and tell him that his Charlotte would be his for ever and ever; that she never could think of any man but him; that he was the best, and the dearest, and the bravest, and the truest Philip, and that she did not believe one word of those wicked stories told against him by—"Hold, Monsieur Philippe, I suppose Madame la Générale has been talking about you, and loves you no more," cried Madame Smolensk; "we other women are assassins—assassins, see you! But Madame la Générale went too far with the little maid. She is an obedient little maid, the dear Miss!—trembling before her mother, and always ready to yield—only now her spirit is roused; and she is yours and yours only. The little dear, gentle child! Ah, how pretty she was, leaning on my shoulder! I held her there—yes there, my poor garçon, and I cut this from her neck, and brought it to thee. Come, embrace me. Weep; that does good, Philip. I love thee well. Go—and thy little—It is an angel!" And so, in the hour of their pain, myriads of manly hearts have found woman's love ready to soothe their anguish.

Leaving to Philip that thick curling lock of brown hair (from a head where now, mayhap, there is a line or two of matron silver), this Samaritan plods her way back to her own house, where her own cares await her. But though the way is long, Madame's step is lighter now, as she thinks how Charlotte at the journey's end is waiting for news of Philip; and I suppose there are more kisses and embraces when the good soul meets with the little suffering girl, and tells her how Philip will remain forever true and faith-

ful; and how true love must come to a happy ending; and how she, Smolensk, will do all in her power to aid, comfort, and console her young friends. As for the writer of Mr. Philip's memoirs, you see I never try to make any concealments. I have told you all along that Charlotte and Philip are married, and I believe they are happy. But it is certain that they suffered dreadfully at this time of their lives; and my wife says that Charlotte, if she alludes to the period and the trial, speaks as though they had both undergone some hideous operation, the remembrance of which forever causes a pang to the memory. So, my young lady, will you have your trial one day—to be borne, pray Heaven, with a meek spirit. Ah, how surely the turn comes to all of us! Look at Madame Smolensk at her luncheon-table, this day, after her visit to Philip at his lodging, after comforting little Charlotte in her pain. How brisk she is! How good-natured! How she smiles! How she speaks to all her company, and carves for her guests! You do not suppose she has no griefs and cares of her own? You know better. I dare say she is thinking of her creditors; of her poverty; of that accepted bill which will come due next week, and so forth. The Samaritan who rescues you, most likely, has been robbed and has bled in his day, and it is a wounded arm that bandages yours when bleeding.

If Anatole, the boy who scoured the plain at the Hôtel Poussin, with his *plumet* in his jacket pocket, and his slippers soled with scrubbing-brushes, saw the embrace between Philip and his good friend, I believe, in his experience at that hotel, he never witnessed a transaction more honorable, generous, and blameless. Put what construction you will on the business, Anatole, you little imp of mischief! your mother never gave you a kiss more tender than that which Madame Smolensk bestowed on Philip—than that which she gave Philip?—than that which she carried back from him and faithfully placed on poor little Charlotte's pale round cheek. The world is full of love and pity, I say. Had there been less suffering there would have been less kindness. I, for one, almost wish to be ill again, so that the friends who succored me might once more come to my rescue.

To poor little wounded Charlotte in her bed our friend the mistress of the boarding-house brought back inexpressible comfort. Whatever might betide, Philip would never desert her! "Think you I would ever have gone on such an embassy for a French girl, or interfered between her and her parents?" Madame asked. "Never, never! But you and Monsieur Philip are already betrothed before Heaven; and I should despise you, Charlotte, I should despise him, were either to draw back." This little point being settled in Miss Charlotte's mind, I can fancy she is immensely soothed and comforted; that hope and courage settle in her heart; that the color comes back to her young cheeks; that she can come and join her family as she did yesterday. "I told you she never cared about him,"

says Mrs. Baynes to her husband. "Faith no, she can't have cared for him much," says Baynes, with something of a sorrow that his girl should be so light-minded. But you and I, who have been behind the scenes, who have peeped into Philip's bedroom and behind poor Charlotte's modest curtains, know that the girl had revolted from her parents; and so children will if the authority exercised over them is too tyrannical or unjust. Gentle Charlotte, who scarce ever resisted, was aroused and in rebellion: honest Charlotte, who used to speak all her thoughts, now hid them, and deceived father and mother—yes, deceived—what a confession to make regarding a young lady, the *prima donna* of our opera! Mrs. Baynes is, as usual, writing her lengthy scrawls to sister MacWhirter, at Tours, and informs the major's lady that she has very great satisfaction in at last being able to announce "that that most imprudent and in all respects ineligible engagement between her Charlotte and a *certain young man*, son of a bankrupt London physician, is come to an end. Mr. F.'s conduct has been so wild, so gross, so disorderly and *un-gentlemanlike*, that the general (and you know, Maria, how soft and *sweet a tempered* man Baynes is) has told Mr. Firmin his opinion in unmistakable words, and forbidden him to continue his visits. After seeing him every day for six months, during which time she has accustomed herself to his peculiarities, and his often coarse and odious expressions and conduct, no wonder the separation has been a shock to dear Char, though I believe the young man feels nothing who has been *the cause of all this grief*. That he cares but little for *her*, has been my opinion *all along*, though she, artless child, gave him her whole affection. He has been accustomed to throw over women; and the brother of a young lady whom Mr. F. *had courted and left* (and who has made a most excellent match since) showed his indignation at Mr. F.'s conduct at the embassy ball the other night, on which the young man took advantage of his greatly superior size and strength to begin a *vulgar boxing-match*, in which both parties were severely wounded. Of course you saw the paragraph in *Galignani* about the whole affair. I sent our dresses, but it did not print them, though our names appeared as among the company. Any thing more singular than the appearance of Mr. F. you can not well imagine. I wore my garnets; Charlotte (who attracted universal admiration) was in, etc., etc. Of course the separation has occasioned her a good deal of pain; for Mr. F. certainly behaved with much kindness and forbearance on a previous occasion. But the general will *not hear* of the continuance of the connection. He says the young man's conduct has been too gross and shameful; and when once roused, you know, I might as well attempt to chain a tiger as Baynes. Our poor Char will suffer, no doubt, in consequence of the behavior of this brute, but she has ever been an obedient child, who knows how to honor her father and mother. *She bears up wonderfully,*

though, of course, the dear child suffers at the parting. I think if *she were to go to you and MacWhirter at Tours for a month or two*, she would be all the better for *change of air*, too, dear Mac. Come and fetch her, and we will pay the *dawk*. She would go to certain poverty and wretchedness did she marry this most violent and disreputable young man. The General sends regards to Mac, and I am," etc.

That these were the actual words of Mrs. Baynes's letter I can not, as a veracious biographer, take upon myself to say. I never saw the document, though I have had the good fortune to peruse others from the same hand. Charlotte saw the letter some time after, when on a visit to her aunt at Tours, and when a quarrel occurred between the two sisters—Mrs. Major and Mrs. General—and Charlotte mentioned the contents of the letter to a friend of mine who has talked to me about his affairs, and especially his love affairs, for many and many a long hour. And shrewd old woman as Mrs. Baynes may be, you may see how utterly she was mistaken in fancying that her daughter's obedience was still secure. The little maid had left father and mother, at first with their eager sanction; her love had been given to Firmin; and an inmate—a prisoner if you will—under her father's roof, her heart remained with Philip, however time or distance might separate them.

And now, as we have the command of Philip's desk, and are free to open and read the private letters which relate to his history, I take leave to put in a document which was penned in his place of exile by his worthy father, upon receiving the news of the quarrel described in the last chapter of these memoirs:

"ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK, September 27.

"DEAR PHILIP,—I received the news in your last kind and affectionate letter with not unmingled pleasure; but ah, what pleasure in life does not carry its *amari aliquid* along with it! That you are hearty, cheerful, and industrious, earning a small competence, I am pleased indeed to think: that you talk about being married to a penniless girl I can't say gives me a very sincere pleasure. With your good looks, good manners, attainments, you might have hoped for a better match than a half-pay officer's daughter. But 'tis useless speculating on what might have been. We are puppets in the hands of fate, most of us. We are carried along by a power stronger than ourselves. It has driven me, at sixty years of age, from competence, general respect, high position, to poverty and exile. So be it! *laudo manentem*, as my delightful old friend and philosopher teaches me—*si celeres quatit pen-nas*. . . you know the rest. Whatever our fortune may be, I hope that my Philip and his father will bear it with the courage of gentlemen.

"Our papers have announced the death of your poor mother's uncle, Lord Ringwood, and I had a fond lingering hope that he might have left some token of remembrance to his brother's grandson. He has not. You have *probum pauperiem sine dote*. You have courage, health, strength, and talent. I was in greater straits than you are at your age. My father was not as indulgent as yours, I hope and trust, has been. From debt and dependence I worked myself up to a proud position by my own efforts. That the storm overtook me and engulfed me afterward is true. But I am like the merchant of my favorite poet: I still

hope—ay, at 63! to mend my shattered ships, *indocilis pauperiem pati*. I still hope to pay back to my dear boy that fortune which ought to have been his, and which went down in my own shipwreck. Something tells me I must, I will!

"I agree with you that your escape from Agnes Twysden has been a *piece of good fortune for you*, and am much diverted by your account of her *dusky innamorato*! Between ourselves, the fondness of the Twysdens for money amounted to meanness. And though I always received Twysden in dear old Parr Street, as I trust a gentleman should, his company was insufferably tedious to me, and his vulgar loquacity odious. His son also was little to my taste. Indeed I was *heartily relieved* when I found your connection with that family was over, knowing their rapacity about money, and that it was your fortune, not you, they were anxious to secure for Agnes.

"You will be glad to hear that I am in not inconsiderable practice already. My reputation as a physician had preceded me to this country. My work on Gout was favorably noticed here, and in Philadelphia, and in Boston, by the scientific journals of those great cities. People are more generous and compassionate toward misfortune here than in our cold-hearted island. I could mention several gentlemen of New York who have suffered shipwreck, like myself, and are now prosperous and respected. I had the good fortune to be of considerable professional service to Colonel J. B. Fogle, of New York, on our voyage out; and the Colonel, who is a leading personage here, has shown himself not at all ungrateful. Those who fancy that at New York people can not appreciate and understand the manners of a gentleman, are *not a little mistaken*; and a man who, like myself, has lived with the best society in London, has, I flatter myself, not lived in that society *quite in vain*. The Colonel is proprietor and editor of one of the most brilliant and influential journals of the city. You know that arms and the toga are often worn here by the same individual, and....

"I had actually written thus far when I read in the Colonel's paper, the New York *Emerald*, an account of your battle with your cousin at the Embassy ball! Oh, you pugnacious Philip! Well, young Twysden was very vulgar, very rude and overbearing, and, I have no doubt, deserved the chastisement you gave him. By-the-way, the correspondent of the *Emerald* makes some droll blunders regarding you in his letter. We are all fair game for publicity in this country, where the press is free *with a vengeance*; and your private affairs, or mine, or the President's, or our gracious Queen's, for the matter of that, are discussed with a freedom which certainly *amounts to license*. The Colonel's lady is passing the winter in Paris, where I should wish you to pay your respects to her. Her husband has been most kind to me. I am told that Mrs. F. lives in the very choicest French society, and the friendship of this family may be useful to you as to your affectionate father,

G. B. F.

"Address as usual, until you hear further from me, as Dr. Brandon, New York. I wonder whether Lord Estridge has asked you after his old college friend? When he was Headbury and at Trinity, he and a certain pensioner whom men used to nickname Brummell Firmin were said to be the best dressed men in the university. Estridge has advanced to rank, to honors! You may rely on it that he will have one of the *very next* vacant garters. What a different, what an unfortunate career, has been his quondam friend's!—an exile, an inhabitant of a small room in a great hotel, where I sit at a scrambling public table with all sorts of coarse people! The way in which they bolt their dinner, often *with a knife*, shocks me. Your remittance was most welcome, small as it was. It shows my Philip has a *kind heart*. Ah! why, why are you thinking of marriage, who are so poor? By-the-way, your encouraging account of your circumstances has induced me to draw upon you for 100 dollars. The bill will go to Europe by the packet which carries this letter, and has kindly been cashed for me by my friends, Messrs. Plaster and Shinman, of Wall Street, respected bankers of

this city. Leave your card with Mrs. Fogle. Her husband himself may be useful to you and your ever attached
"FATHER."

We take the New York *Emerald* at Bays's, and in it I had read a very amusing account of our friend Philip, in an ingenious correspondence entitled "Letters from an Attaché," which appeared in that journal. I even copied the paragraph to show to my wife, and perhaps to forward to our friend.

"I promise you," wrote the attaché, "the new country did not disgrace the old at the British Embassy ball on Queen Vic's birthday. Colonel Z. B. Hoggins's lady, of Albany, and the peerless bride of Elijah J. Dibbs, of Twenty-ninth Street in your city, were the observed of all observers for splendor, for elegance, for refined native beauty. The Royal Dukes danced with nobody else; and at the attention of one of the Princes to the lovely Miss Dibbs, I observed his Royal Duchess looked as black as thunder. Supper handsome. Back Delmonico to beat it. Champagne so so. By-the-way, the young fellow who writes here for the *Pall Mall Gazette* got too much of the Champagne on board—as usual, I am told. The Honorable R. Twysden, of London, was rude to my young chap's partner, or winked at him offensively, or trod on his toe, or I don't know what—but young F. followed him into the garden; hit out at him; sent him flying, like a spread eagle into the midst of an illumination, and left him there sprawling. Wild, rampagous fellow, this young F., has already spent his own fortune, and ruined his poor old father, who has been forced to cross the water. Old Louis Philippe went away early. He talked long with our minister about his travels in our country. I was standing by, but in course ain't so ill-bred as to say what passed between them."

This is the way history is written. I dare say about others besides Philip, in English papers as well as American, have fables been narrated.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONTAINS A TUG OF WAR.

Who was the first to spread the report that Philip was a prodigal who had ruined his poor confiding father? I thought I knew a person who might be interested in getting under any shelter, and sacrificing even his own son for his own advantage. I thought I knew a man who had done as much already, and surely might do so again; but my wife flew into one of her tempests of indignation when I hinted something of this, clutched her own children to her heart, according to her maternal wont, asked me was there any power would cause me to belie *them*? and sternly rebuked me for daring to be so wicked, heartless, and cynical. My dear creature, wrath is no answer. You call me heartless and cynic for saying men are false and wicked. Have you never heard to what lengths



some bankrupts will go? To appease the wolves who chase them in the winter forest, have you not read how some travelers will cast all their provisions out of the sledge? Then, when all the provisions are gone, don't you know that they will fling out perhaps the sister, perhaps the mother, perhaps the baby, the little, dear, tender innocent? Don't you see him tumbling among the howling pack, and the wolves gnashing, gnawing, crashing, gobbling him up in the snow? Oh, horror, horror! My wife clutches all the young ones to her breast as I utter these fiendish remarks. She hugs them in her embrace, and says, "For shame!" and that I am a monster, and so on. Go to! Go down on your knees, woman, and acknowledge the sinfulness of our human kind. How long had our race existed ere murder and violence began? and how old was the world ere brother slew brother?

Well, my wife and I came to a compromise. I might have my opinion, but was there any need to communicate it to poor Philip? No, surely. So I never sent him the extract from the New York *Emerald*; though, of course, some other good-natured friend did, and I don't think my magnanimous friend cared much. As for supposing that his own father, to cover his own character, would lie away his son's—such a piece of artifice was quite beyond Philip's comprehension, who has been all his life slow in appreciating roguery, or recognizing that there is meanness and double-dealing in the world. When he once comes to understand the fact; when he once comprehends that Tartuffe is a humbug and swelling Bufo is a toady, then my friend becomes as absurdly indignant and mistrustful as before he was admiring and confiding. Ah, Philip! Tartuffe has a number of good, respectable qualities; and Bufo, though an underground envious toady, may have a precious jewel in his head. 'Tis you are cynical. I see the good qualities in these rascals whom you spurn. I see. I shrug my shoulders. I smile: and you call me cynic.

It was long before Philip could comprehend why Charlotte's mother turned upon him, and tried to force her daughter to forsake him. "I

have offended the old woman in a hundred ways," he would say. "My tobacco annoys her; my old clothes offend her; the very English I speak is often Greek to her, and she can no more construe my sentences than I can the Hindostanee jargon she talks to her husband at dinner." "My dear fellow, if you had ten thousand a year she would try and construe your sentences, or accept them even if not understood," I would reply. And some men, whom you and I know to be mean, and to be false, and to be flatterers and parasites, and to be inexorably hard and cruel in their own private circles, will surely pull a long face to-morrow, and say, "Oh! the man's so cynical."

I acquit Baynes of what ensued. I hold Mrs. B. to have been the criminal, the stupid criminal. The husband, like many other men extremely brave in active life, was at home timid and irresolute. Of two heads that lie side by side on the same pillow for thirty years, one must contain the stronger power, the more enduring resolution. Baynes, away from his wife, was shrewd, courageous, gay at times; when with her he was fascinated, torpid under the power of this baleful superior creature. "Ah, when we were subs together in camp in 1803, what a lively fellow Charley Baynes was!" his comrade, Colonel Bunch, would say. That was before he ever saw his wife's yellow face, and what a slave she has made of him!

After that fatal conversation which ensued on the day succeeding the ball, Philip did not come to dinner at Madame's according to his custom. Mrs. Baynes told no family stories, and Colonel Bunch, who had no special liking for the young gentleman, did not trouble himself to make any inquiries about him. One, two, three days passed, and no Philip. At last the Colonel says to the general, with a sly look at Charlotte, "Baynes, where is our young friend with the mustaches? We have not seen him these three days." And he gives an arch look at poor Charlotte. A burning blush flamed up in little Charlotte's pale face as she looked at her parents and then at their old friend. "Mr. Firmin does not come because papa and mamma have forbidden him," says Charlotte. "I suppose he only comes where he is welcome." And having made this audacious speech, I suppose the little maid tossed her little head up, and wondered, in the silence which ensued, whether all the company could hear her heart thumping.

Madame, from her central place where she is carving, sees, from the looks of her guests, the indignant flushes on Charlotte's face, the confusion on her father's, the wrath on Mrs. Baynes's, that some dreadful words are passing, and in vain endeavors to turn the angry current of talk. "*Un petit canard délicieux, goûtez-en, madame!*" she cries. Honest Colonel Bunch sees the little maid with eyes flashing with anger, and trembling in every limb. The offered duck having failed to create a diversion, he too tries a feeble commonplace. "A little difference, my dear," he says, in an under voice. "There will be

such in the best-regulated families. *Canard sauvage tres bon, madame, avec.....*" but he is allowed to speak no more, for.....

"What would you do, Colonel Bunch," little Charlotte breaks out with her poor little ringing, trembling voice—"that is, if you were a young man, if another young man struck you and insulted you?" I say she utters this in such a clear voice, that Madeleine, the *femme de chambre*, that Joseph the footman, that all the guests hear, that all the knives and forks stop their clatter.

"Faith, my dear, I'd knock him down if I could," says Bunch; and he catches hold of the little maid's sleeve, and would stop her speaking if he could.

"And that is what Philip did," cries Charlotte, aloud; "and mamma has turned him out of the house—yes, out of the house, for acting like a man of honor!"

"Go to your room this instant, Miss!" shrieks mamma. As for old Baynes, his stained old uniform is not more dingy-red than his wrinkled face and his throbbing temples. He blushes under his wig, no doubt, could we see beneath that ancient artifice.

"What is it? Madam, your mother dismisses you of my table? I will come with you, my dear Miss Charlotte!" says Madame, with much dignity. "Serve the sugared plate, Joseph! My ladies, you will excuse me! I go to attend the dear miss, who seems to me ill." And she rises up, and she follows poor little, blushing, burning, weeping Charlotte; and again, I have no doubt, takes her in her arms, and kisses, and cheers, and caresses her—at the threshold of the door—there by the staircase, among the cold dishes of the dinner, where Moira and Macgrigor had one moment before been marauding.

"*Courage, ma fille — courage, mon enfant! Tenez!* Behold something to console thee!" and Madame takes out of her pocket a little letter and gives it to the girl, who at sight of it kisses the superscription, and then in an anguish of love, and joy, and grief, falls on the neck of the kind woman, who consoles her in her misery. Whose writing is it Charlotte kisses? Can you guess by any means? Upon my word, Madame Smolensk, I never recommend ladies to take daughters to *your* boarding-house. And I like you so much, I would not tell of you, but you know the house shut up this many a long day. Oh! the years slip away fugacious; and the grass has grown over graves; and many and many joys and sorrows have been born and have died since then for Charlotte and Philip; but that grief aches still in their bosoms at times; and that sorrow throbs at Charlotte's heart again whenever she looks at a little yellow letter in her trinket-box; and she says to her children, "Papa wrote that to me before we were married, my dears." There are scarcely half a dozen words in the little letter, I believe, and two of them are "for ever."

I could draw a ground-plan of Madame's house in the Champs Elysées if I liked, for has not

Philip shown me the place and described it to me many times? In front, and facing the road and garden, were Madame's room and the salon; to the back was the *salle-à-manger*; and a stair ran up the house (where the dishes used to be laid during dinner-time, and where Moira and Macgrigor fingered the meats and puddings).

Mrs. General Baynes's rooms were on the third floor, looking on the Champs Elysées, and into the garden court of the house below. And on this day, as the dinner was necessarily short (owing to unhappy circumstances), and the gentlemen were left alone glumly drinking their wine or grog, and Mrs. Baynes had gone up stairs to her own apartment, had slapped her boys and was looking out of window, was it not provoking that of all days in the world young Hely should ride up to the house on his capering mare, with his flower in his button-hole, with his little varnished toe-tips just touching his stirrups, and, after performing various caracolades and gambadoes in the garden, kiss his yellow-kidded hand to Mrs. General Baynes at the window, hope Miss Baynes was quite well, and ask if he might come in and take a cup of tea? Charlotte, lying on Madame's bed in the ground-floor room, heard Mr. Hely's sweet voice asking after her health, and the crunching of his horse's hoofs on the gravel, and she could even catch glimpses of that little form as the horse capered about in the court, though of course he could not see her where she was lying on the bed with her letter in her hand. Mrs. Baynes at her window had to wag her withered head from her window, to groan out "My daughter is 'ying down, and has a bad headache, I am sorry to say;" and then she must have had the mortification to see Hely caper off, after waving her a genteel adieu. The ladies in the front saloon, who assembled after dinner, witnessed the transaction; and Mrs. Bunch, I dare say, had a grim pleasure at seeing Eliza Baynes's young sprig of fashion, of whom Eliza was forever bragging, come at last, and obliged to ride away, not bootless, certainly, for where were feet more beautifully *chaussées*? but after a bootless errand.

Meanwhile the gentlemen sate a while in the dining-room, after the British custom which such veterans liked too well to give up. Other two gentlemen boarders went away, rather alarmed by that storm and outbreak in which Charlotte had quitted the dinner-table, and left the old soldiers together, to enjoy, as was their after-dinner custom, a sober glass of "something hot," as the saying is. In truth, Madame's wine was of the poorest; but what better could you expect for the money?

Baynes was not eager to be alone with Bunch, and I have no doubt began to blush again when he found himself *tête-à-tête* with his old friend. But what was to be done? The general did not dare to go up stairs to his own quarters, where poor Charlotte was probably crying, and her mother in one of her tantrums. Then in the salon there were the ladies of the boarding-house party,



COMFORT IN GRIEF.

and there Mrs. Bunch would be sure to be at him. Indeed, since the Baynes were launched in the great world, Mrs. Bunch was untiringly sarcastic in her remarks about lords, ladies, attachés, ambassadors, and fine people in general. So Baynes sate with his friend, in the falling even-

ing, in much silence, dipping his old nose in the brandy-and-water.

Little square-faced, red-faced, whisker-dyed Colonel Bunch sate opposite his old companion, regarding him not without scorn. Bunch had a wife. Bunch had feelings. Do you suppose

those feelings had not been worked upon by that wife in private colloquies? Do you suppose—when two old women have lived together in pretty much the same rank of life—if one suddenly gets promotion, is carried off to higher spheres, and talks of her new friends, the countesses, duchesses, embassadresses, as of course she will—do you suppose, I say, that the unsuccessful woman will be pleased at the successful woman's success? Your knowledge of your own heart, my dear lady, must tell you the truth in this matter. I don't want you to acknowledge that you are angry because your sister has been staying with the Duchess of Fitzbattleaxe, but you are, you know. You have made sneering remarks to your husband on the subject, and such remarks, I have no doubt, were made by Mrs. Colonel Bunch to her husband, regarding her poor friend Mrs. General Baynes.

During this parenthesis we have left the general dipping his nose in the brandy-and-water. He can't keep it there forever. He must come up for air presently. His face must come out of the drink, and sigh over the table.

"What's this business, Baynes?" says the colonel. "What's the matter with poor Charley?"

"Family affairs, differences will happen," says the general.

"I do hope and trust nothing has gone wrong with her and young Firmin, Baynes?"

The general does not like those fixed eyes staring at him under those bushy eyebrows, between those bushy blackened whiskers.

"Well then, yes, Bunch, something *has* gone wrong; and given me and—and Mrs. Baynes—a deuced deal of pain too. The young fellow has acted like a blackguard, brawling and fighting in an ambassador's ball, bringing us all to ridicule. He's not a gentleman; that's the long and short of it, Bunch, and so let's change the subject."

"Why, consider the provocation he had!" cries the other, disregarding entirely his friend's prayer. "I heard them talking about the business at *Galignani's* this very day. A fellow swears at Firmin; runs at him; brags that he has pitched him over; and is knocked down for his pains. By George! I think Firmin was quite right. Were any man to do as much to me or you, what should we do, even at our age?"

"We are military men. I said I didn't wish to talk about the subject, Bunch," says the general, in rather a lofty manner.

"You mean that Tom Bunch has no need to put his oar in?"

"Precisely so," says the other, curtly.

"Mum's the word! Let us talk about the dukes and duchesses of the ball. *That's* more in your line, now," says the colonel, with rather a sneer.

"What do you mean by duchesses and dukes? What do you know about them, or what the deuce do I care?" asks the general.

"Oh, they are tabooed too! Hang it, there's no satisfying you," growls the colonel.

"Look here, Bunch," the general broke out, "I must speak, since you won't leave me alone. I am unhappy. You can see that well enough. For two or three nights past I have had no rest. This engagement of my child and Mr. Firmin can't come to any good. You see what he is, an overbearing, ill-conditioned, quarrelsome fellow. What chance has Charley of being happy with such a fellow?"

"I hold my tongue, Baynes. You told me not to put my oar in," growls the colonel.

"Oh, if that's the way you take it, Bunch, of course there's no need for me to go on any more," cries General Baynes. "If an old friend won't give an old friend advice, by George, or help him in a start, or say a kind word when he is unhappy, I have done. I have known you for forty years, and I am mistaken in you, that's all."

"There's no contenting you. You say, Hold your tongue, and I shut my mouth. I hold my tongue, and you say, Why don't you speak? Why don't I? Because you won't like what I say, Charles Baynes; and so, what's the good of more talking?"

"Confound it," cries Baynes, with a thump of his glass on the table, "but what *do* you say?"

"I say, then, as you will have it," cries the other, clenching his fists in his pockets, "I say you are wanting a pretext for breaking off this match, Baynes. I don't say it is a good one, mind; but your word is passed, and your honor engaged to a young fellow to whom you are under deep obligation."

"What obligation? Who has talked to you about my private affairs?" cries the general, reddening. "Has Philip Firmin been bragging about his.....?"

"You have yourself, Baynes. When you arrived here, you told me over and over again what the young fellow had done: and you certainly thought he acted like a gentleman *then*. If you choose to break your word to him now..."

"Break my word! Great Powers, do you know what you are saying, Bunch?"

"Yes, and what you are doing, Baynes."

"Doing, and what?"

"A d——d shabby action; that's what you are doing, if you want to know. Don't tell *me*. Why, do you suppose Fanny—do you suppose every body doesn't see what you are at? You think you can get a better match for the girl, and you and Eliza are going to throw the young fellow over; and the fellow who held his hand, and might have ruined you if you liked. I say it is a cowardly action!"

"Colonel Bunch, do you dare to use such a word to me?" calls out the general, starting to his feet.

"Dare be hanged! I say it's a shabby action!" roars the other, rising too.

"Hush! unless you wish to disturb the ladies! Of course you know what your expression means, Colonel Bunch?" and the general drops his voice and sinks back to his chair.

"I know what my words mean, and I stick

to 'em, Baynes," growls the other, "which is more than you can say of yours."

"I am deed if any man alive shall use this language to me," says the general in the softest whisper, "without accounting to me first."

"Did you ever find me backward, Baynes, at that kind of thing?" growls the colonel with a face like a lobster and eyes starting from his head.

"Very good, Sir. To-morrow, at your earliest convenience. I shall be at *Galignani's* from eleven till one."

"With a friend if possible. What is it, my love? A game at whist? Well, no thank you, I think I won't play cards to-night."

It was Mrs. Baynes who entered the room when the two gentlemen were quarreling; and the blood-thirsty hypocrites instantly smoothed their ruffled brows and smiled on her with perfect courtesy.

"Whist, no! I was thinking should we send out to meet him. He has never been in Paris."

"Never been in Paris!" said the general, puzzled.

"They will be here to-night, you know. Madame has a room ready for them."

"The very thing, the very thing!" cries General Baynes, with great glee. And Mrs. Baynes, all unsuspecting of the quarrel between the old friends, proceeds to inform Colonel Bunch that her sister MacWhirter and the major were expected that evening. And then that tough old Colonel Bunch knew the cause of Baynes's delight. A second was provided for the general—the very thing Baynes wanted.

We have seen how Mrs. Baynes, after taking counsel with her general, had privily sent for MacWhirter. Her plan was that Charlotte's uncle should take her for a while to Tours, and make her hear reason. Then Charley's foolish passion for Philip would pass away. Then, if he dared to follow her so far, her aunt and uncle, two dragons of virtue and circumspection, would watch and guard her. Then, if Mrs. Hely was still of the same mind, she and her son might easily take the post to Tours, where, Philip being absent, young Walsingham might plead his passion. The best part of the plan, perhaps, was the separation of our young couple. Charlotte would recover. Mrs. Baynes was sure of that. The little girl had made no outbreak until that sudden insurrection at dinner which we have witnessed; and her mother, who had domineered over the child all her life, thought she was still in her power. She did not know that she had passed the bounds of authority, and that with her behavior to Philip her child's allegiance had revolted.

Bunch then, from Baynes's look and expression, perfectly understood what his adversary meant, and that the general's second was found. His own he had in his eye, a tough little old army surgeon of Peninsular and Indian times, who lived hard by, who would aid as second and doctor too, if need were—and so kill two birds with one stone, as they say. The colonel

would go forth that very instant and seek for Dr. Martin, and be hanged to Baynes, and a plague on the whole transaction and the folly of two old friends burning powder in such a quarrel. But he knew what a blood-thirsty little fellow that hen-pecked, silent Baynes was when roused; and as for himself—a fellow use that kind of language to *me*? By George, Tom Bunch was not going to balk him!

Whose was that tall figure prowling about Madame's house in the Champs Elysées when Colonel Bunch issued forth in quest of his friend? Who had been watched by the police and mistaken for a suspicious character? Who had been looking up at Madame's windows now that the evening shades had fallen? O you goose of a Philip! (for of course, my dears, you guess the spy was P. F., Esq.) you look up at the *premier*, and there is the Beloved in Madame's room on the ground-floor; in yonder room, where a lamp is burning and casting a faint light across the bars of the *jalousie*. If Philip knew she was there he would be transformed into a clematis, and climb up the bars of the window, and twine round them all night. But you see he thinks she is on the first floor; and the glances of his passionate eyes are taking aim at the wrong windows. And now Colonel Bunch comes forth in his stout strutting way, in his little military cape—quick march—and Philip is startled like a guilty thing surprised, and dodges behind a tree in the avenue.

The colonel departed on his murderous errand. Philip still continues to ogle the window of his heart (the wrong window) defiant of the policeman, who tells him to *circuler*. He has not watched here many minutes more ere a hackney-coach drives up with portmanteaux on the roof and a lady and gentleman within.

You see Mrs. MacWhirter thought she as well as her husband might have a peep at Paris. As Mac's coach-hire was paid, Mrs. Mac could afford a little outlay of money. And if they were to bring Charlotte back—Charlotte in grief and agitation, poor child—a matron, an aunt, would be a much fitter companion for her than a major, however gentle. So the pair of MacWhirters journeyed from Tours—a long journey it was before railways were invented—and after four-and-twenty hours of squeeze in the diligence, presented themselves at nightfall at Madame Smolensk's.

The Baynes's boys dashed into the garden at the sound of wheels. "Mamma, mamma! it's Uncle Mac!" these innocents cried, as they ran to the railings. "Uncle Mac! what could bring him? Oh, they are going to send me to him! they are going to send me to him!" thought Charlotte, starting on her bed. And on this, I dare say, a certain locket was kissed more vehemently than ever.

"I say, ma!" cries the ingenuous Moira, jumping back to the house; it's Uncle Mac and Aunt Mac, too!"

"What?" cries mamma, with any thing but pleasure in her voice; and then turning to the

dining-room, where her husband still sate, she called out, "General! here's MacWhirter and Emily!"

Mrs. Baynes gave her sister a very grim kiss.

"Dearest Eliza, I thought it was such a good opportunity of coming, and that I might be so useful, you know!" pleads Emily.

"Thank you. How do you do, MacWhirter?" says the grim générale.

"Glad to see you, Baynes, my boy! How d'ye do, Emily? Boys, bring your uncle's traps. Didn't know Emily was coming, Mac; hope there's room for her!" sighs the general, coming forth from his parlor.

The major was struck by the sad looks and pallor of his brother-in-law. "By George! Baynes, you look as yellow as a guinea. How's Tom Bunch?"

"Come into this room along with me. Have some brandy-and-water, Mac?—Joseph! *O de vie, O sho!*" calls the general; and Joseph, who out of the new-comer's six packages has daintily taken one very small Macintosh cushion, says, "*Comment? encore du grog, général?*" and, shrugging his shoulders, disappears to procure the refreshment at his leisure.

The sisters disappear to their embraces; the brothers-in-law retreat to the *salle-à-manger*, where General Baynes has been sitting, gloomy and lonely, for half an hour past, thinking of his quarrel with his old comrade, Bunch. He and Bunch have been chums for more than forty years. They have been in action together, and honorably mentioned in the same report. They have had a great regard for each other; and each knows the other is an obstinate old mule, and in a dispute will die rather than give way. They have had a dispute out of which there is only one issue. Words have passed which no man, however old, by George! can brook from any friend, however intimate, by Jove! No wonder Baynes is grave. His family is large; his means are small. To-morrow he may be under fire of an old friend's pistol. In such an extremity he knows how each will behave. No wonder, I say, the general is solemn.

"What's in the wind now, Baynes?" asks the major, after a little drink and a long silence. "How is poor little Char?"

"Infernally ill—I mean behaved infernally ill," says the general, biting his lips.

"Bad business! Bad business! Poor little child!" cries the major.

"Insubordinate little devil!" says the pale general, grinding his teeth. "We'll see which shall be master!"

"What, you have had words?"

"At this table, this very day. She sat here and defied her mother and me, by George, and flung out of the room like a tragedy queen. She must be tamed, Mac, or my name's not Baynes."

Baynes knew his relative of old, and that this quiet submissive man, when angry, worked up to a white heat as it were. "Sad affair, hope you'll both come round, Baynes," sighs the major, trying bootless commonplaces; and seeing

this last remark had no effect, he bethought him of recurring to their mutual friend, "How's Tom Bunch?" the major asked, charily.

At this question Baynes grinned in such a ghastly way that MacWhirter eyed him with wonder. "Colonel Bunch is very well," the general said, in dismal voice; "at least, he was half an hour ago. He was sitting there;" and he pointed to an empty spoon lying in an empty beaker, whence the spirit and water had departed.

"What has been the matter, Baynes?" asked the major. "Has any thing happened between you and Tom?"

"I mean that, half an hour ago, Colonel Bunch used words to me which I'll bear from no man alive; and you have arrived just in the nick of time, MacWhirter, to take my message to him. Hush! here's the drink."

"*Voici, Messieurs!*" Joseph at length has brought up a second supply of brandy-and-water. The veterans mingled their jorums; and while his brother-in-law spoke, the alarmed MacWhirter sipped occasionally, *intentus que ora tenebat*.

COURTSHIP BY CHARACTER.

THE people of Godalming have made their village a garden of luxury and elegance. Their homesteads are the lodges of this beautiful garden, which they occupy during the summer. They are the children of cities—those tropics of the soul in which alone human character is developed in its full luxuriance and power.

It was in the month of June, the May of New England. Soft sounds of the harp and piano, sustaining the clear voices of young girls, made the air of evening tender, and poured a delicious languor over the gardens of Godalming. Every homestead was alive with children, running to and fro, as if intoxicated with the novelty of liberty and air. Through orchards, all up the slopes of green-crowned and laughing Mount Silenus, the snowy dresses of maidens gleamed among the blossoms. The sunshine had been golden for an hour, and a broad shadow from the mountain was moving across the village, and began to darken the meadows. Pyramids of dun clouds rose up in the west, and a "ragged rim" of storm rushed eastward and bent downward. The flower-gatherers hasten homeward to the house of the Cecils, which stood upon a rising, surrounded at a respectful distance by smaller but not less beautiful cottages. A bower of clematis concealed the portico of this house, under which a crowd of guests were gathered, expecting the young mistress of the mansion. A carriage, drawn swiftly and smoothly along the white roadway by a span of shining bays, made a circuit of the lawn and stopped before the entrance, welcomed by joyous cries and eager welcome, interrupted by the first heavy burst of thunder; and as Clara Cecil stepped from the carriage, assisted by her gray-haired and stately father, great drops began to fall, and in a moment the roar of the rain-storm sounded on the mountain and swept over the valley.

Now for the first time mistress of her father's house, a child in innocence, and not yet beyond her seventeenth year, Clara was an object of general admiration or envy. Although many of the women who surrounded her were more beautiful, there was a grace and composure, tempered by a sweetness not too demonstrative, which gave her an undisputed first place in every circle where she chanced to move. Her grave and easy manners—almost, but not quite severe—repelled the well-dressed vulgar, and drew toward her all that was excellent. Without regular beauty of face, her form more than compensated for the defect, if such it could be called, in a countenance illumined by a lambent fire of intellect and feeling; where the pure blood rose often at the bidding of noble impulse and generous sympathy. Her hair, gathered in large and simple braids, like a coronet, from the broad ivory forehead, shone with points of golden fire; and her wide, classic shoulders and swelling bosom disclosed the highest favor and vigor of early womanhood.

The wealth of Mr. Cecil gave his daughter the power of indulging a liberal hospitality, in which all the higher pleasures and graces of art and brilliant sociality were blended with and adorned the fullness of sensuous gratification. The city residence of the Cecils had been always a rendezvous of talent and refinement; but the daughter, devoted to superior cultivation, was not allowed until now to mingle unrestrained in sociality and fashion.

Clara was received in her new home with an excessive, and perhaps a real, enthusiasm by friends and neighbors assembled at this fête, given by the ancient housekeeper on resigning her charge over Mr. Cecil's household in favor of his daughter. The presence of Mr. Cecil himself they could have spared; the young gentlemen, more especially, dreaded his gray eye and commanding style, which silently guarded every action of the daughter, and raised around her an impenetrable barrier of respect. A shower of kisses and embraces came frankly from the younger people, but Miss Clara was not as entirely acceptable to the older. She was the young and generous housekeeper, with whom competition would be impossible. "However," thought they, "the poor young thing will need advice, and it will be some comfort to watch and restrain her follies."

Agitated by a far different jealousy the cousin of Clara—whom we shall call Asteria—a woman approaching her thirtieth year, and "still unmarried, though renowned," received her young relative with an ill-concealed agitation, of which it was hard to understand the cause. She embraced her warmly, and, by one of those revulsions of feeling known only to the sentimentalist, wept upon her shoulder. Asteria—tall, graceful, elegant in manners, and celebrated for skill in letters and conversation, displayed a nervous vehemence and excitability in strong contrast with the dignity and composure of her young cousin. Her slender, even lean figure,

with delicate but pinched and nun-like features, showed the remains of a beauty which, at eighteen, was incomparable, had it not been falsely intellectual; but which now faded into fretful insignificance beside a face merely simple, and without a pretension even to regular beauty. The calm, lustrous eyes, the *tone* and rich composure of her speech, and noble manners, made her at once an acknowledged princess of the social circle.

Among the gentlemen who came forward to welcome Clara was young Harry Eustis, an adopted ward and removed connection of Mr. Cecil's, who had lately returned from an adventurous expedition, undertaken with the enthusiasm of a boy, in the course of which he had made the circuit of the globe, had seen all lands, and returned a man. A full and powerful frame, and a countenance ruddy with youth and ardor—expressing frankness, courage, and modesty—made Harry a sudden favorite of women; nor was his drawing-room reputation of that Puritanical style which quite repels the naughty admiration of the frailer sex. His curling chestnut locks, too, were dressed with a certain care.

A thrill of pain shot through the bosom of Clara Cecil as the generous Harry came forward and gave her his simple welcome, for at that moment she saw a paleness come over the countenance of Asteria. "Asteria," thought she, "must be in love with Harry; but I do not believe that Harry is in love with Asteria. She is so wise and learned he would be afraid, as I am."

The first entertainment of the evening was the singing of Asteria, who accompanied herself on the harp. Her voice—feeble and low, but delicately cultivated—was received by those who gathered around her as only music in New England is listened to, with silent and appreciative attention. Then Asteria, gratified with the subdued murmur of applause, and who had never heard her cousin Clara sing, went to her with an air of kindness and favor, and led her to the piano. The observant Mr. Cecil came behind his daughter, causing a half dozen of supple beaux to fall back, and turning the leaves of an old music-book selected a simple English air. Clara, forgetting every other presence but her father's, sang freely and without restraint. Her voice had a rich simplicity that disguised its great power and cultivation, and, ringing full and broad on the contralto passages, poured a flood of soul-thrilling sound through the house and far out into the night air. The singer was forgotten; only the wonderful beauty of the music, which had the grand novelty of being old, threw the listeners into a trance of delight. From the houses and gardens all around kitchen-folk and children came creeping up to hear and see; and when she ceased a crowd of eager faces, unseen till then, disappeared suddenly from the doors and windows. It was a triumph—a conquest: from that moment Clara Cecil became an object of adoration to the men, and of fear and admiration to the women.

In a remote corner of the parlor, among a few of his intimate friends—all male—sat the tall and pensive Mr. Thomas Winklereid—a name suspected by the gossips to have once been *Winkleweed*. His forehead was high and bald; his head “intellectual,” said the women; his chin “a nullity,” said the men. Winklereid was a poet; stooped, quoted, and did not dance. He dressed in black, and with care; but his pantaloons—by fault of some conscientious tailor who studied the ideal more than the customer—fell badly out at the hips and knees, while the sympathizing coat made two large folds in the small of the back. Winklereid knew that much study and small exercise had “wearied his flesh,” and he endeavored to supply that loss by sentiment. His voice was nasal, slightly; he talked in monologue, excusing himself by the example of Madame de Staël; his family were proud of him; he was a Bostonian, but *not* of the order of the garter. Asteria and Winklereid conversed often on high themes, and they were supposed by credulous gossips to be affianced. Other women, especially little girls, avoided Winklereid.

By one of those odd *mésalliances* which happen only among young men, Winklereid and Harry Eustis were sworn and intimate friends. The one, a gentleman in all but learning, admired the vast acquisitions and full conversation of the other; while the learned man stood in secret awe of the beauty and strength of his friend, whom he esteemed ruder as he was younger than himself. The error, and consequently the respect, was equal and mutual. Winklereid fell into a brown study while Clara sang; for it was his cue to be profound and absent “when he heard sweet music.” Harry, on the contrary, with a face glowing with delight, sprang forward, almost knocking Winklereid off his seat, and gave the fair singer his thanks and a well-turned compliment, blushing meanwhile at his own boldness. His learned friend thought it necessary to follow, and the delicate Asteria, mistress of all social movements, came quickly after. It was a group of four. The calm eyes of the younger woman met the glances of each, as she turned upon her seat to receive their friendly praises, and at once all were struck dumb: the lightning of envy paralyzed the heart of Asteria; the modesty of youth subdued the noble mind of Harry; and the horror of false and feeble shame imparted to the tall figure of Winklereid the stiffness of a weird anatomy.

Asteria was the first to extricate herself by withdrawal. Winklereid, pale with conscious awkwardness, followed Asteria. The eyes of the whole company were attracted by the beautiful embarrassment of the pair who remained. Their eyes met for an instant, and the sympathy of modest shame allied their hearts so powerfully, the lookers-on were struck with surprise at the strange resemblance that passed into their features. The night was lost for Asteria: she felt the irresistible power of youth, and retiring to her room, wept for an hour over the failure

of her last hope of winning the admiration of a *man*. The image of Winklereid, with its effeminate awkwardness—tall, slouchy, book-worn, irresolute, and conceited—rose to her imagination, and suggested a similarity in their follies and their fates. Seeking each the reputation of intellect at the cost of nature, they were falling fast into solitariness and contempt—she among men, he among women: the judgment comes from the opposite sex. And now, more grieved and heart-broken than ever, she hears the full rich voice of Harry Eustis joining in delicious harmony with Clara’s. There was a profound stillness; the leaves of the vines that crept into her window seemed to impose silence upon Asteria, and cruelly reproached the loud pulses of her heart. She recognized the words, which were English, and the air, a composition of Mozart, expressing, note by note, that blending of the pure and sensuous which has raised this Shakspeare of music to the throne of song. Every chord of the harmony pierced her soul with the anguish of departed hopes. She seemed to stand alone upon the shore of eternity, and would willingly have passed the gulf. The prospect opened only of a friendless, unrespected maidenhood, falling year after year into utter neglect. Then did she curse the learning that had impoverished her heart and left her without the woman’s dowry. For an hour of pure, unthinking love she would have given all her wealth, and life into the bargain.

Violent emotions are of brief endurance. The exits of the passions follow swift upon their entrances. The proud but beneficent soul of Asteria soon overcame the weakness of the hour, and the well-schooled woman of the world adapted herself to the crisis. Having washed the tears from her eyes, she drew a choice selection of music from a port-folio, and returned with it to the drawing-room. Coming softly behind Mr. Cecil, who stood observing and reading the emotions and conduct of the pair before him, who were still singing, she placed the music in his hand. It had been chosen with tact, and he acknowledged it with a smile. The guests crowded around the singers, forgetting the littleness of their own passions in the hope of still higher enjoyment. “Music,” says a great but sentimental observer, “restores each one to himself.” It does more: it gives us all to each other.

Manners are the language of the interior soul. In a gesture or a look the whole of life is summed up. More especially in the air of leisure and refinement, when at evening we are abandoned to the social feelings, the interior life develops itself; sociality is triumphant; the heart subdues the head, and the greatest mind yields to the weakest acting in the sportive service of the passions. Asteria had learned, too late, the open secret of youth; and, by a violent change in her life, vainly endeavored to retrieve the error. By every kind of flattering attention, delicate compliment, and judicious praise she had striven with the heart of Harry Eustis, solely for her

own sake. It was a general passion. She distinguished him from others only as the man who would at once satisfy her woman's ambition. She had successfully hidden her purpose. By situation and opportunity—not needed by the young and beautiful—and by the superior tact of throwing forward the finest features of her character and the most attractive graces of her person, strove to awaken in him the emotion of love. Like all young men of free habits and a simple nature, he had been powerfully drawn by this mesmerism, and floated down the stream without thought or calculation.

Winklereid, pining in secret for Asteria, was noticed by her only as a companion for the intellect, and treated like a book, taken down, as it were, for perusal, and laid by with a mark at the page. Ignorant, like most scholars, both of himself and others, the sudden success of his friend Harry moved him to despair. If Harry went forward, Winklereid must retire. It was his fate, and he wore it, as children in the wicked old dame schools wore the withering fool's-cap, in sullen and timid misery.

The two singers received the applauses of their friends with unaccountable composure, seeming hardly to hear them. The great, calm eyes of Clara Cecil wandered over the admiring group around her until they rested upon those of her father. His countenance, even while he conversed, was sad and severe; he was observing Harry Eustis, whose glances wandered, returning furtively a thousand times to the face, hands, and form of Clara. Asteria, who saw all, divined what was passing in the minds of Harry and the father, but Clara was to her impenetrable. The woman who unconsciously triumphs over another in love is to the conquered inscrutable as a sovereign. In the younger woman there was no flutter, no vanity, no simper, not even a blush. Asteria could not fathom this profound energy. A passion too powerful for the least expression—and which so surrounded and enveloped her being, it colored all things, but was itself invisible—had risen upon the soul of Clara Cecil. But the secret force of her nature suppressed its manifestation.

Again the circle closed around them, and Asteria made an effort to join her voice with theirs. The purity and force of the younger voices made hers seem harsh, and forced it into a feeble relief. Her shame and grief increased to such a choking pitch she could not continue: the listeners looked significantly at each other; and others shrugged their shoulders at Winklereid, who sat by an open window cooling his intellectual forehead against the stars. He dreaded what was to follow, the fatal and avenging waltz, which, when all else fails, is sure to punish the laggard and the awkward. Winklereid could not waltz. In point of fact, our learned friend was not a waltzing man; nature had given him a pair of long and pensive legs, which he had withered by inaction and sedentary labor. His hillock knees, weak ankles, and heel-poised foot, forbade the thrilling pleasures of the dance. As-

teria, on the contrary, waltzed passably, and the arm of her partner around the slender waist was like a hand clutching poor Winklereid by the throat.

Music of the harp and violin sounded from the portico; the sliding-doors of the long suit of rooms were thrown back; and in a moment two exquisite figures, in all the splendor of youth, joy, and the unspeakable graces which a secret love imparts, moved into the floating circles of the waltz. The manly and powerful arm bore up the graceful girl, who, with downcast eyes, moved around him in an ether of delight, like a fair satellite around its sustaining orb; or, rather, she moved in her even maze like a swan circling on the waters of a pool. The rich dark curls of her handsome partner, his lustrous eyes suffused with emotion, the serious sweetness of his mouth, and his firm, easy motion, attracted all eyes and touched all hearts. By a strong revulsion of feeling, with a mixed impulse of generosity and spleen, Asteria, not without a secret pity, contrasted the noble figure and free air of the now-inaccessible Harry with the scholarly ungainliness of Winklereid slouching in his melancholy corner. Let us say what we will of the darker and more revolting forms of grief, there are none more bitter than those of social vanity disappointed and set aside.

At length supper was announced. Men of learning, who can do nothing else, can at least eat, and even help others, in their happier moments. Winklereid made a desperate sortie from his awkward corner. Chance, always the enemy of the learned, placed him in an evil moment by the side of Clara, who thought, of course, he intended to lead her into the supper-room. The big drops stood upon his brow when he saw the error. He turned away, and offered his arm to Asteria. Here, too, fate was against him. Mr. Cecil was near, and, seeing only the first movement of Winklereid, gave his own arm to Asteria. An emotion of still greater pity touched the heart of the generous woman (is not charity great, I might almost say divine, even in the ball-room?). She gently disengaged her arm from Mr. Cecil's, giving him a look which he understood, and placed it in Winklereid's, which trembled with pleasure as she pressed it with her slender and somewhat bony fingers.

As they entered the crowded supper-room they saw Harry Eustis pouring wine into a glass, which Clara held out to him. He raised his eyes to hers, which met his with penetrating rays of love, and unconsciously poured the wine over her hand. "How awkward Harry is!" whispered Winklereid, with a laugh. Asteria, regarding Harry attentively, saw him take a handkerchief from Clara; and after he had taken her hand in his own and delicately pressed away the moisture of the wine, he put the handkerchief quickly into his bosom. "I do not think so!" replied Asteria, with a sigh. Winklereid felt something chill him, which he could not comprehend.

It was now late in the evening. The moon

had risen, and poured a flood of silver glory over the warm and odorous landscape. Clara and her father, with a few who preferred conversation, went out under the vines of the portico. Asteria and Winklereid joined them. The rest of the company were dispersed in groups and pairs through the garden and the orchards. Harry had returned only a few weeks from a long and adventurous voyage. Cecil, who was himself a voyager in his youth, questioned him about foreign lands, and drew Harry into a narrative of adventures. By equal attractions, but different in character, the two young women listened with silent interest to the richly-colored stories of the bold and handsome raconteur. Mr. Cecil, who sat with Asteria and Winklereid in the shadow, observed the countenances of Harry and of Clara without being seen by them. When he saw the usually pale features of his daughter flushed and brilliant, even in the pale light of the moon, as the racy narrative of adventurous courage flowed over her imagination, the anticipating tears of a second approaching deprivation moistened his eyes, and raised a transient feeling of hatred against the man who had already deprived him of the hitherto exclusive affection of his daughter.

A true union between fitting natures is the ideal of art; nature seldom indulging herself in a perfect group. Let the pedant scholar love the pedant maid, their union is not more sure because a harmony of imperfection draws them together. Let brilliant manhood seek never so ardently the completion of its graces, the rare and happy "marriage of true souls" only one time in a thousand puts the final hand to the beautiful design.

A third time the ambition of the fascinated Asteria rebelled against her heart. She despised while she loved and pitied Winklereid, and shuddered at the contrast between the scholar and the man. Her will vibrated between love and pride. Clara's inferiority in knowledge, in years, and, as Asteria herself thought, in feature, raised an emotion of hatred, which sank into fear and shame when she observed the almost miraculous beauty of her face, while listening to the brilliant conversation of Harry Eustis. Winklereid stood silent in the shadow, a figure of abasement. The listless and dreamy tenor of his life rose before him like an avenging demon. His powerful brain turned with gnawing remorse upon itself, and he became great even by the excess of his misery. The young girl seemed to him a powerful being, adorable and superior, but whom it would be profanation for such a wretch as he to love, almost to look upon.

Holding her father's hand closely pressed between her own, Clara unconsciously made evident to him what was passing in her heart. At a moment of peril, when Harry described the situations of a shipwreck—torn from the vessel by a violent sea, and falling headlong into a gulf of waters—then rising and clinging to a spar—dashed upon the rocks—then dragged away by the withdrawing wave—thrown at last, bruised,

exhausted, and nearly dead, upon the sands—then, a solitary being, wandering along a wide, inhospitable shore—the rage of hunger, ill appeased with bitter berries and slimy muscles—climbing up the rocks day after day to descry a sail, which goes away, lessens to a speck, and disappears—lying down to die slowly of hunger, as it seemed, yet planning, even then, the actions of his future life, what voyages he would attempt, and then, oh then! has he drawn from his girdle the remains of a torn and wetted little book which Clara had given him when they were both children, and smiled over its stained, grotesque pictures in the midst of that awful interview with death—the hands of Clara grew cold, and a deep pallor overspread her face and bosom. Her father needed no other signs to assure him that a powerful passion had taken possession of his daughter's heart.

The struggle between love and pride which tortured the soul of Asteria rose to its height when her experienced eye detected the evidences of emotion in the apparent quietude of Clara. She averted her eyes from the wretched Winklereid, whose feelings toward Harry became abased and slavish. The hidden generosity of his pedant nature, so long obscured by the metaphysical egotism and hollow vanity of *sentiment* compelled him to fall prostrate, in thought, before this courage and cheerful hardihood as before a sovereign power. His thoughts were new to him. He was heated by passions and chilled by shames and fears for which he had no name. He felt that every word from the lips and every glance from the eyes of Harry Eustis tore away some shred of Asteria's regard. Winklereid was the unconscious subject of the law that makes love follow force, and gives beauty a prize to valor.

The music had continued in a soft and pleasing strain, the best accompaniment for conversation, but it jarred upon the nerves of Asteria; her soul repelled it. To Winklereid the sound of the harp and violin, light and sweet, were unmeaning, tinkling notes, mere vibrating strings and wires, and the players a company of bores. To Clara it was inaudible; she heard nothing but the voice of Harry Eustis; even her father's voice, that always compelled attention, seemed to grow weak and retire into the distance. To Harry, the half-conscious victor of the night, the music was a triumphal noise of clarions, sounding the note of favor and success. Asteria would have silenced the music; Winklereid could not have found courage to give the order through inability, just then, to look a common fiddler in the face; Harry would have sent his purse and a dozen of wine to them, had he been able. The wine, the dance, the songs; the dim recollection of moments of solitary anguish in the desert, and of the hopes that attended even his darkest hours of danger; the beautiful eyes that rested steadily but innocently upon his own, and, above all, the young, glorious passion, springing triumphant in his heart, inspired him with Ulyssean eloquence, seemingly grieving and secretly ex-

alting over dangers past. Touching incidents of the evil fortune and greater sufferings of brave companions were interwoven in the narrative, at which Asteria wept hysterically, and which had power to move even the guarded mind of Mr. Cecil. But no moisture dimmed the eyes of his daughter; the secret pride of her nature rebelled against pathos, rendered ineffectual, too, by the powerful steadiness of a new passion. It was the man she admired, not his sufferings or his sympathies.

At the close of the conversation Mr. Cecil withdrew, leaving the young people to themselves. Asteria, shrinking she knew not why from the touch of Eustis, placed her arm in Winklereid's, and they went out into the moonlight followed by Clara and Harry, who gradually increased their distance from the others, until they found themselves alone in a broad avenue of lindens leading to a summer-house.

The heart of Clara expanded and grew strong when she found herself alone with her hero. He, on his part, was enveloped, as it were, in a magical cloud, beyond which he saw and remembered nothing. The heavens came down to him; he could have touched the stars with his hand: he wished to yield utterly to the enchantment, and lead thenceforth a life of dreams. He wondered at himself for having described, or even alluded to the past. He plucked a rose, and Clara, without movement or comment, allowed him to place it in her bosom. Her acquiescence astonished neither. Already, without speaking, they understood each other: it was the rise of a natural affinity that needed no explanation, and that must continue always. Though they had been separated since the childhood of Clara, it seemed as though they had been life-companions. Each had achieved a silent victory, and each became the willing servant of the other by the instincts of the soul. She followed his movements, and he hers, with a touch of air; a breath of guidance was sufficient. Here was no forethought, no scheme, no action, no test nor trial: the primal atoms rushed together by irresistible affinity—thenceforth making one power. The sensuous nature followed the spiritual, but was wholly subdued by it: there was a two-fold election. It was as the sunlight suddenly unfolds the flower that the manliness of Harry confirmed the womanhood of Clara.

The timid race of contemplative lovers are overwhelmed by an ignorant perplexity; but the love of Harry Eustis was like a young heir taking possession of a grand inheritance. He trifled with his situation—with her; teased her patient ear with idle questions; was more like a boy than a man. Under this treatment her proud heart bounded with pleasure, and the two sported and laughed like children in the moonlight among the roses. Such were the Eve and Adam of the first nature, and not the tall clay monsters of precocious wisdom, fit company for theological angels, painted by the glorious pedant.

At a little distance, on a turn of the linden walk, you might have seen a solemn pair—loving, but grieved and sophisticated; niggards of the little remnants of love they had left, and eking out the dearth with sentiment. Winklereid, trembling at his own boldness for having taken the delicate but rather dryish hand of Asteria between his own—disgusting the innocent genius of night and love with frigid declarations and stiff incoherencies.

Harry, recognizing no existence but his own and Clara's, stood with his arm tenderly drawn about her waist, and holding a fire-fly before her eyes: she, with her hand upon his wrists, looking alternately at the lambent flashes of his burning eyes and the sleepy gleams of the fly.

Our solemn pair, pacing *il penseroso*, came almost in contact with their friends, not perceiving them till close at hand. They turned upon their steps and walked sadly away. "Poor Winklereid!" sighed Asteria to herself; and "Poor Asteria!" almost whispered the conscious pedant. The imperfect nature of each stood aloof, and played Minerva to the tender passion; Thought is the mother-in-law, who must not cross the threshold of young affections. Be thou never so fair and excellent, divine Thought! thou art here, in the rose gardens of true love, an intruder and a demon. Away: I hate thee!"

"To marry," thought Asteria, "a pedant!" But the soul of Clara was already wedded, and she thought—nothing. "God help me!" said Winklereid to himself; "I am doing a mad thing." But in the spirit of Harry there was only the triumph of a brilliant delight. Connected ideas would have seemed dry and silly, even painful. Winklereid pressed his suit with increasing boldness; for he perceived in Asteria an agitation which he ignorantly mistook for the joyous and smiling love, whom fools have painted so forlorn.

All the retrospect of her life rushed through the bright and powerful imagination of Asteria, and with deep anguish she confessed to herself that the fatal hour of decision had arrived. She must now choose between the life of a woman, or the death in life of a lamented maidenhood. She refused poor Winklereid once and again, and it was not until she saw tears of real agony coursing down his hollow cheeks that pity began to struggle fiercely in her heart with pride. His expression was that of abject terror; to be refused was the crash of doom: "he would walk lonely and solitary the remainder of his days." She relented and gave him hope. At the moment when Harry, seeming half serious half in jest, had kissed the lips of his cousin, which sprang naïvely and kindly to meet the delicious salutation, Asteria allowed Winklereid to press his cold and sallow mouth to her hand. Soon he ventured upon her cheek, and, to his own amazement, found his arm encircling her delicate waist. There let us leave them, and draw the curtain upon the pedantic struggle between sentiment and sensuousity, between vanity and nature. Winklereid has won his Asteria, con-

quered for him by powers unseen, but in which he had small part. The two pairs shall henceforth be as they desired; but differently in the way of life. The one perfect and beautiful—glorious to look upon, and yielding the rich and solid fruit of beauty and of strength; the other, loving always, but with a struggle and a fear, growing quickly old, and giving back to nature, in return for their meagre and feeble love, children of no mark, without force or promise. Think we never so finely, Nature will have her revenge.

HINTS FOR TRAVELERS.

TRAVELERS can not be too discreet and guarded in the remarks they make in mixed companies. All questions of nationalities, religion, and politics should be carefully eschewed. Otherwise one is liable to constant mortification and occasional difficulty.

I once made the voyage from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome, in a French Government steamer. She was crowded with passengers of all nations. Among others there was a very garrulous Englishman of middle age, who soon informed all who cared to listen that he was from Birmingham, had never been out of England before in his life, and was now going to spend the winter in Italy for the benefit of his health, being a martyr to dyspepsia. Nothing in his appearance indicated ill health; he was a large, florid-complexioned man. Before dinner-time of the first day he had made the acquaintance of most of the English and Americans on board. At table I had a seat a few removes from him on the same side; between us were three or four of his countrymen or mine. Nearly opposite to him was a very quiet, simply dressed, but distinguished-looking gentleman, to all appearances an Englishman. His complexion and hair were light, he wore his beard à l'Anglais, and his clothes were of unmistakable London cut. He seemed quite alone, and, so far as I observed, did not speak with any one.

During all dinner-time Brummagem rattled away like a perfect magpie. At length he got to expressing his opinion about different nations in a way that made me very nervous lest he should get himself into trouble in so mixed a society. Of course, according to his creed the English were the gods on Mount Olympus, so superior in all respects to poor Continental mortals that any comparison, except of the latter among themselves, was ridiculous. The French were this, that, and the other. Fortunately the Captain, who sat quite near him, at the end of the table, did not understand English. The Germans were worse than the French. The Italians were worse yet. "But of all the blackguards," he went on to say, "that can be found in Christendom, the Spaniards are the greatest."

Hardly were these words out of his mouth when bang from the other side of the table came a bottle of red wine, striking him upon the bo-

som with such violence that he fell over upon the floor. Of course a scene ensued. Poor Brummagem was not much hurt, but his shirt-front, waistcoat, and face were dripping with claret, which gave him a bloody and horrible appearance.

The quiet-looking stranger, and it was he who had hurled the bottle, proved to be the late Duke of Osune, one of the first grandees of Spain. The Duke had been educated in England, and spoke the language perfectly. He was going to Naples, where his family had been Viceroys while Naples was a dependence of Spain, and where they still have immense possessions. The Osunes are one of the wealthiest families of Spain. It is said that they can travel by land from Madrid to Naples, and yet sleep every night in their own house.

Nothing further came of this adventure. Brummagem washed himself, changed his clothes, and—apologized. It is to be hoped that the lesson was not thrown away upon him, although the claret was.

If a person desires to avoid hearing unpleasant things, he had better let it be known of what country he is when he falls among strangers. Americans are generally unmistakable, at least to each other and to Englishmen, by their features, dress, accent, and language. But occasionally you fall in with one who sails under false colors, and would readily pass for an Englishman if he did not declare himself. However, very slight indications will sometimes betray one. I remember once traveling something like a fortnight with an Englishman whom I had picked up at Brussels, and who took me for a countryman of his own. Nothing for a while occurred between us that required or even suggested an explanation. One day, after I had been making some remark, he looked at me intently, and exclaimed,

"It isn't possible you are a Yankee!"

"What makes you think I may be one," I asked, with a smile.

"Only because you just now pronounced a word in a manner that I never heard it pronounced in my life except by Yankees. You said *often*, sounding the *t*, instead of *ofen*."

There is another word which is a sure test. Englishmen pronounce "nephew" as if it were written *nevev*. Americans as if it were written *nefew*.

I was very much amused once with a little circumstance that occurred to me in a voyage down the Danube. The boat was small, and there were only about half a dozen civilized passengers among us, *not* including a Russian Prince, who was decidedly barbarous. Among them were a Mr. and Mrs. P——s, a young English pair of good family and large fortune, who were on their way to the East, and a Mr. T——P——, a youth just from Oxford, whom I had met at Vienna, and son of a former Lancashire member of Parliament. Mrs. P——s was a very nice little woman indeed, full, however, of good-natured aristocratic prejudices against

our country and countrymen. T—— P—— was even worse than she was in this respect.

We never lost our temper on either side, but our warfare was continual. One rather chilly evening T—— P—— and I were seated by the open fire-place in the cabin. Wishing to stir the coals, T—— P—— asked me to pass him the *tongues*, pronouncing as I spell.

"The what?" I asked.

"The *tongues*," he repeated.

"The *tongs* you mean," I said.

"Ridiculous," he replied; "*tongues* is the proper pronunciation."

"Shall we ask Mrs. P——s?" I rejoined.

"By all means."

"Well, we will do so; only we will not tell her who is for *tongs* and who for *tongues*, for if we should she would be sure to decide against me."

We ascended to the deck, where Mrs. P——s was with her husband. I asked her the question in the most impartial manner. She burst into a laugh, and, turning to me, said,

"You don't mean to say that you say *tongues* in America!"

T—— P—— used to talk about *starving* with cold. I believe this is peculiarly Lancashire, although you occasionally hear it throughout England, and I am not certain that there is not good authority for the expression.

There is nothing more puzzling to a stranger than to know how to pronounce correctly many English proper names. That "*Thames*" is *Tems* we all know. That "*Pall Mall*" is *Pell Mell* you have to go to London to find out. I once ordered a cabman to drive me to the "*Seven Oaks*" railway station. He did not understand what I meant. "*Seven Oaks*" is called *Sen-nex*; "*Cholmondeley*" is *Chumley*; "*Beauvoir*" is *Beaver*; "*Cockburn*" is *Coburn*.

There is an infinitely greater variety of surnames in England than we have in the States. Some of them are rather odd. The *Portwines* are one of the best families in Devonshire or Cornwall, I forget which. The curious names which Dickens has given many of his characters are, I am confident, not creations of the imagination, but taken from London signs. I have met with many of them myself. *Quilp* is in St. Martin's Lane, not very far from the church, on the other side.

Speaking of London signs, they never say "*Smith, successor to Brown*" as we do, but "*Smith, late Brown*." The English are greater economists of words than we. I remember a tobacconist near Westminster Bridge whose sign reads "*Till Late Darke*." The first time my eye fell carelessly upon it, I construed it to mean that the shop was kept open until a late hour in the evening. The firms of English commercial houses, and particularly of bankers, are sometimes formidably long. Longman's publishing house is an example in point. If the title is "*Smith, Brown, Robinson, Jones, and Smith*," people simply say "*Smith and Co.*" Checks on the private bankers are drawn in this abbreviated form. Here they would not be honored with-

out the whole story being written out; it is true it is never so long a story.

Certain trades are more distinctly subdivided in London than here. The butcher, poulterer, fishmonger, cheesemonger, grocer, and green-grocer, never interfere with each other. In Scotland the butcher is a *flesher*, a very disagreeable word to me.

There is a large number of familiar words and expressions peculiar to each country. "*Suspenders*" here are *braces* there. "*Pantaloons*" here are more frequently called *trousers* there. Most kinds of what we call "*shoes*" they call *boots*. They never speak of a lady's "*hat*." "*Lumber*" has two entirely distinct meanings in the two countries. An American kitchen maid in distress would say, "*What shall I do?*" Her English sister would exclaim, "*Whatever shall I do?*" I could give many more examples, but these are enough.

There are very many words indeed in common usage in this country which are obsolete in England, and yet very good English. They are usually set down as Yankeeisms. I will give a single instance. A *muss* in the mouth of a New York rough means a "*row*." You seldom or never hear this word in England, and yet you find it in Beaumont and Fletcher, and contemporary writers.

It is a curious circumstance how words survive in a colony after becoming obsolete in the mother country; and not only words but forms of expression, and even pronunciation. The Greek colonies of Asia Minor speak a language much nearer the ancient Greek in all respects than do the cities of Greece proper. The Spanish language is nearer the Latin than is the Italian. The Dutch resembles the old German more closely than does the new German.

It is a noticeable fact that although nearly all English men and women of education speak French, you will find ten Americans who speak it with a good accent for one Englishman who does so. The reason of this is obvious to my mind. The English speak their own tongue very distinctly and with great emphasis. We, on the contrary, speak it in a loose, slovenly, monotonous way. Consequently we slide much more easily into a foreign pronunciation than they do; we have less that is strong and positive to overcome. Besides, the nasal articulation of the French is natural to us. I never in my life knew but two Englishmen who spoke French like natives. The one was an officer in the Austrian service, the other a merchant in Paris. I have known many Americans who could pass readily for Frenchmen among cultivated people.

It is amusing to notice the difference in the way of speaking of Frenchmen and Germans who have learned their English in the States and those who have learned it in England. You can distinguish between them in a moment. The only Frenchman I remember who speaks English with absolute purity is the Marquis de Lavalette. But he spent all his childhood and youth in England.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS convened on the 2d of December. The President's Message was presented on the following day. We give an abstract of its leading features:—Our *Foreign Relations* have occasioned profound solicitude. A nation which endures factious divisions at home is exposed to disrespect abroad; one or both parties is sure to invoke foreign intervention, and other nations are not always able to resist the temptation thus presented. But the disloyal citizens of the United States have met with less encouragement than they expected. Even if foreign nations were disposed to act solely for the speedy restoration of commerce, including especially the acquisition of cotton, they do not as yet appear to have seen their way more clearly through the destruction than through the preservation of the Union. They can not have failed to perceive that the Union has made our foreign as well as our domestic commerce; and one strong nation promises more durable peace, and a more extensive and reliable commerce than can the same nation when broken into fragments. Still the integrity of our country depends upon ourselves, not upon foreign nations, and as foreign dangers attend domestic difficulties, the President recommends the ample maintenance of our national defenses, especially those of our sea-coast, lakes, and great rivers.—He urges that Congress should provide for the speedy construction of a *Military Railroad*, connecting the loyal portions of Tennessee, North Carolina, and Kentucky with the other faithful parts of the Union.—He recommends that for the *Protection of our Commerce*, especially in the Eastern Seas, commanders of sailing vessels be authorized to re-capture prizes which may be made by pirates, and that the consular courts be empowered to adjudicate respecting such prizes, where this is not objected to by the local authorities.—He sees no good reason why we should longer refuse to recognize the independence of *Hayti* and *Liberia*, and suggests the appointment of a *Chargé d'Affairs* at each of these States.—The operations of the *Treasury* have been conducted with signal success. The patriotism of the people has placed at the disposal of Government the large sums demanded by the public exigencies. The following is a summary of the receipts and expenditures:

Revenue from all sources, including loans, for the financial year ending June 30, 1861.....	\$86,835,900 27
Expenditures, including payments on account of public debt.....	84,578,034 47
Leaving balance, June 1, 1861	\$2,257,865 80
Revenue for the first quarter of the present financial year, including the above balance.....	\$102,532,509 27
Expenditures for this quarter	98,239,733 09
Leaving balance, October 1, 1861..	\$4,292,776 18

—The estimates for the Treasury and the Statistics of the *Army* and *Navy* will be found in the Reports of the Secretaries for those departments.—In the *Supreme Court* are three vacancies, two by the decease of Justices Daniel and M'Lean, and one by the resignation of Justice Campbell. No nominations have been made to fill these, since two of them occur in the revolted States, and they could not now be filled in those localities, and the President is unwilling to make all the appointments Northward, disabling himself from doing justice to the South on the return of peace. He suggests, however, that the transfer of one of these to the North would not, with reference

to territory and population, be unjust. Various suggestions are made for modifications in the Supreme Court.—The condition of our *Statute Law* is suggested to demand improvement. Since the formation of our Government Congress has passed some 5000 acts, which fill more than 6000 closely printed pages, and are scattered through many volumes. Many of these are obscure, and apparently conflicting, so that it is difficult to know what our statute law really is. It is believed that all acts of a permanent and general nature, now in force, might be revised and re-written, so as to be contained in one or two volumes of convenient size.—*Civil Justice* has been suppressed in the insurgent States. It has been estimated that two hundred millions of dollars are due from insurgent to loyal citizens, but there are no courts to enforce these claims. The President has been urged to establish military courts to administer summary justice in such cases, wherever our armies take possession of revolted districts. He has declined to do so, because he was unwilling to go beyond the pressure of necessity in the unusual exercise of his power. He recommends Congress to provide for this emergency by the establishment of temporary tribunals, to exist only till the ordinary courts can be re-established.—To facilitate the settlement of *Claims against Government*, it is suggested the Court of Claims should have the power to make its judgment final, under such restrictions as may be found desirable.—The relations of the Government with the *Indian Tribes* have been disturbed by the insurrection. The Indian country south of Kansas is in possession of the insurgents; and it is said that a portion of the Indians have been organized into a military force attached to the insurgent army. Letters, however, have been received from prominent chiefs desiring the protection of the troops of the United States. The President believes that upon the re-possession of the country by the Government the Indians will readily resume their former relations.—An important paragraph in the Message relates to the disposition to be made of *Slaves*. We give this suggestion at length:

“Under and by virtue of the act of Congress, entitled ‘An Act to Confiscate Property used for Insurrectionary Purposes,’ approved August 6, 1861, the legal claims of certain persons to the labor and service of certain other persons have become forfeited, and numbers of the latter, thus liberated, are already dependent on the United States, and must be provided for in some way. Besides this, it is not impossible that some of the States will pass similar enactments for their own benefits respectively, and by the operation of which persons of the same class will be thrown upon them for disposal. In such case I recommend that Congress provide for accepting such persons from such States, according to some mode of valuation, in lieu *pro tanto* of direct taxes, or upon some other plan to be agreed on with such States respectively, that such persons, on such acceptance by the General Government, be at once deemed free; and that in any event steps be taken for colonizing both classes, or the one first mentioned, if the other shall not be brought into existence, at some place or places in a climate congenial to them. It might be well to consider, too, whether the free colored people already in the United States could not, so far as individuals may desire, be included in such colonization.”

—The Message embodies a brief dissertation upon the views as to *Labor and Capital* which are involved in the present struggle. It is assumed, says the President, on the one side, that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless some one who owns capital induces him to do so; then it is considered whether it is better that capital shall hire laborers, inducing them to

work with their consent, or buy them, forcing them to work without their consent ; in either case it being taken for granted that the condition of a laborer is one fixed for life. The President combats this whole theory. Labor, he says, is prior to and the source of capital, and deserves the higher consideration. Nor is there any fixed position of laborer and capitalist. A large majority of citizens, both at the North and the South, neither work for others nor have others working for them ; many both labor with their own hands and hire others to labor for them ; and then again the laborer of to-day is not unfrequently the employer of to-morrow. This system opens the way to all, and gives hope to all. No men are more worthy to hold political power than men who toil up from poverty ; let them beware of surrendering a political power which they possess. The Message concludes thus :

“ From the first taking of our national census to the last are seventy years, and we find our population at the end of the period eight times as great as it was at the beginning. The increase of those other things which men deem desirable has been even greater. We thus have, at one view, what the popular principle, applied to government through the machinery of the States and the Union, has produced in a given time, and also what, if firmly maintained, it promises for the future. There are already among us those who, if the Union be preserved, will live to see it contain 250,000,000. The struggle of to-day is not altogether for to-day. It is for a vast future also. With a firm reliance on Providence, all the more firm and earnest let us proceed in the great task which events have devolved upon us.”

The Report of the *Secretary of War* presents the following estimate of the strength of the army, both volunteers and regulars :

States.	Volunteers.		
	Three Months.	For the War.	Aggregate.
California.....	—	4,688	4,688
Connecticut.....	2,236	12,400	14,636
Delaware.....	775	2,000	2,775
Illinois.....	4,941	80,000	84,941
Indiana.....	4,686	57,332	62,018
Iowa.....	968	19,800	20,768
Kentucky.....	—	15,000	15,000
Maine.....	763	14,239	15,007
Maryland.....	—	7,000	7,000
Massachusetts.....	3,435	26,769	30,195
Michigan.....	781	23,550	23,331
Minnesota.....	—	4,160	4,160
Missouri.....	9,356	22,130	31,486
New Hampshire.....	779	9,600	10,379
New Jersey.....	3,068	9,342	12,410
New York.....	10,188	100,200	110,388
Ohio.....	10,236	81,205	91,441
Pennsylvania.....	19,199	94,760	113,959
Rhode Island.....	1,255	5,898	7,153
Vermont.....	750	8,000	8,750
Virginia.....	779	12,000	12,779
Wisconsin.....	792	14,153	14,945
Kansas.....	—	5,000	5,000
Colorado.....	—	1,000	1,000
Nebraska.....	—	2,500	2,500
Nevada.....	—	1,000	1,000
New Mexico.....	—	1,000	1,000
District of Columbia.....	2,823	1,000	3,823
Total.....	77,875	640,637	718,512

—To the number of volunteers for the war, 640,637, add the estimated strength of the regular army, including the new enlistments, under the Act of July 29, 1861, which is 20,334, and our entire military force now in the field will be 660,971 ; the several arms of the service being distributed as follows :

	Volunteers.	Regulars.	Aggregate.
Infantry.....	557,208	11,175	568,383
Cavalry.....	51,654	4,744	56,398
Artillery.....	20,390	4,308	24,698
Rifles and Sharpshooters..	8,325	—	8,395
Engineers.....	—	107	107
Total.....	640,637	20,334	660,971

—For the ensuing year appropriations are asked for

a force of 500,000 men. The cavalry force is found to be larger than is required, and measures will be taken for its reduction. The Secretary gives a condensed history of the enlistment of the army, and shows that it may easily be raised to any required number. He says that, at one time during the Revolution, Massachusetts, with a population of 350,000, had in the field 56,000 troops—more than one-sixth of her entire population. Should the loyal States furnish troops in like proportion, which they would do if the emergency demanded, we could put into the field an army of over three millions.—A summary is given of affairs in the “ Border States.” In Delaware the good sense and patriotism of the people has triumphed over the schemes of the traitors ; in Kentucky the people early pronounced themselves at the ballot-box in favor of the Union ; in Maryland, notwithstanding the events in Baltimore, when the opportunity of a general election was afforded, the people, under the lead of their brave and patriotic Governor, rebuked those who would have led the State to destruction ; in Missouri a loyal State Government has been established, troops have rallied to the support of the Federal authority, which have forced the enemy to retire into an adjoining State ; in Virginia the Government established by the loyal portion of her population is in successful operation. The Secretary believes that “ the army now assembled on the banks of the Potomac will, under its able leader, soon make such a demonstration as will re-establish its authority throughout all the rebellious States.”—The Report contains many practical suggestions in respect to the arms, munitions, clothing, and organization of the army. It recommends that “ the advancement of merit should be the leading principle in all promotions, and the volunteer soldier should be given to understand that preferment will be the sure reward of intelligence, fidelity, and distinguished service.”—The two closing paragraphs of this Report embody suggestions of such grave importance that we give them in full :

“ The geographical position of the metropolis of the nation, menaced by the rebels, and required to be defended by thousands of our troops, induces me to suggest for consideration the propriety and expediency of a reconstruction of the boundaries of the States of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. Wisdom and true statesmanship would dictate that the seat of the National Government, for all time to come, should be placed beyond reasonable danger of seizure by enemies within, as well as from capture by foes from without. By agreement between the States named, such as was effected for similar purposes by Michigan and Ohio, and by Missouri and Iowa, their boundaries could be so changed as to render the capital more remote than at present from the influence of State Governments which have arrayed themselves in rebellion against the Federal authority. To this end the limits of Virginia might be so altered as to make her boundaries consist of the Blue Ridge on the east and Pennsylvania on the north, leaving those on the south and west as at present. By this arrangement two counties of Maryland (Alleghany and Washington) would be transferred to the jurisdiction of Virginia. All that portion of Virginia which lies between the Blue Ridge and Chesapeake Bay could then be added to Maryland, while that portion of the peninsula between the waters of the Chesapeake and the Atlantic, now jointly held by Maryland and Virginia, could be incorporated into the State of Delaware. A reference to the map will show that these are great natural boundaries, which, for all time to come, would serve to mark the limits of these States. To make the protection of the capital complete, in consideration of the large accession of territory which Maryland would receive under the arrangement proposed, it would be necessary that the State should consent so to modify her Constitution as to limit the basis of her representation to her white population. In this connection it would be the part of wisdom to reannex to the District of Columbia that portion of its original limits which, by Act of Congress, was retroceded to the State of Virginia.

"It is already a grave question what shall be done with those slaves who are abandoned by their owners on the advance of our troops into Southern territory, as at Beaufort district, in South Carolina. The number left within our control at that point is very considerable, and similar cases will probably occur. What shall be done with them? Can we afford to send them forward to their masters to be by them armed against us, or used in producing supplies to maintain the rebellion? Their labor may be useful to us; withheld from the enemy it lessens his military resources, and withholding them has no tendency to induce the horrors of insurrection, even in the rebel communities. They constitute a military resource, and being such, that they should not be turned over to the enemy is too plain to discuss. Why deprive him of supplies by a blockade, and voluntarily give him men to produce supplies? The disposition to be made of the slaves of rebels after the close of the war can be safely left to the wisdom and patriotism of Congress. The representatives of the people will unquestionably secure to the loyal slaveholders every right to which they are entitled under the Constitution of the country."

The Report of the *Secretary of the Navy* furnishes a comprehensive statement of the condition of this branch of the service, and of its operations since last July. When the vessels now building and purchased of every class are armed, equipped, and ready for service, the strength of the navy will be :

OLD NAVY.			
Number of Vessels.	Guns.	Tonnage.	
6 Ships-of-line	504	16,094	
7 Frigates	350	12,104	
17 Sloops	342	16,031	
2 Brigs	12	539	
3 Store-ships	7	342	
6 Receiving-ships, etc.	106	6,340	
6 Screw frigates	222	21,460	
6 First-class screw sloops ..	109	11,953	
4 First-class side-wheel steam sloops..	46	8,003	
8 Second-class screw sloops	45	7,533	
5 Third-class screw sloops	23	2,405	
4 Third-class side-wheel steamers	8	1,308	
2 Steam tenders	4	599	
76	1783	105,271	
VESSELS PURCHASED.			
	Guns.	Tons.	
36 Side-wheel steamers	166	26,680	
43 Screw steamers	175	20,403	
13 Ships	52	9,998	
24 Schooners	49	5,324	
18 Barks	78	8,432	
2 Brigs	4	460	
136	518	71,297	
VESSELS CONSTRUCTED.			
	Guns.	Tons.	
14 Screw sloops	98	16,787	
23 Gun-boats	92	11,661	
12 Side-wheel steamers	49	8,400	
8 Iron-clad steamers	18	4,600	
52	256	41,448	

—Making a total of 264 vessels, 2557 guns, and 218,016 tons. The aggregate number of seamen in the service on the 4th of March last was 7600. The number is now not less than 22,000. The amount appropriated at the last regular session of Congress for the naval service of the current fiscal year was \$13,168,675; to this was added at the special session of last July \$30,446,876—making an aggregate for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1862, of \$43,615,551. To this must be added :

For vessels purchased and alterations to fit them for service	\$2,530,000
For the purchase of additional vessels	2,000,000
For 20 iron-clad vessels	12,000,000
	<u>\$16,530,000</u>
Add previous appropriations	43,615,551
Total for year ending June 30, 1862	\$60,145,551

—The estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1863, are as follows :

For the navy proper	\$41,096,530
For the marine corps	1,105,657
For miscellaneous objects	2,423,473
Total for fiscal year ending June 30, 1863	\$44,625,660

—The operations of the navy have been directed to the following objects : 1. Blockading the insurgent ports along a coast of nearly 3000 miles ; 2. The organization of combined naval and military expeditions to operate upon the Southern coast, and upon the Mississippi and its tributaries ; 3. The pursuit of cruisers which might have escaped the blockading force. —In all 153 vessels have been captured while attempting to violate the blockade. Vessels laden with stone have been sent to be sunk in the channels of Charleston harbor and the Savannah River ; this, if effectually accomplished, will interdict commerce at those ports.—The operations in the neighborhood of Hatteras and Port Royal are described at length in the Report. The escape of the *Sumter*, and the "feeble pursuit" made of her is mentioned ; an investigation into this affair has been ordered.—The action of Captain Wilkes in capturing Messrs. Slidell and Mason is thus referred to :

"The prompt and decisive action of Captain Wilkes on this occasion merited and received the emphatic approval of the Department, and if a too generous forbearance was exhibited by him in not capturing the vessel which had these rebel emissaries on board, it may, in view of the special circumstances, and of its patriotic motives, be excused ; but it must by no means be permitted to constitute a precedent hereafter for the treatment of any case of similar infraction of neutral obligations by foreign vessels engaged in commerce or the carrying trade."

—In answer to inquiries from naval commanders as to the disposition of fugitives who have sought refuge on our ships, the Secretary has directed that

"If insurgents, they should be handed over to the custody of the Government ; but if, on the contrary, they were free from any voluntary participation in the rebellion and sought the shelter and protection of our flag, then they should be cared for and employed in some useful manner and might be enlisted to serve on our public vessels or in our Navy-yards, receiving wages for their labor. If such employment could not be furnished to all by the navy, they might be referred to the army, and if no employment could be found for them in the public service they should be allowed to proceed freely and peaceably without restraint to seek a livelihood in any loyal portion of the country."

—Although fugitive slaves are not expressly mentioned, this general direction is evidently intended to apply to them.

The Report of the *Secretary of the Interior* furnishes some interesting details. The decline of business has seriously affected the operations of the *General Land Office*. Sales of land have been almost wholly suspended ; the net income from this source will for the present fiscal year hardly amount to \$2,000,000.—*Indian Affairs* are in a very unsatisfactory state. The Cherokees, Chickasaws, and Choctaws have ceased all intercourse with the agents of the United States. The payment of their annuities has been suspended. The tribes on the Pacific slope of the Rocky Mountains have manifested a turbulent spirit. In New Mexico trouble has been experienced from depredations committed by some tribes. In Kansas and Nebraska the tribes are advancing in the arts of civilization.—The *Patent Office* has suffered greatly by the insurrection. During the year, from January 1 to September 30, 1861, the expenditures exceeded the receipts by \$82,785. To meet this deficiency thirty employés have been discharged, and the salaries of the remainder have been reduced.—Many persons who have been in the receipt of *Pensions* have joined the insurgents ; payments to them have been suspended.—The returns of the *Census* are being condensed for publication as rapidly as possible.

The Report of the *Postmaster-General* shows that the expenditures of the Department for the year

were \$13,606,759, being more than a million and a quarter less than for the preceding year, while the receipts fell short only \$168,771. The deficit is \$4,651,966, nearly a million and a half less than was estimated. The appropriation asked to supply deficiencies for 1862 is \$3,145,000, more than two and a quarter millions less than was asked in 1861. This difference arises from the fact that the Department is not now burdened with supplying mails to the Southern States, where the expenses greatly exceeded the income.

The Report of the *Secretary of the Treasury* furnishes an elaborate statement of the financial condition of the Government. The following tables present in a condensed form its principal points for the financial year ending June 30, 1862:

Estimated receipts from customs, lands, and usual miscellaneous sources	\$36,809,731 24
Amount realized from loans, up to Dec. 1, 1861	197,242,588 14
Amount to be realized from additional loans already authorized	75,449,675 00
Amount anticipated from direct tax	20,000,000 00
Total estimated receipts for the year.....	\$329,501,994 38

The expenditures, as estimated, are:

Actual expenditures for the 1st quarter ..	\$98,239,733 09
For 2d, 3d, and 4th quarters, the estimates under appropriations already made....	302,035,761 21
Estimated expenditures under additional appropriations now asked for.....	143,130,927 76
Total estimated expenditures for the year	\$543,406,422 06
Deducting the above receipts	329,501,994 38
Amount to be provided by loan for 1862..	\$213,904,427 68

—The Secretary hopes that the war may be brought to a close before mid-summer, in which case the revenue from sources suggested by him will be amply sufficient without resorting to new loans; but in case of the continuance of the war on its present scale, the estimated expenditures for the year ending June 30, 1863, are:

For the War Department	\$360,152,986 61
For the Navy Department.....	45,164,994 18
Account of Public Debt	42,816,330 53
For Civil List, etc.....	23,086,971 23
For Interior Department	4,102,962 96
Total expenditures for 1863.....	\$475,331,245 51
The estimated receipts from all sources for the year are	\$95,800,000 00
Leaving a balance to be provided for of..	\$379,531,245 51

The whole amount to be provided for from loans will be,

For the fiscal year 1862, under existing laws	\$75,449,675 00
For the fiscal year 1862, under laws to be enacted, about.....	200,000,000 00
For the fiscal year 1863, also under laws to be enacted.....	379,531,245 51
Making an aggregate of.....	\$654,980,920 51

The statement of the Public Debt, on the basis of the foregoing estimates is:

On July 1, 1860, it was.....	\$64,769,703 08
On July 1, 1861, it was.....	90,867,828 68
On July 1, 1862, it will be.....	517,372,832 93
On July 1, 1863, it will be.....	897,372,802 93

—In round numbers, if the war continues till July, 1863, the Public Debt will be \$900,000,000, which, the Secretary says, the country can pay in thirty years as easily as it did, in twenty years, the debt of \$127,000,000 which existed in 1816, at the close of the war.—In order to raise the revenues as estimated in the foregoing statements, the Secretary advises that the duties on brown sugars be raised to 2½ cents per pound; on clayed sugars to 3 cents; on

green teas to 20 cents; and on coffee to 5 cents; beyond these he thinks no change should at present be made in the tariff. The direct tax should be so modified as to produce \$20,000,000 from the loyal States, the income-tax to produce \$10,000,000; and a tax producing \$20,000,000 to be imposed upon stills, distilled liquors, tobacco, carriages, bank notes, paper evidences of debt, etc.: making the whole amount of direct taxation \$50,000,000.—But the most important suggestion of the Secretary refers to the establishment of a uniform National Currency. There are, he says, in circulation in the loyal States \$150,000,000 of bank notes, which is a loan without interest by the people to the banks. This loan may be transferred to the Government, with advantage to the people. Two plans for effecting this have been suggested. The first contemplates the gradual withdrawal from circulation of the notes of private corporations, and the issue in their stead of United States notes, payable in coin on demand. This, which is partially adopted in the issue of the "Demand Notes" of the Treasury, while it offers many advantages, is, in the opinion of the Secretary, liable to inconveniences and hazards. The plan which he recommends contemplates the preparation and delivery to institutions and associations of notes prepared for circulation under national direction; these notes to be redeemed by the institutions to which they may be delivered for issue; this redemption to be secured by the pledge of United States stocks and an adequate provision of specie; the notes to be receivable for all Government dues except customs. These notes would, in the opinion of the Secretary, form the safest currency which this country has ever enjoyed; for they would be of equal and uniform value in every part of the Union. In a year or two the whole circulating medium of the country, whether notes or coin, would bear the national impress, and its amount, being easily ascertainable, would not be likely to be increased beyond the wants of business. This plan, in its essential features, has been tried in New York and one or two other States, and has been found practicable and useful. The probabilities of success would be increased by its adoption under national sanction for the whole country.

Our Record closes on the 11th of December. The proceedings of Congress, though mainly preliminary, are of importance as showing the feelings of the members. Messrs. Breckinridge and Burnett of Kentucky, and Reed of Missouri were expelled on account of their connection with the insurrection.—In the Senate, Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, proposed the appointment of a commission consisting of Messrs. Fillmore, Pierce, Everett, Crittenden, Taney, and five others to confer with a similar commission from the so-called Confederate States, with a view to the restoration of peace and the preservation of the Union; and that during the deliberations of the joint commissioners active military operations should cease. This proposition was promptly laid on the table.—In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull of Illinois offered a bill "for confiscating the property and giving freedom to the slaves of rebels." It provides for the absolute forfeiture of all property belonging to persons beyond the jurisdiction of the United States or beyond the reach of the usual civil process who shall take up arms against the United States, or in any way aid the rebellion; the proceeds of the property to be held for the benefit of loyal creditors, and for loyal citizens who shall have been despoiled, and to defray the expenses of the war. The bill also

forfeits the claims of all rebels, and those who give them aid or comfort, to persons held by them as slaves; declares the slaves thus forfeited to be free, and makes it the duty of the President to provide for the colonization of such as may be willing to go in some tropical country, where they may have the protection of the Government and be secured in all the rights and privileges of freemen.—In the House, Mr. Stevens of Pennsylvania offered a preamble and bill declaring that there can be no permanent peace or Union in the republic so long as slavery exists within it; that slavery is an essential means of protracting the war; that according to the law of nations it is right to liberate the slaves of an enemy to weaken his power; that the President be requested to declare free, and to direct all our generals and officers in command to order freedom to all slaves who shall leave their masters or shall aid in quelling the rebellion, and that the United States pledge the faith of the nation to make full and fair compensation to all loyal citizens who are or shall remain active in supporting the Union for all damage they may sustain by virtue of this resolution.

The Secretary of the Treasury has issued regulations relating to the property found in such parts of the disloyal States as may be occupied by the United States forces. Agents are to be appointed to reside in these places, whose duty shall be to secure and prepare for market cotton and other property. They may for this purpose employ slaves, paying a proper compensation for their services. The cotton and other products to be shipped to New York, consigned to an agent appointed for that purpose.

The naval and military expedition, whose sailing was noted in our last Record, has achieved a brilliant success. The fleet, numbering 50 vessels and transports, besides coal vessels, sailed from Hampton Roads on the 29th of October. When the sealed orders were opened it was found that the destination was Port Royal Harbor, near Beaufort, in South Carolina, one of the points which had been supposed to be in contemplation. On the 1st and 2d of November the fleet encountered a storm, the severest of the season, by which it was utterly dispersed; on the morning of the 2d only a single sail was to be seen from the deck of the *Wabash*, the flag-ship. On the 3d the storm abated, and the vessels began to reappear. The damage proved to have been less than was anticipated. A few of the smaller vessels were forced to put back; one went ashore, and the crew, numbering 73, were made prisoners. The *Isaac Smith* was obliged to throw overboard her battery. The *Peerless* and *Governor* sunk, all those on board being saved with the exception of seven marines on the latter vessel, who were drowned through their own imprudence. Damages, comparatively slight, were sustained by other vessels. On Monday morning, November 4, the fleet, 25 vessels being in company, and many more heaving in sight, anchored off Port Royal bar. The aids to navigation had been removed, but on the next day the fleet crossed the bar. The following day was occupied in making reconnoissances and preparations for the attack. It was found that two strong forts, Walker and Beauregard, had been thrown up on the points commanding the entrance to the harbor. At half past nine on the morning of the 7th the attack was made by 16 selected vessels of the fleet, the military force not being called upon to participate. The enemy evidently supposed their defenses impregnable, and large numbers of the inhabitants, including some from Charleston, came out to witness the en-

gagement. The attacking vessels sailed around in a circle, delivering fire alternately into each fort. Meanwhile a number of small Confederate vessels, commanded by Josiah Tatnall, lately Commodore in the United States Navy, and commanding our East India squadron, appeared, but took no important part in the fight, and were speedily beaten off. The fight lasted three hours, at the end of which the batteries were found wholly untenable, and were evacuated, the enemy escaping toward the interior. Our loss in this engagement was only 8 killed and 23 wounded, 17 of them but slightly; none of the vessels suffered serious damage. The loss of the enemy was considerable. Many bodies were found in the forts, and some 30 at a distance of half a mile. We captured the entire armament of the forts, consisting of about 40 cannon of the heaviest calibre and most approved models, besides a large quantity of ammunition and camp equipage. The military force was landed, and every preparation made to hold the port thus acquired. The harbor of Port Royal is the finest on the Southern coast; ships drawing 25 feet enter it with ease, and it is capable of containing our whole fleet. A small party was sent to take possession of Beaufort, some 15 miles distant. The place was found entirely deserted by the white inhabitants, only a part of the slaves remaining.

A naval expedition of scarcely inferior importance sailed from New London on the 20th of November. It consists of 25 vessels, mostly old whalers, heavily loaded with stone, and so arranged that by opening holes in the bottom they can be sunk in a few minutes. The design is to sink them at the entrances of the Southern harbors, thus effectually closing the ports against all egress or entrance.

In *Missouri* Major-General Halleck has been appointed to the command vacated by the removal of General Frémont. He has issued a series of military orders to the effect that active rebels and spies have forfeited their rights as citizens, and are liable to capital punishment; that all persons in arms against the Government or aiding the enemy shall be arrested and their property seized; that all persons within the national lines giving information to the enemy shall be shot as spies; that unenlisted marauders will not be treated as prisoners of war, but will be considered as criminals; military officers to enforce the law confiscating slave property used for insurrectionary purposes; citizens who have been robbed by insurrectionists to be quartered, fed, and clothed at the expense of insurrectionists; prisoners of war and slaves, in case of necessity, to be employed in the construction of military defenses.—The reports of military operations in this State are vague and contradictory. The most reliable accounts represent that the main body of the enemy have retired to Arkansas, but that the southern portion of the State is overrun with bands of marauders.

From *Kentucky* intelligence is equally indecisive. A Convention was held at Russellville, October 29, Mr. Burnett, late member of Congress, presiding, "to confer with reference to the steps to be taken to better preserve domestic tranquillity and protect the right of persons and property in Kentucky." The acts of the General Government were condemned; a "Declaration of Independence and Ordinance of Separation" was adopted. A plan of a Provisional Government was also framed, the seat of government to be at Bowling Green. The Provisional Government to consist of a Governor and ten Councilmen, to be elected by the Convention;

Commissioners to be appointed to treat for the admission of Kentucky into the Southern Confederacy.

In *Maryland* the recent election resulted in the re-election of Governor Hicks by a very large majority. The Legislature convened on the 4th of December. The Message of the Governor says that the special session was convened that measures might be taken to undo the evils occasioned by the last Legislature. He says the rebellion must be put down at any cost, and Maryland must bear her share.

The direct military operations of the month have not been of special importance. A sharp affair took place at Belmont, Missouri, on the 7th of November. A body of 2850 men, under Generals Grant and M'Clelland, set out from Cairo to attack a camp at Belmont; the object was attained, the enemy were driven off, and the camp burned. The enemy were then strongly reinforced from Columbus, on the opposite side of the Mississippi, and our troops re-embarked for Cairo. The whole action lasted six hours. The loss on each side, made up from official sources, was:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total
National	84	288	235	607
Confederate	261	427	278	966

Messrs. Mason and Slidell, appointed Ministers from the Southern Confederacy to England and France, have failed to reach their destination. The steamer on which they embarked from Charleston, having eluded the blockade, landed them at Cardenas, in Cuba; they went by land to Havana, where they were received with every consideration. Here they awaited the arrival of the British mail steamer *Trent*, plying between Southampton and the West India Islands. They embarked on the 7th of November, with their families and suites. Meanwhile the United States steam-sloop *San Jacinto*, Captain Wilkes, was cruising in the Gulf in search of the privateer *Sumter*. Learning of the embarkation of Messrs. Slidell and Mason, Captain Wilkes started in pursuit of the *Trent*, and overtook her in about 24 hours after her departure. He demanded the surrender of the Confederate Ministers and their Secretaries, which, after some little demur, was acceded to; and Messrs. Mason and Slidell, with their Secretaries, were taken on board the *San Jacinto*, their families being allowed to proceed on the voyage. The prisoners were brought to Fortress Monroe, and subsequently sent to Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor. Captain Wilkes, in making these arrests, acted wholly upon his own responsibility; but his action has been fully sanctioned by the Government.

EUROPE.

From *Great Britain* our intelligence relates almost wholly to commercial affairs, and the main topics of interest are connected with American relations. The Government still maintains its friendly tone, though in commercial circles there appears a growing disposition to favor the Southern side. At the Lord Mayor's dinner, November 9, Lord Palmerston, in response to a speech from our Minister, Mr. Adams, said that though circumstances may for a time threaten to interfere with the supply of cotton, yet the temporary evil would be productive of good to Great Britain, as she would in consequence in time find ample supplies from other quarters, and thus be rendered more independent. — The Confederate steamer *Nashville* arrived at Southampton on the 21st of November. Two days before she had captured and burned the New York packet ship *Harvey Birch*; the crew were brought to Southampton and liberated; a portion of them, who refused to pledge themselves not to bear arms against the Confederate

States until regularly exchanged or discharged, were put in irons. — In *Ireland* the potato crop has turned out a total failure, and in consequence a famine is apprehended.

In *France* the most important circumstance is financial embarrassment of the Government. A bad harvest and stagnation of trade growing out of American difficulties, combined with the enormous expenditures upon the army, navy, and public improvements, have occasioned a serious deficit. The Emperor called in the aid of M. Fould, who pointed out to him that one great source of expenditure was the opening of supplementary credits to the different Ministries, not embraced in the regular estimates. These in 1861 amounted to 200,000,000 francs. The Emperor thereupon invited M. Fould to assume the post of Minister of Finance, and announced his determination to relinquish the power of opening such supplementary credits. Henceforth the Budget will be presented to the Legislative Bodies, who will pass upon it, section by section.

The combined French, English and Spanish expedition to Mexico has set out. The convention between the sovereigns has been published. "Feeling themselves compelled by the arbitrary and vexatious conduct of the authorities of the Republic of Mexico to demand from these authorities more efficacious protection for their subjects, as well as a fulfillment of the obligations contracted toward their Majesties by the Republic of Mexico," they have entered into a convention, the points of which are: That each shall contribute such naval and military force as shall be agreed upon, the "total of which shall be sufficient to seize and occupy the several fortresses and military positions on the Mexican coast;" the commanders are also to execute such other operations as may, on the spot, be found advisable; all measures to be executed in the common name. The parties pledge themselves not to seek any acquisition of territory or any special advantages, nor to interfere with the right of the Mexican nation to choose its own form of Government. A commission of one member of each nation is to determine the application of any money which may be recovered from Mexico. The Government of the United States is to be invited to accede to this convention, but no delay is to be made in awaiting this accession beyond the time necessary for the combined forces to assemble in the harbor of Vera Cruz. From Havana we learn that a portion of the British and French vessels had arrived at that port, and that the first division of the Spanish fleet sailed for Vera Cruz on the 28th of November, to be shortly followed by two other divisions.

The Italian Parliament convened at Turin on the 20th of November. Baron Ricasoli, the Prime Minister, laid before the body the position of the Roman question. Proposals for a reconciliation between the Government and the Papacy had been framed, and the mediation of the Emperor Napoleon had been asked. These proposals contained stipulations that the Pontiff and his Cardinals should retain their dignities and personal inviolability, and should be guaranteed a certain revenue by the King of Italy. The Italian Government was not to interfere in any way with the exercise of the Pope's spiritual functions, the dispatch of Papal Nuncios, the convoking of synods and councils, the nomination of bishops, or the presentation to ecclesiastical benefices. In the event of the rejection of these proposals, it was intimated that "the Italian Government could not, without difficulty, restrain the impatience of the people, who claim Rome as their capital."

Editor's Table.

DISCIPLINE.—We Americans have been for years thinking, talking, and often acting as if the First Person Singular were the only person in the world—or, at any rate, the only personage worth caring for; and the natural impatience of external control which the old Adam within us always feels, has been mightily increased by the spirit of our institutions and the bad logic and false rhetoric of some of our leading writers and orators. It seems to have been the notion of a considerable school of theorists, and the practice of a thousand schools of performers, that each soul is created a wholly independent being, able to live wholly out of its own resources, and that its life is free and noble as it comes nearer entire individualism, follows its own thought and its own will in all things—or, in the popular phrase, going wholly on its own hook. It seems to be thought by a class of by no means contemptible philosophers that man, instead of being distinguished by the amount and intensity of his social relations and responsibilities, is the most lonely of God's creatures, and loses rather than gains dignity by submitting to the restraints of civilization and to the fellowship of religion. Many who are innocent of the mystic transcendentalism that affirms this supersublimated folly in theory affirm it very obstreperously in practice; and Young America, both in trowsers and pantalets, has taken it for granted that age and precedent are exploded humbugs, and the height of wisdom and dignity lies in doing just as you have a mind to.

We are learning a little better method now in a very imperious school, and some of our restive Hot-spurs, whose reckless temper has driven them from the sober order of the household or the university to the camp, find the soldier's life a terrible break to their fond dream of unbridled liberty and reckless self-will. Undoubtedly the best of our young men submit with good grace to the new schooling, catch the enthusiasm of the camp, and are as ready to obey the word that makes a unit of the whole regiment as they were before ready to make a unit of themselves severally, and look out only for number one. The whole nation, to a certain extent, has shared in the change; and, whatever may be the cause, a word that had been for many years spoken from our pulpits in the ear of an impatient and conceited generation, until the very sound had become so odious as to bring upon the speaker the name of bigot, dotard, or, most conclusive and damnable of all, *old foggy*, now rings throughout the land as the watchword of patriotism and manhood. The word is "*Discipline*"—prosaic term indeed, but now more attractive than any rallying cries of popular enthusiasm or party policy.

We perhaps discern the exact point of its meaning best when we compare it with a word very much like it in derivation and usage—the word *doctrine*. It is sometimes, indeed, taken for granted that doctrine and discipline are very much the same, and that one who is indoctrinated is of necessity pretty well disciplined. Yet what monstrous mistakes have come from this confusion of ideas! How many young people go from our schools and colleges with their heads filled with the doctrines of their textbooks, without any tolerable discipline either of the intellect, the affections, or the will! and, of course, unless they soon make up for the deficiency in the sterner school of experience, they disappoint the fond hopes of their friends by many words and few deeds, or by large expectations and small perform-

ance. The very highest interests of mankind suffer in the same way, and religion has had its full share of the mischief. Our modern Illuminism, in its partly-reasonable impatience of the old church discipline, has thought to govern the world mainly by its superior ideas or its philosophical doctrines, and has been much astonished that the stubborn world remains very much the same in face of its teachings, and follows sterner rulers than its lecturers and essayists. We had, in fact, quite generally taken it for granted that we were carrying the modern mind by storm with our artillery of new ideas and our infantry of new school-books. But we are encountered by a most obstinate as well as unexpected resistance; and the old church, that we are so sure of having conquered in the war of ideas, has most surely come very near conquering us by the power of its discipline; and many of our own men and women, of good culture, have become disgusted with the free-thinking method that deals mainly with fine-spun phrases and plausible speculations, and leaves the will unsubdued by a master and the life unregulated by a comprehensive rule.

Our patriotism has fallen into the same error, and we, as a nation, are trying to recover from the fearful shock which we have sustained from trusting to the *doctrinaires* who would have us believe that ideas of themselves govern the world; and that by merely proclaiming the principles of liberty and humanity the powers of despotism would be disarmed, and the reign of righteousness would be at once established. One of our most conspicuous political agitators, some years since, set forth somewhat elaborately, and to the admiration of not a small class of followers, the charming doctrine of the power of just ideas to make their own way, and defend society without the alliance of sterner weapons, and scouted at the prodigious folly which persists in keeping armies, navies, and fortresses, to protect our nationality and our civilization. He has changed his ground now, and seems to find no conscientious scruples in the way of adopting more fearful weapons and agents in civil warfare than our professional soldiers have yet ventured to employ or even to recommend. Such *doctrinaires*, even when resorting to arms, seem to think the sword quite as much the servant of the wish or thought as the pen or tongue, and are as ready to extemporize a battle as a speech, and inform the ablest of our generals precisely what course to take to secure victory to our arms. The result of so monstrous an error is too fresh and mortifying to need any lengthened statement or comment; and we have more than once found, to our cost, that ideas without drill stand a very poor chance when face to face with drill without ideas; and that even those troops who have learned discipline in their office as task-masters may be more than a match for those who have ignored obedience in the schools of radicalism or self-will. We, of course, believe in ideas, and do not yield to any class of thinkers in our respect for the fundamental principles in which all sound thinking begins; but we must remember that theory is one thing and practice is another; and that whatever doctrines may enter and enlighten the understanding, we need constant and careful discipline to train the will and to master the implements and form the habits with which it works.

Let discipline, then, be our word in this article, as we speak some sober thoughts, wholesome, we

believe, for all times, but especially so for these times. And our first leading thought is, that while Doctrine requires in the main a teacher, Discipline in the main requires a master, or one who has authority to order as well as to teach. To teach, indeed, effectually, the instructor must not only be able to give lessons to his scholars, but to direct that the lessons shall be learned by them, and given back to him by word of mouth or by writing. Yet much that passes for teaching carries little if any of such authority; and many a youth goes through school or college without being able to do any thing of himself to master what is set before him from the book or the lecture-room. The teacher thus is expected to do pretty much the whole, and be not only the book but the brain to the pupil, instead of making the latter a book and a brain to himself. The better extreme would be in the opposite direction, or to require most from the scholar and least from the teacher; so that education should begin and continue in making the child to do as much as is possible for himself, and keep him constantly awake and attentive, instead of sinking down into listless indolence. Yet, however full and admirable the teaching may be, discipline is none the less necessary; and the teacher must be master not only so far as to exact the prescribed tasks, but to rule over the manners and the morals of the school and the home, or to train the will as well as to instruct the intellect.

The etymology of the terms illustrates the difference between having a teacher and a master; for the doctrine or teaching which the teacher gives is but the preparation for the discipline or method of learning which the master exacts. He who is under discipline must needs be in the active voice, or in the condition of an active learner, while he who is under doctrine may be merely in the passive voice, without actually digesting the lessons that are set before him. Evidently, then, to keep one in the state of an active learner, a master is required. The nature of things, as well as the evidence of experience, requires that authority shall be exercised, and that the first essential of progress is our willingness to look up to our superior. In the nature of things, the human being is the most dependent of all God's creatures; and the child is made, not like the beast of the field to live mainly by spontaneous instinct, but upon the transmitted wisdom and virtue of the race. The first essential of progress, therefore, lies in looking to the fountain-head, and in following the best light and incentive within our reach. In fact at the first, and indeed at a period long after the young of birds and beasts have learned to take care of themselves, the child lives upon its mother, and does not have life or mind independent of her. Nor does the dependence wholly cease with advanced age and culture; for the most mature thinker or the most experienced devotee is more and more conscious of depending upon a providential government or a spiritual fellowship, and the highest wisdom of our race enters and inhabits the kingdom of God as a little child. It is by discipline that man becomes whole, or becomes partner in the entire wealth and power of the race; and, under the true authority, the whole riches of former ages, nay, the whole mind, power, and life of humanity, come to each of us. The child who should practically deny this, and refuse utterly to learn and obey, and insist upon following his own instincts, would soon find himself sinking below the level of a decent savage; for the little savage learns many things in his own way, and may

be something of a hero and even of a sage by taking counsel of the warriors and chiefs of his tribe.

We are all ready to allow this in a certain way, and our impatient Young America may perhaps boast of winning such mastery of the mind of the past by his ready perception and insight as to dispense with drudging discipline; and so long as he can revel over the best books and journals, he may scoff at the very idea of putting himself under any master's direction, much less of submitting to any dictation over his personal habits. He may be willing to listen to a brilliant lecturer or an eloquent preacher as long as he happens to like him; but as to having a master, the very thought of an authority to be obeyed—what is this but utter bondage and degradation! And sometimes the very persons who are bound to exercise authority virtually repudiate the duty under the false plea of modesty or deference, and feebly encourage this loose way of thinking, and speak and act as if the discipline of the master must necessarily destroy the freedom of the disciple, and it were utterly wrong to put any restraint upon the will of the child. Hence comes much of the laxity that so enfeebles our domestic and civil life. Hence the looseness of parental authority, the insubordination of schools, the demoralization of armies, the inefficiency of churches. The young are treated as if they were sole judges of what is good for them, and in utter forgetfulness of the fact that the things most important for them to do are often the very things that they least of all tend to do of themselves. Of themselves they tend toward what is easiest or most self-indulgent—much preferring to walk on a level or down-hill path to climbing the wholesome mountain's height; and so, unless they are brought under superior incentives, they never reach the exalted summits where wisdom and virtue and the farthest vision and the highest peace are to be found.

Nor do we need the guidance of the master merely to transmit to us the accumulated *knowledge* of the human race. *Power* is to be transmitted as well as knowledge; and although knowledge ought to be power, it may become a weakness when it is allowed to cram the memory or please the fancy without educating the judgment and strengthening the will. The good master is perhaps even more serviceable in this respect than in any other, and his office is mainly to impart a certain tonic vigor and cumulative force to the pupil. Force is as much to be transmitted as learning; and God, who is the great economist, not only is careful that no *atom of matter* should be lost, but that no *moment of power* should be wasted. Modern science is giving us new and striking views of the correlation and sequence of physical forces, and the science of education will open upon us still more important views when it studies the correlation and sequence of moral and intellectual forces, and tries to train the scholar to the reception and exercise of the practical powers which flow down to us in a constant and increasing current from the beginning of time through the gathering ages. The true master concentrates these forces in himself, and transmits them to his pupils, so that his strength consists not merely in the energy of his own independent will, but in the currents of hereditary life that he loyally receives and faithfully imparts. The great masters of every age, not only in school-rooms and colleges, but in camps and senates, are memorable for this gift; and sometimes a single master-word of a Luther or a Napoleon concentrates the electric tides of centuries, and wakes

new ages into being. In quiet school-rooms the same power may be felt, and an Arnold or a Pestalozzi may quicken in the little circle of pupils a power that no books can awaken, and bring to bear upon the new generation the vital forces that have been gathering from time immemorial in the fellowship of the children of God and the friends of man.

We need, then, the master, alike to instruct the mind and to invigorate the will, and when we call for him we are far from calling for the tyrant. The distinction between the two is very obvious, although it is often overlooked. It is this: the *master* acts under *law*, while the *tyrant* acts from *self-will*, and as all liberty is found only under true law, we need the authority of a master to keep us free. Thus all free civilization is under lawful authority concentrated in some rightful head, and the apprentice, the scholar, the soldier, the citizen, are exalted instead of being degraded by being kept under just discipline. The moment that law is forsaken for self-will, and the master becomes the tyrant, and acts as if he were the owner instead of the overseer of his subordinates, resistance becomes a duty, but not till then, and they who repudiate just authority under the plea of the reserved right of revolution are not liberal but licentious; instead of being free-men they are rebels, and as such they are to be opposed and put down. Our dignity, therefore, as measured by our exalted relation with the laws of civilization, bids us look up to our superiors, whether their superiority is in the *circumstance* of official appointment or in the *characteristics* of commanding intellect or virtue. Of course the highest deference is that which is paid to superior character, and there are always in every nation some wise, heroic, or devoted persons who are held in honor beyond rulers or kings. Yet no just or sensible man will refuse to acknowledge the official authority which claims no such exalted merit, but which comes simply from official appointment in the school or work-shop, or the city or the nation. It is not only good manners but obvious duty to obey even one who is in most respects our inferior, wherever he is lawfully set over us. A private soldier may be more of a scholar and a gentleman than his captain or colonel, but he is not on that account to refuse to obey the orders of his official superior. We may think ourselves much superior to the policeman who tells us to step or drive out of the way when a public procession is coming along, but we prove our good-breeding by making no trouble, and quietly submitting to the order, even when we think that it is not as judicious as it might be. Sometimes we find our temper not a little ruffled by what seems to us needless punctilio in subordinates, and are tempted to give a stage driver or a railroad conductor a harsh word, and even to meditate a hard blow. But when good sense prevails we save our temper and our strength; and if we say or do any thing, we deepen instead of shaking the poor official's sense of authority by our treatment of him. Some men, who ought to know and do better, make monstrous mistakes by overlooking the distinction between quietly acknowledging an official's function and acknowledging his personal superiority, and they actually sink themselves to his personal level by wrangling with him. Not long since we saw a well-dressed and apparently gentlemanly man fly into a violent passion at a railroad employé who asked a lady of his party to show her ticket, and insisted upon seeing it. The poor man firmly but modestly enough

said that his duty required this, and was met by threats of personal chastisement, which he answered simply by appealing to his chief, who dismissed the pattern of chivalry with the laconic, or rather the Anglo-Saxon declaration that if he did not mind his business and keep still he would at once be put out of the cars. The common-sense of the by-standers approved the decision, and saw at once what anarchy must come if the rules of the officers of the Company were to be set at naught at the whim of every traveler. Of course, then, we submit all the more readily to all authority in which official station unites with intelligence and rectitude, and we approve the various orders of authority that are established in every good government. We discern the necessity of unity and order in the very nature of things, and while aware that imperfect direction is better than none at all, any rule better than anarchy, we are all the more rejoiced in every effort to bring superior character into combination with circumstantial superiority.

Taking this ground, we retain our republican freedom, and do not dismiss rightful authority. We accept government as a divine institution under all its forms, domestic, civil, and religious; and while we have a voice in its administration, we trace its primal authority to God himself, who has made us social beings, and by his inspiration and providence hath given us our fundamental law and gathered us into families and nations. The more seriously we acknowledge this great fact, that authority comes from God, and that all who bestow or exercise power are bound to act under responsibility to him, we exalt democracy from its too frequent and monstrous man-worship into the realm of divine law, and we count its votes not merely by bodies but by souls, calling no voter a soul who does not own his responsibility under God, and try to do what is right before him, instead of doing merely what is pleasing in his own eyes. As such votes prevail office goes hand in hand with character, and official position has moral dignity and intellectual effectiveness. So in our way we accept the theocratic idea, and are ready to say, not that the voice of the people is the voice of God, but that it ought to be His voice. For as to deifying mere numbers, nothing can be more preposterous; and we would not give a straw for the opinions of the majority of the human race upon any important subject of science, politics, morals, or religion. Of the thousand millions who make up the race one-half know very little, and the judgment of a dozen intelligent and just men is worth more than the whole mind of the swarming millions of heathen Asia and Africa. The many are to be respected only when they are willing to be taught by the few superior minds; and the government of the many is respectable only when it freely seeks out the merit of the few, and delights to put the best men into the seats of highest power. We profess as a people to do this, and did it at the outset in our loyal and grateful and voluntary deference to the Captain of our armies and the Father of our country. We have not yet lost the idea, if we sometimes swerve from the practice; and there is a providential meaning in these stormy times that forces us to look to superior authority to save us from anarchy or despotism. The nation cries out for a master mind, and the people, eager for the discipline of a true ruler, are learning anew the worth of authority, and willing to render as never before a loyal obedience. A good day will come to us when every school and household, college and church, shall

feel the wholesome influence of this good disposition.

Beginning thus in deference to superiors or the acceptance of a *master*, discipline continues in obedience or the *practice* of his precepts. The master, of course, makes the disciple, and practical discipline is discipline. No bounds, indeed, can be set to the extent of our discipline, and our zeal for progress may and should overflow in voluntary acts of enthusiasm. The scholar may study more than his teachers require, and may invent tasks not found in his books; the soldier may keep himself under arms beyond the prescribed hours of the camp, and may bear hardships that astound the most exacting drill-master; so, too, the devotee may multiply austerities and sacrifices, and it has been the pious dream of many such zealots to do good works more than enough to win heaven, and to have spare merit, as rich men have spare credit, to cover the shortcomings of their less favored neighbors. We will not question the genuineness or deny the worth of such enthusiasm. Yet we maintain that, as a general rule, they accomplish the most who submit to the best advisers, and no man is wise who begins by quarreling with the best lessons of experience. Even the Holy Christ, who from his cradle was divinely endowed, did not scorn the counsel of his parents and religious teachers. His celestial mind was trained in the school of obedience, and the brightest light of the ancient Scriptures and the Hebrew Church shone upon his path until it brightened into the perfect day.

All worldly greatness begins in obedience, and even those magical men who are raised up in revolutionary times to be the founders of new empires are always found under the discipline of obedience. It was so with Cromwell—a subdued Christian as well as a trained soldier; so, too, with Napoleon. The upstart Corsican, with all his dashing innovation, was an obedient scholar of the camp before he became the imperious master of the field; and every department of modern enterprise has caught something of his discipline, and is glad to call its most effective chiefs by his name.

Practice is the word that applies discipline, and makes all its arts easy. We are to practice what is set before us not only because the task is in advance of our present ability, but because, when brought within our ability, practice makes perfect. Even if the rule to be applied is in itself imperfect, practice tends to perfect our self-control; and there may be a use in doing what in itself alone considered would be utterly useless, as when the athlete strikes a sand-bag or runs a race, not to hit an antagonist or win the prize, but merely to bring out his own strength and prepare himself for the actual trial. The aim of discipline, we repeat it, is to train the will, not merely to amuse or enlighten the understanding; and we have no practical knowledge, surely no practical energy, until we put forth some direct act of volition to lay hold of and master what is set before us. Even the memory, which sometimes seems to act so spontaneously as to receive impressions of ideas and words as readily as the mirror or the lake reflects the stars or the faces before its surface, needs constant attention to receive its message, and frequent iteration to keep it. The prehensile power of the mind, like that of the hand, needs some positive act to enable it to grasp its trust, and, like the hand, it holds what is put into it not by being passively opened, but by closing upon it with decided effort; and thus the sceptre

of knowledge, like that of royalty, is held by being taken, and not merely by being given. So essential is well-trained effort to all the powers of our nature, that man even loses his characteristic attitude that distinguishes him from the brutes, and the very moment that he ceases his volition he falls to the ground. What is true of the memory is true more conspicuously of the more active powers—as the hand, foot, voice, judgment, and all the voluntary organs and movements of the body and the mind. Take the most simple and obvious illustrations—the learning the alphabet and the art of walking, or how to read and how to go. The mastery of A B C lets us much into the philosophy of the subject, as the simplest things always teach the grandest principles. We once did not know the letter A, and when we were first told what it was we did not then know it the next time, or, if we did recognize its shape, we could not recall its name, and had not only to be told it over and over again, but to say it over and over again until the shape and the sound became inseparably connected in our mind. Now what a marvel!—our eye runs over a printed page without seeming to take any notice of the letters or even the words, and masters the meaning at once as if the writer gave his thoughts to us in an instantaneous flash of electric light. It was discipline, with its constant practice, its endless iteration, that does this work and gives this magical power. So, too, with the great art of putting one foot before the other, the art that requires so much more muscular effort than the utterance of words or the reading of print. We were not merely taught to walk, but trained to it, and all the teaching in the world would have been of no use without practice on our part. At first we were told to put one foot before the other, but we were very little nearer to it merely for being told. It was a great thing to take the first step; and the curiosity and glee of the whole household in the successful achievement were very proper, for it is the first step that costs and brings all the others in its train. Yet we had to repeat it many times before we were sure of our footing; and so, through numberless efforts, mistakes, and tumbles, we mastered the art of locomotion, that seems to us now to be as natural as to breathe, and we walk without any conscious effort, sometimes even when dreamy from fatigue or reverie, and hardly knowing which way we are going. So it is with all our acquisitions, especially with all our active habits; and the penman, swordsman, musician, accountant, mathematician, artist, author, orator, by a careful discipline rise into a second nature, and think, speak, and act as if they were moved from within by some mysterious power instead of acting of themselves with painstaking effort.

We might go into the philosophy of the subject, and show by what mental law it is that the active powers need thorough drill just as the intellectual powers need constant exercise and nurture. The difference between the laws of action and of perception becomes more obvious by comparing the capacity of memory with the muscular faculty. Thus we remember what we have seen or read by repeated sight or perusal, but we perform an act of manual strength or dexterity well only by repeated practice or by actually doing it. The same law of habit appears in both cases, but in the first case memory is the habit of the mind, while in the second case habit seems to be the memory of the will, and action as well as thought thus is mastered by habit. In both cases the art or power acquired becomes a second

nature, and he who is thoroughly drilled in arms seems to be unconscious of laborious effort, as he who is master of a beautiful art or a foreign language. We believe that this truth is sadly lost sight of in modern education, and the multitude of books and helps to study have made many persons suppose that wisdom and power could be imbibed by some ingenious decanting instead of being worked out by earnest and repeated effort.

The results of this philosophy of discipline ought to be most cheering, because it shows us that we may acquire by practice not only a stock of knowledge but a capital of forces. He of course is the most of a man who has the most and the best forces at his command; and evidently, when he has mastered a considerable range of forces in the lower sphere of action, as the muscular powers and the elementary habits of study and thought, he has the means at hand for rising to a still higher sphere of energy. Thus the well-trained body is the encouraging condition of a sound mind, and the intellectual and active powers have freer and loftier play from employing such ready servitors in the senses and the muscles. No limit can be set to this ascent of actual power by due mastery of the lower and preliminary forces. It is as when a man mounts a well-trained horse, and his spirits rise and his thoughts range, and his courage deepens the more as his active power is liberated from the before anxious care of the faithful steed, and he is borne by him whither he will. The body is such a creature, and will do wonders for the imperial soul. What holds good of the soldier's drill is true of every form of militant power. The soldier marches patiently under heavy burdens, and with calm and patient step overcomes distances which most of us would fear to undertake without an ounce of weight on our shoulders, and without the slightest sense of danger to disturb our spirits. His stout frame thus trained to serve the master brain, the spirit is cheerful and earnest for its work, and he can sing or chat or fight quite at will. Is there not a still higher march of heroism, a lofty force of will, which, using all common arts and powers as servitors, rises ever to its exalted office of piety and charity? Do we not all need a training that shall not only enable us to bear our weight patiently but to stand fire bravely—the incessant fire of ridicule, reproach, and opposition which every earnest man must meet with in his life-long campaign? If we are learning this patience and courage, or trying to teach them to our children, let us not give up the effort because we may be at first disappointed, and may make some sad mistakes. The conqueror of the great Napoleon faltered in his first battle, and they who thus falter may do so from fine feelings and gentle sensibilities that may open them to braver inspirations when the first thrill of alarm is over. Persist, persist—practice, practice—line upon line, precept upon precept. This is the true way; and whatever we do with any fair measure of understanding and constancy we shall be sure to do well.

Who shall set bounds to the force thus to be won? The most familiar experience assures us that in ordinary business we may acquire a power of perception and performance that seemed before utterly out of the question; and where shall we place the *ultima thule* that shuts in our horizon, or measure the mountain peak that must end our highest aspiration? We can not doubt that as every man, in his peculiar profession, acquires a delicacy of sense and amount of dexterity and force that seem to the uninitiated almost miraculous, so character may be trained to a

higher sensibility and power that seem to rise into prophetic sagacity and apostolic might. The soul may be trained to a fine perception of divine things so as to have a vision of God, and to such an active energy as to subdue brute beasts and rude men by its eye and presence. Many sober and intelligent people, alike in cottages and libraries, are ready to go further and maintain that a frail man may so rule his mind under divine grace as to have command of spiritual powers, and by obedience, faith, and prayer, bring God's own spirit to its help and comfort. The old ascetics undoubtedly carried their mental drill to extremes, and sometimes lost their wholesome foothold upon the solid earth in these mystical flights in upper air. Yet they teach us most valuable secrets in the acts of moral and mental discipline, and we may study and use their powers without accepting their superstitions or coveting all their dreams.

Perhaps in no respect do we as a people need the higher training more than in learning the mastery of the higher forms of influence over the young; and the same laxity that allows youth to go on at will, unchecked by sound discipline, tempts parents and instructors to abdicate their authority and cease seeking and using the best powers of command. This is a great error and wrong; for surely to abdicate a rightful authority is as bad as to usurp a wrong one, and the omission of faithful rule is as much out of the way as the assumption of unlawful power. Hard as it may be to go through the highest training of our strength, we are to persevere, remembering that we are not only thus bringing out our own character but doing the best service for the young, and bringing them to a standard of culture exalted in the very measure of its exacting superiority. Nay, in the end we give a higher charm to education by making it nobly exacting instead of basely indulgent. To climb the mountain may at first tire the knees and daunt the spirits, but the courage rises and the vigor grows with the striving, and the mountain boy always shows well the noble school in which he had his hardy breeding. How far we are to carry this ascending training we do not yet fully know; yet we may be quite certain that we have not yet reached the limit, and a new day will break upon our methods of culture when one-half the time and strength that have been given to an unnatural ascetism in the service of superstition shall be devoted to the true development of our being in the light of a reasonable faith, and that strong and blessed life which is now so often only a fair vision or a speculative doctrine shall become a solid fact, and establish the true civilization and humanity among men.

But to whatever degree the discipline is carried the end is certain. He who accepts a *master* and continues in the *practice* of his precepts upon the right principle is sure to win the *mastery*. This last word fitly closes our present article and crowns our thought most cheerfully. He most surely conquers who most faithfully serves; and the reason of his victory is as obvious as the fact. The reason of it is, that he who serves a true master rises into fellowship with him by acceptance of his essential truth and spirit, and becomes his equal the more complete is his service. The pupil most docile most effectually possesses the mind of his teacher, and the disciple most obedient most enters into the life and power of the master. Thus the true obedience is the true victory, and we bring truth and law, nature and God, to our side, and are strong with their might as we follow their bidding. What, in fact, is obé-

dience but the application of truth to practice? and thus he employs the best weapons of conquest who most wisely obeys. In natural science—as for example, in the laboratory—it is clear that he is master of nature who studies and follows her laws. Equal order rules moral and spiritual things, and they who would subdue the world must themselves be first subdued to the power that is almighty. They who know best how to make disciples of others first became disciples themselves, and the empire which they founded now lifts its cross above every imperial crown.

This true mastery appears not only in its deepening peace but in its rising power. The whole life is more instead of less inspired by true discipline, and through the well-worn channels of right and fixed habits the tides of divine force most copiously flow. God's own spirit gives the mastery of the highest of arts.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"I wish you merry Christmas,
And happy New Year;
A pocket full of money,
And a bottle full of beer."

THE merry Christmas tide finds us a sober people, and yet never so heartily and hopefully could we wish each other a Happy New Year. The long, tranquil autumn, unusually bright and mild, has led us into December and the heart of the winter. If there was less glory on the trees than usual, no man could regret it, as he thought of those who were in the field, not for flowers or grain, but for quite another harvest.

The retrospect of the year is more prodigious than that of any other year in the lives of most of us. It has revealed to us that we are a nation, and it has brought us face to face with war. We have been educated more in a year than in all our years before. And yet nobody can doubt that we are a better people; that war has developed qualities and powers which we had not suspected; and that like all great historical epochs this is one that will leave men happier than they have been.

For under a myriad forms the destiny of mankind develops itself. It seems impossible to thwart or hinder it. A skeptic is a fool or a cynic. There is nothing so sure as justice. Then we laugh and ask, What is Justice. What is Truth, said jesting Pilate, nor staid for an answer, says Bacon in his Essays. But there was an answer, and it gave itself. All visible prosperity rests upon invisible ideas. If they are false, the prosperity is an illusion. Falsehood in society and systems is like frost in a foundation wall. It is nothing, but it tears the wall open.

The year that opens in war will probably end in peace, or the prospect of peace. And when we come to settle the great account of battles we shall find that, except for the private sorrow of stricken homes, the war has left us little to regret; that upon the nation its influence has been ennobling; and that the bells of this New Year will at last and truly "ring in the thousand years of peace."

SINCE the "Century" became rich and splendid, and went to a beautiful palace near Union Place, in which the great drawing-room is the finest in the city, it happens that I seldom go. It is a club—the "Century"—and Easy Chairs are *ex officio* members of clubs. Nor is it that I am afraid of the splendor

and the great drawing-room; but it is not convenient to go, and clubs are nothing if not conveniences.

Several years ago, when I first knew the "Century," it occupied a house in the then modest block opposite Niblo's Garden. There was a very quiet front door, and a long dark passage—then the narrow stairs—then daylight, the club, and good fellowship. Games were prohibited, except perhaps checkers. Billiards especially were sternly forbidden; but I seem to remember punch—very mild, mere lemonade, in fact—and I am pretty sure that there was now and then a cigar.

The name of the club was always a riddle to the neophytes. Why Century? Were the men so arrogant that they believed themselves to be the choice spirits of the age—representatives of its head and heart and hand, and so an epitome of the century? This was the outside question; but it was remarkable that as fast as men became members—Centurions we call ourselves—they found the greatest propriety and probability in that interpretation. In fact, if any body doubted, would he just make it convenient to happen in on some Wednesday or Saturday evening and settle the question for himself? Wednesday and Saturday—especially Saturday—were the field nights. Then the Centurions of mark paraded. Each one jumped upon his hobby, and went off at a slapping pace. Old walls! what jovial, what tender songs you heard! what good stories! what happy badinage! There was only an oil-cloth on the floor. The Centurions of the blue blood looked down in their portraits from the walls. We sat in hard arm-chairs, with a few small tables scattered about. The rooms were blue with smoke. The fire blazed bright. They were gay evenings to pass, and pleasant evenings to remember. The clocks and watches ran a race to point the morning hours.

The Century Club was founded by a few gentlemen who had a common interest in æsthetic pursuits. They were artists, authors, clergymen, and the friends of art and literature. The name of the club was simple enough, if the inquirer only consulted the dictionary. The first explanation of the word century is *a hundred*. It was a club of a hundred members. The initiation fee was small. The yearly subscription was reasonable. It was to be a club of literary and artistic fellowship, with a monthly meeting for doing business and eating oysters. It was a club designed for men who were not rich. The marvel was that it was difficult to spend much money in an evening; and in the earlier days in Broadway a man was really not measured by his money but by his actual capital of manhood. A dandy was out of place. A prig was annihilated. It was not a club of mutual admiration. No, no; the phlebotomizers of conceit were legion.

There was no regular cuisine: it was not a dining club, but occasionally a Centurion gave a dinner. Sometimes, also, the club invited friends. There was the strawberry party in the summer, and the dancing or singing party in the winter, which finally became a Twelfth Night, or what you will. Great guests were also entertained upon great occasions. Upon the evening of the Cooper Festival, I remember, Mr. Webster was brought to the club after the orations and speeches in Tripler Hall. He should never have come. It was a melancholy sight. Do you remember, O Tomaso di Roma, the four hundred pictures of the Baron Stubens, of which we heard that ludicrous and lamentable evening?

It was not a private party of Centurions. There was a crowd of outsiders.

After some time the club moved into Clinton Place, and to a more spacious and agreeable house. It was like a well-ordered home below; and up stairs there were the familiar oil-cloth, and arm-chairs, and small tables. Here Greenough came with his wonderful talk; and here how many who are living still sent the night flying on winged words! The Nestor of Centurions, who revives for us younger men the traditions of a London age, and of a love and knowledge of the theatre and actors such as Charles Lamb had, here told his impressions of modern players, ranging from Mrs. Piozzi's Conway to Edmund Kean, down to Rachel and Edwin Booth. Here, too, the other men whose names are public names sat round, and smoked, and sipped, and listened with sparkling eyes and jovial lips.

This was Thackeray's favorite room on Saturday nights; and here, too, were the most memorable dinners, as when Kane returned from his last expedition, and he and Thackeray met for the first time. The Doctor had seen one of his sailors, in the long arctic night when he was frozen under a Greenland glacier, intently reading, and curious to know what book held him so fast, came to him and found that it was "Pendennis." The story interested Thackeray, and the huge Briton and slight heroic American met with the utmost cordiality and sympathy.

Kane told his wonderful adventures, and we all sat and listened. It was like dining with Marco Polo. The tale was marvelous, but we believed it. And when our minds were blue with polar ice and all our thoughts were frosted, they were dissolved to tears in the warm mist of pathos that softens thy manly voice, exile of Erin! It was as if we heard the bells that you heard in your heart, as you sang in Father Prout's words:

"With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fond,
Sweet Cork of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

Then followed Thackeray in his "Three Sailors of Bristol City," or his favorite "Doctor Luther," which he poured out in a great volume of voice like rich, oily wine:

"For the souls' edification
Of this decent congregation,
Worthy people! by your grant,
I will sing a holy chant,
I will sing a holy chant.
If the ditty sound but oddly,
'Twas a father, wise and godly,
Sang it so long ago.
Then sing as Doctor Luther sang
As the Reverend Doctor Luther sang:
Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long."

Thackeray makes his "Philip" sing it now; for in
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his "Philip," as in his "Pendennis" and "Clive Newcome," Thackeray lives his youth over again.

Other songs and other stories streamed after, until at last Paul Duggan, after many quiet, droll delays, sang the "Widow Machree," in his low, intense, weird voice, until we seemed to be listening to an old Irish crone squatting by her small fire in a lonely cabin, murmuring with vague articulations as the night wind sings. And it is a word of news about Paul Duggan which has set the memory of the Easy Chair to recall the "Century" and the Centurions. The news was in a letter from Paris to the *Evening Post* a few weeks ago. It was the tidings of his death. He expected to die long ago. He had lived so long beyond expectation, "so beyond reason," as he was used to say with that earnest, sad, sweet smile, that he seemed to have acquired some mystic hold upon life, and his mortality was not to be measured by the ordinary rules.

Paul Duggan was an Irishman. He came early to this country; studied art as a painter; was made Professor of Drawing in the Free Academy in New York; fell ill with the consumption; went to Europe eight or nine years ago, and came home somewhat better; found himself unable to work in the Academy or the studio, and returning to England lived quietly there until a short time since when he went to Paris for a visit, and there suddenly died. And how much has died with him!

He has left no works; nothing that will compel the world to remember him and wish he had lived longer. But upon a small circle, and especially upon the memory of his old associates among the Centurions, he has carved his name in imperishable lines. There are few men so purely unselfish as he was; so naturally gentle and unobtrusive. Yet it was not because he was a negative person, for he was a thinker and a man of strong convictions and great talent. His nature was exquisitely artistic; full of sympathy for all kinds of grace and beauty; delicately sensitive to sounds and sights and mental emotions, and of the truest humor. His appreciation of wit and humor lighted his whole soul with laughter. "A good thing" was an inward and constantly recurring delight. The expression was never boisterous, but it was delightful. Humor affected him like electricity, putting his system into a cheerful glow.

He was sincerely an artist in his organization, but he had no distinguished faculty. He studied faithfully, he felt deeply, he sympathized wholly; but his hand was inadequate to the work. Of course much of his small performance is to be explained by sickness and the duties of his position. He was very poor, and had few opportunities. But what he did was done with all his heart. That never failed, if the hand did. Consequently all his works have all his earnestness, and one or two crayon heads of Centurions, that used to hang upon the walls (they hang there still, I have no doubt), are most admirable and satisfactory portraits.

But while he painted no great pictures his knowledge of anatomy was accurate and thorough, and at an early age he was admirably qualified for his post as teacher of drawing; and he had the most subtle appreciation of music and delight in it. He had studied the science, and he had unusual gifts of ear and genius in its pursuit. His playing at the piano was self-taught, but it was exquisite. The most curious and involved harmonies flowed from his skillful fingers; and his playing was the weaving of a rich, thick cloud of music that overhung

and enfolded the hearer like a spell. Paul Duggan had the genius of his race in its rarest and loveliest expression.

But although he was poor he always seemed to be rich. He had that exhaustless, sweet geniality and equanimity which, in the happy genius of his native land, contrives to conquer obstacles by quietly disregarding them. Paul Duggan was a Prince Royal of the House of Barmecide. Wherever he was, whatever he did, he made the best of it. If he were half dead, he did not bother his visitor with the fact; and often, when he could not speak loud, he almost persuaded you, by the mere force of his geniality, that he had a whim of whispering. He knew that he was very ill; he expected many a time to die; but the same sweet firmness, the same invincible manhood, were all that appeared. Every thing seemed sometimes upon the point of deserting him, except his calm and regal possession of himself.

The trials of acute and mortal sickness are often soothed by family friends in whose veins a kindred blood is a sure sympathy. Mothers and wives and sisters and brothers smooth the pillow. But Duggan had no family here, except for a few years his brother Joseph, a musician well known in London. Closer ties there might have been; but that hope also faded away. Quite alone, except for that hope, and in the companionship of a very few, chiefly artists, he lived his unobtrusive days in the city. For some time, ten years ago, he was one of our Wednesday and Saturday evening circle at the "Century." Fred, John, Tom, Ned, Christopher! I know that you felt as I did when the news came that he was dead.

About eight years ago he said good-by to us, and went away. During that time he lived mostly in England, where he made a few friends, and found, especially from Mr. Russell Sturgis, of Baring and Brothers, always a most generous welcome. He occupied himself with a little drawing, but his chief business was tending his flickering flame of life. It burned longer than we could have hoped; and at last, quietly and unexpectedly, went out.

So a simple, pure, earnest, affectionate man dies, and seems to leave no void in the world. A happy and various talent disappears, and the name of the possessor is unknown to most who read it. But that fine, bright, sympathetic intelligence—that clear, refined, sensitive judgment—that tender, deep, guileless heart—who shall give them back to us? Which of all the stars, though they are planets even, can restore the last Pleiad or fill its place?

In the new rooms of the "Century" Paul Duggan was never seen; to many of the gay fraternity of modern Centurions he was unknown: even his name, perhaps, is unheard. But to us penultimate Centurions—men of the one, and not of the two hundred—who, *Tom Hicks console*, discussed high art, dreamed dreams, and shook the darkened hours with song, to us something is henceforth wanting.

"Evenings we knew,
Happy as this:
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see:
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree."

THE LYCEUM, or the lecture-course, seems to hold fast to public favor. The wise men who foretold its

inevitable decline are every winter put in the wrong, but emerge every spring with a most cheerful and vigorous pooh! pooh! One editor, who declared that he had been invited to lecture, said, in the same breath, that at this time he had better business. His better business consisted of four columns of pure lecture with which he assailed and assails the public every morning.

The editor was not probably aware that lecturing, in the sense that we understand it, is a purely American affair. The scientific themes, or papers, and the literary essays which are read in England to select audiences, and called lectures, are as different from ours as the Earl of Carlisle or Professor Faraday are different from Mr. Gough or Mr. Beecher. An American popular lecture is a brisk sermon upon the times. Whatever its nominal topic may be, the substance of the discourse is always cognate to this people and this age. It may be a critical, a historical, or a moral discourse; but it is relished by the audience just in the degree that it is applied to them. The public does not object to be scored even, if it is done with spirit and by one of themselves. Naturally we don't care to hear John Bull's criticism, although it is often very valuable. He tells the truth so sourly that it sounds false.

But we take our flagellations from native hands kindly, and there can be no doubt that the tone of the best and most popular lecturing, in this country, has been for a long time of the greatest service as national criticism. With some exceptions, the favorites of the platform are those who have by no means coddled the national vanity; who have insisted that money-making was not all; that if it were made so there could be no true national glory; that trade and a huge prosperity were muddling us; that, hair by hair, by each unimportant detail, we were being bound and delivered to the power of the tormentors, Liliputians though they might be; and that a great people could spring only from the same principles which bore a great manhood in the individual case.

The Lyceum in this country has been emphatically what it has been so often called—lay-preaching. Its experience, and the constant success of certain men, shows that the heart of the nation is an earnest, manly heart; that it asks and willingly hears candid and considerate opinions of every kind; and while in our church we are sure to hear the doctrine we believe, and at our party caucus the policy we approve, the Lyceum is a common ground for all fair and capable men.

Three or four years ago the Easy Chair suggested that a Political Lyceum would be a very useful thing—an arena free from the fury of party spirit, where great questions could be candidly discussed, and with all the ability that any side could command. But there is no need of any such separation between the departments of the Lyceum now. It is all political, and political because politics have been now visibly swept up into the realm of morals, where, properly considered, they always are. And they are so in this way: that as politics is the science of government, and as the object of government is the welfare of the governed, and as moral causes are the most subtle and powerful influences of human happiness, it is entirely impossible to separate the two. Thus the question that used to be asked in this country, "Why mix up the moral question of Slavery with politics?" was answered easily and finally by reminding the asker that the Constitution did it, not a party. When political privilege is conferred by

any institution whatever, how can you prevent the institution from becoming a matter of political interest?

The Lyceum this winter has but one subject, as the newspapers and common conversation have. The lectures treat of the rebellion in a multitude of aspects; and there is no doubt that they will be of the utmost service in giving a more precise form to the faith of many honest, patriotic hearts.

The only change in the character of the speakers which an observer would be likely to remark is, that the Lyceum is becoming less a system of sheer lionizing. Half a dozen years ago, if a man had done any thing, from inventing a mermaid to writing a history, he was instantly bagged by the Lecture Committees and carried through the country. There was a natural and simple curiosity to see the men of whom much had been said; and the shortest and easiest way was to ask them to lecture. For an hour they were thoroughly inspected; then if they could say something in an agreeable way, as well as be looked at, they were very sure to be called again.

But recently there has been a more manifest disposition to hear men who have been known as technically "public men." This winter Mr. Everett, and Mr. Dickinson, and Mr. Sumner, have not only been "delivering orations," but they have been lecturing. Their names are printed in programmes and upon the backs of tickets. They are not only orators, and statesmen, and senators, but they are lecturers. They are "itinerants," as the papers which disliked the leading lecturers used to call them, because the leading lecturers liked to talk about liberty, and did not believe that true Christianity consisted in never saying "slavery." Yes; they are itinerants. The Honorable Edward Everett is an "itinerant." And the Honorable Daniel S. Dickinson is an "itinerant." And the Honorable Charles Sumner is no better. They make journeys to deliver generous and eloquent and inspiring and instructive discourses upon the most timely of topics to the most eager throngs of intelligent hearers, and therefore they are "itinerants." Horrible trade! They may not gather samphire, but they do squelch many a vampire. Mr. Everett is reported to have said that, were he commencing his career again, he should probably choose the Lyceum as his arena. He recognizes that it is a new and peculiarly American profession.

When you reflect that every Lyceum lecturer in good practice speaks to fifty thousand persons, at least, during the season, and that they are the most intelligent men and women in the country, the power of the system is evident enough. It may well allure ambition, for it brings the orator into the direct personal presence of all those people. Probably the chief Lyceum lecturers are personally more widely known than any other class of public men in the country. It is a career—a profession; yet how shall a man fit himself for it? How can he, unless he is naturally called to it as a singer is called to sing, by certain natural gifts?

In pursuing its studies upon the aspects of American life and manners, and especially in this of the Lecture Lyceum, the Easy Chair lately rolled itself over to the Brooklyn Opera-house and heard Mr. Everett. It shall tell its own story in a separate section.

It was a lovely October evening, then, when a crowd of elegantly-attired persons of both sexes might have been seen wending their way to an il-

luminated building standing upon a quiet street in the pleasant city of B. The illuminated building was no other than the Theat—; that is, the Opera-house—; in other words, the B. Academy of Music.

And the B. Academy is one of the prettiest theatres in the world. The Grand Opera-house in Paris is larger; the Royal Opera-house at Berlin more imposing; the Scala and the San Carlo each much huger; the New York Opera-house more magnificent; but for symmetry, grace, warmth, and elegant cheerfulness no opera-house in the world surpasses that of B. The house was full, and murmurous with the pleasant chat and waving fans and rustling silks of the elegantly-attired persons of both sexes who waited patiently the coming of the orator, looking at the expanse of stage, which was carpeted, and covered with rows of settees that went backward from the footlights to a landscape of charming freshness of color, which served to suggest Amina, the Maid of Milan, and the pastoral opera. Between the seats and the footlights was a broad space, upon which stood a small table and two or three chairs.

It was certainly a delightful audience to look at, and had the Easy Chair been an orator he might have thought it a kind fortune that gathered such a multitude to hear him; or had the orator of the evening himself, like a *Primo Tenore*, been surveying the house through the friendly chinks of the pastoral landscape, he would have felt a warm suffusion of pleasure that his name should be the magic spell to summon an audience so fair, so numerous, and so intelligent.

There were ushers, gentlemen of the Society, who showed ladies to seats, and with their dress-coats and apt badges looked like a poetical version of the Metropolitan police. No greater force was presumed to be required of them than pressing aside a too expansive h—p or too discursive crinoline. In the soft, ample light, as they sat there with fluttering ribbons and bright gems and splendid silks and shawls, so tranquilly expectant, so calmly smiling, so shyly blushing (if, haply, in all that crowd there were a pair of lovers!), it was hard to believe that civil war was wasting the land, and that at the very moment some of those glad hearts were broken—but would not know it until the sad news came. Yet it was easy to understand, in the same glance, how the old nations that were ever at war were so festal in their cities; and to feel that even the terrible shape that we thought we had eluded forever, that was our synonym of utter woe, was not, after all, so terrible; that even civil war might be shaking the gates and the guests still smile in the chambers.

But while leaning against the wall, under the balcony, the Easy Chair looks around upon the humming throng and thinks of camps far away, and beating drums, and wild alarms, and sweeping squadrons of battle, there is a sudden hush and simultaneous glance toward one side of the house, and there, behind the seats at the side, and making for the stage door that opens into the auditorium, marches a procession, two and two, very solemn, very bald, very gray, and very full of white cravat. They are the invited guests, the honored citizens of B—, the reverend clergy, the mayor and aldermen, possibly; perhaps the ex-members of the school committee; some very rich gentlemen, doubtless; and, beyond question, a body of substantial, intelligent, decorous people. They disappear for a moment within the door, and immediately emerge upon the stage with a composed bustle, moving the seats, taking off their

coats, blowing their noses, sedately interchanging mild mirth, and finally seating themselves, and gazing at the audience evidently with a feeling of doubt whether the honor of the position compensates for its great disadvantage; for to sit behind an orator is like being in the next house to a singer.

The audience is now waiting, both upon the stage and in the boxes, with a kind of expectation. There is little talking, but a tension of heads toward the stage. The last nose is blown there, the last joke expires; all attention is concentrated upon an expected object. The edge of eagerness is not suffered to turn, but precisely at the right moment a figure with a dark head and one with a gray head are seen at the depth of the stage, advancing through the aisle toward the footlights and the audience. They are the President of the Society and the orator. The audience applauds. It is not a burst of welcome; it is rather applausive appreciation of unquestionable merit. The gray-headed orator bows gravely and slightly, lays a roll of MS. upon the table, then he and the President seat themselves side by side. For a moment they converse, evidently complimenting the brilliant audience. The orator also, evidently says that the table is right, that the light is right, that the glass of water is right, and finally that he is ready.

In a few neat words "the honored son of Massachusetts" is introduced, and he rises and moves a few steps forward. Standing for a moment, he bows to the applause. He is dressed entirely in black; wearing a dress coat, and not a frock. Before he says a word, although it is but a moment, a sudden flash of memory reveals to the attentive Easy Chair all that he has heard and read of the orator before him; how he returned an accomplished scholar from Germany, graced with a delicacy of culture hitherto unknown to our schools; how the youthful professor of Greek at Harvard, transferred to the pulpit of Brattle Street, held men and women in thrall by the glossy splendor of his rhetoric and the pleading music of his voice, drawing the young scholars after him, who are now our chief glory and pride; how his Phi Beta Kappa oration and apostrophe to Lafayette who was present, is still the fond tradition of those who heard it; and how as he passed on from triumph to triumph in his art of oratory, the elegance, the skill, the floridity, the elaboration, the unfailing fitness and severe propriety, with all the minor gifts, consoled Boston that it was not Athens or Rome, and had not heard Pericles or Cicero. If you ventured curiously to question this fond recollection, to ask whether the eloquence was of the heart and soul, or of the mind and mouth; whether it were impassioned oratory, burning, resistless, such as we dream Demosthenes and Patrick Henry poured out; or whether it were polished and skillful declamation—those old listeners were like lovers. They did not know; they did not care. They remembered the magic tone, the witchery of grace, the exuberant rhetoric; they recalled the crowds clustering at his feet, the gusts of emotion that in the church swept over the pews, the thrills of delight that in the hall shook the audience; their own youth was part of it; they saw their own bloom in the flower they remembered, and they could not criticise or compare.

All this recollection gushed through the mind of the Easy Chair before the orator had well opened his lips. It was not fair, but it was inevitable. If we should see and hear Patrick Henry, with uplifted finger, shouting, "Charles First had his Cromwell, and George Third—may take warning by his exan-

ple!" would it be, could it be, with all our expectation, what we believe it to have been? After the tremendous blare of trumpets in advance, that shake our very souls within us, no ordinary mortal suffices, only an impossible prodigy must follow; ten feet high at the very least. But then no man is ten feet high; and what is to be done? People lift the leathern door of St. Peter's, and, catching their breath, look in. Oh misery! they see straight to the other end, and a secret disappointment stabs them because they really expected a vague, swimming immensity of space. Eight of ten people who first see Niagara probably feel, whatever they say, "Is that all?" It is too stern an ordeal this illimitable expectation. But when your plastic youth has been stamped with such burning traditions, what again is to be done? What but to expect a superficial disappointment?

So the eyes with which the Easy Chair saw were full of the vision of traditional grace; the ears with which he heard, of the music that after many years still thrills the hearts of discreet men. And there before him was the orator. It was not fair; no, it was not fair.

The first words were clearly cut, simply and perfectly articulated. "It is often said that the day for speaking has passed, and that of action has arrived." It was a direct, plain introduction; not a florid exordium. The voice was clear, and cold, and distinct; not especially musical, not at all magnetic. The orator was incessantly moving; not rushing vehemently forward or stepping defiantly backward, with that quaint planting of the foot, like Beecher; but restlessly changing his place, with smooth and rounded but monotonous movement. The arms and hands moved harmonious with the body, not with especial reference to what was said, but apparently because there must be action. But the first part of the discourse was strictly a lucid narrative of events and causes: there was no just opportunity of action. It seemed therefore superfluous, tending to alienate attention. The discourse itself, so far, was a compact and calm chapter of history by a man as well versed in it as any man in the country; and it culminated in a description of the fall of Sumter. This was an elaborate picture in words of a perfectly neutral tint. There was not a single one which was peculiarly picturesque or vivid; no electric phrase that sent the whole dismal scene shuddering home to every hearer; no sudden light of burning epithet, no sad elegiac music. It was purely academic. Each word was choice; each detail was finished; it was properly cumulative to its climax; and when that was reached, loud applause followed. It was general, but not enthusiastic. No one could fail to admire the skill with which the sentence was constructed; and so elaborate a piece of workmanship justly challenged high praise. But still—still, do you get any thrill from the most perfect mosaic?

Then followed a caustic and brilliant sketch of the attitude of Virginia in this war. In this part of his discourse the orator was himself a historic personage; for it was to him, when editor of the *North American Review*, that James Madison wrote his letter explanatory of the Virginia resolutions of '98. The wit that sparkled then in the pages of the *Review* glittered now along the speech. It was Junius turned gentleman and transfixing a State with sarcasm. The action was much the same. But after, in one passage, describing the wrongs wrought by rebels upon the country, he turned, with upraised hand, to the rows of white cravated clergy-

men who sat behind him, and apostrophized them: "Tell me, ministers of the living God, may we not without a breach of Christian charity exclaim,

"Is there not some hidden curse,
Some chosen thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath to blast the man
That seeks his greatness in his country's ruin?"

This passage was uttered with more force than any in the oration. The orator's hands were clasped and raised; he moved more rapidly across the stage; it was spoken with artistic energy, and loudly applauded.

Thus far the admirable clearness of statement, and perfect propriety of speech, added to the personal prestige which surrounds any man so distinguished as the orator, had secured a well-bred attention. But there was not yet that eager fixed intentness, sensitive to every tone and shifting humor of the speaker, which shows that he thoroughly possesses and controls the audience. There was none of that charmed silence in which the very heart and soul seem to be listening; and at any moment it would have been easy to go out.

But when leaving the purely historical current he struck into some considerations upon the views of our affairs taken by foreign nations, the vivacious skill of his treatment excited a more vital attention. There was a truer interest and a heartier applause. And when still pressing on, but with unchanged action, to a glance at the consequences of a successful rebellion, the audience was, for the first time, really awake.

Let us suppose, said the orator, that secession is successful, what has been gained? How are the causes of discontent removed? Will the malcontents have seceded because of the non-rendition of fugitive slaves? But how has secession helped it? When, in the happy words of another, Canada has been brought down to the Potomac, do they think their fugitives will be restored? No: not if they came to its banks with the hosts of Pharaoh, and the river ran dry in its bed.

Loud applause here rang through the building.

Or, continued the orator, more vehemently, do they think, in that case, to carry their slaves into territories now free? No, not if the Chief Justice of the United States—and here a volley of applause rattled in, and the orator wiped his forehead—not if the venerable Chief Justice Taney should live yet a century, and issue a Dred Scott decision every day of his life.

Here followed the sincerest applause of the whole evening; and the Easy Chair pinched his neighbor to make sure that all was as it seemed; that these were words actually spoken, and that the orator was the one he came to hear.

The hour and a half were passed. The peroration was upon the speaker's tongue, closing with an exhortation to old men and old women, young men and maidens, each in his kind and degree, to come as the waves come when navies are stranded—come as the winds come when forests are rended—come with heart and hand, with purse and knitting needle, with sword and gun, and fight for the Union.

He bowed: the audience clapped for a moment, then rose and bustled out.

—It was not fair; no, it was not fair. The Easy Chair did not find—how could he find?—the charm which those of another day remembered. The oration was a most admirable and elaborate essay, full of instruction and truth and patriotism. It was written in the plainest language, and did not con-

tain a doubtful word. It was delivered with perfect propriety, with the confidence that comes from the habit of public speaking, and with an artistic skill of articulation and emphasis. As an illustration of memory it was remarkable, for it was but the second time that the address had been spoken. It occupied an hour and a half in the delivery, and yet the manuscript lay unopened upon the table. Only three or four times was there any hesitation which reminded the hearer that the speaker was repeating what he had already written. His power in this respect has been often mentioned. He is understood to have said that, if he reads any thing once, he can repeat it correctly; but if he has written it out, he can repeat it verbatim and always. This unusual facility secures to all his speeches a completeness and finish which very few orators command. He can say exactly what he means, and nothing more, being never borne away by confusion or sudden emotion to express, as so many speakers do, more than they really think. But, on the other hand, it is doubtful whether all that electric eloquence by which the hearer is caught up as by a whirlwind and swept onward at the will of the orator, is not a tradition in the speeches of this orator. The glow of feeling, the rush of rhetoric, the fiery burst of passionate power—the overwhelming influence which makes senates adjourn and men spring to arms—are not found in the oratory of the Academy. But why should all flowers be expected to grow in every garden?

That so experienced an orator, so accomplished a scholar, so courteous a man as Mr. Everett, should appear as a Lyceum lecturer is but another friendly sign of the times. And that circumstances permit him to devote his talents to the discussion of so vital a question as that which we are debating now, is a gain for us and for the country. He has been heretofore the famous eulogist of Lafayette and Washington. The times inspire him now to eulogize the great cause which their lives illustrated.

The experience of this winter shows how deeply and firmly rooted is the Lyceum—an institution so long supposed to be only a temporary luxury. It is not annual nor biennial: it is perennial.

Our Foreign Bureau.

LAST month we began with Königsberg and the fête of the coronation of the Prussian King, at which the great King declared his royal prerogative a gift of God, and the hearers said Amen. In what direction, then, are we driving that the divine right of kings finds so loud assertion and so brilliant echo upon the heel of the year 1861? Where is all that fine German *afflatus* of liberal thought which blew so gustily through the year of 1849; which crystallized in poems; which left rare streaks of blood; which tamed the successor of Frederick the Great into the begging of a crown from a street crowd, and which latterly has fanned the drooping stars and stripes into tense outspread of its great field of promise?

In our day there has been no more throne-like assertion of prerogative than King William made at Königsberg; and in the disturbed state of the world people repose upon it as one of the fast things by which to moor in any possible storm. The Amen that was given to the King's words may be interpreted: Better have something steadfast, and that seems to fasten God-ward (whether it does or not),

than to drift eternally. At least so say the King's apologists; and they say, furthermore, that our own manifold interpretations of the republican constitution, and entertainment of a purpose to forego it altogether, and make waste paper of its provisions, if the necessities of fratricidal war demand, have somehow quickened faith in the old signment of divine kingship. And so it is that even young Germany was blatant after the shining things of the coronation, and believes again in the gold of crowns. And an ambassador in short clothes of democratic France, who drives through the Unter den Linden in a gilded coach, with six gayly-caparisoned horses, with two *piqueurs* in gaudy costume before, and two gaudy valets at the leaders' heads, is run after and glorified as a type of that Imperial splendor which, whatever else may fade, abides in its hold on popular worship.

But while we conclude that Europe is drifting again in this old direction, and while the news-writers are polishing those periods which describe the magnificence through which Imperial France does honor to the divine right of the Prussian King, the Emperor at home invites a banker to unriddle for him the great puzzle of State finance, and declares, in the plainest of language, that he boasts no Heaven-derived prerogative—that he counts on relegating none such to his son—that his power is from the people, and thence only. The letter of Louis Napoleon to M. Fould makes as striking an offset to the tone of the Prussian inaugural speech as can well be imagined. Democratic Europe takes heart again, and looks with bolder front upon the complications of the hour.

Boldness is needed to look them down. Russia is in a struggle; not only with the Polish business, or that never-ending Caucasian campaign, but with its own generous-minded monarch. The serf-emanicipation problem is by no means working so smoothly as had been hoped. The large landholders, who represent a very considerable part of the civilization of Russia, have from the beginning manifested a silent hostility to the generous measures of the Government; and now it is found that the serfs themselves are not entertaining graciously the offer of that middle position between serfdom and liberty, which, by the Imperial decree, goes before full emancipation. They not only recognize no obligation to work, but no obligation to pay for the land they till. Their idea of freedom is an ignorantly large one, and freedom to be royally idle is the best part of it. Like all slaves, they inevitably associate bondage with work, and idleness with liberty. In many quarters they have shown signs of revolt; the military has been summoned to place a limit to their claims of freedom. They are entering upon that difficult schooling (doubly difficult under the first flush of freedom) that shall teach them to be contentedly poor and contentedly industrious. We never doubt but they will be as apt learners as any; but the lesson is not one that can be mastered in a day. Indolence will have its triumphs, and vice its saturnalia, before order is restored.

Young Russia too, represented by the universities, is in a ferment; the colleges of Moscow and of Petersburg have been closed. Generals stand in place of chancellors; and only the other day some hundreds of students were confined in the prisons of the capital. These are not good auguries. The nationality question of Poland complicates sadly the situation. The fierce, strong hand of Nicholas would have dealt sternly with all these difficulties, but Alexander is of a different temper. Not so deter-

ined, possessing no such hold upon the army, not held in such awe by the population, and only loved and confided in more by those who are unable to transmute their love into a sword. There are those who look forward to insurrections during this reign of Russia, and at best the Emperor Alexander has an uneasy throne.

AND NOW, since we have wandered under this political mention to the northern capital, let us relieve the gloomy aspect of state affairs by a glance into a Russian theatre. The students, who perhaps assisted at a half-*émeute* of yesterday, are here in force—as gay and careless of aspect as if a score of their companions were not in the prisons; as hilarious and noisy at good hits of the play as ever their compeers of the Odeon or the Luxembourg.

We will say it is the Bolskoi Theatre that we look in upon, and we pay five rubles for our ticket. An usher in imperial livery conducts us to a place, every seat being numbered, and every ticket referring to a number. There is perfect order; a motley of strange costumes; a clanging of swords at every *entr'acte*; a close smell of subterranean furnaces.

The boxes are brilliantly lighted; the imperial box empty; scores of fair faces—fairer than you see in France or England—compel your attention. Jewels and rich furs, and white round arms, are not wanting.

The play is "*Gertva za Gertvou*" (Sacrifice for Sacrifice), the first play of a literary débutant, who rejoices in the name of Diatchenko.

It opens in pure French tone—that is to say, there is a lover who should not be a lover, and a loved one who has no business in that position. Velski, the young hero, is honest and noble enough; but Madame Alissov is persuasively pretty, with a husband of high rank, high temper, and great brutality. The fates seemed to have marked them each for each, but the fates stand between. Velski subdues himself to a heroic Platonism of attachment; and when even this seems to be fatal to the peace of the beautiful Madame Alissov, he summons courage to bid her a final adieu and to alienate himself forever. The intended secrecy of the last interview is prevented by the watchfulness of an old servant of the Alissov household. It happens, moreover, that upon the same night the cabinet of M. Alissov, adjoining the apartments of his wife, are robbed of a large amount of coin. Velski has been observed; his presence was undeniable; if he be guilty of the robbery, his purpose there is plain; if otherwise, suspicions may rest upon the good name of the lady. In this dilemma he acts like the good lover of well-ordered drama, and is branded as a thief.

The real robber, however, is an old companion of M. Alissov, who has lived above suspicion, and whose mixed *bonhomie* recklessness, generosity, and want of all moral status test the mettle of the dramatist and win the house. All the details of the robbery, the hesitancy of this Robert Macaire (named Batcharov), the pleadings of his conscience, the struggle, the adroitness with which he disarms suspicion, the remorse with which he receives new favors from M. Alissov, are all carefully worked.

Upon this state of affairs drops the curtain of an *entr'acte*, and the tall military gentlemen in grayish-blue long cloaks stalk about the *foyer* with clanging sabres. A new scene opens some three years after, in a distant town of Russia. Gaunt birches and green towered churches are in the scene. A caravan of prisoners is on its way to the mines

of Siberia. Among them (so slow is Russian justice) is our friend Velski going to his punishment for the alleged robbery of M. Alissov. Among them too is M. Batcharov, who having squandered the sum of his theft has taken to desperate gaming. On one occasion he is accused of false play, and in a fit of anger (for which a tempestuous show of remorse) he kills his accuser. He, too, is on his way to Siberia.

As they went on under the firs they strangely happen upon a traveling landau in which is Madame Alissov (now a widow), with a dependent relative, who with his empty pretensions is the *fut* of the piece.

There is a pretty show of feeling at the recognition of Velski in his culprit dress by the elegant Madame Alissov. For she, too, by the adroitness of the real robber, has been seduced into a belief in Velski's guilt. She can not forbear to take his hand again and wish him God's peace; but she can not keep it, for it is the hand of a robber.

Batcharov here, with an outburst of his better nature, swears to his innocence, and with a few swift words makes all plain to the amazed lady.

Upon this there is a new and warmer greeting between the lovers of old, and the lady of the landau counts upon taking up the condemned man and returning him to the world.

But the Russian officials come between. It may all be very clear to such pleasant friends; but they know these men only as convicts—their duty is plain—they are ordered to Siberia, and on they must march. The tempest of tears is nothing. They may avail at Court at St. Petersburg—the lady may try them if so it pleases her; but the whip smacks—"en avant"—and the trail moves on.

There is no more in it than in any one of ten French plays a man might name upon his fingers; and we have epitomized it only to show in what French shape a Russian play runs, and how Russian justice, with its laggard, uncertain pace, receives good raps in the Russian theatres.

WHILE in this pen-mood, let us give here a little drama of another sort—one acted in life, where nobody paid to see or hear. The scene is England, the date October, the author is the parish clerk of St. George's work-house, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, and the hero a pauper, insane, and now—that the curtain has fallen—dead.

John Turner was his name; and in the year 1837, the same year on which good Queen Victoria commenced her auspicious reign, John Turner kept a snug inn for travelers, called the Fox Inn, on Highgate Hill; a hill which every body knows who has ever climbed the dingy stairs of St. Paul's, and seen it lying like a great hulk in the sea of fog and smoke; every body knows it too, who has ever thundered down Highgate Hill in an English coach (before yet coaching from Northamptonshire was utterly gone by), and dashed on through mazes of streets to the old Bell and Crown, or to the Cross Keys. But this does not concern John Turner; who, as we said, in the good year 1837, kept the Fox Inn on Highgate Hill. In a certain month of that year Queen Victoria was taking a drive in a coach-and-four, in company with the Prince of Leiningen; and it so happened that, as they reached the top of Highgate Hill, and were about descending, the horses took fright and dashed off at full speed. The coachman lost control of them; the carriage was swaying from side to side when the landlord of the Fox Inn saw the

danger of the Queen, and rushing out of his door sprang to the head of the wheel horses, and, at the imminent risk of his life, succeeded in so far staying their speed as to give the Queen and Prince opportunity to escape.

When, a day or two after, John Turner had sufficiently recovered from his bruises, he went up to Buckingham Palace, and seeing one of the lords of the household, he was graciously received, and given a reward of £10; the Queen's official at the same time advising him to put the Royal Arms over his door in commemoration of the event. This the inn-keeper did at an expense of £20. But the business of Highgate fell away; the poor man became embarrassed; he made frequent appeals to such officials as he could reach about the Court; but they did not know him. His son, at the coroner's inquest, says that he wrote letters to the Prince Regent, but without any avail; and the Royal Arms and the disappointment finally crazed him; and in October, as we said, he died a pauper in St. George's work-house. It is a story as sad as it is true. Victoria will very likely come to her first knowledge of this tragedy when she reads the *Times* report of the inquest; and if so, there may follow a scene between the Queen and the Prince.

But the Prince (for the story brings us to everyday London talk) is pushing forward gallantly the preparatives for the new World's Fair of 1862. If America is to be worthily represented she should be astir in that direction. The building is already piling up in more majestic proportions than that of '51, and of less frail an aspect. Thus early it has been found necessary to deny applications for thousands of articles in the mechanical department which can be represented by models. Very much huge machinery, which is wonderful by reason of its hugeness, is refused for want of space; and even Trotman's great anchors for the *Eastern* and *Warrior* can only be represented by miniature copies.

The contracts for the refreshment saloons are already out; and though we shall not have the famous Soyer to cater again in the boudoirs of Lady Blessington, the *cuisine* of all Europe will be on trial; and servitors talking French, German, Spanish, or Italian, with some distinctive blazon on their collars, will receive orders in such language as shall make the guests seem at home.

It seems very strange that this great peace carnival should be preparing with such quietude, and such trust in the peaceful intention of all the world, while war is simmering in every arsenal of Europe. Even the papers which carry details of the new palace of the arts occupy half their available space with enumeration of warlike material which is in preparation, and with discussion of the respective merits of the new rifled guns.

The Armstrong weapon has by no means yet out-reached the ordeal of criticism. Its opponents are growing bolder than ever. It is alleged that its effectiveness in China was by no means so decided as the simpler rifled gun of France; and the late trials of the 100-pounders have shown almost total inadequacy for rapid and continuous firing. Experiments upon a target, whose construction was identical in iron plate and timber backing with the sides of the ship *Warrior*, proved the superiority of the old smooth bore over the Armstrong ordnance at distances ranging under 1000 yards.

Old artillerists object more strongly than ever to the complication of the breech-loaders. The more

simple the weapon, they say, the more rapid and sure the firing. A cracked vent-piece or an ill-adjusted screw may throw a vast weight of metal out of service.

Captain Halsted, of the Royal Navy, in a long *Times* letter, thus sums up his "finding" in the case of the Armstrong: "First, under circumstances however critical and imminent, it can not be loaded at the muzzle; second, it can not be double-shotted; third, it can not throw an incendiary (Martin's) shell; fourth, it can not be used with reduced charges, for fear of the effects of air space; and, fifth, within certain limits of distance it can not be used to cover either troops or boats, with either shot or shell, for fear of the lead which strips from all its projectiles."

THE papers that tell us this tell us that Sir James Graham is dead—a tall, strong-voiced, energetic, industrious, half-eloquent statesman. He had made part of many Ministries, and was best known, perhaps, by his association with that of Sir Robert Peel. He was an indefatigable tactician; full always of the awkwardest of facts to arrest an opponent in debate; not amiable in manner or character—too accomplished a politician for that; rich, well-born; in nothing brilliant; of first-rate working talent, but never a scintillation of genius; no enthusiasm of mention ever overtook him in life, and no great heartiness of encomium flows after him now he is dead. Of course we speak in this way only of the public man, and of the estimate which outside observers made. For all this, there may have been (we do not know), beneath the politician, the managing orator, the astute listener, the Minister of the Interior, a warm-hearted, kindly individual, whom all his family loved and whom all his old neighbors mourn for with a real grief. The life a man lives in politics and the papers is, after all, so strangely unlike, oftentimes, to the life a man lives (where he lives most, and where he lives truest) at his own hearth-stone.

A SOMEWHAT curious trial has latterly occupied the attention of the London public, the defendant being an Italian artist of fair reputation, Signior Colucci, and the complainant a single lady of a certain age, Miss Johnstone by name, who possessed a pretty villa at Twickenham, rare pictures, and considerable wealth. The Art proclivities of Miss Johnstone first brought the parties together; and being together, the Signior Colucci, with his fine dark eyes, admired immoderately—first, the hand of Miss Johnstone; then the face of Miss Johnstone; and most of all, it would seem, the money of Miss Johnstone. Intimacy grew fast out of the Art acquaintance; a flurry of tender notes gave healthy activity to the intimacy, in which Miss Johnstone called the Signior Colucci *mio caro*, and he called the fair one "his dove." There was a pitiful story, on his part, of home troubles and a suffering mother, which the lady relieved by large money advances. So things sped, till one day the lady fell sick of fever, and being cured, was cured also of her special attachment. The projected marriage was broken off. Signior Colucci without urging any fulfillment of matrimonial promise, grew threatening and urgent for money. The lady was eager to secure the letters she had written; Colucci demanded the sum of £2000 for them. It was a delicate compliment to put so large a price upon them, which the lady acknowledged by agreeing to pay. She met him by appointment with the notes to that amount in hand, and the

artist gave in return a bundle of old newspapers! Hereupon the lady makes a confidant of her brother, who takes summary process; has the artist arrested and his rooms searched, and Colucci prosecuted for swindling. The defense set up was that the moneys paid were in way of equitable damages for the lady's non-fulfillment of her matrimonial engagement.

The jury judged differently, and Signior Colucci is condemned to some two or three years of hard labor, while Miss Johnstone, at her villa of Twickenham, repents at leisure the costs and publicity of her Italian romance.

THE expression of Northern or Southern sympathy anent the American war has, at the date we write, assumed the lines of strong party demarkation. The Government as it stands, and all organs supporting the Government, are earnest in favor of non-intervention, while the Tory interest is becoming stronger and stronger in its manifestations of sympathy for the South. Should the manufacturing interest coalesce by any chance with the old Tory and land party (a strange and almost unheard-of coalition), it is possible the Government might be outvoted. But open declaration of sympathy with the South, or even recognition of a Southern Confederacy (which the Tory leaders are urging with vehemence), does by no means imply a willingness to assume all the hazards of war in its behalf. Sardinian sympathy, and Hungarian sympathy, and Venetian sympathy have all had their periods of rampant display in the British press and British Parliament without ever costing the British exchequer a pound of saltpetre. Sympathy which costs nothing but words is a cheap kind, and in great favor all over the world.

BUT whatever the balancing voice of the British nation may be, it is certain that there is fast growing up, under the irritating bitterness of irresponsible journalism, a coolness and a hate between the countries which, sooner or later, will put its bloody stops on the page of civilization. The world does not seem so near a large brotherhood as at the date of the Industrial Peace Show of 1851. Even Christianity halts in its march over the battle about the Pope in all papal countries, and the battle about Rationalism in all Protestant countries. Every where intellectual pride is tearing off the old regalia of supernaturalism from the doctrines of the Church. And when the Goddess of Reason is next enthroned and worshiped (as she was in the days of Robespierre) it may be in England. She has store of private retainers now, who reckon her a long way before the faith which sees "things unseen."

And this brings us to mention of M. Guizot's recent book, in which the arch-Protestant disgusts many of his old friends by declaring stoutly for the temporality of the Pope. It is hard to believe how a mind of severe logical method, which does not bate one jot of its Protestant creed, should yet argue for the integrity of the Papal power as a means of developing Christian civilization. This Guizot does, but he wears a lonely stateliness in his argument. The Protestants forswear him, and the Papists do not welcome him. These latter say that his hate of the Imperial Government is at the bottom of all his ultramontaniam.

We can not dwell on such an argument. We make only rattling array of his points, thus: Christianity is in danger of losing all its supernaturalism—all, in fact, that makes it vital and hope-giving. Rationalism is stabbing it in Protestant pulpits, and

the matter-of-fact power of constables and armies is attacking it at Rome. Christianity can with no more safety be put under the laws of municipal convenience than it can be put under the laws of human reason. It must be higher than either to call trustful and loving worshipers. In this regard Romanism and Protestantism stand on even ground. Break either down with such weapons as are indicated, and the other falters; trust is gone; hope is lost. What the Rationalists, the Essayists, the Unitarians are to Protestantism, the Garibaldis and Ricasolis are to the Holy Father and the faith of thousands.

It seems a fine, untenable bit of scholastic reasoning by a gone-by man; great luminous truths in it; immense impracticabilities; deep-set, earnest dogmas; rare translucence of thought; firm Christian hope; a great booming shot, but coming from such grand metaphysic distance that it reaches us—quite spent.

LAMARTINE, too, comes upon the arena of French letters again as the antagonist of Plato and the satirist of Jean Jacques Rousseau. But he will neither pull down "the Republic," nor, what might be pardoned him, displace in the admiration of the French people the author of "Emile." There is something very saddening in following such graceful periods as Lamartine's into so hopeless battle as his battle with Plato on the foundation of states. It is as if a graceful hussar of the Imperial army, with brilliant braid and tassels, and coquettish fur-trimmed jacket, were to caracole with serious intention of attack about one of the old steel suits of armor so carefully preserved in the museum of the arsenal at Paris! The movements are all adroit (has not the young man been educated at the Polytechnic School?); the braid is brilliant; the tassels sway in the most graceful manner in the world; nothing can be finer than the horsemanship; the sabre is of the best temper; but, alas for it! he is cutting at a hard steel case with no man inside!

And yet there be watchful guardians of the trophies at the arsenal. Lamartine has started up an army of *feuilletonistes* who do sturdy battle for the old Greek. They give him the worst wounds by comparing an old Republic, which being ideal was never measured by the practical, with a modern Republic (of Lamartine's), which being ideal was exploded by the practical. They sneer at his vanity; they question his erudition; they make sport of his praises of Zoroaster and Brahma. In short, Lamartine was not the man to enter the lists as against Plato.

Still less as against Rousseau. To be sure the Genevese was no Plato, whatever may be thought of the "Letters from the Mountain." But Rousseau has a great multitude of French worshipers; and those worshipers are enrolled, for the most part, among those poetic-minded young men and women who from the beginning have admired the "Meditations," and "Raphael," and "Graziella." They will not see their idol broken down—least of all, broken down by any theory about "social contracts," which involves considerations of state polity, in which the poet is confessedly weak.

Has the brilliant poet lived too long? The trees that carry double blossoms mature no seed; and the double-blossoming trees, it is observed, after a certain age, do not blossom at all.

WHOEVER thought to see Paisley shawls and

Scotch gingham in the shop windows of Paris? Yet they are there (the fruit of the Cobden treaty), and pretty Parisians are lending them such grace in the wearing that they are in some measure the vogue. The Cobden treaty is bearing its first-fruits at an unfortunate time; and we may be assured that it will add no placability to the temper of the Lyons and Mulhausen manufacturers (already set on edge by the unfortunate Morrill tariff) to see the products of British looms supplanting their wares upon the Boulevards of the capital. But, *per contra*, we learn that the French wines are growing largely in favor in the shore towns of England, while the Barclays, and Guinneses, and Muirs (of Ales and Double Stouts) are corresponding sufferers.

THE Emperor, in the spirit of a good churchman, has just now returned from the ceremony of inducting a Savoyard prelate in the high office of Cardinal. Occurring at this juncture, the ceremonial is particularly noteworthy. The new cardinal thanked his Imperial Majesty in the name of the Pope for the good-will he had always shown the Church, and more especially for his instrumentality in securing to him the remnant of his temporal possessions. It must be confessed that this does not look like a speedy evacuation of Rome. The ceremony is further noteworthy, from the fact that the Savoyard cardinal has risen to his present ecclesiastical eminence from the humblest position. His father was a cattle-tender on the mountains, and the son shared his occupation until the brightness and intelligence of the Savoyard youth attracted the attention of a neighboring parish priest. He was placed at school, thence was promoted to a position in a Piedmont college, and in due course took orders, and for a long time has filled worthily the place of Archbishop of Chambery.

WE were speaking of the chances of an evacuation of Rome: Kossuth, judging from his recent letters, seems to despair of that issue at present. In early autumn he urged joint action of all good Hungarians and Italians to that end, believing there was no hope for Hungary until Emanuel had entered Rome. He now advises revolutionists to waive this point, and direct all their efforts to the relief of Venetia.

That Austria should by dint of harsh treatment crush the patriotism of Hungarians he believes simply impossible. He foresees that she will abandon the loud constitutionalism of her recent action, and resume the iron reign of a master (which she has now virtually done); he professes no hope of her negotiating with Hungary upon the basis of old Hungarian rights; he sees no chance of successful revolution, as in 1849, in the face of the present army of occupation: the only course left is to kindle outbreak in Venice—to rally to the Italian cause of liberty, and so gain strength and verge to assert their own rights at home. He significantly adds, that whatever France might do to protect Rome, she will never interpose a finger against the resurrection of Venice.

Since the date of the letters of Kossuth, the iron hand of Francis-Joseph has made itself felt in Hungary. The mockery of constitutional authority mocks no longer. The sword has swept the courts. "Necessity," says Francis-Joseph, "makes the law." All the hereditary counts "*Obergespan*," with their privileges and honors, are disavowed. New German counts, born in an hour of rifles and dragoons, take

their place. Even the Count Louis Karolyi, who all through the perilous times of 1849 forsook not the claims of the Imperial house, now throws up his commission and his honors with indignation. His flesh can not bear it. *Vae sanguinis clamaret ad m.*; he will never call down upon his white head the maledictions of his nation.

The Count Palffy is named the Governor of Hungary under the military régime; an officer who, report says, distinguished himself at Solferino only *à la poulx*.

Is that long, wasting life of Kossuth's at length near to the end of its hopes? Will the eloquent tongue ever speak Magyar greeting to the freed people of Buda and Comorn? Alas for the tremendous resisting inertia that lies in thrones and armies! It broods over Europe with terrible weight, and takes new lease of life from every broken Republican hope, and (worse still) from every Republican hope that seems to be broken. Let our Constitution lovers look to it.

A LITTLE tea-pot tempest of diplomacy has just now called all eyes to ferret out the miserable Swiss valley of Les Dappes. The summer travelers do not know it—least of all the American travelers, who reach Switzerland by Basle, or Neufchatel, or Gex; yet it is on the way from France to Lake Geneva. Les Rousses is a great lumbering range of French fortifications on the heights of the Jura. Green Dôle is in sight, and, of a clear day, the snowy tip of Mont Blanc. If you bear right from Les Rousses, you go down a smooth road, through firs and tender green valleys, until you come to Gex and Geneva. If you bear left, you go by a poorer road through the meagre, pinched, bleak valley of Les Dappes (where the green Dôle throws its shadows), and so on to St. Cergues, and Nyon, and the blue waters of Lemane.

This valley of Les Dappes, for a score and more of years, has been disputed territory; France laying claim, as being on its way between Les Rousses and Faucilles (a border fortification to the south); and the Swiss Diet laying claim, as being theirs of old. The treaties of 1815 guaranteed the valley to Switzerland in a loose way, to which the French commissioners made protest. The adjournment of the 1815 Congress left the protest under discussion.

The whole valley would not nourish so many men as a hundred-acre farm of Illinois; and yet, when the Swiss *gendarmérie* found their way there, the other day, to arrest a culprit, Les Rousses turned out a platoon of soldiery to guard the violated neutrality of the territory. The matter did not come to shooting—not even to blows; nay, they say it ended with fraternal tipling in a wine-shop. But yet the European papers are blazing with the matter, and the Bernese organs show a larger and hotter flame than any. The Swiss are loud in their resentment. But it is only a lamb that bleats so angrily; and at Les Rousses lives the wolf.

This reminds us of the unpleasant controversy which has been going on the autumn past between the *Constitutionnel* (the most influential journal of France) and the Canton of Geneva. We say the Canton of Geneva, since the Swiss officials have unadvisedly seen fit to reply to several gross attacks which, through the columns of the *Constitutionnel*, have been made upon Genevese society, and the illicit morals and insecurity of property in that particular region. The French journal has alleged that the licentiousness of the Swiss city was alarming;

that murders were frequent, and that robberies were an almost everyday occurrence. The Swiss officials, sustained by the affidavits of resident Englishmen and Frenchmen, have controverted the statements, and brought testimony to the good order of the Canton, and sobriety and law-abiding character of its inhabitants. It is certain that French habits have crept into the city of Geneva; it is certain that its police record has its tale of robberies and murders; it is certain, too, that the Calvinistic Swiss have permitted the establishment of gaming-tables, with as inviting chances to the stranger as are given at Baden or Homburg.

But yet a French paper can not write Geneva down. The Protestant Church is there for stay and for example; the dignity of self-government is there; schools that make stalwart men are there; and always the lake that is so beautiful, and the mountains that are so grand!

We only wish every Protestant city of the world had the same lease of tranquil growth in the next decade as the Swiss city of Geneva.

If we lived there we would stay there.

Editor's Drawer.

THE NEW YEAR finds us in the midst of arms; but no war can arrest the good-humor of the Drawer. Its readers and its contributors rejoice in it as one of those institutions more valued now than ever.

OUR correspondent "H." has at last sent us the *mot* of Professor Bush respecting Dr. Cox, together with the account of the "First Record of Corporal Punishment." Here they are:

THE FIRST RECORD OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—I fear that I have, as you say, wandered from the point. I will now come at once to it, and give you forthwith the *mot* of Professor Bush upon Dr. Cox. By the way, I meant, when speaking of my own proof-reading experiences, to have written out one of the same sort relating to Dr. Cox, which was told me by a friend. He was one of the readers upon a daily newspaper. Once upon a time a short-hand reporter was sent to report a sermon to be delivered by Dr. Cox. The text was that passage which tells the story of the woman breaking a box of spikenard, and anointing the Saviour's head. The Doctor, following the marginal reading, read it "nard," and so it was written by the reporter, and sent to the printer. The printer, knowing of no such substance, felt bound to make some sense out of the words, which he thought could be done by the change of a single letter. Imagine the Doctor's feelings when next morning his sermon appeared in print with the text reading thus—"box of ointment of lard." He wrote a curious note explanatory and oburgatory; and the careful printer who made the "correction" is derided to this day in the office. The office, by the way, was that of the *Tribune*; which brings to my mind a proof-reader's anecdote touching the editor. Mr. Greeley, as printers know, writes a peculiarly crabbed hand. Imagine a spider, in a fit of delirium tremens, to have tumbled into an ink-stand, and getting out, to have crawled over a sheet of paper—his track would be very like Mr. Greeley's manuscript. One day the name of a place appeared in his copy. The context showed that it was in Palestine, but what place was a matter of doubt.

The copy was passed around to be deciphered. Some said it was Jerusalem, others Jericho, but the majority decided that it was either Joppa or Jaffa—which, no one would venture to decide. The matter was referred to Mr. G.; but he had forgotten, and could make nothing of it. At last he said, in that curious falsetto of his which denotes to all who know him that he is either puzzled or angry, "I never could make any difference between *a*'s and *o*'s or *p*'s and *f*'s"—which is very true; and pity it is that these are not the only dissimilar things between which Mr. Greeley can make no difference.

To return to Professor Bush's *mot*. It was said at one of the "ministers' meetings" of which I have spoken; and the time was shortly after the great meteoric shower, which happened not far from the great fire in New York, about ten years before the Brooklyn fire, of which I have written.

Professor Bush was at this time an orthodox man, otherwise he would not probably have been present at these "ministers' meetings." I must here tell you, in a word, how he dissolved his connection with his former ecclesiastical associates.

In his book, "Anastasis," he took open ground against some doctrines which were held by his denomination to be of vital importance, and he felt that the connection between them ought no longer to exist. He could not himself make the breach, for in his view the differences were not vital; but they considered them so, and should, he thought, disown him. He called upon the editor of the leading newspaper of the denomination, and laid the case before him, insisting, if no one else would take the matter up, the paper was bound to do so. At length the editor said, "Well, Mr. Bush, if you insist that we ought to publish an article demonstrating your heresies, you must write it yourself." The Professor wrote the article. It showed beyond question that he had advanced theories inconsistent with the standards of the denomination, and that he ought no longer to be recognized as a minister belonging to it. The article was published as an editorial. It was very severe, and made no little talk. Some of the secular press were roused to great indignation at the harsh manner in which, as they said, Mr. Bush had been treated. However, he kept the secret, and so did the editor until after the death of Mr. Bush.

I presume the attendance of Mr. Bush at the "ministers' meetings" must have ceased at this time. At all events, I never met him there. Besides the city clergy, who were regular attendants, an invited guest was sometimes present, who fairly "took down the house" with his anecdotes. I have met with many clever *raconteurs* at different times. There, for instance, is T. B. Thorpe—"Tom Owen the Bee-Hunter"—what a capital story he tells. I remember once that, just after his return from his long residence in Louisiana, he happened to be in my den. A few days before I had seen him bearded like a pard; now he was closely shaven. Just then a gentleman came in, and advanced toward Thorpe with outstretched hands. "My dear Thorpe!" he began. Tom Owen looked at him dubiously, and said, "I beg your pardon; you have the advantage of me. Your face is certainly familiar to me, but I can not at the moment recall your name." "My name!" said the stranger; "why, I am Graham—Graham, of New Orleans—don't you remember?" "Good Heavens!" answered Tom, "to be sure I do. How strange that I did not know you at once, but—but—the fact is, I've been having my whiskers shaved off, and it changes me so that I can hardly

recognize any body!" That, I thought, was getting out of a difficulty very nicely.

Another capital story-teller is F. W. Thomas, the accomplished author of "Clinton Bradshaw," one of the best novels of American life ever written. I have seen the name of Mr. Thomas on the list of lecturers. If he is half as brilliant on the platform as in a friendly circle, the one who misses hearing his lectures loses more than he knows. I call to mind some anecdotes told by Mr. Thomas of the late Sargent S. Prentiss. Ah, what a man Prentiss was! With a genius that assured him any position of power, or wealth, or influence that he might choose; with a physical frame which should have been vigorous at four-score, he died at forty-two, worn out in body and mind.

Mr. Prentiss, when a young man, spent some time in Cincinnati, unknown and unhonored. Years after some business of importance called him to that city. Just then a great public meeting was to be held, and it was desired to have Mr. Prentiss as one of the speakers. A committee, of which Mr. Thomas was a member, was appointed to wait upon him. They found him in the barber's-shop of the hotel, in a condition too usual with him.

"No, gentlemen," he replied to their request, "I will not open my lips in Cincinnati. I spent nine long months here, and during all that time no man offered me his hand, no woman gave me her smile. I verily believe that in the last great day an indictment will be tried before a jury of the Twelve Apostles charging Porkopolis with being the meanest village on the footstool. I shall be the prosecuting attorney, and I am confident that I shall secure a verdict."

Mr. Prentiss once gave a magnificent dinner to some friends at a hotel in Vicksburg. Early in the evening a stranger entered the room by mistake. Prentiss courteously invited him to join the party. Before long the strange guest began boasting of how much he had drunk during the day—a cocktail here, a smasher there, a julep in this place, a sling in that, and so on apparently without end. At length Prentiss interrupted him:

"Sir," said he, "do you believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis?"

"I don't know," was the reply; "and I don't see that it has any thing to do with what we were talking about."

"It has," rejoined Prentiss, "much—much every way. I have firm faith in that doctrine. I believe that in the next life every man will be transformed into the thing for which he has best qualified himself in this. In that life you, Sir, will become a corner groggery."

As the night passed on Prentiss grew more and more wild and brilliant. "Thomas," he suddenly asked, after a brief pause, "you are lame, like myself. What caused it?"

"A fall from a horse, while I was a boy."

"Ah! there you are more fortunate than I. I was born so. I bear in my body the taint of original sin. Now I know you are a religious man. For what, above all things, do you thank God?"

"I am thankful for health, strength, friends, and the manifold blessings of life."

"So am I. I have all these, and am not, I trust, unthankful for them. But none of these is the thing for which above all others I offer the most devout thanksgiving. I will tell you what that is. Yesterday I was grossly insulted by a six-foot Mississippian. I retired to my chamber, fell on my knees,

and poured out my soul in prayer and thanksgiving. I might have thanked my Maker for health and prosperity; but I did not. I might have thanked Him that I was born in an age of light and culture; but I did not. I might have thanked Him that I was *not* born in the State of Mississippi; but I did not do even *that*. But I did thank Him from the very depths of my soul that I was born in an age of gunpowder. I rose from my knees and wrote a message to the man who had insulted me. That brought him down, Sir, and he apologized. Ought I not to be thankful that I was born in an age of gunpowder?"

A basket of Champagne stood by the side of Prentiss. High up in the wall of the opposite end of the room was a hole made to receive a stove-pipe. Mr. Prentiss took bottle after bottle of the costly wine and flung them with unflinching accuracy through this hole into the chimney. All at once a new idea flashed across his mind. "George," said he to the negro waiter in attendance, "would you like to be free?"

"Well, Mass' Prentiss, I think it mout be a nice thing to be free."

"You shall be free this night if you wish. What do you think your master will sell you for?"

"I 'spects I'se one of the best niggers in Massisip. I s'pose marster would want a thousand dollars for me."

"That is not exorbitant. But for ready money your master will sell you for nine hundred dollars. You saw me fling the bottles through that hole?"

"Yes, Sir; and mighty nice you did it too. It takes Mass' Prentiss to do that trick."

"Very well. You stand in a chair directly under that hole, with this punch-bowl on your head. I will fling this bottle of wine, and knock the bowl in pieces. I will give you eleven hundred dollars. With nine hundred you shall buy yourself; and tomorrow you may walk off as free a man as treads under the cope of heaven, with two hundred dollars in your pocket. Will you do it?"

"Why, Mass' Prentiss, I do'no. You mout miss your aim, you know, and hit *me*! Then where would this nigger be? I think, Mass' Prentiss, I'd rather not do it."

"There you have it!" exclaimed Prentiss, drawing himself up to his full height. "Here is a slave who says he wishes to be free. Yet for the sake of his freedom, and two hundred dollars in cash to boot, he will not run the little risk of *my* missing my aim. That shows you the character of the race. They are only fit to be slaves. 'A servant of servants shall he be to his brethren. Thus it was in the beginning, is now, and shall be world without end!'"

As I was saying, I have met many brilliant *raconteurs*, but none more brilliant than at these "ministers' meetings." As anecdotists visitors from the South took the palm. I think, indeed, that Southerners talk better than Northern or Western men. They would give us capital negro stories, one or two of which I call to mind, though I can not tell them with any thing like the spirit of the narrators.

There was one which I remember about the late eloquent and excellent Dr. Rice. He excelled in the fervor and unction of his public prayers. In his congregation was an aged negro, very pious and very excitable. He must have been trained up under Methodist influence, for he would always shout "Amen!" when any petition was put up which touched his feelings. This at length became quite annoying to Dr. Rice; though he was not so seri-

ously vexed as was a young Presbyterian clergyman whom I once knew, by a similar occurrence. He, like Dr. Rice, was "gifted in prayer." It happened that he was once called upon to perform a funeral service in a Methodist family, and while praying the room was vocal with shouts of "Amen!" Not being aware of the meaning of this, he supposed that it was intended as a hint for him to come to "Amen" as quickly as possible; or, in vulgar language, to "dry up." This he did as soon as possible. Shortly after he complained to one of his friends of the discourtesy which he had experienced, and was relieved as well as astonished at being told that the "Amens" indicated that the audience were joining fervently in his supplications.

That phrase "dry up," which just slipped from me, puts me in mind of an anecdote, which I must tell, though it has nothing to do with "ministers' meetings." The late B. F. Butler (not the present General of the same name) was a truly excellent man, though he *was* a politician. Every body remembers that famous letter of his in which he mentions enjoying "stated preaching at Sandy Hill." In New York Mr. Butler took a deep interest in religious enterprises among the poor and destitute, especially in the meetings at the Five Points for the benefit of the neglected children in that quarter. One Sunday he went down to address the boys. He was always precise in dress and methodical in manner. "Now, boys," said he, in commencement, "I've come to say a few words to you. I have only ten minutes"—taking out his watch and laying it on the desk—"and I want you to pay particular attention to what I say."

Every eye was turned to the desk, over which hung a clock. Not a sound interrupted the discourse save the ticking of the clock, slowly counting off the seconds, until the longer hand indicated that the ten minutes had passed. The instant this was done, one of the boys shouted: "Dry up, old Sandy Hill! Time's up!" There was nothing to be done but to bring the remarks to a speedy close.

Old Cæsar, of whom I was speaking, in connection with Dr. Rice, did not "dry up" quite so readily; as the anecdote shows. When the Doctor was fervent in his petitions, as he always was, Cæsar's hearty amens filled the room. At length the Doctor told him that his shouts disturbed the congregation, who were not accustomed to them; and if he *could* restrain them it would be a great favor. The good negro was shocked to learn that he had disturbed any one, and faithfully promised silence in future. But it happened the very next Sunday that the Doctor was unusually earnest in his supplications to the Throne of Grace. He fairly "wrestled in prayer." In the gallery, as usual, sat Cæsar, writhing sympathetically with the emotion which he could not suppress and would not utter. More and more fervent waxed the prayer; deeper and deeper grew Cæsar's emotion; more and more violent his struggles to avoid giving vocal utterance to them. Nature at last could hold out no longer. "Amen!" shouted Cæsar. "*Massa Rice, I had to say it or bust!*"

I forget whether it was this Cæsar or another one who was once overheard praying for his mistress, to whom he was devotedly attached. His prayer ran thus: "O Lord, bress my poor dear old mistress. Bress her every way; make her a great roaring lion, going round seeking somebody whom she may devour!"

While speaking of odd phrases in prayer, I could

give you a score quite as out of the way as this, which I heard narrated at these meetings. One brother had a worthy deacon in his church who always managed in prayer to work in this phrase, "A living lion is worth more than a dead dog." Another would wind up the confession by saying, "O Lord, if we had been dealt with in strict justice, and not in mercy, we should long ago have been cast off from thee, and left to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling."—"With us," said a minister from the West, "there is a common phrase, 'Let every tub stand on its own bottom.' Meaning, Let justice prevail, and every body be judged according to his merits. One day Deacon Tubbs, a good man, but fearfully slow, prayed thus: 'And furthermore, O Lord, we beseech thee, that wrong may cease upon earth, and that every tub may stand upon its own bottom—to use a common though vulgar expression,' added the good deacon, apologetically, suddenly aware that he had let slip a phrase hardly befitting the solemnity of the sanctuary."

I must cut short these general reminiscences, or I shall not have space to tell you what Professor Bush said about Doctor Cox, as I promised. But if I had space I would like to write out some anecdotes told by Western visitors. For instance, a few of those given by my friend Gordon, who had gone to Illinois from the East. "In my charge," said he, "were quite a number of strapping youth, who seemed to think that a man 'wan't worth shucks,' as they phrased it, unless he could jump, swim, ride, and shoot. One day there had been a 'raising;' and after the frame was up, the young men got up a jumping match. The 'bully of the crowd' had done his best as I happened to come up. Half in earnest, half in banter, I was set upon: 'Now, parson, what do you think of that? Wouldn't you like to try and beat it? I measured the distance with my eye. I was always something of an athlete, and jumping was my forte. I saw that the distance was within mine. So, stepping up, apparently very carelessly, I 'toed the mark,' put all my nerves into my legs, and fairly 'heeled the toes' of the longest leap; then, after a few pleasant words, walked off as though I had done nothing in particular. That one leap gave me a stronger hold over those young men than I had been able to gain by a year's strictly ministerial labor. 'The parson's some punkins,' said one to another; 'he beat Jim Long jumpin' all hollow.'"

I remember another good story told by Gordon, the point of which was that in his village was a lawyer, a man of great talents, but inclined to "free-thinking." He was a capital shot, and so was the clergyman, as it turned out. In one of his walks Gordon encountered the lawyer, who was out with his gun. The lawyer challenged the parson to a trial of marksmanship, and was decidedly worsted. "You're a good shot," said he: "now I'm going to see if you can preach as well as you shoot." Next Sunday, for the first time, the lawyer was seen at church. The upshot was that he was converted. "And now," said Gordon, "he is the right-hand man of my church."

These general reminiscences of "ministers' meetings" have led me away from what I was about to tell you—Professor Bush's *not* respecting Dr. Cox. But here it is:

Just after the great meteoric shower, the question came up as to its cause. One suggested one thing, and another something different. At last Professor Bush said—

[By some accident the last leaf of our correspondent's letter was lost by the printers. We hoped that it would have been recovered in time to append the missing portion. We shall write to the author, who will doubtless send it for our next Number.—EDS. HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

WHEN we reflect upon the progress of the human mind in the modern march of development, and more especially upon the vast superiority of New England over Old England and the rest of mankind; and when we bear in mind that Boston has hitherto been regarded by her gifted sons as the Hub of the Universe, we are compelled to believe that New Haven, the rival of Cambridge, is soon to surpass the Hub as far as the Hub outshines the whole world besides. This reluctant tribute to rising genius has been extorted from us on receiving the following and the printed inclosure, which we lay before our intelligent readers as the gem of the season:

"Being a constant reader of your valuable Monthly, and an owner of the whole series, I have seen some most curious, laughable articles in your Editor's Drawer, in the shape of quaint epitaphs, machine poetry, etc. It is very seldom that we find *good* poetry attached to an obituary notice; and yet people will write *at* it in spite of good sense. The following is a specimen. It was published in one of our evening papers according to its date:"

OBITUARY.

LINES ON THE DEPARTED.

A lovely, beautiful child, named Lizzie,
Once lived in New Haven, very happy;
One month less than two years old, yet she danced,
And kiss'd, and pranced, and farced, with sweet delight.
She was gifted with the love of music.
Her eye look love; her ear so quick she heard
The sound of every thing in smiling haste.
She was a mimic, and could exhibit feats
That told her intellect was rich and great.
She had a taste to dress, and laugh, and fun,
And mimic mother looking in the glass;
And oh how whimsical she would appear,
In instant mimic look and pleasant smile!
Just as much to say: Ma! I mean no harm.
She went one day to feed the hens with corn,
Placed in a little basket on her arm;
Tuck, tuck, tucky, said the little girl. Ha!
Pick up the corn, I'll go and get you more.
This little charmer is no more; she died,
And left this world for a far better home.
We feel the want—we feel the loss of her—
But God be praised! He doeth all things well.

NEW HAVEN, Jan. 7, 1861.

RELATIVE.

"THE story in your November Number of the German who sold his grain for fifteen cents less a bushel, reminds me," says a New York merchant, "of a transaction I once had with a Frenchman. He was captain of a coasting craft, and I chartered his vessel for a round sum to take a cargo of wheat up the river to a mill, and to return with a load of flour in barrels. There was a written agreement between us, which required him to load without *unnecessary* delay. Having a limited knowledge of English, and being a cautious skipper, he took the agreement before signing it to a compatriot—who was, or pretended to be, in the legal profession—whose knowledge of our language was much more contracted than his own, and gave him a small fee to read it over and see if it was correct. They came together to my office, and the lawyer addressed me with much politeness and gravity, while his countryman stood by with approbative visage:

"Sare, I have read this little papier. It is entirement cor-rect, except von yord. I do not like zat expr-ression *unnecessa-rie*!"

"Very well," said I, with great frankness, "I will scratch it out;" and I did so.

"The skipper and lawyer both seemed relieved immensely now that the former was obliged to load his vessel *'without delay.'*"

We are indebted to a very distinguished and excellent friend for these fresh anecdotes of STEPHEN GIRARD and JOSEPH L. INGLIS:

"It may seem strange to couple together two names, the owners of which were so diametrically opposite to each other in many aspects of their respective characters. But they were intimately acquainted, and had in some respects a high opinion of each other. My principal reason for associating them now is because what I am about to relate of Girard was told me by Mr. Inglis. Mr. Inglis was a devoted Christian, as well as a thorough man of business and a polished gentleman.

"Girard owned a farm a few miles from his residence in Philadelphia, which he kept under his own cultivation. It was superintended by a farmer residing on the place, to which the owner often drove out to see how affairs were going on. He not unfrequently went in the morning before breakfast. On one of those occasions, coming out perhaps somewhat earlier than usual, on arriving at a piece of stone fence which he was building along the road he found his farmer absent. He immediately drove to the house, fastened his horse, and went in, searching the house for him, not overlooking those parts where he suspected the man might be found. Disappointed in his search, he remounted his chaise and returned to the fence—and lo! the man was found very diligently at his work.

"Ah! how is this?" said the keen-eyed overseer. "You was late at your work this morning. I have driven out of town already, and you was not here."

"Oh yes, Mr. Girard," says the man. "I had been here, but I had only stepped aside for a few moments, when you passed by, to get something that I wanted."

"You do lie!" said the keen-eyed master. "*I did go and put my hand in your bed, and it was warm!*"

"The man had been informed by his wife of Girard's coming, when he jumped up in a hurry, and ran to his work. But Girard was too cute for him.

"Girard had a high appreciation of Mr. Inglis's business capacity, especially as an accurate and rapid accountant, as well as undoubting confidence in his integrity. For his religion he had not the least regard. When the cashier of his bank died he tendered the place to Mr. Inglis, who then was clerk in an insurance company.

"Mr. Girard," was the immediate reply, "I can not serve you." Mr. Inglis well knew that Girard had no respect for the Sabbath, and that in his service he would be called on to post his books and attend to financial matters on the Lord's Day.

"Why you not serve me?" said the rich banker. "I give you more salary than you get now. It is a better place. Why you not be my cashier?"

"Mr. Girard," was the grave and determined answer, "I appreciate all that; but you and I serve different masters, and we never could agree."

"Mr. Girard understood the allusion, and said no more.

"Different versions have been given of Girard's

subscribing to a Methodist church, on the solicitation of Mr. Haskins. Mr. Inglis was an intimate friend of Mr. Haskins, and knew the circumstances perfectly. From him I had the following account: At the time the Methodists were building an expensive church in Tenth Street, afterward bought and still occupied by the Episcopal church in Tenth above Chestnut. Mr. Haskins went to him one day and said:

"Mr. Girard, if I can tell you how you can make a thousand dollars, will you give five hundred toward our new church?"

"To this Girard readily consented. Mr. Haskins then told him of a debt of a thousand dollars which he had long considered dead, but which might be recovered by taking certain steps. The debt was recovered, and Girard subscribed the five hundred dollars.

"The Rev. Dr S—, then in the height of his popularity in Philadelphia, for whom a new church was in course of erection in Sansom Street, hearing what a liberal donation had been made to a Methodist church, was emboldened to make a similar request.

"After hearing a statement of the case, Girard drew a check and handed it to the Doctor, who, on looking at it, said:

"Why, Mr. Girard, you subscribed five hundred to a Methodist church, and you have given me a check for only fifty!"

"Did I—did I? Let me see it a moment?"

"The Doctor handed him the check, expecting to see another cipher added to it; instead of which he saw it torn to shreds, while Girard said:

"There, now you get nothing!"

"The Doctor went away much chagrined.

"Speaking of Mr. Inglis leads me to recall an incident worth preserving. In the same office with him was a young gentleman in whom he took great interest. He was a young man of fine character and talents, but inclining to infidelity. He was the only son of a widowed mother, and her only support. He was devoted to her happiness. By degrees his health, through constant application to business, was wasting away. His friend urged him to remit his labors and take a journey. The reply was that his circumstances forbade it. He had saved nothing, and his mother needed all his salary after meeting his own personal wants. The answer was,

"But you must go. You will die if you do not. What will become of your mother then?"

"The young man sadly shook his head.

"Then I will tell you what I will do. You are aware of my rapidity in business. I can do my work and yours too. I will take your place while you are gone, and pay over the salary to your mother, and when you return give it up to you again. The sole condition of this is that you will accept this Bible (taking a pocket Bible from his desk), and read a chapter in it every day."

"With deep emotion the book was received and the promise given. The youth took his departure, and Inglis fulfilled his part of the engagement faithfully. But the invalid was past all human remedy; the disease was too deeply seated: so, after prolonging his absence much beyond the supposed period, he finally died. But he left encouraging evidence that his reading the Bible had been attended with spiritual profit, and he died with a Christian's hope.

"After his death the Directors of the Insurance Company said, that, as Mr. Inglis had faithfully

and satisfactorily performed the double duties, henceforth the double office and the double pay should be his."

THE President of a village Musical Association communicates the following essay to the newspaper of the town:

"MR. EDITOR,—Allow me through the columns of your paper, the liberty of making known to the public the grand institution that has been organized, and reorganized in the place for the purpose of bringing the young people of both sexes in *harmonical concord together*. There appears to a wonderful attraction and willingness when the appointed night of its meeting comes around to be at the place, when they can get music in their ears, and if easily affected be terribly moved by the concord of sweet sounds. The members of this noble and well-regulated institution are mostly of pure Yankee soil, so full of Sentimentative qualities in itself that it can not withhold it from man, and those by infuses itself into genuine young Americans, and in no place are true fellows to be found than here on the principal of order in singing-school, and the Girls to be like them, imitate their example, which adds greatly to their *etiquette* and manners. There is little doubt but it will work changes in the place if it has not already, with regard to congenial friendship."

A KENTUCKY contributor, who says that he is "up to his eyes in war," sends us the story below, and would write more if he could scratch them with his sword. The Drawer has reason to be glad that its claims are heeded by so many of our gallant soldiers. There is music in the camp, but this is a tale of the Church:

"The biography of Jo Daviess, published in the Monthly some time since, has brought out many anecdotes not only of the great frontier orator himself, but also of his brother, a man possessed of much of the talent and all of the eccentricities which distinguished Jo himself. The following is too good to be lost: James (I believe that was his name), was a member of the old Scottish Covenanter church and the leader of its singing exercises. Unfortunately, he was given to drink, and to such an extent had it grown upon him that he was finally suspended from membership and forbidden to 'raise the tune' in meeting.

"The old man bore the disgrace without complaint, and never failed to appear in his accustomed seat in the church on Sunday morning.

"At length one of his small children was presented for baptism; but the stern old Covenanter preacher refused to baptize it while the father was under the ban of suspension. Still no word of complaint was heard from Daviess. He was biding his time—and the time came.

"Owing to some cause the preacher found himself one Sunday morning without a single member present capable of leading the singing. After several despairing glances over the congregation, he turned, as a matter of desperate necessity, to Daviess and requested him to 'raise the tune.' The old man raised himself to his full height of six feet four, and looking the preacher full in the face, answered him,

"'Ye wadna mark the young lamb because the auld ram went astray, an' the De'il may down ye afore I'll raise yer tune.'

"So saying, he left the church and never entered it again."

"YOUR Washington correspondent, in speaking of the Mohawk Dutchmen, regrets to add that they

soon learned Yankee tricks. As a specimen of these Yankeeified Dutchmen note the following:

"Old Adam C——, a resident of the original German Flats, had a queer habit of making *correct* mistakes.

"When about to sell rather an antiquated horse he was interrogated as to the age of the beast. 'Vell,' he replies, 'I guess about nine *over* ten.' In a short time the purchaser discovered the fraud, returned with the animal, and said:

"'Mr. C——, what made you cheat me in selling this horse? Didn't you tell me he was nine or ten?' and here he is twenty!"

"No, no: I sheats nobody. I say she is nine *over* ten; and she is all of dat."

"At another time, when selling a balky horse, he was asked if the horse was true to pull, and good to drive. Old Adam says:

"'I tells you, in de morning you gets your wagon out, and puts de harness on de horse good: hitch him fore de wagon good: take up de lines and vip, and tell him go. I tells you he is right dair every time.'

"The buyer departed satisfied; but after following directions he found him 'right dair every time,' and no amount of persuasion could induce him to change his position. Buyer of course returns the horse; but Old Adam 'sheats nobody. He told him shust as it was.'

"Having a quantity of wood that had been exposed to the weather till it had become spoiled, he wished to dispose of it. Taking a load to market, customer inquires:

"'Is it good wood? Will it split good?'"

"'Sphlit? Yaw, sphlit like a candle.'

"Any one who has split candles can judge how the wood split. The next time Old Adam came to market he was reproached for selling rotten wood; but 'Old Adam sheats nobody; he tells them shust as it was.'"

"My younger sister and myself were this morning discussing the merits of *Orley Farm*, and conjecturing how the different characters would turn out. During the course of the conversation we chanced to speak of Lady Mason, when I remarked that I was certain that she had forged the Will.

"'Oh no!' says my little sister.

"'But,' replied I, 'she has. I've known it all along. You see if the story don't end so.'

"'Well,' cried she, 'the story may *say* so, but I don't believe she did it!'"

Two correspondents, whom we will designate as A and B, write to us from Cincinnati, questioning the story of the Ohio lawyer who is represented in our December Number as having crossed the ferry to Covington 275 times in six hours.

A says:

"Knowing something of the delays caused by the currents, and the time required in discharging teams and passengers, it strikes me that that boat must have run mighty fast to make that number of trips. Allowing five minutes to a trip, the boat would have been 22 hours making 275 trips; so you can judge how truthful the story must be."

B says:

"I live in Covington, and cross that ferry four times every day. During the day a trip is made each ten minutes, and during the night each half hour. Average for the twenty-four hours, say twenty minutes. Time required to cross 275 times, ninety-one and two-thirds hours. Length of 'that nap,' *three days nineteen hours and forty*

minutes. Doubtless they have some very sleepy lawyers in Ohio; but this particular one I never heard of before. The next time you see Rip Van Winkle please warn him that his laurels are in danger."

The nap must have been a long one; for while it lasted the boat made 275 trips. There can be no mistake in this, for the sleeper paid his fare for each trip. Let our correspondents compromise the matter. Averaging their statements, the result will be that the nap lasted about 37½ hours. Our own solution is this: Before the lawyer went to sleep, he noticed that the clock showed it to be say 9 P.M.; when he woke he found it 3 A.M. Very naturally he supposed he had slept six hours, but in fact it was 3 o'clock the day after. He had really slept six hours and a day over. By-the-way, A and B send us some anecdotes, which follow next in order.

Our correspondent A, who questions the story of the Ohio lawyer's long nap, sends us the following, for the truthfulness of which he is ready to vouch:

"Some years ago, when the river was very low, a certain steamer had the misfortune to strike a sand-bar. The pilot rang the bell to back, and then the boat struck astern. The bell was rung 'stop,' then 'go-ahead,' then 'stop,' 'go-ahead,' 'back,' 'stop,' etc., etc., in quick succession. The engineer was so confused that he forgot himself; but suddenly brightened, and commenced moving the levers. The captain, finding that the boat did not respond to the orders given to the engineer, went down to his room in great haste and asked that officer why he didn't mind the bells. 'All right, captain,' said the engineer; 'I am answering 'em as fast as I can. There's only fifteen bells ahead of me now!'"

The next two are from his competitor B.

"PROBABLY you never heard of our Bob? Well, that's because you never lived in this neck of woods. Bob is as clever a nigger as ever stole a hen or drained a bottle, but he will drink. How he gets it or where, is a mystery, but whisky he has, and always in profuse abundance, and he drinks it. Samp (that is the short for Sampson) is the colored preacher in our neighborhood, and no favorite with Bob. Samp was greatly scandalized that one of his congregation should be such a persistent and notorious tippler, and he set himself with great earnestness to work his reformation. Many was the pious warning and many the solemn lecture from Samp. Each time Bob would promise, and as often break his word the moment Samp was gone. Small was Samp's encouragement, but he persevered. Meeting Bob one day he saluted him as usual:

"Well, Brudder Bob, how du? how you coming on? Luff de whisky 'lone any yet?"

"Yes, Samp, Ise quit drinking in a great measure now?"

"Bress de Lord!"

"Yes, Brudder Samp, Ise quit drinking in a great measure. Ise got down to a pint cup now!"

"GOVERNOR POWELL, of Kentucky, was once a great favorite. He never was an orator; but his conversational, story-telling, and social qualities were remarkable. His great forte lay in establishing a personal intimacy with every one he met, and in this way he was powerful in electioneering. He chewed immense quantities of tobacco, but never carried the weed himself, and was always begging it from every one he met. His residence was in Henderson, and in coming up the Ohio past that

place I overheard the following, characteristic anecdote of Lazarus:

"A citizen of Henderson coming on board, fell into conversation with a passenger, who made some inquiries about Powell.

"Lives in your place, I believe, don't he?"

"Yes, one of our oldest citizens."

"Very sociable man, ain't he?"

"Remarkably so."

"Well, I thought so. I think he is one of the most sociable men I ever met in all my life. Wonderfully sociable! I was introduced to him over at Grayson Springs last summer, and he hadn't been with me ten minutes when he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet up in my lap, and *spit all over me!* —re-mark-ably sociable!"

Our correspondent in Victoria sends us more of Tom Wright's sayings and doings:

"During the fall of 1858, in one of his trips, which from some cause had been unusually protracted, he ran out of fresh beef. A half-witted Dutchman from Port Douglas happened to be the unfortunate consignee of a beautiful hind-quarter, which was destined by him to tickle the palates of the few inhabitants of that town, then but a collection of huts in a forest. As Captain Tom was musing mournfully on the uncertainty of human affairs, and eying wistfully the fat, luscious-looking beef which hung in the gangway, just balanced between the desire to appropriate it and his natural dislike to any thing mean or dishonest, only needing the slightest impetus to turn him in either direction, his 'evil genius' came along in the person of Bill W—, a reckless, dare-devil Southerner, who would at any time suffer personal inconvenience rather than not joke on an enemy, who quietly suggested 'that the meat would spoil before it reached its destination!'

"From that time to the end of the voyage the passengers of the *Enterprise* were astonished by a bountiful supply of juicy 'steaks,' of a flavor unprecedented in their experience in British Columbia.

"About two weeks after, as our waggish friend W— was standing idly in his place of business, terribly annoyed by having no mischief on hand, he discovered the proprietor of the stolen goods making his way across the beach to the spot where the steamer was waiting for her next cargo. Curiosity prompted him to follow and see how Tom would extricate himself from the difficulty. He was also a little afraid that the burly Dutchman whose face 'shone with wrath,' might lay violent hands on the skipper, whose physical proportions were not commensurate in extent with his gigantic mind. As they opened the cabin-door of the *Enterprise*, the astonished Teuton found himself seized by the coat-collar, and the voice of the Captain thundered out, in its most excited tones,

"You scoundrel! how do you *dare* venture on my boat after shipping a lot of stinking beef, which drove half my passengers ashore, and would have bred an epidemic in the ship if I hadn't thrown it overboard! I have a great notion to order you put in irons, Sir!"

"By the interposition of W—, however, his wrath was cooled down, and after repeated apologies from the poor Dutchman, with promises never to offend in a like manner again, he was permitted to leave the ship. After his departure Captain Tom 'came out' with a half dozen of 'Schreider,' after a solemn pledge on the part of W— not to expose the joke—as you see he hasn't."



"A CERTAIN Ex-Governor of Mississippi was 'stumping the State' some time ago, as a candidate for United States Senator. He had excited the ire of many of the prominent politicians, among whom was M——, who at one of Mac's appointments was armed and equipped to reply. The Ex-Governor commenced in his usual style; and finally remarked, 'That he had been accused of being intemperate, and that accusation, too, came from the man who, of all others, should have been silent upon that subject, even if it were true; for the first time that man ever tasted wine in his life was at my table; and the vulgar wretch, in the presence of my distinguished guests, smacked his lips, and said 'twas the best "*truck*" he ever tasted!'"

READING OLD LETTERS.

THESE quaint old letters—they were writ
 So many a solemn year ago,
 That as, in mournful mood, I sit
 And read their faded pages, lo!
 What visions of the past appear
 Around me, like a ghostly throng!
 What forms and looks that once were dear,
 Remembered though forgotten long!
 Some writers of these lines have slept
 Their final slumber, and the eyes
 Which joyed to look in theirs have wept
 Their transmigration to the skies.
 But happy they—thrice happy they—
 The fair, and innocent, and young,
 Snatched in the dawn of life away,
 Before its clouds were o'er them flung.
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Thrice happy they! for better far
 One taste of that dear Heaven they love,
 One glimpse of that immortal star,
 Which fills with light their home above,
 Than all the pleasures, all the bliss,
 That Earth on human hearts bestows;
 A poison in the sweetest kiss,
 A thorn beneath the softest rose.

But when they penned these tender lines,
 And when they sent these fond replies,
 Their thoughts were rich as silver mines,
 In which the ore of friendship lies.
 They glided on the advancing waves
 Of Time, without a doubt or fear,
 And little thought the port of graves
 Was for their vessels lying near.

I have no need to name their names,
 Unrecognized by few, who live
 Familiar with the common fames
 That rumors of the Present give.
 Had they survived, they might have won
 The laurel-wreath Ambition weaves,
 But their brief story, early done,
 Was decked with only cypress leaves.

Long constant friends, who plighted faith
 That no misfortune could impair,
 Attachment that would last till death,
 Have vanished—Echo tells not where.
 Some I meet often in the street,
 And sometimes at a church or hall;
 They slightly nod whene'er we meet,
 Or smile acquaintance—that is all.

Others—*les autres*, as Frenchmen say—
 Of my existence unaware,
 Are growing richer, day by day,
 And greet me coolly with a stare.
 They will not leave me in their wills
 A single cent to write their lives,
 But dower, with all their stocks and bills,
 The second husbands of their wives.

Fleeting and false, and, like the ink,
 In which these thoughts, or sad or bright,
 Were written, friendships fade, I think,
 And loves lose all their dewy light.
 But whether dead, or strange, or cold,
 The authors of these leaves I see
 Grow dearer still as I grow old,
 Because they once were dear to me.

PARK BENJAMIN.



THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO,
 As represented on the sign-board of a little inn at
 Cupar-Fife.



FROM North Carolina a correspondent sends us the following. We give it as it comes, leaving the reader to make any application of the story:

"Colonel H—— is a jovial character about the capital of the old North State, fond of a joke, a good drink, and something of a bully. There was sojourning within the gates of the city a little Yankee who bowed not his head to the mighty Colonel. His haughty spirit much chafed thereat, and he swore with a great oath to take vengeance upon him accordingly. So one day, walking the streets with several companions, he met the foredoomed Yankee, and informed him of his determination to thrash him; and that it might be well with him, bade him take it kindly.

"The little Yankee, who stammered, replied, 'We-l-l, C-e-colonel, if you do, you'l-l-l h-ha-have f-for to t-t-try!'

"And to it they fell. After but a few rounds, the Colonel found himself sprawling on the earth, blinded by the Northerner's rapid blows. He saw something must be done, and that quick. So both to give his friends an excuse for interfering, and at the same time not to compromise his courage, he uttered a cry, which might be construed either as indicating defeat or a scream of defiance. Some were in favor of stopping the fun, as the Colonel had 'hollered;' but the most insisted, a little maliciously, that the Colonel had not 'hollered,' and should

have 'fair play.' So the Colonel, as flesh and blood couldn't stand every thing, was compelled to call out lustily, 'Take him off! take him off!' You may imagine the Colonel was satisfied with the thrashing he gave the Yankee, and never repeated the lesson. After it was all over he enjoyed it as much as any one, and relates it himself in fine style.

"He complains, however, of the punctilious regard his friends paid to his rights; and was not a little chagrined when he found out that the Yankee was a 'New York boxing-master.'

FROM Taylor's Creek, Arkansas, comes the following report of a Coroner's Jury case:

"One morning, in the spring of 18—, in the County of L——, Tennessee, two brothers-in-law, unknown to each other, left their separate homes on the hunt of some turkeys. They unfortunately went to the same region, when Mr. H——, hearing Mr. B——, who was on his knees behind a tree, yelping for a turkey, through mistake shot him dead instead of the game. In due time the Coroner's Jury was duly impaneled to inquire into the facts bearing on the case, when J. B——, brother of deceased, was brought before the jury, and testified as follows: 'Gentlemen, if they had any ill feelings terge one a nother. I will be dad blamed if I knows it, but one thing I knows, I will be durned if I hadn't ruther the best caw I had would a got kilt than Brother Sam!'

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a warrant issued by the Court of Greene County, Illinois, for the arrest of William Richards. The return, on the back of it, is as follows:

"Not served, because the within Name, William Richards, outrun me.

"W. P. JOHNSON, Sheriff."

"I WAS perambulating the piazza of the — Hotel, in company with the daughter of the landlord. She had been recounting to me all her father's little successes and reverses in life ever since he had adopted the profession of a Boniface, and among the latter (that is, the reverses) the rather prominent and discouraging one of having his 'hostelrie' burned down without the mitigating circumstance of any insurance upon it. I professed a proper amount of sympathy for so great a calamity, and ventured to inquire whether accident or the torch of the incendiary had wrought such ruin.

"'Haow?' inquired Rustica.

"'Was it the work of an incendiary?' I repeated.

"She looked at me with a puzzled air for a moment, and then,

"'No,' said she, slowly shaking her head, 'no; some one sot fire to it!'

"I held in by a strong effort; but feeling that an explosion was imminent, I rushed madly away."

The above reminds us of Mrs. M'Gibbons's country girl. When Mrs. M. was preparing to act "Jane Shore," at Liverpool, her dresser, an ignorant country girl, informed her that a woman had called to request two box orders because she and her daughter had walked four miles on purpose to see the play. "Does she know me?" inquired the mistress. "Not at all," was the reply. "What a very odd request!" exclaimed Mrs. M'Gibbons: "has the good woman got her faculties about her?" "I think she have, ma'am, for I see she ha' got something tied up in a red silk handkercher."

NEW READINGS OF AN OLD AUTHOR.



If thou beest he; but O, how fallen! how changed
From him—

Paradise Lost, Book I.



And from these corporeal nutriment, perhaps,
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirits.

Paradise Lost, Book V.



Describe races and games,
Or tilting furniture.

Paradise Lost, Book IX.



Teach us by what means to shun
The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow.

Paradise Lost, Book X.



A "SUCKER'S" idea of soundness is aptly illustrated in the remark of an old bee-hunter in one of the Egyptian counties. The "times" were the topic of conversation among a group of villagers at "the store," and the soundness of the various Illinois banks was under discussion. Among these is the Gaston Bank, owned by Smith, a popular man among the "copperas-breeches" thereabouts.

"Is Smith sound?" inquired one of the party.

Uncle Milt, an old pioneer, taking his pipe from a hole in his face like a slit in a side of sole-leather, broke out,

"Sound! Smith sound! Well, he *is*. He never wur sick in his life, weighs more'n 180, voted fur Duglis, and believes in immersion—*sure!* I call that sound—*some!*"

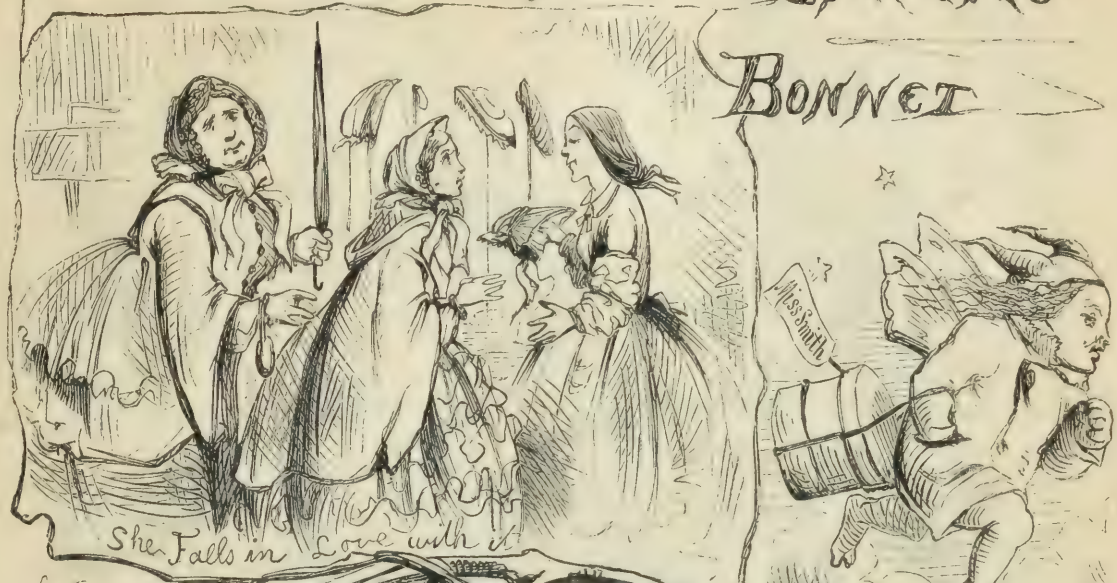
"BEING on a visit to a friend near Tarrytown, I there frequently met Washington Irving. Dr. B—— was also a visitor; and one evening, Mr. Irving being present, the conversation turned on certain streets in the city, and what might there be found. Even a great many Gothamites know nothing of the infinite variety of odds and ends found in some of these repositories. Now the said Dr. B—— is well known for his indefatigable research after every thing antique—books, paintings, vases—even down to old shoes.

"Mr. Irving, in the quaint and humorous style for which he was inimitable, related several of his visits to these regions. He then stated that when he was last time in the city he had gone down that way, and that he was anxious to visit a certain street, where he was sure he would find what he was in search of—that he would start to go; then he would stop; then he started again; but that finally he gave it up for that time. The whole company, the ladies especially, cried out to know what he was in search of. 'Only,' said he, 'I thought I could find a piece of Noah's toe-nail.' The hit at the Doctor was heartily enjoyed by the company, and Dr. B—— joined in the laugh as loudly as any of them."

THE Twenty-Fourth Volume of the Magazine begins with this Number. Where, in all the books that men have made, can you find twenty-four in a set with such an amount and variety of matter in every department of human knowledge? Two dozen dictionaries might have more, but they are mighty dull reading, and they lack connection. But the Magazine is always entertaining and instructive, and the family with these twenty-four volumes will never be at a loss for lively and useful reading. Now is the very best time to subscribe, and the terms may be found on the cover.

THE ROMANCE & MISS SMITH'S

BONNET



She Falls in Love with it



SHE DREAMS
OF IT



Mother

She teases the Governor for it



Fashions for January.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—EVENING DRESS.



FIGURE 2.—WALKING ROBE.

THE EVENING DRESS is of white tarletan, trimmed with narrow blue ribbons. The flounces are headed; body low; round waist; berthe of two puffings, corresponding with the flounces. Sleeves are short and puffed; sash edged *en suite*. The coiffure is of white daisies, with blue foliage.

The WALKING ROBE, which is also adapted for a home dress, is gored. The material is a Polish green poplin. It is trimmed with ruches.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXLI.—FEBRUARY, 1862.—Vol. XXIV.



DEPARTURE FROM BEAR HARBOR.

THE COAST RANGERS.

A CHRONICLE OF EVENTS IN CALIFORNIA.

V.—THE LAST HUNT.

NEVER shone the sun more brightly than it did on Bear Harbor on the morning of July 20, 18—. I am particular about the date, because this was the third day after our memorable adventure with the grizzly bear, and this

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was the exact day on which occurred the last and one of the most remarkable and tragic events with which the records of our Association have ever been darkened.

"He who has not enjoyed the inspiring influences of camp-life in California can scarcely form an idea of a fine morning in camp, when the swallows are twittering in the trees and the field-larks wooing the sleepers out of their chapadens with their merry roundelays. There is a freshness in the air, a fragrance in the dewy sod, a warmth and brilliancy in the rays of the sun as they come pouring over the hill-tops, through the glittering trees, to which the rarest beauties of nature in other lands are tame in comparison. In no part of the world is there such a climate, so bright and beautiful are the atmospheric tints; so clear, pure, and healthful is the air, whether by night or day; so exuberant is animal life under the stimulus that is absorbed from all the rich surroundings of elements, where the mere luxury of living, breathing, and seeing is a blessing enjoyed as it never can be elsewhere. It is a land of promise, of youth, vigor, and rejuvenescence; a land where men may rush for health and inspiration as well as money, where

'Tis passing sweet to wander, free as air,
Blithe truants in the bright and breeze-blessed day,
Far from the town—where stoop the sons of care—
O'er plains of mischief till their souls turn gray."

Thus spoke His Honor the Judge, on the glorious morning of the 20th, as one by one we rolled out of our chapadens, exuberant with life and spirits. A crackling fire sent up wreaths of smoke from the centre of the camp; the sweet odor of stewed venison and boiling-hot coffee mingled gratefully with the charming breath of Nature so pleasantly referred to by the Judge; and when Captain Toby rolled out of his blankets, raised his pewter flask high in the air, and called around him a merry crowd, and all burst forth into that magnificent glee,

"A pie sat on a p'ar tree!
A pie sat on a p'ar tree!
A pie sat on a p'ar tree!
Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! heigh-ho!"

I am free to declare it was enough to make grave men dance like boys, and melancholy men shout for joy like little children.

"And now, gentlemen," said the Captain, "as we are soon to depart from this delightful region, where the game is abundant and the company select, I propose that we have one



TOM FRY'S RECOLLECTIONS.

grand and general deer-hunt, that every member may enjoy an opportunity of carrying home some trophy of his skill in the chase."

A general shout greeted this proposition, in which all united except our esteemed friend Tom Fry, whose recollections of a recent chase were not of the most agreeable kind. The loss of his clothing had been in some measure remedied by contributions from such of the party as had any extra apparel to bestow upon him, and at this period his costume was singularly variegated and striking. A small smoking-cap, presented by Mr. Phil Wilkins, barely covered the crown of his head; a red flannel shirt, the gift of Captain Toby, scantily adorned his body; a pair of slender-legged pantaloons, belonging to "the undersigned," were fitted to his ponderous limbs as beautifully as the natural skin, but utterly failed to reach more than half-way round his waist, and had to be fastened by means of various straps and leather thongs; stockings he had none, and for shoes he wore a pair of moccasins hastily constructed by the Doctor out of a raw deer-skin.

When Captain Toby proposed a general deer-hunt, therefore, it is not a matter of surprise that Mr. Fry hesitated to hail the proposition with that degree of enthusiasm with which it was greeted from other sources. He had not yet forgotten the chowder; nor were his recollections of the hazards of life and limb in this region calculated to inspire him with a desire to leave camp again upon an uncertainty.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Fry, as soon as the cheering had partially subsided, "you will pardon me if I suggest that it would scarcely be prudent for all of us to leave the camp at the same time on this proposed expedition. There are Indians in this vicinity, as I know by sad experience, and if they discovered our camp without a suitable guard, they would be sure to rob us of our remaining property. Since it has pleased Providence to furnish me with more flesh to carry than usually falls to the lot of one person, though I can run with considerable speed when unencumbered by clothing, it would be advisable for me perhaps to remain here with Doctor Campbell and assist in the preparation of a venison stew, for which I have no doubt you will all have acquired an excellent appetite by the time you are done killing your game."

This proposition seemed so reasonable that it was at once accepted. Mr. Fry was furnished with a spare rifle with which to keep guard; and all the rest of the party forthwith set about their preparations for the chase. As soon as breakfast was over, and the rifles, powder-flasks, hunting-knives, and all necessary accoutrements in readiness, Captain Toby laid down the programme of routes. The General was to take up a certain cañon; Colonel Jack was to choose his own route, but to avoid a certain ridge upon which Mr. Phil Wilkins was to enjoy the pre-emption right; two of the lawyers, Messrs. Tompkins and Podgers, were to follow the line of the coast, in a southerly direction, and the remain-

der were to scatter about over the hills. Captain Toby himself was to take rather a more extended range on the back of his Broncho, and drive the game in toward the valley from the high ridges. The whole plan was admirably contrived, and was in every respect worthy the genius of our excellent friend and associate.

With three cheers that rang merrily through the encampment, and many expressions of gratitude toward the Captain, the whole party were about to start off, when Mr. Wilkins stepped from the ranks and begged permission to say a word.

"You will bear me witness, gentlemen," said he, "that I am not usually mistaken in my views respecting the Phenomena of Nature. This is a very uncommon day, and likely to be more so before night. I feel it in the atmosphere. Something remarkable is going to happen. Many of you doubtless are under the impression that you are going to kill a deer; but I utterly deny the vulgar theory of extinguishing life by means of lead. The two material substances of flesh and lead may by sudden contact change their relative forms, but such casual change is no proof that the vital principle has been touched. When we satisfy the cravings of a carnal appetite by means of venison, I hold the doctrine that the venison is still alive, only the material or muscular system is deprived of motion. Hence I reverse the theory of the Banyans and other Oriental races who believe in the translation of men's souls into the bodies of animals, and candidly confess that at this moment I believe myself to be partially composed of cows, sheep, chickens, snipe, rabbits, bucks, quails, and grizzly bears, not to mention hen-eggs and the larvæ of fish!"

This proposition was so monstrous and astounding that the Judge could not refrain from expressing his surprise that any gentleman could be found to maintain such heathenish doctrines in an enlightened age. "Doctrines," said his Honor, with considerable asperity, "which, if generally accepted by mankind, would strike at the very foundations of society. The abominable systems of Plato and Aristotle were nothing to this. The very worst features of Paganism could not compare with it. What, Sir! do you undertake to tell me that because our friend Mr. Fry, for example, has just breakfasted on a pound of bacon, two pounds of venison, the leg of a rabbit, the breast of a quail, half a dozen mountain trout, and a can of sardines, that he is to that extent hog, deer, rabbit, quail, trout, and sardine? That the divine creature whose charms have given inspiration to the character of our noble friend the General, and rendered his life a dream of poetry and romance; of whom he so often says, with equal justice and propriety,

'I see no fault in her whom I adore,
Or if I do her beauty makes it none.
Behold a man abandoned o'er
To an eternal lethargy of love!'

—that she, one of the choicest pieces of God's handiwork that ever captivated the heart of man, is merely a broiled duck, or a squab, or

an oyster? That because our friend Captain Toby yesterday dined on Bologna sausage, the component parts of which are uncertain, he ought to-day to be barking like a dog, neighing like a horse, or braying like a jackass? That in now addressing you, gentlemen, and refuting these abominable heresies, I am merely uttering the sentiments of a clam, or a bull-frog, or a mountain grouse, having recently partaken of all these luxuries? That our cook, Dr. Campbell, is merely a large sturgeon with hind-legs, because he happens to be fond of sturgeon? Out upon such monstrous and absurd doctrines! I hope, gentlemen, the good sense of this Association may never again be insulted by views so unworthy the age of civilization in which we live!"



MAN, ON THE JUDGE'S THEORY.

This rebuke was so unlike the general tenor of the Judge's remarks, which were almost invariably characterized by great courtesy; it was so sudden, warm, and unexpected, that for a moment Mr. Wilkins was taken aback and rendered quite speechless. It was only for a moment, however, for his resources were too prolific, and his spirit of too unyielding a character, to permit of such an easy victory. He was about to indulge in a very sarcastic retort, bearing with great severity upon those incredulous members of society who never believe in any

thing which is not susceptible of proof by the double rule of three, when Captain Toby, who was a little impatient to proceed on the hunt, interfered to preserve peace. The proposition submitted by the Captain gave an entirely new turn to the argument.

"Gentlemen," said he, "there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question, as I know by personal experience. I am intimately acquainted with all the trails that lead to the great citadel of Truth, having been there on several occasions. The very best of them, in my opinion, is a little NOURISHMENT. I propose, therefore, that we all take a pull at the blue keg, and consider the matter amicably decided in favor of both parties."

This proposition was greeted with a shout of approval, in which both his Honor and Mr. Wilkins heartily joined. The blue keg was brought forward, and every gentleman present became fully satisfied that Truth lay at the bottom of it, for all seemed to be in search of it in that direction. In a few minutes more the party had scattered out in the various directions suggested by Captain Toby. The only occupants of the camp were the old black Doctor and our friend Tom Fry.

As the day advanced the popping of rifles and shot-guns all around on the hill-sides became absolutely inspiring. It was evident that the hunters were enjoying an extraordinary amount of success. Mr. Fry began to feel lonesome. There was something rather depressing and inglorious in his position. Besides, what would be the result if the hunters should happen to drive all the grizzly bears in the country in toward the camp? Mr. Fry reflected for some time, and at length thought he would like to go out and kill a deer also.

"Campbell," said he to the Doctor, who was engaged in stirring up the venison stew, "a thought has struck me!"

"Golly, das bad!" answered the Doctor, looking up a little incredulous. "Did he struck you in de stomach?"

"No—I say a thought has struck me."

"Oh, das it, eh? D-d-did you hit him back agin?"

"Campbell, what would you say if I were to go out and kill a buck within three hundred yards of camp?"

"Oh, gway fum here, Mass'r Fry!" said the Doctor, laughing, "you jest want to fool d' ole nigger."

"Not at all, Doctor; I am perfectly in earnest. Our friend Captain Toby has informed me that if I dress in a deer-skin and wear the head of a buck it will be a sure method of attracting all the deer in the vicinity, and driving away the bears. He says he has often caught a dozen fawns a day by assuming that costume and throwing a little Scotch snuff in their eyes as soon as they came near enough."

The Doctor opened his eyes very wide at this information, but merely remarked that Captain Toby "know'd a heap of funny things."

The more Mr. Fry considered the matter the more determined he became to carry his project into execution.

"Campbell," said he, after a pause, "I believe I'll do it. With your assistance I can arrange one of these deer-skins. It will be a grand triumph if I can kill a fine buck within a few hundred yards of camp."

The Doctor was rather tickled at the idea, and readily offered his assistance. A large deer-skin was selected from a lot that hung on a tree close by. The head and antlers of another deer were then procured, and, by means of a little labor in cutting out the jaw-bones and brains, rendered sufficiently light for the purpose. A sail-needle and piece of twine answered to sew this to the neck of the skin, which the Doctor then fastened around the body of Mr. Fry with strips of raw hide. In a very short time the deception was complete. As Mr. Fry walked up and down before the camp-fire in a stooping posture the Doctor could not forbear some expressions of admiration.

"Golly, Mass'r Fry! you's de 'spress image of a big buck I seed de oder day—all leep de hind-legs!"

Mr. Fry looked at his ponderous legs, and thought they might be a little thinner without disadvantage to himself or the character he had assumed. However, it would not be necessary to show his hind-legs unless in case he should encounter a bear. By turning his back toward an animal of that description, he thought there would be rather an advantage in the legs than otherwise; and he accordingly turned in the proposed attitude, and said, triumphantly,

"Campbell, what do I look like now?"

"Golly!" exclaimed the Doctor, starting back as if quite astounded, "you's de 'spress image of a ghost I seed one night! If dat doesn't scare away de grizzly bears de debbil himself couldn't do it!"

Mr. Fry was quite charmed with the results of his experiment. With a few words of caution to the Doctor not to suffer any accident to happen to the stew, he took his rifle and proceeded toward a little eminence about three hundred yards from the camp. This spot was partially concealed by bushes, and was admirably suited for the purpose. It overlooked a ravine in which several deer had been recently seen, and where it was likely there were still a few bucks lurking in search of the does which had been killed.

Mr. Fry had not proceeded very far when he heard a crackling sound in the bushes on the opposite side of the ravine. It was evidently a



TOM FRY'S DEER HUNT.

deer, and now was the time to test the experiment of the mask. With some difficulty, and a few misgivings that it might possibly turn out to be a bear, he got down on all fours and crept cautiously up toward the edge of the bank, keeping his rifle pointed backward, so that there would be no danger of an accident, and breathing very heavily to keep his courage up.

Here I must pause to explain the true nature of the sounds which had attracted the attention of our hunter.

It appeared that Mr. Phil Wilkins, after becoming separated from the party, took it into his head that this thing of cruising around the edges of chaparral patches and deep ravines was somewhat dangerous. He would therefore cruise in toward the camp. Still it would not do to return too soon; so he sat down and waited a few hours, during which he devoted himself to the preparation of an argument in defense of his peculiar theories, that would perfectly annihilate the Judge. About the time he had entirely extinguished his antagonist he heard a rustling among the bushes on the opposite side of the ravine, and looking up in that direction, perceived, to his extreme surprise, the head and antlers of a splendid buck! Mr. Wilkins was seized with a sudden ague. He was not frightened. By no means. Nobody ever is frightened on such occasions. It was only the prodigious and astounding character of the fact that took him aback. There stood a live buck before him within forty yards! It was enough to give any gentleman not accustomed to such sights the worst kind of an ague. I once had an attack myself that caused me to drop the rifle and run away; but then that was a bear ague. Still the buck ague is very nearly as bad, because there is no telling whether the animal may not take a sudden notion to make use of his horns, and thus become the attacking party.

Mr. Wilkins had fired by way of practice several shots at crows, stumps, and rocks on the way down to his present station, and not expecting to see any thing more, had failed to load his



THE BUCK AGUE.

is that?" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins, starting back aghast. "A buck with human legs!"

There was certainly no mistake about that fact. There were the legs—and a very substantial pair they were too. Mr. Wilkins turned ashy pale, shook from head to foot, and cried out desperately,

"Help! help! I've killed a man! Come here somebody! Murder! fire!"

Fortunately Captain Toby happened to be charging down the hill at that moment on his Broncho. Attracted by the cries of help, he hastened to the spot, and there saw, to his intense astonishment, the prostrate and writhing form of Mr. Fry, habited in the skin of a deer, the unhappy Wilkins running about frantically calling for help. The Captain saw at a glance what had happened, dis-

mounted from his Broncho, raised up the head of the dying man, felt his pulse, and carefully examined his body.

He now did so, however, very rapidly, and under such terrible shocks of ague that it was with the utmost difficulty he could find the muzzle of the rifle, or get the powder into it after he did find it, or put the cap on the nipple after that was done. Without waiting to draw out the ramrod—of the existence of which he was perfectly ignorant at the moment—he hastily placed the barrel on the limb of a small tree, drew the stock somewhere about the top of his right shoulder, took a general average of the space in front of him, shut both his eyes, turned his head away, and—fired!

"He's mortally wounded," said the Captain, gravely. "You've shot him in the bowels! Here's the hole in the deer-skin where the ball struck him."

Mr. Wilkins, to his extreme surprise, found himself immediately lying prostrate upon his back with the rifle about three paces from him. He rubbed his eyes, got up, felt his arms and legs, walked a few steps, and became satisfied that he had suffered no material injury. It was a very remarkable case! The rifle must have kicked! No matter; he had effectually disposed of the buck, for he could see it across the ravine kicking on the top of the bank in the agonies of death!

"But there's no blood," said Mr. Wilkins, wringing his hands; "at least I don't see any."

Mr. Wilkins hastened toward the spot. He drew his knife as he ascended the bank. Bucks sometimes make battle. It would be well to cut the poor animal's throat, at all events, and put it out of misery: not that this was any argument against his theory. On the contrary—

"Of course not. No man ever bleeds when he is shot in the bowels. The injury is internal."

"What's to be done?" cried Mr. Wilkins, piteously. "What's to be done, Captain Toby?"

"Done?" said the Captain. "Why, carry him into camp at once, and give him some nourishment. Nothing else will save him?"

Here the Captain set up a yell for help that must have been heard at the distance of half a mile. Almost at the same moment the two lawyers, who had taken down the coast, appeared over the brow of the hill. By the united efforts of all four the unfortunate victim of Mr. Wilkins's skill was lifted up and borne toward the camp.

In the mean time the Doctor had heard the unusual cries, and was rejoiced at the success of the experiment in which he had taken part.

"Golly!" said he, as the party approached carrying their heavy burden, "das a whopper! Mass'r Tom has killed a big buck, sure enough!"



BRINGING GAME INTO CAMP.

Whew! it takes four of 'em to carry it into camp!"

But just at this moment the Doctor got sight of the legs, and turned the color of lead with fright. Visions of murder, arrest, jails, and the gallows flashed through his brain. Not more than half an hour had elapsed since he had helped to manufacture that very buck. Throwing up his hands he fell back in a paroxysm of terror, roaring out with all his might, "Gway fum here! Oh! gway fum here! I had nuffin to do wid it! Gway! Somebody else done it! I'm nuffin but a poor ole nigger! Let me be! Oh, let me be!"

"Shut up!" said the Captain, sternly. "Nobody accused you of it, you old reprobate! Bring the blue keg here, quick!"

The Doctor gathered himself up as fast as possible, and did as commanded. Captain Toby then directed that the wounded man should be laid on a blanket, which was also done. He then took the keg, extracted the bung, and held the orifice directly over the mouth of his patient. The remedy operated like magic. After a few gulps Mr. Fry slowly opened his eyes, and, in a feeble voice, demanded, "Where am I? What has happened? Is the stew all safe?"

Captain Toby answered, "Keep quiet, my dear Sir, as you value your life. You are in camp among your friends. An accident has happened. You have been shot in mistake for a deer, and mortally wounded. Fortunately, however, there is a remedy at hand which would bring the deadest man that ever died to life if he

were only capable of trying it—and the stew is all safe."

Mr. Fry groaned and turned over. He was aware that he was mortally wounded—there could be no doubt about that. He had felt the ball strike him. It must have hit him in the pit of the stomach, for there was where he had first become sensible of the concussion. To die, however, and leave that stew! Here he groaned again, and begged to be helped to a plate of stew, that he might at least know how it tasted before his departure from this world. The Doctor quickly supplied the necessary aliment.

"Perhaps, after all," observed Mr. Wilkins, hopefully, "he may not be mortally wounded, though I am certain I took dead aim on him."

"Not mortally wounded!" cried Captain Toby, sternly. "Was ever a man shot through the pit of the stomach without being mortally wounded? I am astonished at you, Mr. Wilkins! Permit me to ask, Sir, if you shot this unfortunate man in illustration of your peculiar theory? If you did, it was certainly a very striking illustration! Besides, Sir, I am too well aware of your skill with the rifle to suppose for a moment that you could have missed so large an object at the distance of forty paces."

"No," said Mr. Wilkins, mournfully, "I never could have missed him—that is impossible. There was a very heavy load in the rifle. It kicked me over the moment I pulled the trigger."

"Ha!" exclaimed Captain Toby, "then you shot him with the ramrod! That is still worse.

No man ever yet recovered after a ramrod had passed through his bowels. You must be prepared, Sir, for the worst consequences. I once shot three bucks with a ramrod, and killed every one of them instantly. Indeed, there was an unfortunate Indian stealing upon them from the opposite side, and he was killed also. The ramrod entered his skull and passed out through his left heel. He never spoke a word after receiving the wound; but turning coolly around, picked up the ramrod, fixed it in his bow, and fired it back at me. By a mere miracle my life was saved. The pewter flask which I usually carry hung in front of my stomach. The ramrod struck it and glanced, merely carrying away two buttons from my vest. The Indian, in the mean time, rolled over and died."

This fearful example of the dreadful effects of ramrods caused Mr. Fry to drop the stew and resume his groans. It was truly pitiable to behold him as he lay tossing and groaning on the blanket, calling for help and protesting that it was impossible for him to live fifteen minutes longer.

At this melancholy stage of affairs the Judge and several other members of the party returned to camp, having been unsuccessful in the chase. A large buzzard was the only game that resulted from the united skill of the party.

The nature of the dreadful catastrophe which had occurred was quickly explained by Captain Toby; and it is doing no more than justice to his Honor to say that he was profoundly moved and distressed. In a voice almost inarticulate with grief he said:

"Nothing can be farther from my intention, gentlemen, than to take advantage of so sad an occasion for the purpose of enjoying a petty triumph over a fallen adversary; for I most deeply sympathize with our unfortunate friend who has been the cause of this terrible disaster. It is but reasonable and humane to suppose that he was laboring under some extraordinary hallucination of intellect when he undertook to sustain his peculiar theory of Material Substances by shooting a fellow-being through the body with a ramrod. I have never known precisely such a case in the whole history of medical jurisprudence. Yet there are several examples on record somewhat analogous in their nature. The famous case of *Barnes v. Boggs*, 4th Howard, p. 6547, and Chap. VIII., verse 14, p. 972 of Coke upon Littleton—"

"If the Court please," said Mr. Tompkins, one of the legal gentlemen who had assisted in carrying the body of the unfortunate Fry into camp, "this case is recorded in Chap. X., 6th verse of Chitty upon Evidence—"

"Exactly," continued the Judge, "and a very remarkable case it is too. Barnes and Boggs were friends. One day, in the course of an argument, Boggs contended that the human skull was composed of gum-elastic—"

"Gutta-percha, if it please the Court," interrupted Mr. Podgers, the other legal gentleman who had rendered assistance in the present case.

"—That the human skull was composed of gutta-percha. Barnes denied this proposition as absurd and contemptible, and quoted the evidence of the most renowned medical men of the age to prove that it was formed of calcined magnesia and oxygen gas."

"Hydrogen, if it please the Court," said Mr. Tompkins.

"—Of hydrogen gas and calcined magnesia. Boggs became excited, and said that the question was susceptible of mathematical demonstration. Barnes dared him to prove it, upon which Boggs immediately struck Barnes a smart blow on the head with his walking-cane. Barnes dropped—"

"If the Court will excuse me," said Mr. Podgers, "Barnes did not drop. He staggered and fell."

"That is immaterial to the point at issue," continued the Judge; "at all events, his skull was cracked—"

"Fractured, is the reading of the case in the books," said Mr. Tompkins.

"—His skull was fractured by the blow. Boggs still contended that it was made of gutta-percha, which Barnes being unable to deny at the moment, Boggs retired triumphantly. Suit for damages was brought by Barnes immediately upon his recovery. The Court decided that no man had a right to maintain the doctrine of gutta-percha at the expense of another man's skull—"

"Cranium is the expression used in the decision, if the Court please," said Mr. Podgers.

"—At the expense of another man's cranium. The jury having rendered a verdict of Guilty, Boggs was sentenced to pay a fine of a thousand dollars—"

"Eleven hundred," said Mr. Tompkins; "that was the exact amount—eleven hundred."

"—A fine of eleven hundred dollars, and suffer imprisonment for the term of two years—"

"Three, if your Honor please," said Mr. Podgers. "'And likewise sentenced to suffer imprisonment for the term of three years'—such is the exact reading of the Reports."

"Very well," said the Judge, "three years. It was long enough, at all events, to enable him to reflect upon his error, and become convinced that the human skull is not made of gutta-percha but of Porcelain—"

"French China," suggested Mr. Tompkins; "if I remember correctly, Boggs ever after contended that the skull, or rather cranium, is composed of French China."

"Terra-cotta is the material mentioned in the Reports," said Mr. Podgers; "for I remember very well when the case was tried much discussion took place as to the meaning of the words. It was finally agreed that they signified baked or cooked earth."

"Precisely; you are right, Sir. And ever after contended that the human skull is not made of gutta-percha, but of terra-cotta or cooked earth; a doctrine which, however untenable in the present state of medical science, is, never-

theless, much less dangerous to society than that originally maintained by Boggs."

"A very remarkable case," said Mr. Tompkins; "strikingly analogous. Many others might be cited, in all of which the strict rule of law is laid down that pending the issue of death the accused party can not be held to bail."

"Moreover," suggested Mr. Podgers, "it is required, and becomes the duty of all good citizens, in the absence of the Sheriff, Deputy Sheriff, or other legally constituted officer of the law, to seize and hold in custody the guilty or accused party until he can be delivered over to the proper authorities for trial. For my own part," added Mr. Podgers, "I have very little doubt that in the present case a plea of self-defense can be maintained; yet in the absence of proof, and under the peculiar circumstances, where there is a strong probability of a fatal issue, it appears to me that our duty is plain. It is certainly a very unpleasant one to seize and confine a fellow-member of this Association, but the authorities are imperative on the subject."

"Besides," suggested Mr. Tompkins, "as the unfortunate gentleman in question is satisfied, through his peculiar system of reasoning, that he is composed chiefly of cows, sheep, chickens, snipe, rabbits, bucks, quails, and grizzly bears, not to mention hen-eggs and the larvæ of fish—I quote his own words—no possible injury can result to him if we secure him to a tree, pending the issue of this sad affair. And, moreover, should it be his misfortune to expiate his offense according to the extreme penalty of the law, it will doubtless be a subject of consolation to him to know that the contact of Material Substances produces no radical change."

Mr. Wilkins, already confused by the conflicting emotions of grief and anxiety that filled his breast, was so completely overcome by this adroit application of his own theory, that he was incapable of uttering a single word in his own defense. He merely expressed his willingness to abide by the law, whatever it might be.

The Judge, whose sympathies were deeply moved by the unfortunate position of his adversary, expressed the hope that it would not be necessary to proceed to such extreme measures. He had entire confidence in the honor of the accused. "If he [Mr. Wilkins] would at once retract his dangerous doctrine of Material Substances—during the existence of which there could be no safety in camp—and pledge his word as a gentleman not to run away—"

"Never!" cried Mr. Wilkins, firmly; "never, Sir! The truth is dearer to me than life itself. Bind me hand and foot, gentlemen. I am ready to abide by the law."

"In that case," said the Judge, gloomily, "I can interpose no obstacle. The gentleman may at any moment kill half a dozen of us, to prove that there is no such thing as death. He had better be securely bound."

Messrs. Tompkins and Podgers immediately volunteered to perform this unpleasant duty, but as no resistance was made it was not difficult.

In the course of a few minutes the unhappy Wilkins was bound by the arms and securely fastened to a tree; and Messrs. Tompkins and Podgers rejoiced in the belief that they had at the same time secured a very important case.



FAST BIND, FAST FIND.

In the mean time Captain Toby was actively employed in administering copious doses of "nourishment" to his patient, the beneficial effects of which soon became manifest.

I must here digress a moment to speak of the peculiar kind of nourishment which the climate of California seems to demand. Every body is aware that the climate of California is peculiarly dry; but it is not generally known that the effect of this exceeding drought is to evaporate all the juices out of the physical system. Hence it becomes necessary constantly to renew the supply, in order to keep from withering up. Water is not always to be had; and, consequently, many very temperate people are obliged to drink whisky, of which there is never any scarcity. I am acquainted with several excellent stage-drivers on the Sacramento, Mud Springs, Hangtown, Murderer's Bar, Grizzly Flat, and Devil's Gulch routes, who, by reason of constantly riding in the sun, evaporate so rapidly that they are compelled to stop for a drink every half hour. During the intervals they become highly irritated



CALIFORNIA STAGE-DRIVER.

lest any unforeseen circumstance should have occurred to cut off the supply at the next tavern, and begin to swear horribly in about ten minutes after the last drink, and keep on swearing at a frightful rate of progression till it becomes absolutely shocking to hear them. Stages filled with passengers are often turned over during these intervals of raging thirst, and legs and arms broken without regard to the owners. These drivers are very clever sort of fellows in their way, but not proverbial for their civility, unless you furnish them with an extra treat, which immediately operates on their organs of benevolence, and, in extreme cases, secures a top-seat, when they will be pleased to entertain you for many hours during the day with an elaborate account of each team, and of every other driver, and every pretty girl, and every fight, and every frolic, that ever was seen or heard of on the route.

But this process of evaporation is by no means confined to stage-drivers. The climate of Sacramento during the sessions of the Legislature is wonderfully calculated to absorb all the moisture in the legislative body. No measure of any importance can be passed without a large expenditure of whisky; and the election of a Senator is so thirsty a business that I have never known one to be elected until a majority of both houses had inquired into the true merits of the case under the table.

Nor is San Francisco exempt from this prevailing epidemic. I do not pretend to say that people are any more thirsty there than they are in New York, Boston, New Orleans, or any other

great city in the Union; but I think the water is not usually considered so wholesome as it is elsewhere, and consequently a smaller amount of it is mixed with the whisky. Indeed I am acquainted with many competent judges who say that it weakens good liquor to put any water at all in it.

Nor is the peculiar effect of the climate of the western coast confined to the whites. The Indians are also strongly affected by it. A few years ago, when I had the misfortune to be in public employ (and for no disreputable act that I can now remember), it became my duty to inquire into the condition of the Indians on Puget's Sound. In the course of my travels through that interesting region I visited a little village, not far from the Straits of Fuca, consisting of some half a dozen Indian wigwams and a few rickety frame shanties, in which white people lived. The principal articles of commerce, I soon discovered, were whisky, cotton handkerchiefs, tobacco, and cigars, and the principal shops were devoted to billiards and the sale of grog. This was in 1857. I was introduced by the Indian Agent to the "Duke of York," the chief of the Clallam tribe, who inhabited that region, and still disputed the possession of the place with the white settlers. If the settlers paid him any thing for the land upon which they built their shanties it must have been in whisky, for the Duke was lying drunk in his wigwam at the time of my visit. For the sake of morals, I regret to say that he had two wives, ambitiously named "Queen Victoria" and "Jenny Lind;" and for the good repute of Indian la-

dies of rank, it grieves me to add that the Queen and Jenny were also very tipsy, if not quite drunk, when I called to pay my respects.

The Duke was lying on a rough wooden bedstead, with a bullock's hide stretched over it, enjoying his ease with the ladies of his household. When the Agent informed him that a Hyas Tyee, or Big Chief, had called to see him with a message from the Great Chief of all the Indians, the Duke grunted significantly, as much as to say "that's all right." The Queen, who sat near him in the bed, gave him a few whacks to rouse him up, and by the aid of Jenny Lind succeeded, after a while, in getting him in an upright position. His costume consisted of a red shirt and nothing else, but neither of the royal ladies seemed at all put out by the scantiness of his wardrobe. There was something very amiable and jolly in the face of the old Duke, even stupefied as he was by whisky. He shook me by the hand in a friendly manner, and, patting his stomach, remarked, "Duke York belly good man!"

Of course I complimented him upon his general reputation as a good man, and proceeded to make the usual speech, derived from the official formula, about the Great Chief in Washington, whose children were as numerous as the leaves on the trees and the grass on the plains.

"Oh, dam!" said the Duke, impatiently; "him send any whisky?"

No; on the contrary, the Great Chief had heard with profound regret that the Indians of Puget's Sound were addicted to the evil practice of drinking whisky; and it made his heart

bleed to learn that it was killing them off rapidly, and was the principal cause of all their misery. It was very cruel and very wicked for white men to sell whisky to the Indians, and it was his earnest wish that the law against this illicit traffic might be enforced and the offenders punished.

"Ugh!" muttered the Duke of York; "him send any 'backer?"

No; on the contrary, he has also heard with deep regret that the Indians of Puget's Sound were addicted to the use of tobacco, a vile and nauseous weed, affording no nourishment, and highly injurious to health. The bad example of white men in using this noxious stimulant, and teaching Indians how to use it, who perhaps never saw it before, was greatly to be deplored. How much better it would be for the Indians to spend their earnings on wholesome food, which would strengthen their stomachs, and enable them to do a great deal more heavy work.

"Ugh!" grunted the Duke of York; "him send any cigars?"

No; all the objections which applied to the use of tobacco were applicable to the use of cigars, which were frequently manufactured out of tobacco. The Great Chief thought it entirely unnecessary that his red children should make chimneys out of their mouths like foolish white men, and never encouraged the practice by sending them presents of cigars.

"Ugh!" said the Duke of York; "him send any rum?"

No; rum was worse than tobacco, and very nearly as bad as whisky. It was the policy of



THE DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN VICTORIA, AND JENNY LIND.

the Great Chief to do all in his power to prevent his red children from drinking rum; hence the Agents appointed to show them a good example were men selected by his subordinate chiefs on account of their temperate habits.

"Ugh!" muttered the Duke of York; "him send any muck-a-muck?"

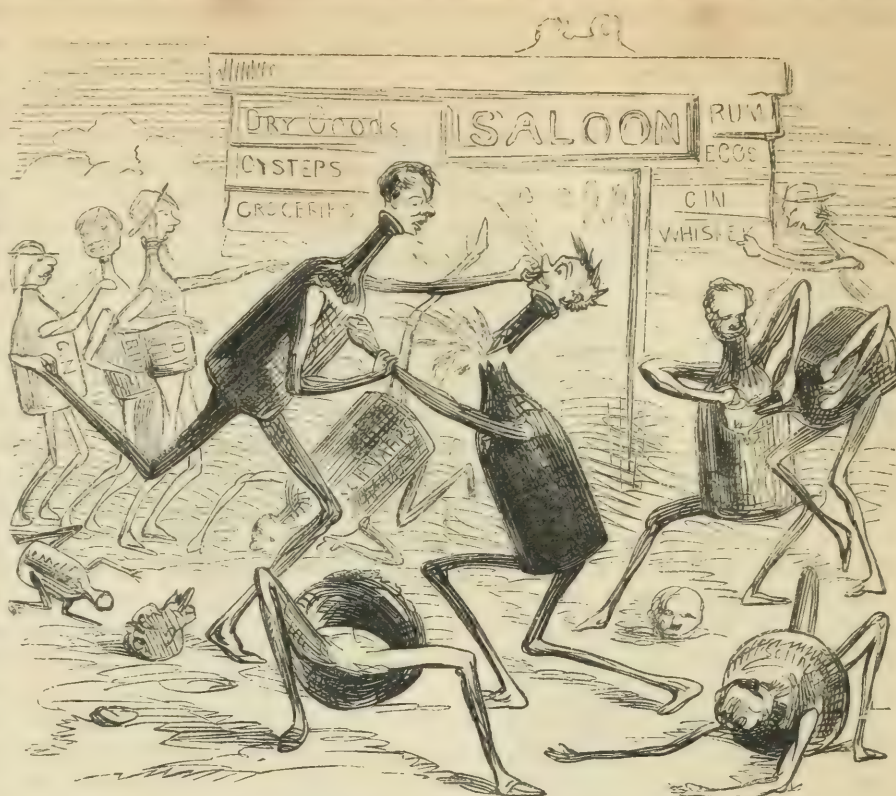
"No; there was a liberal fund appropriated by Congress every year for the purpose of relieving the urgent necessities of the Indians, and it was expected that in seasons of great scarcity, when their own efforts to procure a livelihood failed, and starvation was likely to result, the Agents would furnish them with a little muck-a-muck occasionally out of whatever money there might be to spare.

"Oh, dam!" said the Duke, turning over on his bed, and contemptuously waving his hand in termination of the interview—"dis Tye no 'count!"

While this wa-wa, or grand talk, was going on, the Queen put her arms affectionately around the Duke's neck, and giggled with admiration at his eloquence. Jenny sat a little at one side, and seemed to be under the combined influence of whisky, jealousy, and a black eye. I was subsequently informed that the Duke was in the habit of beating both the Queen and Jenny for their repeated quarrels, and when unusually drunk was not particular about either the force or direction of his blows. This accounted for Jenny's black eye and bruised features, and for the alleged absence of two of the Queen's front teeth, which it was said were knocked out in a recent brawl.

As I was saying, when led into the foregoing digression upon the dryness of the climate of California, the effects of the nourishment administered by Captain Toby to Mr. Fry very soon became manifest. He began to grow quite warm and red in the face. Upon being divested of his deer-skin, which in the confusion had hitherto remained on him, he rose up from his blanket, looked around the camp, took another pull at the blue keg, and burst into a wild roar of laughter.

"Look a-here, genlem!" said he, staggering forward a few paces, and endeavoring to balance himself in an oratorical attitude—"my name's Tom Fry! A jolly old oyster is Tom! My sen'ments are in favor of Free trade and Con-



EFFECT OF THE CLIMATE OF CALIFORNIA.

sishoonal rights! Any body that wants Tom Fry, he's on hand! For

'I won't go home till morning!

Oh, I won't go home till morning!

Tol derol deraddy! Ri tol derol deraddy!

Genlem, I propose three cheers for Free trade and Conshooshinal rights—Ri tol derol deraddy!

'No: I won't go home till morning!

Who says I killed a man? Bring him out! Bring him out! I can whip any man of my weight in camp. If he says I killed a man, he says wot ain't true. I can whip him with one hand. Don't care if he is Tom Sayers. I can whip him and Heenan too. For my name's Tom Fry, and I'm in favor of Conshooshinal rights; and

'I won't go home till morning!

Ri tol de rol der addy!

No: I won't go home till morning!"

The astonishment caused by this happy turn of affairs may well be conceived but can not be described. Had the dead risen from the grave it could scarcely have been greater. Indeed that such was the case was the momentary impression of many, and the absolute conviction of the old black Doctor, whose eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets.

"How'r, old boy!" cried Tom, staggering toward him; "wha's the latest news from Africa?"

"Gway fum here!" roared the Doctor, retreating—"gway! Gol a mighty, I wish de gemmen ud let me go home! De debbil's in dis camp sure!"

Upon the suggestion of Captain Toby the prisoner, Mr. Phil Wilkins, was now released, to the great disgust of Messrs. Tompkins and Podgers, who contended that the "intent" was just as criminal as if the man had died, and

that such a proceeding was contrary to all the precedents within the range of their legal experience. Mr. Wilkins was also in favor of remaining under arrest, unless every gentleman present would come forward and acknowledge that he (Mr. W.) was perfectly correct in the premises which he had assumed from the beginning. The Judge considered that to indorse such doctrines would be to shatter the very foundations of government; upon which Mr. Wilkins retorted with great severity, and the matter was again assuming a hostile attitude, when Captain Toby suggested that a general pull at the blue keg would do more toward sustaining the great fabric of society than all the law and all the arguments ever devised.

"A little NOURISHMENT, gentlemen, is all we want to enable us to see into the bottom of the whole affair."

It affords me unfeigned pleasure to add that all agreed to this very reasonable proposition. The "nourishment" was produced, and passed around so freely, and with such a good-will, that before two hours had elapsed Captain Toby, the Judge, Mr. Phil Wilkins, Tom Fry, Messrs. Tompkins and Podgers, with the old black Doctor in the rear, were marching around the camp, arm in arm, singing in stentorian voices,

"We won't go home till morning!
Oh, we won't go home till morning!
No: we won't go home till morning!
Hi oh! hi oh! hi oh!"

But in the morning we did start for home, bidding a final farewell to Bear Harbor. Of the adventures by the way, and the cordial reception which we received at San Francisco, the History of the California Coast Rangers will at present be silent.



WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING!

THE CAVALRIST.

THERE is something glorious in being mounted upon a fine horse—something exhilarating, and as suggestive of high deeds of courage and of daring. What horseman but has felt that indescribable thrill which courses like fire through one's veins when mounted upon a spirited charger, and which seems to bid defiance—nay, to even court the danger which he otherwise would seek to avoid? Does not a proud independence take possession of the soul; for have we not always found that those nations who are naturally *horsemen* are ever the most

tenacious of their liberties? Can we wonder, then, that the cavalrist clings with love—ay, almost idolatry—to his particular corps? Can we wonder that he looks down upon the mere foot-soldier as one who can not comprehend the emotions which sway *him*; and although we may not agree with him, can we not pardon the feeling which dictates the thought? There is a little corner in every man's heart in which romance and knightly pride have stowed themselves; we can easily, then, understand how popular must be a corps embodying so much of both.

This ever-pervading shroud of romance and knight-errantry feeling stimulates and ennobles almost all the duties of the cavalrist. Oh! the romance of a night-patrol, when the moon beams serenely down, bathing every thing in a flood of mysterious radiance; moulding the slightest impediment, the most familiar objects of the landscape, into strange and weird forms of fancied dangers. Or, when the sky is overcast, the clouds sweeping like the eddies of a river across the beauteous moon, bathing each time her face anew, and adding redoubled brightness to her smile; while her rays, touching here and there some parts of the accoutrements, betray, by its deadly gleam, the ready sabre! It is on such a night as this that the soul, touched by the silence and the time, awakens to a thousand new and mysterious influences, and listens with a lover's ear to the sweet whisperings of romance and of peril.

These perils are often illusionary, and lead to rare recrimination and sport; while oftener their reality is untold—for "dead men tell no tales!"

I remember a story of the fate of an Austrian patrol, during the late war in Italy, which may not here be out of place, while it will serve to illustrate the guerrilla style of warfare adopted by the Garibaldians.

A small patrolling party of Austrian dragoons were proceeding cautiously along a road leading from the little town of Lognato. They had no sooner passed a lonely part of the road than the trees on either side swarmed with dark and unusual objects; men, men clambered and dropped down the trees like monkeys. They were the Austrians' deadly enemies, the "Cacciatori"—the Hunters of the Alps. Scrambling down, they proceeded to tie a strong rope across the darkest part of the road, and about a foot from the ground; then further down the road they tied several more ropes across—thus cutting off the retreat of the fated Austrians. They then ascended to their strong hiding-places, to await the reappearance of the Austrians. Soon firing was heard in front, and after a pause the Imperial dragoons came clattering down the road, when, fired at from the trees and from every side—their horses stumbling over the rope—their retreat cut off—assailed in front and rear, but *one*, a sergeant, escaped to tell their fate, and prove a warning for the future. Ever after that lancers formed a part of all patrols, thrusting their lances into every thing—tree, bush, and hollow—before proceeding a step.

In regard to the position of the cavalrist in the scale of warlike precedence military authorities have varied much—he naturally claiming for himself a superiority, more impartial judges giving him a lower rank. Mahan says, "In all countries where military art is justly appreciated the cavalry arm is placed in the *second rank* to infantry; and gives, as the proper proportion, *one-fourth* of the infantry for a campaign, and *one-sixth* for a broken or mountainous country." Charles XII. of Sweden, on the

contrary, not content with making his cavalry perform all the duties of horsemen, led them also against intrenchments and batteries, and always with success. "He knew," says Count Bismark, "that by the rapidity of motion the natural vivacity of the majority of mankind is increased, and, often mounting to a blind fury and fool-hardy enthusiasm, leaves no time for consideration or calculation of danger; that at such a moment death loses its terrors, and Victory—but with luring colors—presents itself to the soul of the wildly-rushing warrior."

"The use of cavalry," says Halleck, "is probably nearly as old as war itself. The Egyptians had cavalry before the time of Moses, and the Israelites often encountered cavalry in their wars with their neighbors, though they made no use of this arm themselves until the time of Solomon." The relative proportions of cavalry to infantry were at that time extremely small; they continued to increase, however, in different nations and under different reigns, until they reached the average of one to ten of the other branches, which continued the proportion for many centuries. The rise of that knightly spirit which afterward illumined the whole of Christendom, led to the greater increase of this particular arm of the service, until, at the battle of Tours, we find that the cavalry and infantry were in the proportion of one to five. Later, we find their numbers nearly equal; and still later, under Charles the Bald, cavalry superseded all the other branches, and formed the composition of armies to the entire exclusion of infantry. "And during the Middle Ages," to quote from Halleck again, "the knights disdained the foot service, and fought only on horseback."

Upon the introduction of gunpowder as the principal agency of war, it became evident that the whole construction of armies must undergo a change; and in no respect was that alteration more perceptible, when that change, though not immediate, *did* take place, than in the increase of foot-soldiers at the expense of the cavalry. The picturesque knight, with his tapering lance, gave way to the more commonplace foot-soldier, armed with his heavy arquebuse. As the whole dependence had been placed in mounted corps, the other extreme was now adopted—extremes being the failing of nations as well as mere individuals. The great utility of horsemen, however, did not allow of their being long so underrated and soon led to their increase.

By training footmen to the duties and armament of horsemen, at the same time reserving to them their fancied advantages as foot-soldiers, they sought to fill the want which was already felt, and at the same time avoid clashing with the still existing prejudice. Certain it is, that toward the end of the reign of Charles V. we find a corps answering in every respect to our modern dragoons, established on the principle that they were to fight as readily and well on foot as on horseback. And though such a thing as a corps of dragoons leaving their horses to fight on foot is in modern warfare a feat unheard of, this su-

perstition of the past has so clung to us that even at the present day a knowledge of infantry tactics is interwoven as part of the instruction of every dragoon; thus doubtlessly taking up much valuable time that might be much more profitably occupied by the *manège*, in which there is not much danger of the recruit becoming too proficient. Indeed, many think it is time for this obsolete idea, as they term it, to give place to the dictates of common sense; for independent of the present interpolation of infantry with cavalry duties, being, owing to reasons before given, extremely unpopular with the men, they have not been called into use for the last forty years, and probably never will be; and further, if they were, would most likely, owing to the distaste of the men for learning them, be found futile, while they greatly injure the efficiency of the corps as a cavalry arm of the service.

Proficiency, not mere *capability* in horsemanship, can not be too strenuously insisted upon; it is upon it that the efficiency of all cavalry must depend. The celebrated Marshal Marmont has it that "*L'équitation est tout.*" Certain it is that a cavalrist must be firm in his saddle, and have a perfect confidence in his weapon, to be really efficient.

The desired proficiency in horsemanship should not, however, be the mere perfection of a school of equitation; the idea should be to ride naturally, and by association with horses and unmitigated practice, to obtain that confidence which, while it is the prompter of that noble enthusiasm of which I have already spoken, makes such a thing as an accident next to impossible.

Within the precincts of a monarchy, where reviews by crowned heads are continually taking place, an artificial system of riding is more excusable than here in our own country, where soldiers are paid for fighting and not for show.

Let us, then, form our own Cavalry Manual, and our own School of Equitation; or rather, let the aim be to create a body of natural or real horsemen, in contradistinction to the stiff and artificial system of a school. Let such men be selected only as have a perfect knowledge of horses and horsemanship from their childhood (there are thousands such, doubtlessly, now serving in infantry corps), and instead of attempting to break these men, as is almost always attempted, into a certain *school*, be content with teaching them the usual tactics and a perfect reliance in their peculiar arm.

An old Prussian riding-master once said to me, "I would rather have a raw recruit, who had never seen a horse, to instruct, than a man who had already learned to ride. The first we break in readily, but the last we have any quantity of trouble with." How erroneous the idea, yet it is a very prevalent one in all European armies!

The difference between a natural and an artificial rider has been most clearly and correctly defined by Captain Nolan—one whose love of his corps was only equaled by his zeal for its improvement. "The difference between a school

rider and a real horseman," says this writer, "is this: the first depends upon the guidance and managing his horse for maintaining his seat; the second, or real horseman, depends upon his seat for controlling and guiding his horse."

The plan for selecting men for our cavalry service should be, to address a circular order to the colonels of the various infantry corps, with instructions to find out the best horsemen, whom they would be willing to permit, and who would be themselves willing to enter, the cavalry service. Or better still, send a cavalry recruiting officer to select, with the permission of the colonel, such men as are most accustomed to horses and desirous of exchanging into a cavalry corps. Then fill up the vacancies thus created by transferring to the respective infantry corps out of the men already recruited, those who show the smallest amount of ability or aptness for horsemanship, and who already lumber up the ranks of the cavalry arm of the service, depreciating the efficiency of their comrades by their awkwardness as well as being worse than useless themselves.

That such a system is better than the present practice, where "good horsemen are preferred," as the recruiting hand-bills have it, can not be doubted. Besides, you may thus make a very good infantryman out of a bad horseman, and a splendid cavalrist out of a bad infantry soldier.

Another great advantage in selecting men who have grown up among horses, is, that they understand better the habits, nature, and whims of their animals, and at the same time feel a greater love for, and are kinder to, them than men who learn to ride merely because it is part of the work for which they enlisted; and better than all, men accustomed to the stable possess that confidence in the management of horses which habit alone will give, and which must be sustained under all circumstances—for horses are not always docile—"even the most docile and best-tempered horses are difficult to manage in battle," says Captain Nolan. They sometimes go mad with excitement, and then they prove the most dangerous enemy the horseman has to contend against. At the battle of Minden two whole French regiments were entirely destroyed by the horses taking fright and bolting in a charge. The men fell off and were trampled to death.

Athletic exercises and feats of horsemanship should also be encouraged, and some prize instituted for those men who should take the best care of their horses and preserve them fit for service for the greatest length of time.

As to the proper armament for cavalry corps there has been much variance of opinion. Frederick the Great positively forbade his troops to use any arm but the sabre, while Napoleon thought that all cavalry should be provided with fire-arms. Montecuculi was strongly prejudiced in favor of the lance, which he terms the "Queen of weapons;" and certain it is, that if squares of infantry are to be broken by cavalry, it must be through the aid of the lance: consequently, the

continual augmentation of lancers in European armies is a marked feature in military history. But in a *melée* a short weapon must always have the advantage over a long one, which besides being unwieldy is liable to become shattered; and where a charge of lancers is contemplated, a part should charge with lances slung and sabres drawn.

Cavalry is divided into Light, consisting of lancers, hussars, and mounted riflemen; Heavy, consisting of carabineers, cuirassiers, and sometimes lancers, where they are heavily mounted; and dragoons, which are a kind of go-between or mixture.

Light cavalry, according to Marmont, ought to be the eye and the ear of the army. To it appertains the outpost and detachment duties; it must form vanguards and convoys; it must watch over the safety of the field artillery as well as guard the heavy cavalry against surprise, and at the same time be prepared to pierce with the rapidity of thought wherever, through oversight or the changes of battle, the enemy has thrown himself open to attack. With light cavalry celerity is a primary requisite, and it should possess such alertness and dexterity as to enable it to envelop and harass the enemy "like a swarm of wasps—perpetually stinging, but never to be caught."

The duties of heavy cavalry are usually confined to the field of battle, where it is held in reserve until some decisive opening shows itself, when it is launched like a thunder-bolt, sweeping all before it.

Many a battle has been won by a vigorous dash of cavalry. Eylau, Rossbach, Zornsdorf, Borodino, Wurtsburg, and Marengo, were decided by the cavalry taking advantage of the enemies' infantry being engaged by their own, to charge and overthrow them. At Leipzig also the Austrian Cuirassiers "covered themselves with glory:" they overthrew the lancers and dragoons of the French Imperial Guard, and even broke several squares.

It is the duty, too, of cavalry to pursue and demoralize the retreating foe. Jena and Waterloo may be selected as examples where this duty was skillfully carried into effect. "Cavalry may also be very efficacious against infantry in wet weather, when the rain or snow renders it impossible for the foot-soldiers to use their fire-arms to advantage." This was the case at the battle of Dresden.

Of the cavalry corps of the different European armies the superior composition and organization of the Austrian cavalry—more particularly the *light* cavalry, place it perhaps at the head. To the great elements at the command of the Austrian Government is to be ascribed much of this perfection; for the Hungarians and Poles, who form the greater mass of her mounted troops, are, as it were, *born in the saddle*; and this natural aptitude the Austrian authorities have wisely abetted by allowing them to retain their own accoutrements and peculiar national saddles. The Austrian hussars are, beyond cavil, the

finest body of light horsemen in the world. They are mounted upon lithe and wiry Hungarian barbs of such intelligence and affection that their riders not unfrequently owe their lives as much to their horses as to their own exertions. It can be readily understood that to bring about such a desirable state of affairs, the utmost sympathy must exist between horse and rider; and such is indeed the fact, as numerous touching instances of mutual devotion show.

What the Zouave is to the French infantry these Hungarian hussars are to the Austrian cavalry; they are the *élite*, and, as a consequence, feel a corresponding pride. This *esprit de corps*, which is undoubtedly one of the principal prompters of gallant deeds of daring, often leads to highly amusing incidents and fully as many "rows." At Mayence, where a mixed garrison of Austrians and Prussians is kept, a Hungarian hussar was hailed by a Prussian, who, decked out in all the fancied requisites of a hussar uniform, doubtless imagined himself to be its fitting type. "Good-morning, comrade," said the Prussian. "Comrade!" muttered the Hungarian—"comrade?" "Why, yes, certainly, are we not both hussars?" "You a hussar—you!" exclaimed the Hungarian with rage—"why you're only a jackanapes." Then with pride indescribable, "I am a *hussar*!"

The Hungarian hussar is as much a part of his horse as any part of the accoutrements; and the horse, with a pliancy of disposition and intelligence truly amazing, encouraged by loving and animating words, is as ready for and capable of noble deeds as is his rider.

The wonderful skill at which these horsemen arrive is sometimes startling to those accustomed to the humdrum school routine displayed in other European armies. Few but can use the lasso, when in full career, with as much dexterity as is displayed by the rancheros of the South American plains; and in the Revolution of 1848 the "Honveds," who were armed with this formidable national weapon, showed the Austrians how terribly expert they were in its use—frequently dragging with it the Austrian officers from off their horses, capturing them or involving a frightful death, and striking universal terror through a weapon as novel as it was terrible. The Poles, too, are unusually expert with the lance, which is their national weapon. I have frequently seen them, seated bare back on horse, leap in full career a five-barred gate, and at the same moment launch with Herculean force the lance at a target, the bull's-eye of which it seldom failed to find.

There was a beautiful instance of fine horsemanship displayed at a late review held at Vienna, upon the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the military order of the Maria Theresa, when some thirty thousand cavalry were in line. A little child in the front row of the spectators, becoming frightened, rushed forward just as a squadron of hussars were charging at full tilt—swooping down with maddening velocity, nay, almost on the child.

Terror paralyzed alike the spectators and the mother of the child, while the lovely and amiable Empress almost fainted with horror, for the child's destruction seemed inevitable. The little one was almost under the horses' feet—another instant would have sealed its doom—when a hussar, without lessening his speed or loosening his hold, threw himself along his horse's neck, and seizing the child, placed it in safety in front of his saddle, without so much as changing the pace or breaking the alignment in the least.

A hundred thousand voices hailed with pride and joy the deed, while *two* voices could but *sob* their gratitude: the one a mother's, the other that of her sympathizing and beloved Empress. A proud moment that must have been for the hussar when his Emperor, taking the enameled cross of merit, attached it to his breast—a proud moment alike for the sovereign and the man!

The heavy cavalry corps of the Austrian army are also splendidly mounted and equipped, but have not that "esprit" possessed by the light cavalry. The men are thick-set, heavy Bohemians or Moravians, while their horses correspond. There are a good many anecdotes told of these brave fellows, who are sometimes a little thick-headed, grasping an idea with difficulty.

At the battle of Solferino a captain of a cuirassier regiment espied two of the enemy carrying off one of his favorite men. At the same moment the cuirassier spied his officer, and, with a voice full of exultation, cried, "Captain! captain! I've got two Frenchmen prisoners!" "Then why don't you bring them in?" asked the captain, highly amused. "Why, the tarnal critters won't let me go!" answered the sturdy fellow, to whom the idea had not yet occurred that *he* was the prisoner. The captain, of course, rescued him, but from that day to this the poor fellow has thought that he was badly treated by his officer, who wouldn't let him alone when he was getting along so well.

When it comes to money matters, however, these fellows are cute enough, as I had reason to know from the following injunction which I once overheard given by an old corporal to his troop, who were about setting forth to buy provisions: "Take your carbines with you, children," said he; "the people always sell cheaper when they see us well-armed."

These fellows are accused of being naturally light-fingered; how truly I am not prepared to say.

A stupid-looking dragoon once asked of another, during the campaign in Italy, "I say, Nicholas! how do you manage to do when you want to ask for provisions—do you understand this infernal Italian?" "Oh, yes; well enough to get along." "Well, how do you ask for meat, and bread, and wine?" "Why, I just takes them, and doesn't say another word!" "Ho!" exclaimed some one, "that fellow learned the rudiments of *his* Italian in his cradle!"

But to leave anecdote, and return to the history of cavalry. It would scarcely be proper

to pass over without mention the magnificent charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, and which—though originating in a mistake—did more to throw a lustre about the English arms than more plausible and more successful deeds. Of all the gallant exploits and glorious achievements performed by cavalry which the world has ever seen this has been the most lauded, the most blamed, the most commented upon. Even Americans have lingered over the thrilling accounts of the survivors of the daring charge, and, inspired by the heroic strains of Tennyson, have wondered if the world could show another such example; overlooking the fact that our own cavalry, though in its infancy, has done deeds as great, performed exploits as brilliant even as the famous charge of the Six Hundred; thus creating a splendor which (all unsung as are its deeds) will yet illumine its history for ages to come.

Who but must remember the glorious charge of Captain May's dragoons at Resaca de la Palma? Who but can see that brave band, headed by their gallant leader, his long hair streaming in the wind, sweeping like the dread vengeance of Heaven down upon the fated Mexicans, leaping upon them, hewing at them, dashing—in that dreadful storm of blood battling, as it were, with the elements of death—like demons in their daring, like gods in their nobleness and courage?

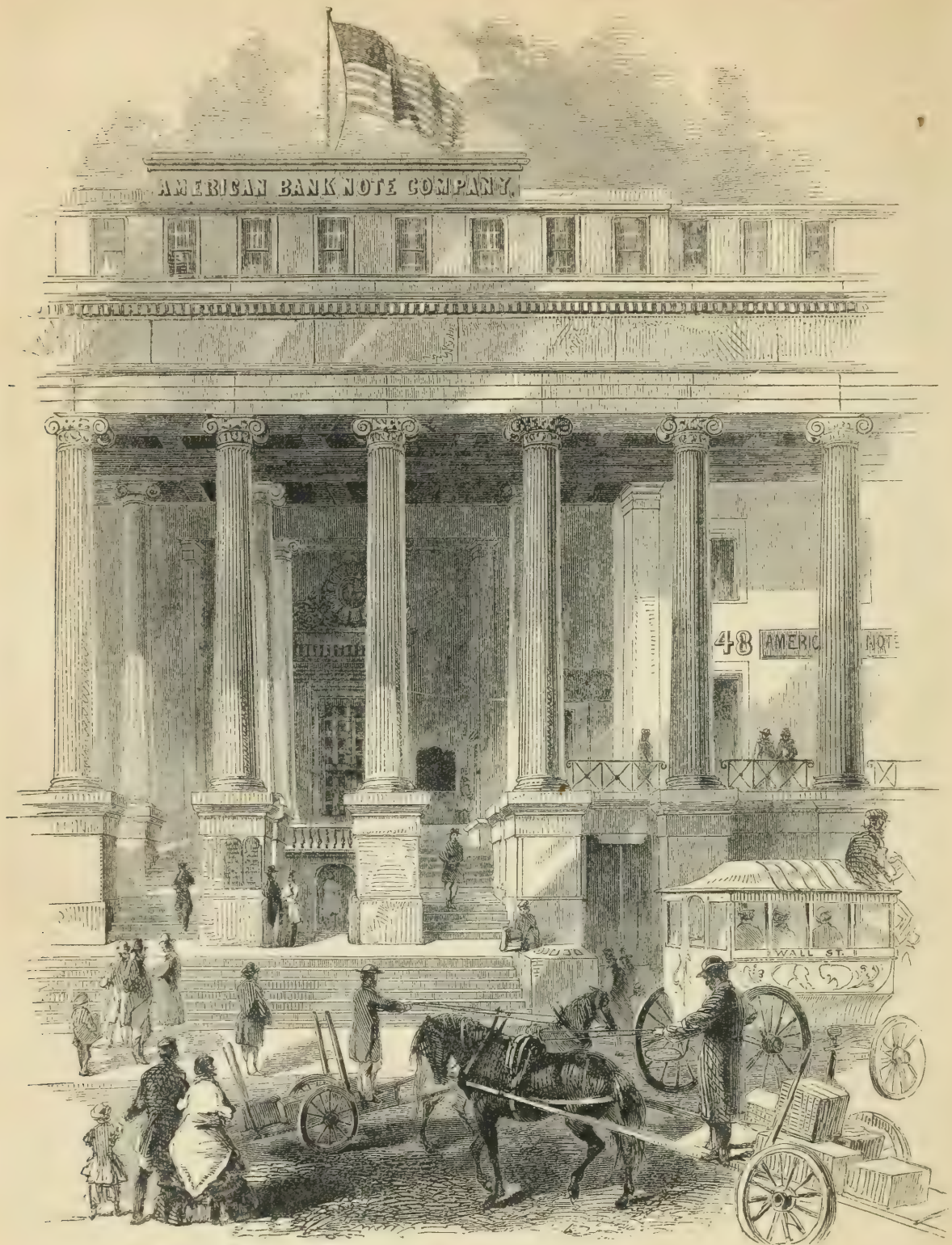
Then look at Puente Morena; why, to use the words of Tennyson, "All the world wondered." Five men in all—Lieutenants Lowry and Oaks, and three men of the immortal Second Dragoons—pursuing a party of thirty lancers, and actually sabring or dismounting all but five! Show me any thing to surpass this, search where you will.

Remember, too, the gallant dash of Lieutenant Tompkins, at Fairfax Court House, and be thankful to the Divine supporter of the honor of our country, that there still exist men by whom the glories of the past shall be transmitted and upheld by daring as great as that with which they were won.

Already at the earliest period of its existence did our cavalry, by its ceaseless deeds of daring, gain from one of its bravest opponents the title of the "best cavalry in the world"—praise which, it may be said, was brought out, like the fire-spark from out the flint, in spite of itself.

Yes, already, in those gloomy days of the Revolution, in our nation's very infancy, did the iron-handed Lee wring from the unwilling Tarleton the high praise which was his due; nor has the corps since then proved itself unworthy of its ancient fame.

Proud indeed, then, may the American cavalrist be; for the sprig of laurel which he has helped to entwine in our wreath of National Glory, freshened by the dazzling deeds of the present, shall throw a refulgence about our country's name that, while it strikes fear and terror into the heart of the enemy, will light us on to greater deeds of glory and of fame.



ENTRANCE TO THE MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, NEW YORK.

MAKING MONEY.

III.—THE AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY.

THE "Bank Note Reporter" is a suggestive if not a very entertaining work, brim-full of facts. The lists of this financial *Index Ex-purgatorius* are headed with the significant warning, "Refuse the Notes of all Banks not found here," branding in a phrase a crowd of broken and fraudulent concerns. There are in the United States and the British Provinces, as we

count, about 2000 banks whose notes are worth something—say from 20 to 100 cents on the dollar. Upon quite four-fifths of these fraudulent notes have been detected, usually several kinds upon each. Thus, of the 57 banks in the city of New York not one has escaped, the total number of fraudulent issues being about 350. The same ratio would give 12,000 for the whole country; but this is too large, since banks in the commercial parts of the country offer the greatest temptations to forgers. Still there are

noted about 6000 different issues of spurious notes. Theoretically every man is liable to be defrauded by any one of these. At first view this would shake our confidence in the genuineness of any bank note. But the fact is, that in nineteen cases out of twenty a bad bill is detected almost as soon as its circulation is attempted. The number of "dangerous" counterfeits is very small. Not one person in a hundred has ever lost a dollar in this way.

For this almost complete immunity from loss we are indebted to the artistic and mechanical skill which is lavished upon our bank notes. This perfection has been attained by slow degrees. Nothing can be more rude than the Massachusetts notes issued in 1690, the first American paper money. Hardly better are the Continental Bills, first issued in 1775. These were engraved by Paul Revere, the best of the four engravers then in the country. A comparison of these with a United States Treasury Note of 1861 will show the progress of the art during the interval.

When our financial system began to assume its present form banks were multiplied, each of which demanded distinctive notes. Demand creates supply, and the best artistic talent in the country was attracted in this direction. At first a single artist engraved an entire plate, and not unfrequently printed it with his own hands. Afterward several combined to produce a plate, each doing that part of the work in which he excelled. Various machines were also invented, some of which, as Perkins's Transfer Press and Spencer's Geometric Lathe, contain the germs of the complicated instruments which, as we shall see, perform such an important part in producing a bank note of the present day. Subsequently private companies were organized, each containing artists excelling in some partic-

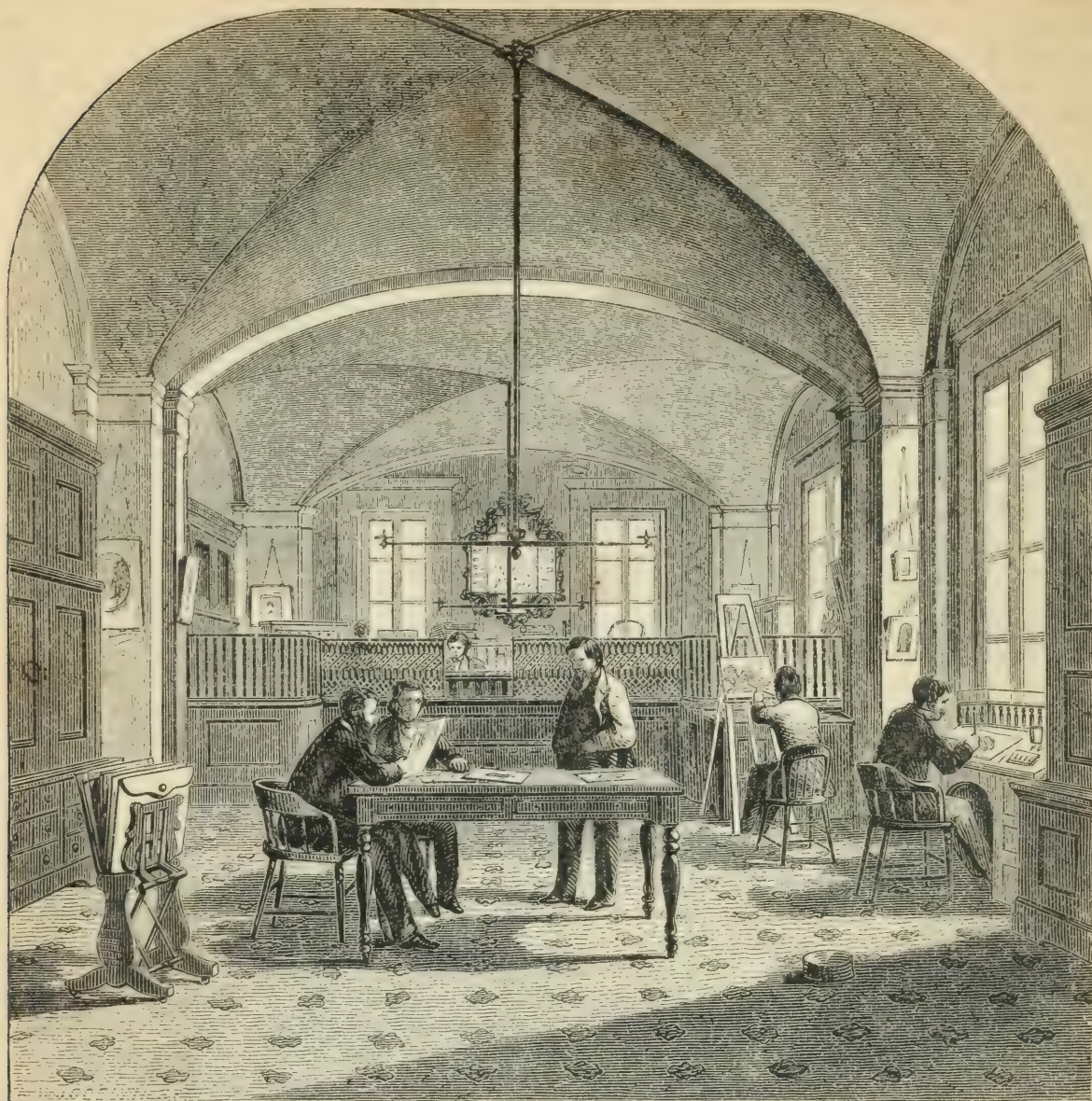
ular branch. Each of these companies produced excellent work, but as no one had all of the best talent, and as each had the exclusive control of some valuable mechanical invention, which the others could not use, no one note could combine all attainable perfection. Banks meanwhile demanded the most perfect notes that could be produced.

In 1858 the leading Bank Note firms, nine in number, united themselves into an Association, which was incorporated under the title of the "American Bank Note Company." The plates prepared by them are decidedly superior to any ever before executed. More recently another Association for the same purpose has been organized under the name of the "National Bank Note Company." The generous rivalry for artistic perfection between these two companies affords a sure guarantee that bank notes executed in America will continue to be, as they now are, superior to any others in the world. No other country has yet any thing to compare with them. The notes of the Bank of England and of the Bank of France are rude in comparison. Russia will soon have notes equal to our own, for the necessary plates are now in process of execution by the American Bank Note Company.

We propose to describe the various processes employed by this Company, and incidentally to give information which will aid in distinguishing a genuine from a spurious note. The operations of the Company are conducted in the noble "Merchants' Exchange" building in Wall Street, New York.

Passing through the fine portico, with its three ranges of pillars, each shaft, composed of a single piece of granite, 50 feet in height, and so large that three men clasping hands can hardly embrace it, we turn to the right, and enter the





MODELING AND DESIGNING ROOMS.

business office of the Company. This is by no means our first visit. Our present purpose is to revise our memoranda, so as to be sure that our entire account shall be strictly accurate. By a very necessary regulation no person can go through the establishment unless accompanied by some officer of the Company. On this visit we are, by appointment, to be guided by the President of the Company. We find him at the moment engaged in conversation with a couple of gentlemen. One of these we recognize, from published portraits, as Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury; the other is Mr. Cisco, the Assistant Treasurer in New York, whom we have met before in this series of papers. The Company, as we know, are performing a large amount of work for the Government, and the execution of the Demand and $7\frac{3}{10}$ per cent. Treasury Notes with the requisite speed has for months tasked to the uttermost all the facilities of their establishment.

Awaiting the disengagement of our escort, we pass up to the "Modeling and Designing Rooms," a handsome suit of apartments with a lofty

groined roof. The walls are covered with original drawings by Darley, Casilear, Edmonds, Herrick, and others. Port-folios filled with such drawings are opened for our inspection. A connoisseur in art could nowhere spend a more pleasant day than here. Some of the most curious of these drawings are those sent from Russia, which are to be reproduced on the Russian notes. These drawings have been used as designs for vignettes. They are made much larger than the engravings from them. A favorite size for the drawings for elaborate vignettes is about twice that of a page of this Magazine. When an engraving is to be made after one of these drawings, it is photographed in the exact size desired upon a plate of steel; the outlines are cut faintly upon the plate, which is then given to the engraver to fill up.

There are three general methods of producing pictures by engraving.

1. *Lithography*.—This is based on the chemical law that oil and water will not mix; or, as it is sometimes expressed, that "you can not wet grease or grease water." A drawing is

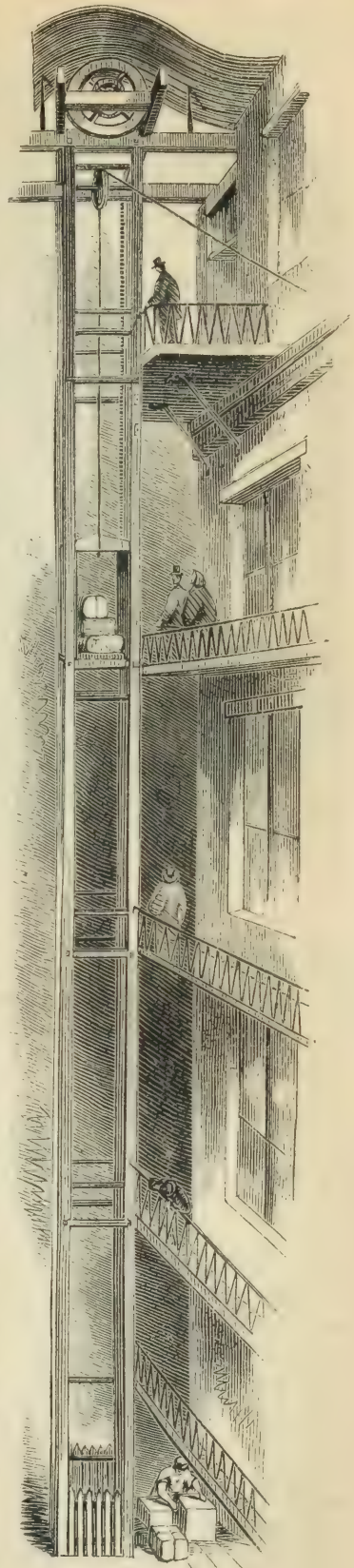
made, with pen or pencil, upon a kind of fine-grained porous stone. The pencil or the ink is of an oily composition. To print this drawing the stone is rubbed over with a moistened sponge; the water will not adhere to the lines of the drawing, but will to the parts of the stone not covered. Then a roller charged with an oily ink is passed over the stone; the ink adheres to the lines of the picture, but is thrown off by the moist portions. A sheet of paper is then laid on the stone, and a heavy roller passed over it. The ink is taken off by the paper, and a facsimile of the drawing is produced. This process of wetting, inking, and rolling is repeated for every impression.

2. *Copper-plate Engraving.*—In this the lines and dots which make up the picture are cut, one by one, upon a plate of metal. To print from this, the whole plate is covered with ink, which also fills up the engraved lines and dots. This ink is carefully wiped off from the surface of the plate, leaving only that which fills the engraved lines. Then the paper is laid on the plate, which is passed under a heavy roller, which forces the surface of the sheet into the lines, taking up the ink. This process of inking, wiping, and rolling must be repeated for each impression.—Engraving on steel is precisely the same as on copper. Copper, being a soft metal, wears out rapidly in printing, so that but few perfect copies can be obtained from a copper-plate; steel, being much harder, furnishes a greater number of copies.

3. *Engraving on Wood.*—This, in most respects, is the precise opposite of copper-plate engraving. A piece of box-wood is cut off across the grain. The surface is polished, and upon this the artist, with an ordinary lead pencil, makes a drawing, precisely as though he were making it upon paper, giving every line, just as he wishes it to appear. This block is then given to the engraver, who cuts away every part of the wood not covered by the artist's lines; these are left standing in relief. The printing of a wood block is performed in the same man-

ner as from types. The essential point of difference between copper-plates and woodcuts is, that in the former the parts which appear are cut by the engraver; in the latter the parts which do not appear are cut away. To form an idea of the relative difficulties of the two processes, let any one, with a black pencil and white paper, try to make a copy, line for line, of any of our engravings. If he succeeds, he will do just what the copper-plate engraver might have done. Then let him try, upon a black slate with a white pencil, to make a perfect facsimile of his other drawing. He must mark around all lines which he wishes to appear, leaving them black, and covering the interspaces with white. If he succeeds, he will have done just what the wood engraver has accomplished.—Wood engraving has within a few years been brought to a high degree of perfection. Without

it no illustrated publication of large circulation could be produced, because it is the only means by which copies can be produced with the necessary rapidity. But there are certain effects within the reach of the copper-plate engraver quite beyond the reach of the engraver on wood or of the lithographer. These are just the things which are demanded in a bank note. Thus, the copies of the United States Treasury Notes, which will be found in this article, are engraved on wood



GALLERIES AND ELEVATOR.



THE DAY WATCHMAN.



PICTORIAL ENGRAVING ROOM.

in the best manner possible. Let any one compare these with the notes themselves, and the difference will at once be apparent. Engraving upon copper or steel is the only style used for bank notes.

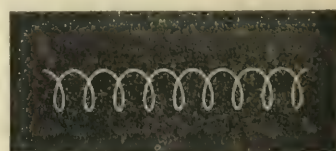
We shall have occasion, in following up our subject, to visit the Modeling Room again. At present we will accompany the President, who has joined us, on a tour through the establishment. We follow a passage, and ascend a half flight of stairs, where we find ourselves confronted by the day watchman. We note, here as elsewhere, the massive construction of the building. The floors and stairs are composed of massive blocks of granite; the walls are of solid stone or brick; the railings are of iron. From this point passages and stairways diverge to the various working rooms, and no person unless an employé can pass without a special order from the heads of the Company. The employés even can only go to their own department, engravers taking one way and printers another. A man may have been for years employed in one department without ever having visited the others.

We ascend first to the Pictorial Engraving Room. Here the steel-plate, with the drawing photographed upon it, is placed in the hands of the engraver, who proceeds to fill out the outline. The position, shape, and size of every line and point must be carefully considered; these are cut, one by one, in the hard metal. Sometimes a single person executes the whole of a vignette; but more frequently several are suc-

cessively employed upon it, one engraving the figures, another the landscape, another the animals, and so on, each performing the part in which he excels. From one to four months' constant work is required to produce a single portrait or vignette. This plate, which is called a die, is not used directly for printing, but as a mould, so to speak, from which perfect copies are made upon the note-plate, by a process which we shall presently see.

First, however, we must pass to the Lathe Room, where certain parts of a note are executed by machinery, with a delicacy and precision altogether unattainable by the human eye or hand. These we may designate by the general name of "checks." A check, with large letters or figures denoting the denomination of the note, is usually placed in one or more corners of the note. These are technically called "counters."

Some of this machine work is executed by the "Cycloidal Engine." The principle of its operation may be readily understood. A graver is arranged so as to cut a circle upon a plate fixed beneath it. Now while the graver is revolving, let a forward movement be given to the plate, and the line cut by the graver will assume a form like this, which is called a "cycloidal line," and may be described as that line produced by a point revolving about a moving centre. The particular curve will depend upon the relative velocities of



the two motions—the circular one of the graver, and the forward one of the plate. Thus, if the



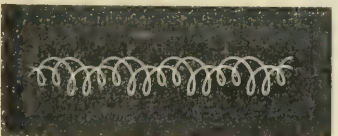
instead of nearly touching. If the motion of the plate is comparatively



be given to the plate, in which case the line will follow the circumference of the circle. A suc-

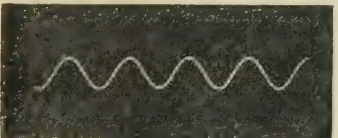


cession of cycloidal lines, cutting each other, is sometimes printed over the whole, or a part of the face or back of a note. If, in-

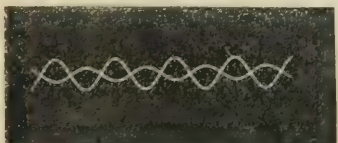


stead of a circular motion, an elliptical one is given to the graver, the figure will assume a quite different form, as in this example, which consists of two irregular cycloidal lines, cutting each other. The effect, however, is not pleasing, wanting that regularity of appearance which is the great security of machine work, as distinguished from that produced by hand. The Ruling Machine, which produces parallel lines far more accurately than can be done by hand, and the Medallion Machine, which, by a series of lines, gives the effect of a medal, are also used upon bank notes; but their work does not at present form a distinguishing feature.

Machine work, especially on a small scale, of a far more intricate character is produced by the "Geometrical Lathe." We will endeavor to explain the theory of this machine. Let a graver be so fixed as to cut a single curve of a waved line upon a stationary plate. Then let the plate



be moved forward, and a continuous waved line, like this, will be produced; this curve may be



made of any size or shape which is desired. Now, parallel with this line, let another of different pattern be cut over it, and the two will cross and re-cross each other in this manner. A third, and fourth, or any number of addition-

lines will all describe a waved circle. By means of "cams" and "eccentrics," instead of a circular motion, an elliptic or any curved motion may be given to the plate.

Here is a skeleton check, showing some of the forms which may be given to a single waved line. Any conceivable form—an oval or square, an oblong or shield, a rosette or shell, may in like manner be produced. The following diagram shows at one view some of the effects of which the lathe is capable.

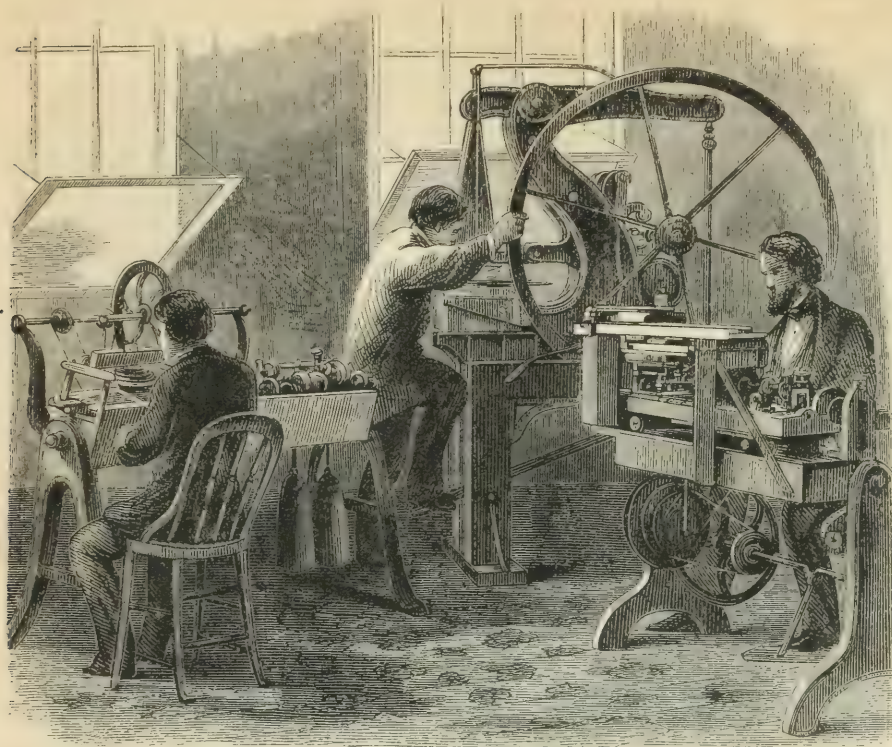


The smaller central figure is a star, outside of this is a circle, beyond this a rosette with sharp points, and outside of all an altogether different rosette, with a curved outline. These diagrams have all been engraved for us by the machine itself. They have been purposely made much more simple than the checks actually used on bank notes, in order that the general form may be more readily distinguished. Any one with a glass and a sharp needle may follow the lines which compose these figures.



One additional thing must be noted. We said in a former paragraph that in a steel-plate engraving the line cut by the graver is black when printed. In our diagrams, as well as on the notes themselves, the line is white, the interspaces being black. The reverse would be the case if these checks were printed from the dies themselves, or from a copy taken in the ordinary manner by the transfer press. This reversal—making that sunk on the plate which is raised on the original die, and *vice versa*—is effected by a process which we will not describe. Its effect, however, is evident. We may suppose, for instance, that a very careful engraver might possibly cut upon a plate a tolerable imitation of the white lines forming the figure in our last diagram. But what eye or hand could cut the black interspaces, and leave the white lines so regular and uniform? Yet this is just what the engraver must do who would reproduce on steel this figure; yet, we repeat, this is far less elaborate than those actually used on bank notes.

The United States Five Dollar Demand Notes, which are now familiar to most persons, present some good examples of lathe-work, which may be profitably studied. The counter in the right upper corner presents an oval with a waved outline, inside of which are successive patterns. The green checks in the centre are oblong, filled up with a wholly different pattern. The two large counters on the back are still different; while the small ovals which cover the greater part of the back consist of a border of delicate white lines crossing each other, within which is a green oval line, then a white one, then a solid



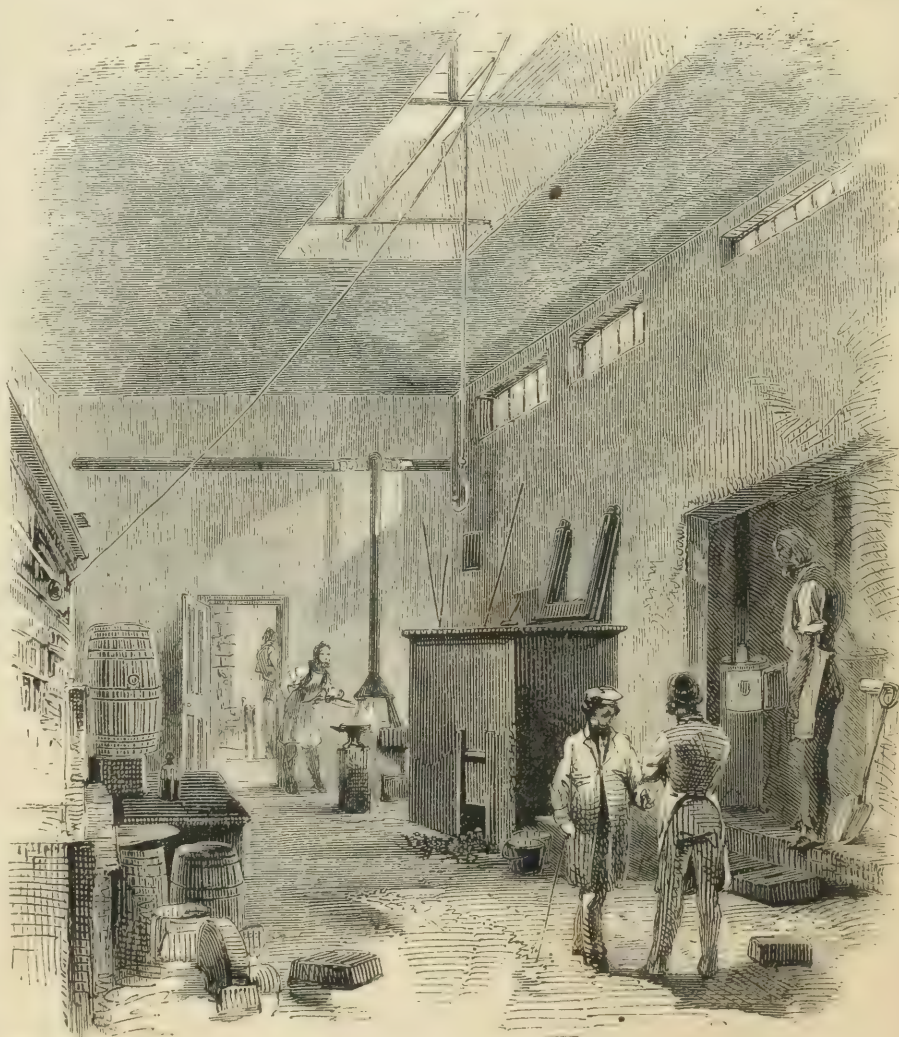
LATHE ROOM.

green centre, containing a "5" in white, all within a space not as large as a grain of coffee. By the aid of a glass every one of the lines whose crossings and recrossings constitute the pattern may be distinctly made out. The graver which has cut each of them in hard steel has passed many times over each, for at one stroke it will not cut sufficiently deep. At each passage it cuts about $\frac{1}{3100}$ part of an inch; about twenty cuttings are required to give the line its required depth. The machine must work with mathematical precision. A deviation of the half of a hair's breadth would destroy the whole work.

The "Geometrical Lathe" which produces this work is perhaps the most ingenious piece of machinery ever invented. Its general principles are, of course, familiar to all educated machinists. It is the combination of all of them so as to work together with unfail-

ing accuracy which constitutes the marvel. We have watched it for hours, and at each moment have found something new in its working, when explained to us by its skillful operator; for after all the machine itself, to produce the required effect, must be under the direction of human intelligence. It will do the work which is set for it with un-failing precision, but its work must be laid out for it. The turn of a screw, the substitution of one wheel for another, with the variation of a single cog, the shifting of the axis of an eccentric, will produce an entirely new effect; it may

give distortion where perfect regularity is demanded. This lathe was built by the Company at a cost of more than ten thousand dol-



HARDENING ROOM.

lars, three years having been employed in its construction. It is the only one in existence, and its counterpart is, of course, wholly beyond the reach of counterfeiters; and yet, without it we can not see how they can successfully imitate its work. Notwithstanding its multifarious movements and complicated parts, its bearings are so accurate, that it is moved by the foot of the operator pressing upon a treadle, with the exertion of less force than is required to work an ordinary sewing machine. We have dwelt at length on this machine and its work, because we consider it a most important security against counterfeits; not exceeded in value even by the artistic perfection of the vignettes, portraits, and lettering.

The machine work of the die having been performed, the letters and figures appearing upon it are engraved by hand, and the finished "check" or "counter" is ready to be transferred to the bank-plate.

These dies, whether engraved by hand or by machinery, are made upon softened steel. They are hardened by placing them in crucibles which are filled up with animal carbon, hermetically closed, and placed in a furnace. The carbon, volatilized by the intense heat, combines with the steel, making it as hard as the finest razor-blade. They are then brought to the Transfer Room, and by means of a powerful press a roller of softened steel is passed over them. The pressure is regulated by the foot of the workman acting upon a system of compound levers. In the largest machine he can give a pressure of 35 tons. Under this pressure the softened roller is

made to revolve over the hardened die, and receives the impress of every line. This rolling must be repeated over and over, in order to make the impression of the required depth. The machine must therefore work with perfect accuracy, each line falling at every revolution in precisely the same place. The roller is then hardened; and when the particular design impressed upon it is wanted for a bank note, it is in the same manner passed over the plate, which thus receives a perfect copy of the original die.

These rollers are in a sort the types from which a portion of a bank note is "set up." The selection and arrangement of them for any particular bank belongs to the Modeling Department. When a person wishes a note or series of notes prepared, he must first show that the bank is legally established, and that he is authorized to procure its plates. Without this precaution the Company will not undertake the work. In designing a note there are several points to be considered. The various denominations must all be different in appearance, and none of them must resemble any note of any other bank. Each must combine the various kinds of work adopted as securities against frauds, and must, moreover, present a handsome appearance. Then a bank frequently wishes its notes to have some special adaptation to its title or location. A "Farmer's Bank" will naturally wish an agricultural scene to appear on its notes; a "Merchant's Bank" will wish a commercial; an "Artisan's Bank" a mechanical scene; and so on. Then there will be prepossessions in respect to portraits. If the directors are Demo-



TRANSFER ROOM.

crats, they will probably wish Jefferson or Jackson, Douglas or Wright; if Republicans, Lincoln or Seward, Scott or Chase. An Eastern bank will likely wish Webster, a Western one Clay, a Southern one Calhoun. The agent examines the portfolios containing proofs of the dies in the possession of the Company. He has ample scope for choice, for there are some 20,000 of them. Of these probably 5000 are vignettes, 5000 portraits and emblematical figures, and 10,000 checks and counters. Aided by the officers of the Company, who take care that in combination and arrangement the notes of each bank shall be easily distinguishable from those of any other, this part of the plate is agreed upon.

Then the general style and arrangement of the lettering is settled, and a sketch of the note is made. The vignettes, portraits, checks, and counters are now put upon the plate in their proper places by the transferring machine, and the plate is passed to the Letter Engraving Room, where the lettering is performed by hand. Here also is room for the display of artistic talent, for a good and bad lettered line differ almost as much as a good and a bad vignette or portrait. The Lettering Room employs a much larger number of artists than the Pictorial Room, because the lettering of each note must be to a great extent peculiar to it, while vignettes or portraits may be used, in different combina-



LETTER ENGRAVING ROOM.

tions, upon any one of a thousand. Here also the principle of division of labor comes in. One man's forte is German text; that of another is ornamental letters; that of a third is script. Each executes that part in which he excels, and the combined result of their skill appears on every note.

Our plate is now finished: the main one, that is, which is to be printed in black; for most bank notes now have the back and a part of the face in colors, for which separate plates are used. This complicates the process, and renders the work of the counterfeiter more difficult. But its special object is to afford security against photographic imitations.

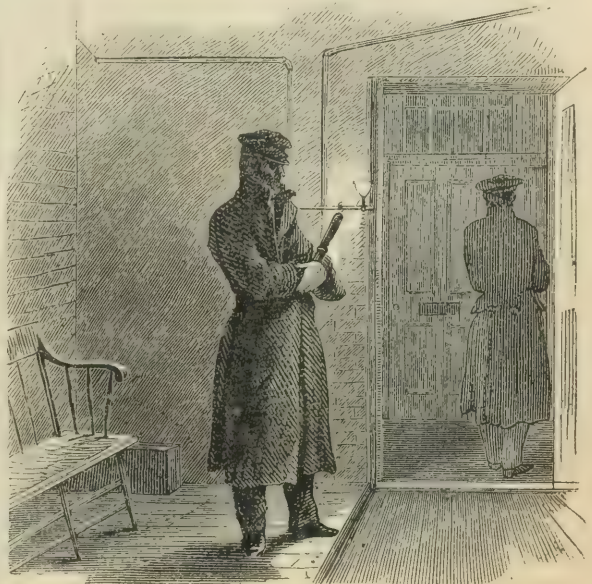
At one time it seemed that photography and kindred arts would destroy every guarantee against counterfeit notes. Give the photographer a camera, a few dollars' worth of chemicals, and a quire of paper, and he could produce fac-similes of any note without limit. No matter how perfect the engraving, or how elaborate the machine work, he could in a few minutes make a copy exact to the minutest point. Science was invoked to remedy the evil which it had occasioned. Now photography can not, as far as we know, reproduce colors. Red, yellow, blue, and green, act like black upon the photographic plate. A red-haired man, for example, when photographed, wears a head of unimpeachable raven hue; the yellow of a footman's gorgeous plushes appears black in his photographic picture. So parts of bank notes were printed in red, blue, yellow, or green. These parts when photographed appeared black, as well as the part which were so in the genuine notes. But unfortunately all the colored inks in use were of such a nature that they could be discharged, with more or less facility, without disturbing the black ink. The counterfeiter would remove these colors, photograph the remainder of the note, and then print in the proper colors an imitation of the colored parts. An additional process was thus rendered necessary for the manufacture of a photographic counterfeit, but this was an easy one, and the labor was more than repaid by the security which was supposed to be given to any note printed in colors.

The production of an indestructible colored ink thus became a desideratum. This has been held impossible. Absolutely it is probably so. We presume no ink can be devised which may not be removed by chemical or mechanical means, or by a combination of both. Thus the coloring matter of the black ink used by printers is carbon finely pulverized. Put this dry upon paper, and it may be brushed off with a feather; mix it with water, and when the liquid evaporates the powder can be rubbed off. In printer's ink the carbon is mixed with oil, which binds it to the surface of the paper. Now an alkali combined with oil produces soap, which can be washed away. Let a piece of printed matter be saturated with alkali; wash it carefully with water and the oil disappears, leaving the carbon free. The problem, however, was to produce a

colored ink, not indeed absolutely indestructible, but one which could not be removed from a part of the note without, at the same time, discharging the black ink of the remainder. Even this was pronounced impossible. "The New American Cyclopædia" says: "No tint has yet been discovered which may not be chemically removed from the paper."

This important desideratum has, we believe, been attained in the "Green Ink," for the use of which the American Bank Note Company holds the exclusive patent. Four years ago it was submitted to the examination of the most eminent chemists. Among these were Messrs. Hunt of Montreal, Gibbs of the New York Free Academy, Torrey of the Assay Office, Horsford of Harvard, Silliman of Yale, Henry and Hilgard of the Smithsonian Institute. The composition of the ink was explained to them, and they were requested to apply to it the most searching tests known to chemistry, with such new ones as they could devise. They all replied, in substance, that they knew of no chemical means by which the green ink could be destroyed without, at the same time, destroying the texture of the paper on which it was printed; and it could be removed mechanically only by means which would, at the same time, remove the black carbon ink combined with it on the same note. Most of these eminent chemists have recently been asked whether in the interim any new discovery has been made which would lead them to change their former opinion. They all reply in the negative. We may therefore assume that the green ink which appears so largely upon the Bank Notes and United States Treasury Notes prepared by this Company, affords a perfect security against photographic counterfeits. The public must learn just what parts should be in green. If they do not in any bill appear of that color, or if they do appear in any other, the note may be assumed to be a photographic counterfeit.

The finished plates are now deposited in the Plate Room, from which they can only be re-



NIGHT WATCHMEN.

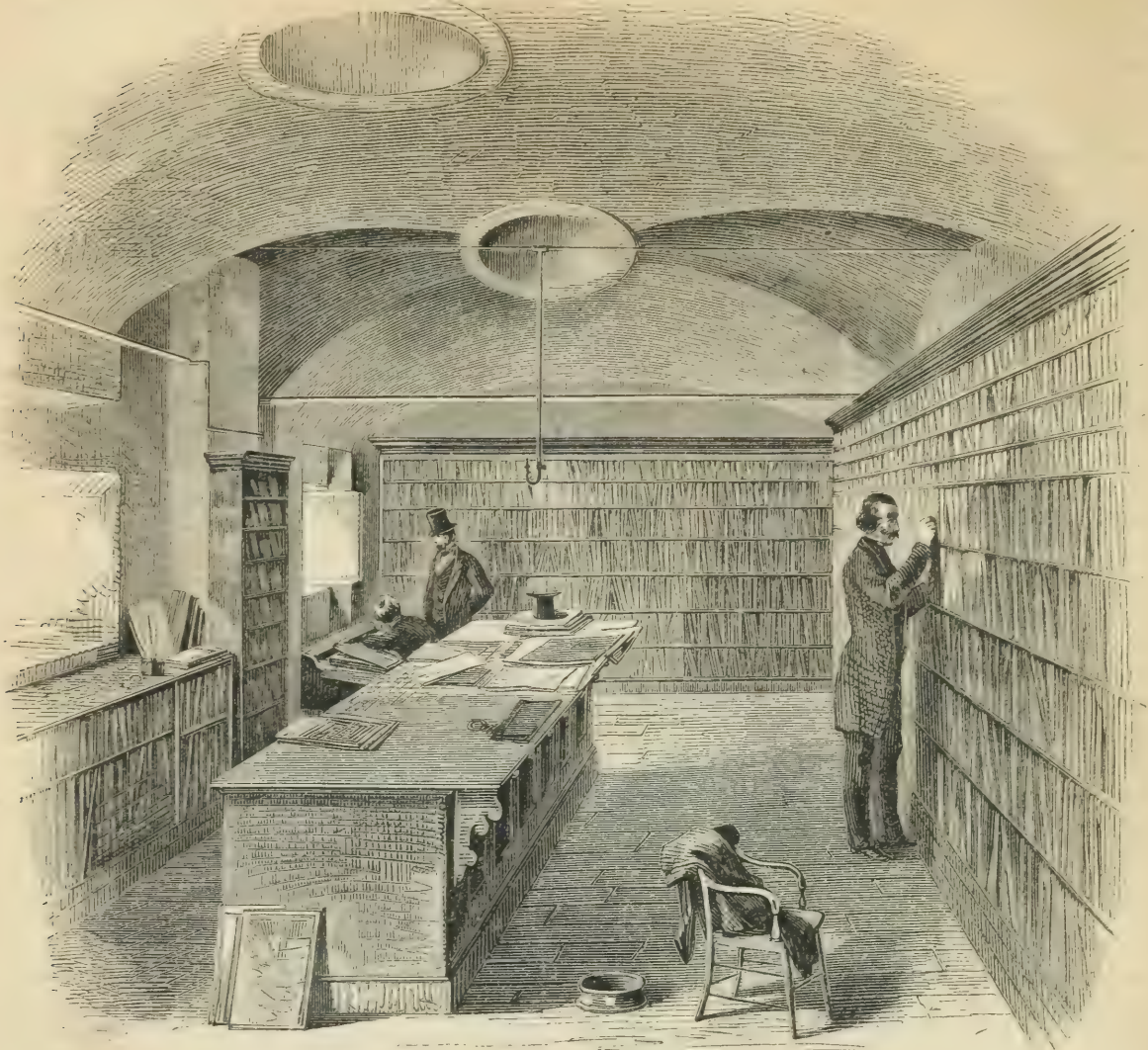


PLATE ROOM.

moved when actually wanted for printing, and never except by a written order from the Secretary of the Company. The importance of this room is shown by the care taken for its security. It is in the fourth story of the building, and can be approached only by narrow passages communicating with those leading to the various departments. At night these are patrolled by armed watchmen, who have duplicate keys to every room except this. Just before the door, and at the point where the passages converge, is the room of the Janitor, a gray-headed, jolly Hibernian, who seems to be always at his post. Through the half-opened door of his den we catch sight of a formidable brace of blunderbusses, a discharge from which would effectually sweep the narrow passages. He points out to us also a series of cunningly devised "peep-holes," as he calls them, through which he can watch every thing going on without himself being seen. Long habit has made him so watchful that he can not sleep comfortably without getting up half a dozen times in the night to take a peep through these holes to assure himself that all is right, and that the watchmen are duly performing their rounds.

The entrance to the Plate Room is secured

by double doors of "chilled iron," with burglar-proof locks. These doors are never unlocked for a moment unless the keeper is within. Entering, the room looks like the casement of a fortress. Walls, roof, and floor are all of solid granite. The two windows, which look out upon the street, sixty feet below, appear like embrasures, showing the massive structure of the edifice. All around the room are cases with numbered compartments, in which the plates are deposited. An alphabetical register, comprised in several mercantile-looking volumes, tells the place in which every plate is deposited, so that it can be found at a minute's notice. Here are stored away plates for the entire issue of more than fifteen hundred banks in the United States; those for the Treasury Bonds of the United States and the Government of Canada; for the National Bank of Greece; for banks in Costa Rica, Guayaquil, Panama, and St. Thomas; for Swiss Railroad Bonds, and Postage Stamps of the British Provinces; besides those for Bonds, Drafts, Certificates, Bills of Exchange, and other Commercial Paper. In all, there are about 8000 plates deposited here. The falling of any one of these into improper hands would involve serious loss to the community. Well may every

precaution be employed for the security of this room. It is really a "safe," more secure than any which we have seen, unless, perhaps, that in which the Assay Office keeps its bars and cheeses.

Passing onward, we glance into the Paper Wareroom, where a large stock is always kept in store. This is of no small importance; for the quality of the paper is one of the points to be considered in judging of the genuineness of a bank note. In the English notes this is the principal security, the engraving being of less importance. With us the quality of the paper is of less account. Still, as the paper used for bank notes is of a peculiar character, made for this special purpose, by only a few manufactories, it is essential that it should be closely watched.



PAPER WAREROOM.

Not a sheet can leave this room without being accounted for.

We now pass to the Counting and Packing

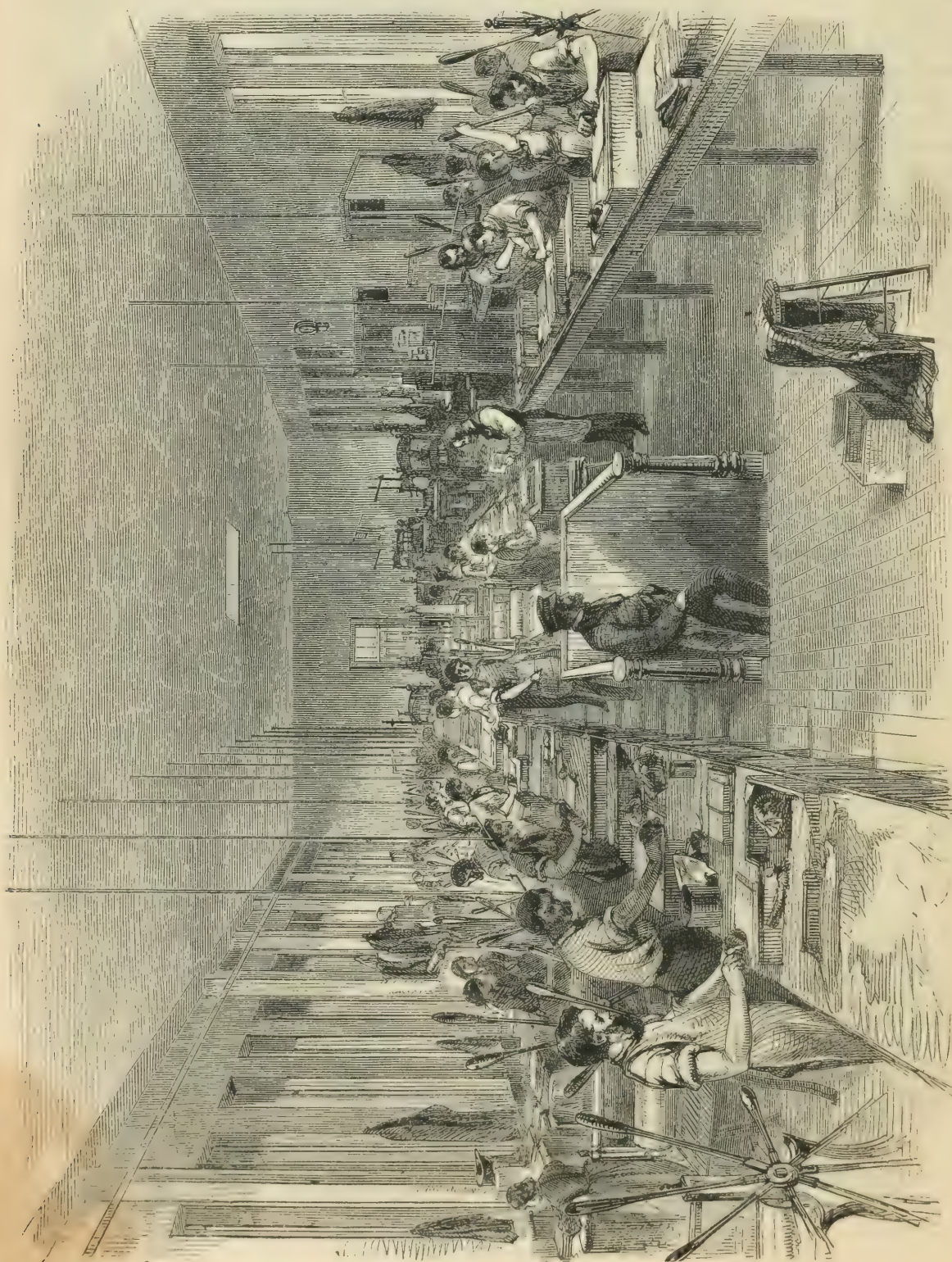


COUNTING AND PACKING ROOM.

Room, where a variety of operations are performed. Here the work is given out to the printers. Each man in the morning receives the plate which he is to print, and the necessary paper. These are charged to him. At night, when he has finished his day's work, he brings back the plate with his printed sheets, which are credited to him on the books. Here also the printed sheets are dried, pressed, counted, and sealed up for delivery to the persons authorized to receive them.

We now ascend a flight of stairs, and reach the Printing Room. This room, or rather series of rooms, present a busy aspect. They occupy three sides of a hollow square, of which

the Rotunda of the Exchange forms the centre. Our illustration shows only a half of one of these three divisions. Turning around, a similar scene is presented to the view, which will be repeated at each of the three sides of the square. Rows of presses are ranged through each division. On some are being worked the black plates of a note; on others the green backs and checks; on others the red patterns which appear on various parts of the notes. According to our count there are in this room about 100 presses, giving employment to nearly 200 persons. The necessity for this large force will appear when we remember that each note, as now produced, requires at least three separate printings: First the black,



PRINTING ROOM.



NUMBERING PRESS.

secondly the green upon the face, and third the green check upon the back. A fourth printing, usually red, is frequently added upon some part. Notes also wear out more rapidly than is generally supposed. A curious table, compiled from the records of the New York Banking Department, has been prepared by Mr. Gavit, showing that the average "life of a bank note" is about three years. That is, taking one with another, notes in three years become so worn and defaced as not to be fit for circulation. When such a note comes back to the bank it is destroyed, and is replaced by a new one. This period might be shortened with advantage to the public. The Bank of England never re-issues a note. If one was paid out yesterday, and comes back to-day as fresh as when issued, it is put away to be destroyed. We can not see the necessity of this; but we think a bank should never re-issue a note which has become at all indistinct.

A portion of the colored work of a note is printed from raised plates, like type, upon the ordinary hand-press. But the greater part of the printing is "copper-plate." The plate is laid on a brazier containing fire, for it must be warm to keep the ink in a sufficiently fluid state. The ink is applied with a roller all over the plate. The workman gives it two or three dextrous wipes with a cloth, and one or two more with his bare hand, removing all the ink except that which fills up the lines of the engraving; then places it on the press, lays the sheet of paper upon it, and by turning a winch passes it under the roller, which gives the impression. The whole operation is one of great nicety, for if the plate were not wiped perfectly clean the whole note would be blurred over; the paper also must be laid on in exactly the proper place, otherwise, when the colored pattern is added, it will not fall exactly in its right position. The presses must therefore all be of the most accurate description.

Bank notes were formerly numbered with a pen. The numbers are now usually printed in red, by means of a very ingenious little press, so arranged that the action by which one number is printed changes the type for the next impression to the number immediately succeeding, without any possibility of error. Thus, if 666 has been printed on a note, the figures for 667 are presented for the next. The machines are arranged to present any number up to 7 figures. That is, they will give any number from 1 to 999,999. No two notes of the same "letter" can have the same number; so that a record of the "letter" and "number" is sufficient to identify any note numbered by the machine.

Not only are skillful workmen and accurate machinery requisite for the mechanical perfection of a bank note, but all the materials used must be of the best quality. Much depends upon the ink. This is all made by the Company, of much finer materials and more carefully prepared than is requisite for ordinary purposes. For black ink a carbon of the purest quality and deepest color is required. Formerly that made by burning the refuse of the wine-press was considered superior to any other. Now, however, an article quite as good is made from sugar. This is calcined in an air-tight iron vessel, and the result is a powder of intense blackness, capable of the most minute pulverization. It is carbon almost absolutely pure; chemically, as far as science can detect, this black powder is identical with the diamond. The black figures "500" on a bank note, which one gives for a diamond, by our most accurate analysis, differ nothing from that of the precious stone which is received in exchange.

In a small room we find a machine, for the invention of which almost every one has daily cause to be thankful. It is used to perforate those little holes in a sheet of postage stamps which enable us to separate them so readily. It consists of a couple of cylinders revolving to-



INK MILL.



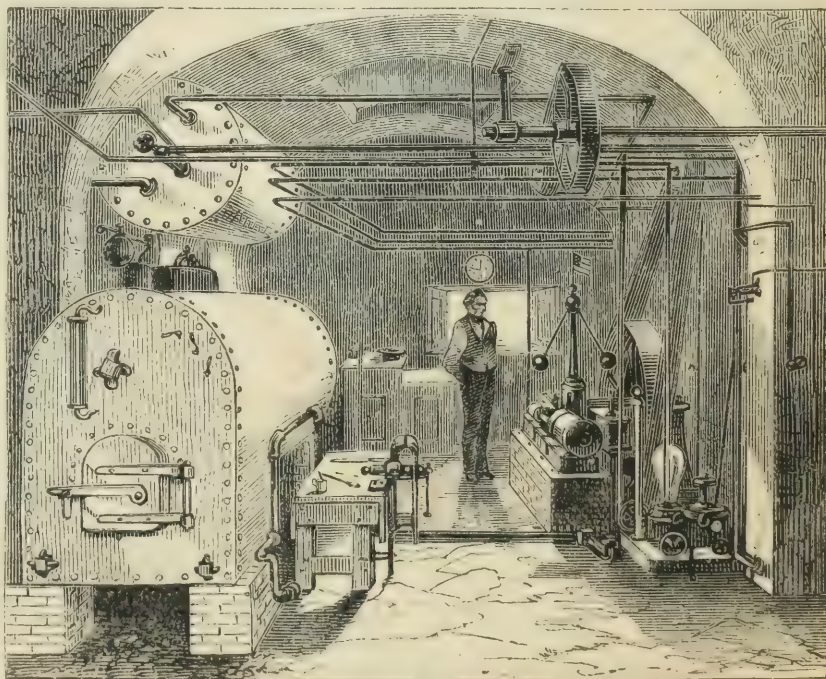
PERFORATING MACHINE.

gether. The upper one is studded over with little punches which fit into holes in the lower one. A sheet of stamps—already gummed, dried, and pressed—is passed between these cylinders, and each punch cuts out a piece; the lower cylinder being hollow these pieces fall into it, and do not clog the punches. A hundred stamps are usually printed on a sheet, and 250 of these sheets can be perforated in an hour. Simple as this machine is, no one hit upon it for years after the introduction of stamps. A statistician might make a curious estimate of the number of years of human life that would otherwise have been expended in searching for knives and scissors, and then cutting stamps apart, which have been saved by this machine. Thus: It took so many seconds to cut off a stamp; so many hundreds of millions have been used; multiply these figures together, and reduce the product to years or centuries, and we have the saving. The cylinders are made in sections, like a row of wheels, so that the points may be adjusted for stamps of any size.

In all the American Bank Note Company employs about 350 persons, of whom more than 100 are females. There are about 60 artists and engravers; 250 are employed in the Printing and Counting Rooms; the remainder being superintendents and clerks in the various departments. As we have seen, the presses and lathes are all worked by human power. Still there is employment for a steam-engine of 20-horse power. It

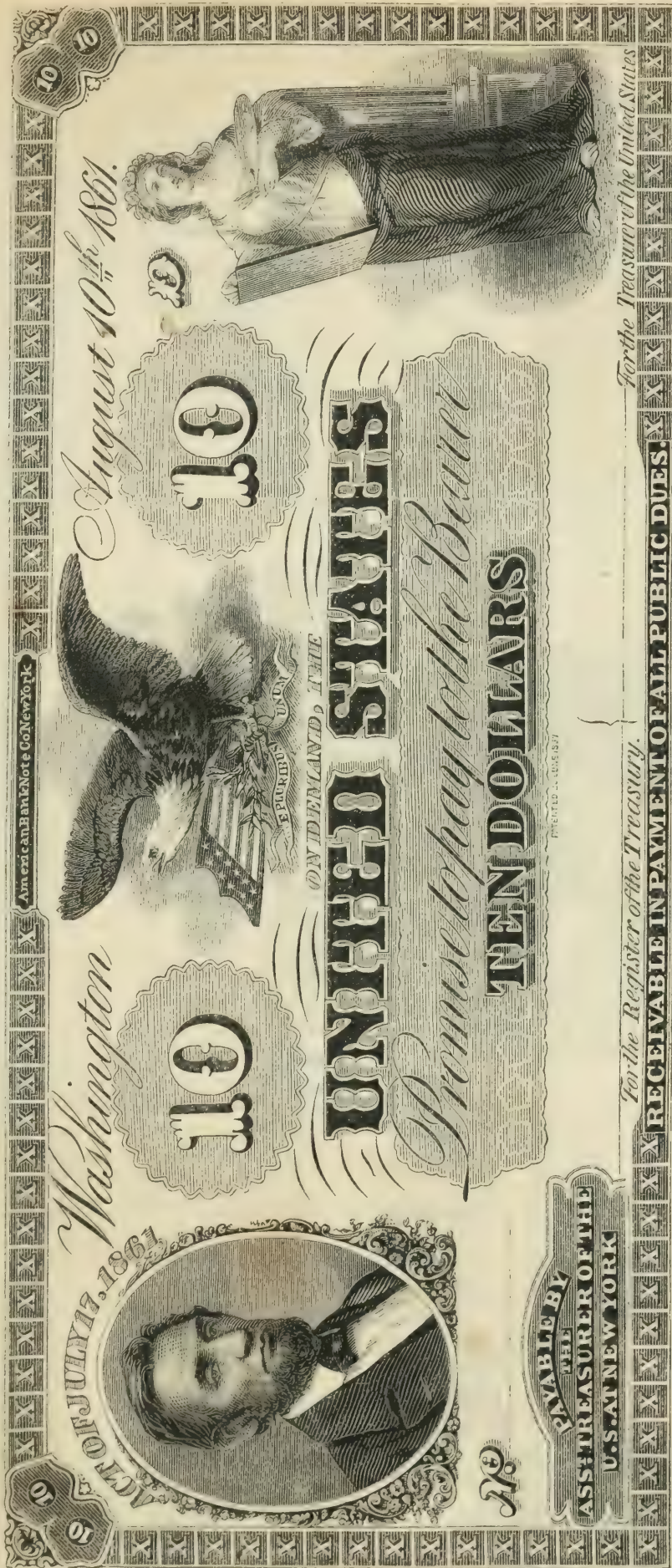
pumps water, moves the elevator, works the hydraulic presses, turns the ink mills, heats the building, and makes itself generally useful in a variety of ways. As may be readily conceived, in so large an establishment savings small in detail amount to large sums in the aggregate. Thus, the cloths with which the plates are wiped formerly consisted of rags from the paper-mill. But the supply from this source adapted to the purpose has of late fallen short of the demand, and it has been found necessary to have a fabric made for this special purpose. It is thin and soft, costing about six cents a yard. Formerly these cloths, when saturated with ink, were burned up; but as each printer will use about six cloths containing a yard each in a day, the entire cost for 100 amounted to a large sum. We saw a single bill of \$2500 for this cloth paid by the Company. Now these cloths are all washed out by the steam-engine, and are used over and over until worn out. Then of the

ink laid upon the plate, more than three-fourths is wiped off by these cloths. Now this ink is costly. The powder, for instance, which forms the basis of the green ink, costs a dollar a pound; that for the best black ink, costs not less than 50 cents a pound. This was all wasted when the cloths were destroyed. Now the green pigment is separated from the water in which the cloths are washed, and again made into ink, to be again wiped off and again recovered. The saving from absolute waste of cloths and ink can not amount to less than \$5000 a year. This saving ultimately accrues to the public; for it enables the Company to do their work so much cheaper. If so much wiping cloth and so much ink are wasted in printing a note, its cost must be charged indirectly to the purchaser. This purchaser is immediately the bank, but ultimately every man who has occasion to use a note.



ENGINE ROOM.

This and the following page contain representations of one of the United States "Demand Notes," and of one of the 7 3-10 per cent. notes. They are not intended as perfect fac-similes. No attempt has been made to represent the lathe-work checks and counters, beyond indicating their position and general figure. The parts which in the notes themselves are printed in green, are mentioned in the brief descriptions which are given of each denomination. The backs of all the notes are printed in green. They consist of elaborate combinations of lathe-work, differing entirely for each denomination, each containing the letters and figures which show the value, repeated many times. No one who observes this, and notes the brief descriptions of the character and position of the different parts of the notes, will ever be defrauded by an altered Treasury Note.



UNITED STATES TEN DOLLAR DEMAND NOTE.

(The Treasury Notes are signed, by different clerks, "For the Register of the Treasury" and "For the Treasurer of the United States." The places of the signature are indicated in our representation.)

VOL. XXIV.—No. 141.—X

5. No Vignette. Crawford's statue of America on left end. "United States" at top in Old English letters. In centre, large "5" in green between two oblong checks, with "Five Dollars" in black across them. Counter in right upper corner, in black. Portrait of Hamilton in right lower corner.

10. Vignette, American Eagle. Portrait of Lincoln in left upper corner. On right end, Art, with palette and tablet. "United States" in square letters below eagle; under this, check, in green. Counters, with "10" on each side of Vignette.

20. Vignette, Liberty, with sword and shield. On each end oblong check, in green. Counters, black, with "20." Green checks on each side of Vignette.

5 COUPONS ATTACHED. LAST 6 MONTHS INTEREST @ 3% PAYABLE WITH NOTE.
PRIOR INSTALLMENTS PAYABLE ONLY ON PRESENTATION OF COUPONS THEREFOR.

Washington

THREE YEARS

UNITED

Promise to pay

100

INTEREST TWO CENTS PER DAY

ONE HUNDRED

of

100

with

100

of

100

August 19th 1861.

JULY 1861.

THEY DATE

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50. *Vignette*, American Eagle on Rock. *Counters*, black, with "50;" below *Vignette* "50" between two oblong checks in green. "50" and "L" repeated many times around margin.

00. *Vignette*, Portrait of Scott. *Counters*, upper corners, black, with "C;" lower corners, green, with "100." Large ornamental "C" in green, on each side of Vignette.

00. *Vignette*, Portrait of Washington. Left end, Justice, with sword and scales, seated on chest. Right end, Ceres, with cornucopia, wheel, and censor.

00. *Vignette*, Portrait of Chase, at bottom. *Counters*, at top black, with "1000;" below, on each side of Vignette, green, with "1000."

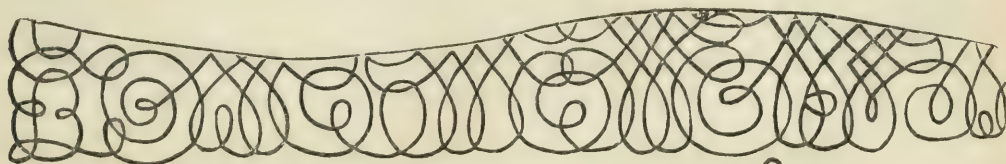
00. *Vinnette*, Indian girl, with bow leaning on shield, eagle near by. Left end, *Justice*. *Counters*, on left, green, with "5000," on right, green border with black centre, with "5000."

Green check

In the foregoing account of the various processes in the manufacture of a Bank Note, we have, in effect, described those employed by this Company in the production of the United States Treasury Notes. The imitations which we have given of one denomination of each kind, with the brief descriptions appended of the other denominations, will show their general character. Each combines all the safeguards against fraud now known. In speaking of the indestructible green ink used by the Company, we should have mentioned that it is used only on the face of the notes, its special use being, as has been explained, to guard against photographic counterfeits, by using in conjunction two inks of different colors, one of which can not be removed without removing the other. The photographic counterfeiter has nothing to gain by removing the check on the back. If he photographs it, the copy will appear in black. It can only be coun-

terfeited by making an engraved imitation of the plate; and to guard against this, the most elaborate lathe-work has been lavished upon these backs. We repeat that our representations of the Treasury Notes are only imitations; they are not, and could not be made fac-similes of the genuine notes. It may not be uninteresting to compare them with the following perfect fac-simile of one of the Massachusetts Bills of 1690—the first American paper money.

The Treasury "Demand Notes" have already become an important part of our currency. Being payable on presentation at the specified Branch Treasuries of the United States, they are equivalent to specie. The "Interest Notes" are due at the end of three years from date, with interest payable semi-annually. This interest, being at the rate of $7\frac{3}{10}$ per cent., amounts to just one cent a day upon every fifty dollars. To facilitate the payment of the interest, each



N^o (419) 20^s

THIS Indented Bill of Twenty
Shillings due from the **Massachusetts**
Colony to the **Possessor** shall be in value
equal to money & shall be accordingly
accepted by the **Treasurer** and **Receivers**
subordinate to him in all **Publick** paym^{ts}
and for any **Stock** at any time in the
Treasury. Boston in **New-England**
February the third **1690** By Order of
the **General Court**



Eliza Hutchinson

John D. Pully

Tim Thornton

Comitee



COUPONS.

of these notes has attached to it five little tickets, called "coupons," numbered in red to correspond with the note itself, and dated at intervals of six months. To collect the interest it is only necessary to cut off the coupon, and present it, when due, at any branch office of the Treasury. There are but five coupons for the three years, because the last installment, as specified on the note, is made payable with the note itself.

It was fortunate for the country that there was in existence an Association capable of executing these notes with the rapidity which was absolutely necessary. It would have taken months for the Government to have organized an establishment for this purpose. Machinery would have to be built, and hundreds of skilled workmen found; and then, after the expiration of a few months, the work would have been done, and the establishment must be disbanded. The "American Bank Note Company" was ready, at a week's notice, to put all the facilities which it had been accumulating for years at the disposal of the Government. Besides the main establishment in New York, which we have described, the Company has branches at Boston and Philadelphia, where the same operations are carried on. It had a similar branch at New Orleans at the time when our troubles broke out. This, for the present, is wholly lost. The entire organization is managed by a Board of Trustees, the President of which is the executive officer of the Company. Each Department is under the immediate direction of a competent superintendent; but all of them are directly accountable to the President, whose decision is final in all cases. Perfect harmony of action is thus secured in every branch of the organization.

All the various appliances which we have described are brought into play for the purpose of protecting the public from loss by spurious paper

money. We will devote a few paragraphs to a description of the different kinds of spurious paper, and the precautions which are or may be used against them.

1. *Counterfeits*.—By these we mean direct imitations of some genuine bill. To produce an even tolerable counterfeit demands an amount of artistic and mechanical talent which is rarely at the command of rogues. There is something in the artistic faculty which in most cases protects its possessor from temptations to fraud. It is only rarely that a good engraver turns out a rogue; moreover he can always do better by the honest exercise of his skill than by its fraudulent use. Now and then, indeed, a "dangerous" counterfeit is produced, and we wonder how and by whom it was made. But only a small part of the spurious money in circulation—probably not one dollar in twenty—is of this class. The security against counterfeits is found in the artistic execution of the genuine notes.—Of *Photographic Counterfeits*, and the precautions against them, we have spoken elsewhere.

2. *Raised Notes*.—These are genuine notes raised from a lower to a higher denomination—say from a "1" to a "10"—by altering the principal figures. This is sometimes done by removing the true figure, by means which we have described, and printing in its place the larger one. More frequently, however, the altered figure is printed on thin paper and pasted over the true one. To guard against this, the denominational letters and figures should be so often repeated on each note as to render their erasure or concealment equivalent to making a new note. The general appearance of each denomination should also be wholly different. Some banks have the leading vignette repeated on all their notes. This is intended to guard against "Altered Notes," of which we shall

next speak. But we think the practice unwise. Vignettes, portraits, checks, and lettering should differ for every denomination.

3. *Altered Notes.*—These consist of the notes of some “bad” bank altered so as to represent those of a good one. Thus notes of the fraudulent “Bank of the Republic, Washington, D.C.,” are altered so as to read “Bank of the Republic, New York.” These alterations are either made by erasure and pasting on the notes themselves, or by altering parts of the plate itself and so printing them entirely new. Formerly too little care was taken of the plates. When a bank failed its assets, including the plates, were often sold at auction. These might fall into fraudulent hands, and be so altered as to represent notes of sound banks. The plates might have been executed in good faith by the best engravers, and there would be nothing in their general appearance to designate them as spurious. This class of frauds is the most usual and the most dangerous. To guard against these, every one whose business requires that he should have a “Counterfeit Detector,” should also have the “Bank Note Descriptive List,” containing brief descriptions of the character and positions of the principal parts of every genuine note. Whenever a note is offered with which he is not acquainted he should compare it with these descriptions. If it is an altered note they will differ essentially.

Bank Plates, moreover, should be kept with the utmost care. In fact, they should be considered as public property, the banks having only the right to their exclusive use for such number of impressions as they may legally issue. As

such, they should be in the custody of persons appointed by the State; and whenever a bank fails or retires from business the plates should be destroyed by the proper authority. This is done with the plates of banks under the New York General Banking Law. All these plates are in the custody of the Banking Department of the State. As it would be inconvenient and unsafe to send plates for this purpose to distant States, it would be far better for these States to make the Bank Note Company its sworn custodian for all plates. It has abundant means of guarding every plate; and its interest, as well as conscience, would impel it to the most perfect discharge of this duty. Indeed the Company now does all it can in this direction. Except in the case of banks of known and established character, it will not suffer the plates to leave its possession unless they are delivered to the authorities of States where there is a General Banking Law, similar to that of New York. If a bank at a distance should wish to stipulate for the delivery of its plates, it would, in ordinary cases, be considered as an indication that some improper use of them was intended, and the Company would decline to furnish the plates.

If the precautions which we have enumerated are carefully observed by the public, the danger of loss from spurious money will be so reduced that it need not be taken into the account in estimating the risks of business. The risk arising from broken banks belongs to a different category, and is to be guarded against only by wise and considerate action on the part of the public authorities by which these institutions are chartered.

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

PEREGRINE'S ELOQUENCE.

IN the last chapter Peregrine Orme called at Orley Farm with the view of discussing with Lucius Mason the conduct of their respective progenitors; and, as will be remembered, the young men agreed in a general way that their progenitors were about to make fools of themselves. Poor Peregrine, however, had other troubles on his mind. Not only had his grandfather been successful in love, but he had been unsuccessful. As he had journeyed home from Noningsby to The Cleeve in a high-wheeled vehicle which he called his trap, he had determined, being then in a frame of mind somewhat softer than was usual with him, to tell all his troubles to his mother. It sounds as though it were lackadaisical—such a resolve as this on the part of a dashing young man, who had been given to the pursuit of rats, and was now a leader among the sons of Nimrod in the pursuit of foxes. Young men of the present day, when got up for the eyes of the world, look and talk

as though they could never tell their mothers any thing—as though they were harder than flint, and as little in want of a woman's counsel and a woman's help as a colonel of horse on the morning of a battle. But the rigid virility of his outward accoutrements does in no way alter the man of flesh and blood who wears them; the young hero, so stern to the eye, is, I believe, as often tempted by stress of sentiment to lay bare the sorrow of his heart as is his sister. On this occasion Peregrine said to himself that he would lay bare the sorrow of his heart. He would find out what others thought of that marriage which he had proposed to himself; and then, if his mother encouraged him, and his grandfather approved, he would make another attack, beginning on the side of the judge, or perhaps on that of Lady Staveley.

But he found that others, as well as he, were laboring under a stress of sentiment; and when about to tell his own tale, he had learned that a tale was to be told to him. He had dined with Lady Mason, his mother, and his grandfather, and the dinner had been very silent. Three of

the party were in love, and the fourth was burdened with the telling of the tale. The baronet himself said nothing on the subject as he and his grandson sat over their wine; but later in the evening Peregrine was summoned to his mother's room, and she, with considerable hesitation and much diffidence, informed him of the coming nuptials.

"Marry Lady Mason!" he had said.

"Yes, Peregrine. Why should he not do so if they both wish it?"

Peregrine thought that there were many causes and impediments sufficiently just why no such marriage should take place, but he had not his arguments ready at his fingers' ends. He was so stunned by the intelligence that he could say but little about it on that occasion. By the few words that he did say, and by the darkness of his countenance, he showed plainly enough that he disapproved. And then his mother said all that she could in the baronet's favor, pointing out that in a pecuniary way Peregrine would receive benefit rather than injury.

"I'm not thinking of the money, mother."

"No, my dear; but it is right that I should tell you how considerate your grandfather is."

"All the same, I wish he would not marry this woman."

"Woman, Peregrine! You should not speak in that way of a friend whom I dearly love."

"She is a woman all the same." And then he sat sulkily looking at the fire. His own stress of sentiment did not admit of free discussion at the present moment, and was necessarily postponed. On that other affair he was told that his grandfather would be glad to see him on the following morning, and then he left his mother.

"Your grandfather, Peregrine, asked for my assent," said Mrs. Orme, "and I thought it right to give it." This she said to make him understand that it was no longer in her power to oppose the match. And she was thoroughly glad that this was so, for she would have lacked the courage to oppose Sir Peregrine in any thing.

On the next morning Peregrine saw his grandfather before breakfast. His mother came to his room door while he was dressing to whisper a word of caution to him. "Pray, be courteous to him," she said. "Remember how good he is to you—to us both! Say that you congratulate him."

"But I don't," said Peregrine.

"Ah, but, Peregrine—"

"I'll tell you what I'll do, mother. I'll leave the house altogether and go away, if you wish it."

"Oh, Peregrine! How can you speak in that way? But he's waiting now. Pray, pray, be kind in your manner to him."

He descended with the same sort of feeling which had oppressed him on his return home after his encounter with Carrotty Bob in Smithfield. Since then he had been on enduring good terms with his grandfather; but now again all the discomforts of war were imminent.

"Good-morning, Sir," he said, on going into his grandfather's dressing-room.

"Good-morning, Peregrine." And then there was silence for a moment or two.

"Did you see your mother last night?"

"Yes; I did see her."

"And she told you what it is that I propose to do?"

"Yes, Sir; she told me."

"I hope you understand, my boy, that it will not in any way affect your own interests injuriously."

"I don't care about that, Sir—one way or the other."

"But I do, Peregrine. Having seen to that, I think that I have a right to please myself in this matter."

"Oh yes, Sir; I know you have the right."

"Especially as I can benefit others. Are you aware that your mother has cordially given her consent to the marriage?"

"She told me that you had asked her, and that she had agreed to it. She would agree to any thing."

"Peregrine, that is not the way in which you should speak of your mother."

And then the young man stood silent, as though there was nothing more to be said. Indeed, he had nothing more to say. He did not dare to bring forward in words all the arguments against the marriage which were now crowding themselves into his memory, but he could not induce himself to wish the old man joy, or to say any of those civil things which are customary on such occasions. The baronet sat for a while, silent also, and a cloud of anger was coming across his brow; but he checked that before he spoke. "Well, my boy," he said, and his voice was almost more than usually kind, "I can understand your thoughts, and we will say nothing of them at present. All I will ask of you is to treat Lady Mason in a manner befitting the position in which I intend to place her."

"If you think it will be more comfortable, Sir, I will leave The Cleeve for a time."

"I hope that may not be necessary. Why should it? Or, at any rate, not as yet," he added, as a thought as to his wedding-day occurred to him. And then the interview was over, and in another half hour they met again at breakfast.

In the breakfast-room Lady Mason was also present. Peregrine was the last to enter, and as he did so his grandfather was already standing in his usual place, with the book of Prayers in his hand, waiting that the servants should arrange themselves at their chairs before he knelt down. There was no time then for much greeting, but Peregrine did shake hands with her as he stepped across to his accustomed corner. He shook hands with her, and felt that her hand was very cold; but he did not look at her, nor did he hear any answer given to his few muttered words. When they all got up she remained close to Mrs. Orme, as though she might thus be protected from the anger which she feared from Sir Peregrine's other friends.

And at breakfast also she sat close to her, far away from the baronet, and almost hidden by the urn from his grandson. Sitting there, she said nothing; neither, in truth, did she eat any thing. It was a time of great suffering to her, for she knew that her coming could not be welcomed by the young heir. "It must not be," she said to herself over and over again. "Though he turn me out of the house, I must tell him that it can not be so."

After breakfast Peregrine had ridden over to Orley Farm, and there held his consultation with the other heir. On his returning to The Cleeve he did not go into the house, but having given up his horse to a groom wandered away among the woods. Lucius Mason had suggested that he, Peregrine Orme, should himself speak to Lady Mason on this matter. He felt that his grandfather would be very angry should he do so. But he did not regard that much. He had filled himself full with the theory of his duties, and he would act up to it. He would see her, without telling any one what was his purpose, and put it to her whether she would bring down this destruction on so noble a gentleman. Having thus resolved, he returned to the house, when it was already dark, and making his way into the drawing-room, sat himself down before the fire, still thinking of his plan. The room was dark, as such rooms are dark for the last hour or two before dinner in January, and he sat himself in an arm-chair before the fire, intending to sit there till it would be necessary that he should go to dress. It was an unaccustomed thing with him so to place himself at such a time, or to remain in the drawing-room at all till he came down for a few minutes before dinner; but he did so now, having been thrown out of his usual habits by the cares upon his mind. He had been so seated about a quarter of an hour, and was already nearly asleep, when he heard the rustle of a woman's garment, and looking round, with such light as the fire gave him, perceived that Lady Mason was in the room. She had entered very quietly, and was making her way in the dark to a chair which she frequently occupied, between the fire and one of the windows, and in doing so she passed so near Peregrine as to touch him with her dress.

"Lady Mason," he said, speaking, in the first place, in order that she might know that she was not alone, "it is almost dark; shall I ring for candles for you?"

She started at hearing his voice, begged his pardon for disturbing him, declined his offer of light, and declared that she was going up again to her own room immediately. But it occurred to him that if it would be well that he should speak to her, it would be well that he should do so at once; and what opportunity could be more fitting than the present? "If you are not in a hurry about any thing," he said, "would you mind staying here for a few minutes?"

"Oh no, certainly not." But he could perceive that her voice trembled in uttering these few words.

"I think I'd better light a candle," he said; and then he did light one of those which stood on the corner of the mantle-piece—a solitary candle, which only seemed to make the gloom of the large room visible. She, however, was standing close to it, and would have much preferred that the room should have been left to its darkness.

"Won't you sit down for a few minutes?" and then she sat down. "I'll just shut the door, if you don't mind. And then, having done so, he returned to his own chair and again faced the fire. He saw that she was pale and nervous, and he did not like to look at her as he spoke. He began to reflect also that they might probably be interrupted by his mother, and he wished that they could adjourn to some other room. That, however, seemed to be impossible; so he summoned up all his courage, and began his task.

"I hope you won't think me uncivil, Lady Mason, for speaking to you about this affair."

"Oh no, Mr. Orme; I am sure that you will not be uncivil to me."

"Of course I can not help feeling a great concern in it, for it's very nearly the same, you know, as if he were my father. Indeed, if you come to that, it's almost worse; and I can assure you it is nothing about money that I mind. Many fellows in my place would be afraid about that, but I don't care two-pence what he does in that respect. He is so honest and so noble-hearted that I am sure he won't do me a wrong."

"I hope not, Mr. Orme; and certainly not in respect to me."

"I only mention it for fear you should misunderstand me. But there are other reasons, Lady Mason, why this marriage will make me—make me very unhappy."

"Are there? I shall be so unhappy if I make others unhappy."

"You will, then—I can assure you of that. It is not only me, but your own son. I was up with him to-day, and he thinks of it the same as I do."

"What did he say, Mr. Orme?"

"What did he say? Well, I don't exactly remember his words; but he made me understand that your marriage with Sir Peregrine would make him very unhappy. He did indeed. Why do you not see him yourself, and talk to him?"

"I thought it best to write to him in the first place."

"Well, now you have written; and don't you think it would be well that you should go up and see him? You will find that he is quite as strong against it as I am—quite."

Peregrine, had he known it, was using the arguments which were of all the least likely to induce Lady Mason to pay a visit to Orley Farm. She dreaded the idea of a quarrel with her son, and would have made almost any sacrifice to prevent such a misfortune; but at the present moment she feared the anger of his words almost more than the anger implied by his ab-

sence. If this trial could be got over, she would return to him and almost throw herself at his feet; but till that time might it not be well that they should be apart? At any rate these tidings of his discontent could not be efficacious in inducing her to seek him.

"Dear Lucius!" she said, not addressing herself to her companion but speaking her thoughts. "I would not willingly give him cause to be discontented with me."

"He is, then, very discontented. I can assure you of that."

"Yes; he and I think differently about all this."

"Ah, but don't you think you had better speak to him before you quite make up your mind? He is your son, you know; and an uncommon clever fellow too. He'll know how to say all this much better than I do."

"Say what, Mr. Orme?"

"Why, of course you can't expect that any body will like such a marriage as this; that is, any body except you and Sir Peregrine."

"Your mother does not object to it."

"My mother! But you don't know my mother yet. She would not object to have her head cut off if any body wanted it that she cared about. I do not know how it has all been managed, but I suppose Sir Peregrine asked her. Then of course she would not object. But look at the common sense of it, Lady Mason. What does the world always say when an old man like my grandfather marries a young woman?"

"But I am not—" So far she got, and then she stopped herself.

"We have all liked you very much. I'm sure I have for one; and I'll go in for you, heart and soul, in this shameful law business. When Lucius asked me, I didn't think any thing of going to that scoundrel in Hamworth; and all along I've been delighted that Sir Peregrine took it up. By Heavens! I'd be glad to go down to Yorkshire myself, and walk into that fellow that wants to do you this injury. I would indeed; and I'll stand by you as strong as any body. But, Lady Mason, when it comes to one's grandfather marrying, it—it—it— Think what people in the county will say of him. If it was your father, and if he had been at the top of the tree all his life, how would you like to see him get a fall, and be laughed at as though he were in the mud just when he was too old ever to get up again?"

I am not sure whether Lucius Mason, with all his cleverness, could have put the matter much better, or have used a style of oratory more efficacious to the end in view. Peregrine had drawn his picture with a coarse pencil, but he had drawn it strongly, and with graphic effect. And then he paused, not with self-confidence, or as giving his companion time to see how great had been his art, but in want of words, and somewhat confused by the strength of his own thoughts. So he got up and poked

the fire, turned his back to it, and then sat down again. "It is such a dence of a thing, Lady Mason," he said, "that you must not be angry with me for speaking out."

"Oh, Mr. Orme, I am not angry, and I do not know what to say to you."

"Why don't you speak to Lucius?"

"What could he say more than you have said? Dear Mr. Orme, I would not injure him—your grandfather, I mean—for all that the world holds."

"You will injure him—in the eyes of all his friends."

"Then I will not do it. I will go to him and beg him that it may not be so. I will tell him that I can not. Any thing will be better than bringing him to sorrow or disgrace."

"By Jove! but will you really?" Peregrine was startled and almost frightened at the effect of his own eloquence. What would the baronet say when he learned that he had been talked out of his wife by his grandson?

"Mr. Orme," continued Lady Mason, "I am sure you do not understand how this matter has been brought about. If you did, however much it might grieve you, you would not blame me, even in your thoughts. From the first to the last my only desire has been to obey your grandfather in every thing."

"But you would not marry him out of obedience?"

"I would, and did so intend. I would, certainly, if in doing so I did him no injury. You say that your mother would give her life for him. So would I; that or any thing else that I could give, without hurting him or others. It was not I that sought for this marriage; nor did I think of it. If you were in my place, Mr. Orme, you would know how difficult it is to refuse."

Peregrine again got up, and, standing with his back to the fire, thought over it all again. His soft heart almost relented toward the woman who had borne his rough words with so much patient kindness. Had Sir Peregrine been there then, and could he have condescended so far, he might have won his grandson's consent without much trouble. Peregrine, like some other generals, had expended his energy in gaining his victory, and was more ready now to come to easy terms than he would have been had he suffered in the combat.

"Well," he said, after a while, "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you for the manner in which you have taken what I said to you. Nobody knows about it yet, I suppose; and perhaps, if you will talk to the governor—"

"I will talk to him, Mr. Orme."

"Thank you; and then perhaps all things may turn out right. I'll go and dress now." And so saying he took his departure, leaving her to consider how best she might act at this crisis of her life, so that things might go right, if such were possible. The more she thought of it, the less possible it seemed that her affairs should be made to go right.



PEREGRINE'S ELOQUENCE.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

OH, INDEED!

THE dinner on that day at The Cleeve was not very dull. Peregrine had some hopes that the idea of the marriage might be abandoned,

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and was at any rate much better disposed toward Lady Mason than he had been. He spoke to her, asking her whether she had been out, and suggesting roast mutton or some such creature comfort. This was lost neither on Sir Peregrine nor on Mrs. Orme, and they both exerted

themselves to say a few words in a more cheery tone than had been customary in the house for the last day or two. Lady Mason herself did not say much, but she had sufficient tact to see the effort which was being made; and though she spoke but little she smiled and accepted graciously the courtesies that were tendered to her.

Then the two ladies went away, and Peregrine was again left with his grandfather. "That was a nasty accident that Graham had going out of Monkton Grange," said he, speaking on the moment of his closing the dining-room door after his mother. "I suppose you heard all about it, Sir?" Having fought his battle so well before dinner, he was determined to give some little rest to his half-vanquished enemy.

"The first tidings we heard were that he was dead," said Sir Peregrine, filling his glass.

"No, he wasn't dead. But of course you know that now. He broke an arm and two ribs, and got rather a bad squeeze. He was just behind me, you know, and I had to wait for him. I lost the run, and had to see Harriet Tristram go away with the best lead any one has had to a fast thing this year. That's an uncommon nasty place at the back of Monkton Grange."

"I hope, Peregrine, you don't think too much about Harriet Tristram."

"Think of her! who? I? Think of her in what sort of a way? I think she goes uncommonly well to hounds."

"That may be, but I should not wish to see you pin your happiness on any lady that was celebrated chiefly for going well to hounds."

"Do you mean marry her?" and Peregrine immediately made a strong comparison in his mind between Miss Tristram and Madeline Staveley.

"Yes; that's what I did mean."

"I wouldn't have her if she owned every fox-cove in the county. No, by Jove! I know a trick worth two of that. It's jolly enough to see them going, but as to being in love with them—in that sort of way—"

"You are quite right, my boy; quite right. It is not that that a man wants in a wife."

"No," said Peregrine, with a melancholy cadence in his voice, thinking of what it was that he did want. And so they sat sipping their wine. The turn which the conversation had taken had for the moment nearly put Lady Mason out of the young man's head.

"You would be very young to marry yet," said the baronet.

"Yes, I should be young; but I don't know that there is any harm in that."

"Quite the contrary, if a young man feels himself to be sufficiently settled. Your mother, I know, would be very glad that you should marry early; and so should I, if you married well."

What on earth could all this mean? It could not be that his grandfather knew that he was in love with Miss Staveley; and had this been known, his grandfather would not have talked of

Harriet Tristram. "Oh yes; of course a fellow should marry well. I don't think much of marrying for money."

"Nor do I, Peregrine; I think very little of it."

"Nor about being of very high birth."

"Well; it would make me unhappy—very unhappy, if you were to marry below your own rank."

"What do you call my own rank?"

"I mean any girl whose father is not a gentleman, and whose mother is not a lady; and of whose education among ladies you could not feel certain."

"I could be quite certain about her," said Peregrine, very innocently.

"Her! what her?"

"Oh, I forgot that we were talking about nobody."

"You don't mean Harriet Tristram?"

"No, certainly not."

"Of whom were you thinking, Peregrine? May I ask—if it be not too close a secret?" And then again there was a pause, during which Peregrine emptied his glass and filled it again. He had no objection to talk to his grandfather about Miss Staveley, but he felt ashamed of having allowed the matter to escape him in this sort of way. "I will tell you why I ask, my boy," continued the baronet. "I am going to do that which many people will call a very foolish thing."

"You mean about Lady Mason."

"Yes; I mean my own marriage with Lady Mason. We will not talk about that just at present, and I only mention it to explain that before I do so I shall settle the property permanently. If you were married I should at once divide it with you. I should like to keep the old house myself, till I die—"

"Oh, Sir!"

"But sooner than give you cause of offense I would give that up."

"I would not consent to live in it unless I did so as your guest."

"Until your marriage I think of settling on you a thousand a year; but it would add to my happiness if I thought it likely that you would marry soon. Now may I ask of whom were you thinking?"

Peregrine paused for a second or two before he made any reply, and then he brought it out boldly. "I was thinking of Madeline Staveley."

"Then, my boy, you were thinking of the prettiest girl and the best-bred lady in the county. Here's her health;" and he filled for himself a bumper of claret. "You couldn't have named a woman whom I should be more proud to see you bring home. And your mother's opinion of her is the same as mine. I happen to know that;" and with a look of triumph he drank his glass of wine, as though much that was very joyful to him had been already settled.

"Yes," said Peregrine, mournfully, "she is a very nice girl; at least I think so."

"The man who can win her, Peregrine, may consider himself to be a lucky fellow. You were quite right in what you were saying about money. No man feels more sure of that than I do. But if I am not mistaken Miss Staveley will have something of her own. I rather think that Arbuthnot got ten thousand pounds."

"I'm sure I don't know, Sir," said Peregrine; and his voice was by no means as much elated as that of his grandfather.

"I think he did; or if he didn't get it all, the remainder is settled on him. And the judge is not a man to behave better to one child than to another."

"I suppose not."

And then the conversation flagged a little, for the enthusiasm was all one side. It was moreover on that side which naturally would have been the least enthusiastic. Poor Peregrine had only told half his secret as yet, and that not the most important half. To Sir Peregrine the tidings, as far as he had heard them, were very pleasant. He did not say to himself that he would purchase his grandson's assent to his own marriage by giving his consent to his grandson's marriage. But it did seem to him that the two affairs, acting upon each other, might both be made to run smooth. His heir could have made no better choice in selecting the lady of his love. Sir Peregrine had feared much that some Miss Tristram or the like might have been tendered to him as the future Lady Orme, and he was agreeably surprised to find that a new mistress for The Cleeve had been so well chosen. He would be all kindness to his grandson, and win from him, if it might be possible, reciprocal courtesy and complaisance. "Your mother will be very pleased when she hears this," he said.

"I meant to tell my mother," said Peregrine, still very dolefully, "but I do not know that there is any thing in it to please her. I only said that I—I admired Miss Staveley."

"My dear boy, if you'll take my advice you'll propose to her at once. You have been staying in the same house with her, and—"

"But I have."

"Have what?"

"I have proposed to her."

"Well?"

"And she has refused me. You know all about it now, and there's no such great cause for joy."

"Oh, you have proposed to her. Have you spoken to her father or mother?"

"What was the use when she told me plainly that she did not care for me? Of course I should have asked her father. As to Lady Staveley, she and I got on uncommonly well. I'm almost inclined to think that she would not have objected."

"It would be a very nice match for them, and I dare say she would not have objected." And then for some ten minutes they sat looking at the fire. Peregrine had nothing more to say about it, and the baronet was thinking how best he might encourage his grandson.

"You must try again, you know," at last he said.

"Well; I fear not. I do not think it would be any good. I'm not quite sure she does not care for some one else."

"Who is he?"

"Oh, a fellow that's there. The man who broke his arm. I don't say she does, you know, and of course you won't mention it."

Sir Peregrine gave the necessary promises, and then endeavored to give encouragement to the lover. He would himself see the judge, if it were thought expedient, and explain what liberal settlement would be made on the lady in the event of her altering her mind. "Young ladies, you know, are very prone to alter their minds on such matters," said the old man. In answer to which Peregrine declared his conviction that Madeline Staveley would not alter her mind. But then do not all despondent lovers hold that opinion of their own mistresses?

Sir Peregrine had been a great gainer by what had occurred, and so he felt it. At any rate all the novelty of the question of his own marriage was over, as between him and Peregrine; and then he had acquired a means of being gracious, which must almost disarm his grandson of all power of criticism. When he, an old man, was ready to do so much to forward the views of a young man, could it be possible that the young man should oppose his wishes? And Peregrine was aware that his power of opposition was thus lessened.

In the evening nothing remarkable occurred between them. Each had his or her own plans; but these plans could not be furthered by any thing to be said in a general assembly. Lady Mason had already told to Mrs. Orme all that had passed in the drawing-room before dinner, and Sir Peregrine had determined that he would consult Mrs. Orme as to that matter regarding Miss Staveley. He did not think much of her refusal. Young ladies always do refuse—at first.

On the day but one following this there came another visit from Mr. Furnival, and he was for a long time closeted with Sir Peregrine. Matthew Round had, he said, been with him, and had felt himself obliged in the performance of his duty to submit a case to counsel on behalf of his client Joseph Mason. He had not as yet received the written opinion of Sir Richard Leatheram, to whom he had applied; but nevertheless, as he wished to give every possible notice, he had called to say that his firm were of opinion that an action must be brought either for forgery or for perjury.

"For perjury!" Mr. Furnival had said.

"Well; yes. We would wish to be as little harsh as possible. But if we convict her of having sworn falsely when she gave evidence as to having copied the codicil herself, and having seen it witnessed by the pretended witnesses—why in that case of course the property would go back."

"I can't give any opinion as to what might

be the result in such a case," said Mr. Furnival.

Mr. Round had gone on to say that he thought it improbable that the action could be tried before the summer assizes.

"The sooner the better as far as we are concerned," said Mr. Furnival.

"If you really mean that, I will see that there shall be no unnecessary delay." Mr. Furnival had declared that he did really mean it, and so the interview had ended.

Mr. Furnival had really meant it, fully concurring in the opinion which Mr. Chaffanbrass had expressed on this matter; but nevertheless the increasing urgency of the case had almost made him tremble. He still carried himself with a brave outside before Mat Round, protesting as to the utter absurdity as well as cruelty of the whole proceeding; but his conscience told him that it was not absurd. "Perjury!" he said to himself, and then he rang the bell for Crabwitz. The upshot of that interview was that Mr. Crabwitz received a commission to arrange a meeting between that great barrister, the member for the Essex Marshes, and Mr. Solomon Aram.

"Won't it look rather—rather—rather—; you know what I mean, Sir?" Crabwitz had asked.

"We must fight these people with their own weapons," said Mr. Furnival; not exactly with justice, seeing that Messrs. Round and Crook were not at all of the same calibre in the profession as Mr. Solomon Aram.

Mr. Furnival had already at this time seen Mr. Slow, of the firm of Slow and Bideawhile, who were Sir Peregrine's solicitors. This he had done chiefly that he might be able to tell Sir Peregrine that he had seen him. Mr. Slow had declared that the case was one which his firm would not be prepared to conduct, and he named a firm to which he should recommend his client to apply. But Mr. Furnival, carefully considering the whole matter, had resolved to take the advice and benefit by the experience of Mr. Chaffanbrass.

And then he went down once more to The Cleeve. Poor Mr. Furnival! In these days he was dreadfully buffeted about both as regards his outer man and his inner conscience by this unfortunate case, giving up to it time that would otherwise have turned itself into heaps of gold; giving up domestic conscience—for Mrs. Furnival was still hot in her anger against poor Lady Mason; and giving up also much peace of mind, for he felt that he was soiling his hands by dirty work. But he thought of the lady's pale sweet face, of her tear-laden eye, of her soft beseeching tones, and gentle touch; he thought of these things—as he should not have thought of them; and he persevered.

On this occasion he was closeted with Sir Peregrine for a couple of hours, and each heard much from the other that surprised him very much. Sir Peregrine, when he was told that Mr. Solomon Aram from Bucklersbury, and Mr. Chaffanbrass from the Old Bailey, were to be re-

tained for the defense of his future wife, drew himself up and said that he could hardly approve of it. The gentlemen named were no doubt very clever in criminal concerns; he could understand as much as that, though he had not had great opportunity of looking into affairs of that sort. But surely in Lady Mason's case assistance of such a description would hardly be needed. Would it not be better to consult Messrs. Slow and Bideawhile?

And then it turned out that Messrs. Slow and Bideawhile had been consulted; and Mr. Furnival, not altogether successfully, endeavored to throw dust into the baronet's eyes, declaring that in a combat with the devil one must use the devil's weapons. He assured Sir Peregrine that he had given the matter his most matured and indeed most painful professional consideration; there were unfortunate circumstances which required peculiar care; it was a matter which would depend entirely on the evidence of one or two persons who might be suborned; and in such a case it would be well to trust to those who knew how to break down and crush a lying witness. In such work as that Slow and Bideawhile would be innocent and ignorant as babes. As to breaking down and crushing a witness anxious to speak the truth, Mr. Furnival at that time said nothing.

"I will not think that falsehood and fraud can prevail," said Sir Peregrine, proudly.

"But they do prevail sometimes," said Mr. Furnival. And then with much outer dignity of demeanor, but with some shamefaced tremblings of the inner man hidden under the guise of that outer dignity, Sir Peregrine informed the lawyer of his great purpose.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Furnival, throwing himself back into his chair with a start.

"Yes, Mr. Furnival. I should not have taken the liberty to trouble you with a matter so private in its nature, but for your close professional intimacy and great friendship with Lady Mason."

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Furnival; and the baronet could understand from the lawyer's tone that even he did not approve.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHY SHOULD HE GO?

"I AM well aware, Mr. Staveley, that you are one of those gentlemen who amuse themselves by frequently saying such things to girls. I had learned your character in that respect before I had been in the house two days."

"Then, Miss Furnival, you learned what was very false. May I ask who has blackened me in this way in your estimation?" It will be easily seen from this that Mr. Augustus Staveley and Miss Furnival were at the present moment alone together in one of the rooms at Noningsby.

"My informant," she replied, "has been no one especial sinner whom you can take by the

throat and punish. Indeed, if you must shoot any body, it should be chiefly yourself, and after that your father, and mother, and sisters. But you need not talk of being black. Such sins are venial nowadays, and convey nothing deeper than a light shade of brown."

"I regard a man who can act in such a way as very base."

"Such a way as what, Mr. Staveley?"

"A man who can win a girl's heart for his own amusement."

"I said nothing about the winning of hearts. That is treachery of the worst dye; but I acquit you of any such attempt. When there is a question of the winning of hearts men look so different."

"I don't know how they look," said Augustus, not altogether satisfied as to the manner in which he was being treated—"but such has been my audacity—my too great audacity on the present occasion."

"You are the most audacious of men, for your audacity would carry you to the feet of another lady to-morrow without the slightest check."

"And that is the only answer I am to receive from you?"

"It is quite answer enough. What would you have me do? Get up and decline the honor of being Mrs. Augustus Staveley, with a courtesy?"

"No—I would have you do nothing of the kind. I would have you get up and accept the honor—with a kiss."

"So that you might have the kiss, and I might have the—; I was going to say disappointment, only that would be untrue. Let me assure you that I am not so demonstrative in my tokens of regard."

"I wonder whether you mean that you are not so honest?"

"No, Mr. Staveley; I mean nothing of the kind; and you are very impertinent to express such a supposition. What have I done or said to make you suppose that I have lost my heart to you?"

"As you have mine, it is at any rate human nature in me to hope that I might have yours."

"Pshaw! your heart! You have been making a shuttlecock of it till it is doubtful whether you have not banged it to pieces. I know two ladies who carry in their caps two feathers out of it. It is so easy to see when a man is in love. They all go cross-gartered like Malvolio; cross-gartered in their looks and words and doings."

"And there is no touch of all this in me?"

"You cross-gartered! You have never got so far yet as a lackadaisical twist to the corner of your mouth. Did you watch Mr. Orme before he went away?"

"Why; was he cross-gartered?"

"But you men have no eyes; you never see any thing. And your idea of love-making is to sit under a tree wishing, wondering whether the ripe fruit will fall down into your mouth. Ripe fruit does sometimes fall, and then it is all well

with you. But if it won't, you pass on and say that it is sour. As for climbing—"

"The fruit generally falls too fast to admit of such exercise," said Staveley, who did not choose that all the sharp things should be said on the other side.

"And that is the result of your very extended experience? The orchards which have been opened to you have not, I fear, been of the first quality. Mr. Staveley, my hand will do very well by itself. Such is not the sort of climbing that is required. That is what I call stooping to pick up the fruit that has fallen." And as she spoke she moved a little away from him on the sofa.

"And how is a man to climb?"

"Do you really mean that you want a lesson? But if I were to tell you my words would be thrown away. Men will not labor who have gotten all that they require without work. Why strive to deserve any woman, when women are plenty who do not care to be deserved? That plan of picking up the fallen apples is so much the easier."

The lesson might perhaps have been given, and Miss Furnival might have imparted to Mr. Staveley her idea of "excelsior" in the matter of love-making, had not Mr. Staveley's mother come into the room at that moment. Mrs. Staveley was beginning to fear that the results of her Christmas hospitality would not be satisfactory. Peregrine Orme, whom she would have been so happy to welcome to the warmest corner of her household temple as a son, had been sent away in wretchedness and disappointment. Madeline was moping about the house, hardly making an effort to look like herself; attributing, in her mother's ears, all her complaint to that unexpected interview with Peregrine Orme, but not so attributing it—as her mother fancied—with correctness. And there was Felix Graham still in the room up stairs, the doctor having said that he might be moved in a day or two; that is, such movement might possibly be effected without detriment: but having said also that another ten days of uninterrupted rest would be very desirable. And now, in addition to this, her son Augustus was to be found on every wet morning closeted somewhere with Sophia Furnival; on every wet morning, and sometimes on dry mornings also!

And then, on this very day, Lady Staveley had discovered that Felix Graham's door in the corridor was habitually left open. She knew her child too well, and was too clear and pure in her own mind to suppose that there was any thing wrong in this; that clandestine talkings were arranged, or any thing planned in secret. What she feared was that which really occurred. The door was left open, and as Madeline passed Felix would say a word, and then Madeline would pause and answer him. Such words as they were might have been spoken before all the household, and if so spoken would have been free from danger. But they were not free from danger when spoken in that way, in the passage of



AUGUSTUS STAVELEY AND MISS FURNIVAL.

a half-closed door-way—all which Lady Staveley understood perfectly.

"Baker," she had said, with more of anger in her voice than was usual with her, "why do you leave that door open?"

"I think it sweetens the room, my lady;"

and indeed Felix Graham sometimes thought so too.

"Nonsense; every sound in the house must be heard. Keep it shut, if you please."

"Yes, my lady," said Mrs. Baker—who also understood perfectly.

"He is better, my darling," said Mrs. Baker to Madeline, the same day; "and, indeed, for that he is well enough as regards eating and drinking. But it would be cruelty to move him yet. I heard what the doctor said."

"Who talks of moving him?"

"Well, he talks of it himself; and the doctor said it might be possible. But I know what that means."

"What does it mean?"

"Why, just this—that if we want to get rid of him, it won't quite be the death of him."

"But who wants to get rid of him?"

"I'm sure I don't. I don't mind my trouble the least in life. He's as nice a young gentleman as ever I sat beside the bed of; and he's full of spirit—he is."

And then Madeline appealed to her mother. Surely her mother would not let Mr. Graham be sent out of the house in his present state, merely because the doctor said it might be possible to move him without causing his instant death! And tears stood in poor Madeline's eyes as she thus pleaded the cause of the sick and wounded. This again tormented Lady Staveley, who found it necessary to give further caution to Mrs. Baker. "Baker," she said, "how can you be so foolish as to be talking to Miss Madeline about Mr. Graham's arm?"

"Who, my lady? I, my lady?"

"Yes, you; when you know that the least thing frightens her. Don't you remember how ill it made her when Roger"—Roger was an old family groom—"when Roger had that accident?" Lady Staveley might have saved herself the trouble of the reminiscence as to Roger, for Baker knew more about it than that. When Roger's scalp had been laid bare by a fall, Miss Madeline had chanced to see it, and had fainted; but Miss Madeline was not fainting now. Baker knew all about it, almost better than Lady Staveley herself. It was of very little use talking to Baker about Roger the groom. Baker thought that Mr. Felix Graham was a very nice young man, in spite of his "not being exactly handsomelike about the physgognomy," as she remarked to one of the younger maids, who much preferred Peregrine Orme.

Coming away from this last interview with Mrs. Baker, Lady Staveley interrupted her son and Sophia Furnival in the back drawing-room, and began to feel that her solicitude for her children would be almost too much for her. Why had she asked that nasty girl to her house, and why would not the nasty girl go away? As for her going away, there was no present hope, for it had been arranged that she should stay for another fortnight. Why could not the Fates have been kind, and have allowed Felix Graham and Miss Furnival to fall in love with each other? "I can never make a daughter of her if he does marry her," Lady Staveley said to herself, as she looked at them.

Augustus looked as though he were detected, and stammered out some question about his mother and the carriage; but Miss Furnival

did not for a moment lose her easy presence of mind. "Lady Staveley," said she, "why does not your son go and hunt, or shoot, or fish, instead of staying in the house all day? It seems to me that his time is so heavy on his hands that he will almost have to hang himself."

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Lady Staveley, who was not so perfect an actor as her guest.

"I do think gentlemen in the house in the morning always look so unfortunate. You have been endeavoring to make yourself agreeable, but you know you've been yawning."

"Do you suppose then that men never sit still in the morning?" said Augustus.

"Oh, in their chambers, yes; or on the bench, and perhaps also behind counters; but they very seldom do so in a drawing-room. You have been fidgeting about with the poker till you have destroyed the look of the fire-place."

"Well, I'll go and fidget up stairs with Graham," said he; and so he left the room.

"Nasty sly girl," said Lady Staveley to herself as she took up her work and sat herself down in her own chair.

Augustus did go up to his friend, and found him reading letters. There was no one else in the room, and the door, when Augustus reached it, was properly closed. "I think I shall be off to-morrow, old boy," said Felix.

"Then I think you'll do no such thing," said Augustus. "What's in the wind now?"

"The doctor said this morning that I could be moved without danger."

"He said that it might possibly be done in two or three days—that was all. What on earth makes you so impatient? You've nothing to do. Nobody else wants to see you, and nobody here wants to get rid of you."

"You're wrong in all your three statements."

"The deuce I am! Who wants to get rid of you?"

"That shall come last. I have something to do, and somebody else does want to see me. I've got a letter from Mary here, and another from Mrs. Thomas;" and he held up to view two letters which he had received, and which had, in truth, startled him.

"Mary's duenna—the artist who is supposed to be moulding the wife."

"Yes; Mary's duenna, or Mary's artist, whichever you please."

"And which of them wants to see you? It's just like a woman to require a man's attendance exactly when he is unable to move."

Then Felix, though he did not give up the letters to be read, described to a certain extent their contents. "I don't know what on earth has happened," he said. "Mary is praying to be forgiven, and saying that it is not her fault; and Mrs. Thomas is full of apologies, declaring that her conscience forces her to tell every thing; and yet, between them both, I do not know what has happened."

"Miss Snow has probably lost the key of the work-box you gave her."

"I have not given her a work-box."

"Then the writing-desk. That's what a man has to endure when he will make himself head schoolmaster to a young lady. And so you're going to look after your charge with your limbs still in bandages?"

"Just so;" and then he took up the two letters and read them again, while Staveley still sat on the foot of the bed. "I wish I knew what to think about it," said Felix.

"About what?" said the other. And then there was another pause, and another reading of a portion of the letters.

"There seems something—something almost frightful to me," said Felix, gravely, "in the idea of marrying a girl in a few months' time, who now, at so late a period of our engagement, writes to me in that sort of cold, formal way."

"It's the proper moulded-wife style, you may depend," said Augustus.

"I'll tell you what, Staveley, if you can talk to me seriously for five minutes I shall be obliged to you. If that is impossible to you, say so, and I will drop the matter."

"Well, go on; I am serious enough in what I intend to express, even though I may not be so in my words."

"I'm beginning to have my doubts about this dear girl."

"I've had my doubts for some time."

"Not, mark you, with regard to myself. The question is not now whether I can love her sufficiently for my own happiness. On that side I have no longer the right to a doubt."

"But you wouldn't marry her if you did not love her."

"We need not discuss that. But what if she does not love me? What if she would think it a release to be freed from this engagement? How am I to find that out?"

Augustus sat for a while silent, for he did feel that the matter was serious. The case, as he looked at it, stood thus: His friend Graham had made a very foolish bargain, from which he would probably be glad to escape, though he could not now bring himself to say as much. But this bargain, bad for him, would probably be very good for the young lady. The young lady, having no shilling of her own, and no merits of birth or early breeding to assist her outlook in the world, might probably regard her ready-made engagement to a clever, kind-hearted, high-spirited man, as an advantage not readily to be abandoned. Staveley, as a sincere friend, was very anxious that the match should be broken off; but he could not bring himself to tell Graham that he thought that the young lady would so wish. According to his idea the young lady must undergo a certain amount of disappointment and receive a certain amount of compensation. Graham had been very foolish, and must pay for his folly. But in preparing to do so, it would be better that he should see and acknowledge the whole truth of the matter.

"Are you sure that you have found out your own feelings?" Staveley said at last; and his tone was then serious enough even for his friend.

"It hardly matters whether I have or have not," said Felix.

"It matters above all things—above all things, because as to them you may come to something like certainty. Of the inside of her heart you can not know so much. The fact, I take it, is this—that you would wish to escape from this bondage."

"No; not unless I thought she regarded it as bondage also. It may be that she does. As for myself, I believe that at the present moment such a marriage would be for me the safest step that I could take."

"Safe as against what danger?"

"All dangers. How if I should learn to love another woman—some one utterly out of my reach—while I am still betrothed to her?"

"I rarely flatter you, Graham, and don't mean to do it now; but no girl ought to be out of your reach. You have talent, position, birth, and gifts of nature which should make you equal to any lady. As for money, the less you have the more you should look to get. But if you would cease to be mad, two years would give you command of an income."

"But I shall never cease to be mad."

"Who is it that can not be serious now?"

"Well, I will be serious—serious enough. I can afford to be so, as I have received my medical passport for to-morrow. No girl, you say, ought to be out of my reach. If the girl were one Miss Staveley, should she be regarded as out of my reach?"

"A man doesn't talk about his own sister," said Staveley, having got up from the bed and walked to the window, "and I know you don't mean any thing."

"But, by Heavens! I do mean a great deal."

"What is it you mean, then?"

"I mean this—What would you say if you learned that I was a suitor for her hand?"

Staveley had been right in saying that a man does not talk about his own sister. When he had declared with so much affectionate admiration for his friend's prowess, that he might aspire to the hand of any lady, that one retiring, modest-browed girl had not been thought of by him. A man in talking to another man about women is always supposed to consider those belonging to himself as exempt from the incidents of the conversation. The dearest friends do not talk to each other about their sisters when they have once left school; and a man in such a position as that now taken by Graham has to make fight for his ground as closely as though there had been no former intimacies. My friend Smith in such a matter as that, though I have been hail-fellow with him for the last ten years, has very little advantage over Jones, who was introduced to the house for the first time last week. And therefore Staveley felt himself almost injured when Felix Graham spoke to him about Madeline.

"What would I say? Well—that is a question one does not understand, unless—unless

you really meant to state it as a fact that it was your intention to propose to her."

"But I mean rather to state it as a fact that it is not my intention to propose to her."

"Then we had better not speak of her."

"Listen to me a moment. In order that I may not do so, it will be better for me—better for us all, that I should leave the house."

"Do you mean to say—?"

"Yes, I do mean to say! I mean to say all that your mind is now suggesting to you. I quite understand your feelings when you declare that a man does not like to talk of his own sister, and therefore we will talk of your sister no more. Old fellow, don't look at me as though you meant to drop me."

Augustus came back to the bedside, and again seating himself, put his hand almost caressingly over his friend's shoulder. "I did not think of this," he said.

"No; one never does think of it," Graham replied.

"And she?"

"She knows no more of it than that bed-post," said Graham. "The injury, such as there is, is all on one side. But I'll tell you who suspects it."

"Baker?"

"Your mother. I am much mistaken if you will not find that she, with all her hospitality, would prefer that I should recover my strength elsewhere."

"But you have done nothing to betray yourself."

"A mother's ears are very sharp. I know that it is so. I can not explain to you how. Do you tell her that I think of getting up to London to-morrow, and see how she will take it. And, Staveley, do not for a moment suppose that I am reproaching her. She is quite right. I believe that I have in no way committed myself—that I have said no word to your sister with which Lady Staveley has a right to feel herself aggrieved; but if she has had the wit to read the thoughts of my bosom, she is quite right to wish that I were out of the house."

Poor Lady Staveley had been possessed of no such wit at all. The sphinx which she had read had been one much more in her own line. She had simply read the thoughts in her daughter's bosom—or rather the feelings in her daughter's heart.

Augustus Staveley hardly knew what he ought to say. He was not prepared to tell his friend that he was the very brother-in-law for whose connection he would be desirous. Such a marriage for Madeline, even should Madeline desire it, would not be advantageous. When Augustus told Graham that he had gifts of nature which made him equal to any lady, he did not include his own sister. And yet the idea of acquiescing in his friend's sudden departure was very painful to him. "There can be no reason why you should not stay up here, you know," at last he said; and in so saying he pronounced an absolute verdict against poor Felix.

On few matters of moment to a man's own heart can he speak out plainly the whole truth that is in him. Graham had intended so to do, but had deceived himself. He had not absolutely hoped that his friend would say, "Come among us, and be one of us; take her, and be my brother." But yet there came upon his heart a black load of disappointment, in that the words which were said were the exact opposite of these. Graham had spoken of himself as unfit to match with Madeline Staveley, and Madeline Staveley's brother had taken him at his word. The question which Augustus asked himself was this—Was it, or was it not practicable that Graham should remain there without danger of intercourse with his sister? To Felix the question came in a very different shape. After having spoken as he had spoken—might he be allowed to remain there, enjoying such intercourse, or might he not? That was the question to which he had unconsciously demanded an answer; and unconsciously he had still hoped that the question might be answered in his favor. He had so hoped, although he was burdened with Mary Snow, and although he had spoken of his engagement with that lady in so rigid a spirit of self-martyrdom. But the question had been answered against him. The offer of a further asylum in the seclusion of that bedroom had been made to him by his friend with a sort of proviso that it would not be well that he should go further than the bedroom, and his inner feelings at once grated against each other, making him wretched and almost angry.

"Thank you, no; I understand how kind you are, but I will not do that. I will write up to-night, and shall certainly start to-morrow."

"My dear fellow—"

"I should get into a fever if I were to remain in this house after what I have told you. I could not endure to see you, or your mother, or Baker, or Marian, or any one else. Don't talk about it. Indeed, you ought to feel that it is not possible. I have made a confounded ass of myself, and the sooner I get away the better. I say—perhaps you would not be angry if I was to ask you to let me sleep for an hour or so now. After that I'll get up and write my letters."

He was very sore. He knew that he was sick at heart, and ill at ease, and cross with his friend; and knew also that he was unreasonable in being so. Staveley's words and manner had been full of kindness. Graham was aware of this, and was therefore the more irritated with himself. But this did not prevent his being angry and cross with his friend.

"Graham," said the other, "I see clearly enough that I have annoyed you."

"Not in the least. A man falls into the mud, and then calls to another man to come and see him. The man in the mud of course is not comfortable."

"But you have called to me, and I have not been able to help you."

"I did not suppose you would, so there has been no disappointment. Indeed, there was no

possibility for help. I shall follow out the line of life which I have long since chalked out for myself, and I do not expect that I shall be more wretched than other poor devils around me. As far as my idea goes, it all makes very little difference. Now leave me; there's a good fellow."

"Dear old fellow, I would give my right hand if it would make you happy!"

"But it won't. Your right hand will make somebody else happy, I hope."

"I'll come up to you again before dinner."

"Very well. And, Staveley, what we have now said can not be forgotten between us; but when we next meet, and ever after, let it be as though it were forgotten." Then he settled himself down on the bed, and Augustus left the room.

It will not be supposed that Graham did go to sleep, or that he had any thought of doing so. When he was alone those words of his friend rang over and over again in his ears, "No girl ought to be out of your reach." Why should Madeline Staveley be out of his reach, simply because she was his friend's sister? He had been made welcome to that house, and therefore he was bound to do nothing unhandsome by the family. But then he was bound by other laws, equally clear, to do nothing unhandsome by any other family—or by any other lady. If there was any thing in Staveley's words, they applied as strongly to Staveley's sister as to any other girl. And why should not he, a lawyer, marry a lawyer's daughter? Sophia Furnival, with her hatful of money, would not be considered too high for him; and in what respect was Madeline Staveley above Sophia Furnival? That the one was immeasurably above the other in all those respects which in his estimation tended toward female perfection, he knew to be true enough; but the fruit which he had been forbidden to gather hung no higher on the social tree than that other fruit which he had been especially invited to pluck and garner.

And then Graham was not a man to think any fruit too high for him. He had no overweening idea of his own deserts, either socially or professionally, nor had he taught himself to expect great things from his own genius; but he had that audacity of spirit which bids a man hope to compass that which he wishes to compass—that audacity which is both the father and mother of success—that audacity which seldom exists without the inner capability on which it ought to rest.

But then there was Mary Snow! Augustus Staveley thought but little of Mary Snow. According to his theory of his friend's future life, Mary Snow might be laid aside without much difficulty. If this were so, why should not Madeline be within his reach? But then was it so? Had he not betrothed himself to Mary Snow in the presence of the girl's father, with every solemnity and assurance, in a manner fixed beyond that of all other betrothals? Alas, yes; and for this reason it was right that he should hurry away from Noningsby.

Then he thought of Mary's letter, and of Mrs. Thomas's letter. What was it that had been done! Mary had written as though she had been charged with some childish offense; but Mrs. Thomas talked solemnly of acquitting her own conscience. What could have happened that had touched Mrs. Thomas in the conscience?

But his thoughts soon ran away from the little house at Peckham, and settled themselves again at Noningsby. Should he hear more of Madeline's footsteps?—and if not, why should they have been banished from the corridor? Should he hear her voice again at the door—and if not, why should it have been hushed? There is a silence which may be more eloquent than the sounds which it follows. Had no one in that house guessed the feelings in his bosom she would have walked along the corridor as usual, and spoken a word with her sweet voice in answer to his word. He felt sure that this would be so no more; but who had stopped it, and why should such sounds be no more heard?

At last he did go to sleep, not in pursuance of any plan formed for doing so; for had he been asked he would have said that sleep was impossible for him. But he did go to sleep, and when he awoke it was dark. He had intended to have got up and dressed on that afternoon, or to have gone through such ceremony of dressing as was possible for him—in preparation of his next day's exercise; and now he rose up in his bed with a start, angry with himself in having allowed the time to pass by him.

"Lord love you, Mr. Graham, why how you have slept!" said Mrs. Baker. "If I haven't just sent your dinner down again to keep hot. Such a beautiful pheasant, and the bread sauce'll be lumpy now, for all the world like pap."

"Never mind the bread sauce, Mrs. Baker; the pheasant's the thing."

"And her ladyship's been here, Mr. Graham, only she wouldn't have you woke. She won't hear of your being moved to-morrow, nor yet won't the judge. There was a rumpus down stairs when Mr. Augustus as much as mentioned it. I know one who—"

"You know one who—you were saying?"

"Never mind.—It ain't one more than another, but it's all. You ain't to leave this to-morrow, so you may just give it over. And, indeed, your things is all at the wash, so you can't; and now I'll go down for the pheasant."

Felix still declared very positively that he should go, but his doing so did not shake Mrs. Baker. The letter-bag he knew did not leave till eight, and as yet it was not much past five. He would see Staveley again after his dinner, and then he would write.

When Augustus left the room in the middle of the day he encountered Madeline wandering about the house. In these days she did wander about the house, as though there were something always to be done in some place apart from that in which she then was. And yet the things

which she did were but few. She neither worked nor read, and as for household duties, her share in them was confined almost entirely to the morning and evening tea-pot.

"It isn't true that he's to go to-morrow morning, Augustus, is it?" said she.

"Who—Graham? Well; he says that he will. He is very anxious to get to London; and no doubt he finds it stupid enough lying there and doing nothing."

"But he can do as much there as he can lying by himself in his own chambers, where I don't suppose he would have any body to look after him. He thinks he's a trouble and all that, and therefore he wants to go. But you know mamma doesn't mind about trouble of that kind; and what should we think of it afterward if any thing bad was to happen to your friend because we allowed him to leave the house before he was in a fit state to be moved? Of course Mr. Pottinger says so—" Mr. Pottinger was the doctor. "Of course Mr. Pottinger says so, because he thinks he has been so long here, and he doesn't understand."

"But Mr. Pottinger would like to keep a patient."

"Oh no; he's not at all that sort of man. He'd think of mamma—the trouble, I mean, of having a stranger in the house. But you know mamma would think nothing of that, especially for such an intimate friend of yours."

Augustus turned slightly round so as to look more fully into his sister's face, and he saw that a tear was gathered in the corner of her eye. She perceived his glance and partly shrank under it; but she soon recovered herself and answered it. "I know what you mean," she said; "and if you choose to think so, I can't help it. But it is horrible—horrible—" And then she stopped herself, finding that a little sob would become audible if she trusted herself to further words.

"You know what I mean, Mad?" he said, putting his arm affectionately round her waist. "And what is it that I mean? Come; you and I never have any secrets; you always say so when you want to get at mine. Tell me what it is that I mean."

"I haven't got any secret."

"But what did I mean?"

"You looked at me, because I don't want you to let them send Mr. Graham away. If it was old Mr. Furnival, I shouldn't like them to turn him out of this house when he was in such a state as that."

"Poor Mr. Furnival: no; I think he would bear it worse than Felix."

"Then why should he go? And why—should you look at me in that way?"

"Did I look at you, Mad? Well, I believe I did. We are to have no secrets; are we?"

"No," said she. But she did not say it in the same eager voice with which hitherto she had declared that they would always tell each other every thing.

"Felix Graham is my friend," said he, "my

special friend; and I hope you will always like my friends. But—"

"Well?" she said.

"You know what I mean, Mad."

"Yes," she said.

"That is all, dearest." And then she knew that he also had cautioned her not to fall in love with Felix Graham, and she felt angry with him for the caution. "Why—why—why—?" But she hardly knew as yet how to frame the question which she desired to ask herself.

CHAPTER XL.

I CALL IT AWFUL.

"Oh, indeed!" Those had been the words with which Mr. Furnival had received the announcement made by Sir Peregrine as to his proposed nuptials. And as he uttered them the lawyer drew himself up stiffly in his chair, looking much more like a lawyer and much less like an old family friend than he had done the moment before.

Whereupon Sir Peregrine drew himself up also. "Yes," he said. "I should be intrusive if I were to trouble you with my motives, and therefore I need only say further as regards the lady, that I trust that my support, standing as I shall do in the position of her husband, will be more serviceable to her than it could otherwise have been in this trial which she will, I presume, be forced to undergo."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Mr. Furnival; and then the interview had ended. The lawyer had been anxious to see his client, and had intended to ask permission to do so; but he had felt on hearing Sir Peregrine's tidings that it would be useless now to make any attempt to see her alone, and that he could speak to her with no freedom in Sir Peregrine's presence. So he left The Cleeve, having merely intimated to the baronet the fact of his having engaged the services of Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Solomon Aram. "You will not see Lady Mason?" Sir Peregrine had asked. "Thank you; I do not know that I need trouble her," Mr. Furnival had answered. "You of course will explain to her how the case at present stands. I fear she must reconcile herself to the fact of a trial. You are aware, Sir Peregrine, that the offense imputed is one for which bail will be taken. I should propose yourself and her son. Of course I should be happy to lend my own name; but as I shall be on the trial, perhaps it may be as well that this should be avoided."

Bail will be taken! These words were dreadful in the ears of the expectant bridegroom. Had it come to this, that there was a question whether or no she should be locked up in a prison like a felon? But nevertheless his heart did not misgive him. Seeing how terribly she was injured by others, he felt himself bound by the stronger law to cling to her himself. Such was the special chivalry of the man.

Mr. Furnival, on his return to London, thought almost more of Sir Peregrine than he did either of Lady Mason or of himself. Was it not a pity? Was it not a thousand pities that that aged noble gentleman should be sacrificed? He had felt angry with Sir Peregrine when the tidings were first communicated to him; but now, as he journeyed up to London, this feeling of anger was transferred to his own client. This must be her doing, and such doing on her part, while she was in her present circumstances, was very wicked. And then he remembered her guilt—her probable guilt—and his brow became very black. Her supposed guilt had not been horrible to him while he had regarded it as affecting herself alone, and in point of property affecting Joseph Mason and her son Lucius. He could look forward, sometimes almost triumphantly, to the idea of washing her—so far as this world's washing goes—from that guilt, and setting her up again clear before the world, even though in doing so he should lend a hand in robbing Joseph Mason of his estate. But this dragging down of another—and such another—head into the vortex of ruin and misery was horrible to him. He was not strait-laced, or mealy-mouthed, or overburdened with scruples. In the way of his profession he could do many a thing at which—I express a single opinion with much anxious deference—at which an honest man might be scandalized if it became beneath his judgment unprofessionally. But this he could not stand. Something must be done in the matter. The marriage must be stayed till after the trial—or else he must himself retire from the defense and explain both to Lady Mason and to Sir Peregrine why he did so.

And then he thought of the woman herself, and his spirit within him became very bitter. Had any one told him that he was jealous of the preference shown by his client to Sir Peregrine he would have fumed with anger, and thought that he was fuming justly. But such was in truth the case. Though he believed her to have been guilty of this thing, though he believed her to be now guilty of the worse offense of dragging the baronet to his ruin, still he was jealous of her regard. Had she been content to lean upon him, to trust to him as her great and only necessary friend, he could have forgiven all else, and placed at her service the full force of his professional power, even though by doing so he might have lowered himself in men's minds. And what reward did he expect? None. He had formed no idea that the woman would become his mistress. All that was as obscure before his mind's eye as though she had been nineteen and he five-and-twenty.

He was to dine at home on this day, that being the first occasion of his doing so for—as Mrs. Furnival declared—the last six months. In truth, however, the interval had been long, though not so long as that. He had a hope that, having announced his intention, he might find the coast clear, and hear Martha Biggs spoken of as a dear one lately gone. But when he ar-

rived at home Martha Biggs was still there. Under circumstances as they now existed Mrs. Furnival had determined to keep Martha Biggs by her, unless any special edict for her banishment should come forth. Then, in case of such special edict, Martha Biggs should go, and thence should arise the new *casus belli*. Mrs. Furnival had made up her mind that war was expedient—nay, absolutely necessary. She had an idea, formed no doubt from the reading of history, that some allies require a smart brush now and again to blow away the clouds of distrust which become engendered by time between them; and that they may become better allies than ever afterward. If the appropriate time for such a brush might ever come, it had come now. All the world—so she said to herself—was talking of Mr. Furnival and Lady Mason. All the world knew of her injuries.

Martha Biggs was second-cousin to Mr. Crook's brother's wife—I speak of that Mr. Crook who had been professionally known for the last thirty years as the partner of Mr. Round. It had been whispered in the office in Bedford Row—such whisper, I fear, originating with old Round—that Mr. Furnival admired his fair client. Hence light had fallen upon the eyes of Martha Biggs, and the secret of her friend was known to her. Need I trace the course of the tale with closer accuracy?

"Oh, Kitty," she had said to her friend with tears that evening, "I can not bear to keep it to myself any more! I can not, when I see you suffering so. It's awful!"

"Can not bear to keep what, Martha?"

"Oh, I know. Indeed all the town knows it now."

"Knows what? You know how I hate that kind of thing. If you have any thing to say, speak out."

This was not kind to such a faithful friend as Martha Biggs; but Martha knew what sacrifices friendship such as hers demanded, and she did not resent it.

"Well, then—if I am to speak out, it's—Lady Mason. And I do say that it's shameful, quite shameful; and awful—I call it awful."

Mrs. Furnival had not said much at the time to encourage the fidelity of her friend, but she was thus justified in declaring to herself that her husband's goings on had become the talk of all the world; and his goings on especially in that quarter in which she had long regarded them with so much dismay. She was not, therefore, prepared to welcome him on this occasion of his coming home to dinner by such tokens of friendly feeling as the dismissal of her friend to Red Lion Square. When the moment for absolute war should come Martha Biggs should be made to depart.

Mr. Furnival when he arrived at his own house was in a thoughtful mood, and disposed for quiet and domestic meditation. Had Miss Biggs not been there he could have found it in his heart to tell every thing about Lady Mason to his wife, asking her counsel as to what he

should do with reference to that marriage. Could he have done so, all would have been well; but this was not possible while that red-faced lump of a woman from Red Lion Square sat in his drawing-room, making every thing uncomfortable.

The three sat down to dinner together, and very little was said between them. Mr. Furnival did try to be civil to his wife, but wives sometimes have a mode of declining such civilities without committing themselves to overt acts of war. To Miss Biggs Mr. Furnival could not bring himself to say any thing civil, seeing that he hated her; but such words as he did speak to her she received with grim griffin-like austerity, as though she were ever meditating on the awfulness of his conduct. And so in truth she was. Why his conduct was more awful in her estimation since she had heard Lady Mason's name mentioned than when her mind had been simply filled with general ideas of vague conjugal infidelity I can not say; but such was the case. "I call it awful," were the first words she again spoke when she found herself once more alone with Mrs. Furnival in the drawing-room. And then she sat down over the fire, thinking neither of her novel nor her knitting, with her mind deliciously filled with the anticipation of coming catastrophes.

"If I sit up after half past ten would you mind going to bed?" said Mrs. Furnival, when they had been in the drawing-room about ten minutes.

"Oh no, not in the least," said Miss Biggs. "I'll be sure to go." But she thought it very unkind, and she felt as a child does who is deceived in a matter of being taken to the play. If no one goes the child can bear it. But to see others go, and to be left behind, is too much for the feelings of any child—or of Martha Biggs.

Mr. Furnival had no inclination for sitting alone over his wine on this occasion. Had it been possible for him he would have preferred to have gone quickly up stairs, and to have taken his cup of coffee from his wife's hand with some appreciation of domestic comfort. But there could be no such comfort to him while Martha Biggs was there; so he sat down stairs, sipping his port according to his custom, and looking into the fire for a solution of his difficulties about Lady Mason. He began to wish that he had never seen Lady Mason, and to reflect that the intimate friendship of pretty women often brings with it much trouble. He was resolved on one thing. He would not go down into court and fight that battle for Lady Orme. Were he to do so the matter would have taken quite a different phase—one that he had not at all anticipated. In case that his present client should then have become Lady Orme, Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Solomon Aram might carry on the battle between them, with such assistance as they might be able to get from Messrs. Slow and Bideawhile. He became angry as he drank his port, and in his anger he swore that it should be so. And then as his anger became hot at the close of his

libations, he remembered that Martha Biggs was up stairs, and became more angry still. And thus when he did go into the drawing-room at some time in the evening not much before ten, he was not in a frame of mind likely to bring about domestic comfort.

He walked across the drawing-room, sat down in an arm-chair by the table, and took up the last number of a review, without speaking to either of them. Whereupon Mrs. Furnival began to ply her needle which had been lying idly enough upon her work, and Martha Biggs fixed her eyes intently upon her book. So they sat twenty minutes without a word being spoken, and then Mrs. Furnival inquired of her lord whether he chose to have tea.

"Of course I shall—when you have it," said he.

"Don't mind us," said Mrs. Furnival.

"Pray don't mind me," said Martha Biggs.

"Don't let me be in the way."

"No, I won't," said Mr. Furnival. Whereupon Miss Biggs again jumped up in her chair as though she had been electrified. It may be remembered that on a former occasion Mr. Furnival had sworn at her—or at least in her presence.

"You need not be rude to a lady in your own house, because she is my friend," said Mrs. Furnival.

"Bother," said Mr. Furnival. "And now if we are going to have any tea, let us have it."

"I don't think I'll mind about tea to-night, Mrs. Furnival," said Miss Biggs, having received a notice from her friend's eye that it might be well for her to depart. "My head aches dreadful, and I shall be better in bed. Good-night, Mrs. Furnival." And then she took her candle and went away.

For the next five minutes there was not a word said. No tea had been ordered, although it had been mentioned. Mrs. Furnival had forgotten it among the hot thoughts that were running through her mind, and Mr. Furnival was indifferent upon the subject. He knew that something was coming, and he resolved that he would have the upper hand let that something be what it might. He was being ill used—so he said to himself—and would not put up with it.

At last the battle began. He was not looking, but he heard her first movement as she prepared herself. "Tom!" she said, and then the voice of the war goddess was again silent. He did not choose to answer her at the instant, and then the war goddess rose from her seat and again spoke. "Tom!" she said, standing over him and looking at him.

"What is it you mean?" said he, allowing his eyes to rise to her face over the top of his book.

"Tom!" she said, for the third time.

"I'll have no nonsense, Kitty," said he. "If you have any thing to say, say it."

Even then she had intended to be affectionate—had so intended at the first commencement of her address. She had no wish to be a war god-

dess. But he had assisted her attempt at love by no gentle word, by no gentle look, by no gentle motion. "I have this to say," she replied; "you are disgracing both yourself and me, and I will not remain in this house to be a witness to it."

"Then you may go out of the house." These words, be it remembered, were uttered not by the man himself, but by the spirit of port-wine within the man.

"Tom, do you say that—after all?"

"By Heavens I do say it! I'll not be told in my own drawing-room, even by you, that I am disgracing myself."

"Then why do you go after that woman down to Hamworth? All the world is talking of you. At your age too! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I can't stand this," said he, getting up and throwing the book from him right across the drawing-room floor; "and, by Heavens, I won't stand it."

"Then why do you do it, Sir?"

"Kitty, I believe the devil must have entered into you to drive you mad."

"Oh, oh, oh! very well, Sir. The devil in the shape of drink and lust has entered into you. But you may understand this; I—will—not—consent to live with you while such deeds as these are being done." And then without waiting for another word she stormed out of the room.

MADemoiselle.

SPRING-TIME had come and gone, with all its hopes and promises, its buds and blossoms, its "early and its latter rains." Summer had ripened its fruits and perfected its flowers; and now autumn had shed abroad over the land the mellow beauty and the ripe loveliness which give to the Indian summers of New England their peculiar and characteristic charm and witchery.

A soft, hazy light wrapped the wide landscape in its silvery folds, and, like a half-transparent veil, served to heighten the charms it affected to hide; seen through it, the gleaming river shimmered with new beauty and a fresher fullness; the bare and distant hills grew purple in its softening influence, and though the nearer elms and isolated shade trees had dropped their summer glories, the woods afar off, where a thick growth of evergreens sheltered and formed a back-ground for the deciduous trees, were still resplendent in green and gold, crimson and scarlet, and flame colors, and hung like a wreath round the protecting hills.

From the flowering vines which climbed the columns of the piazza autumn winds and early frosts had rifled "the last rose of summer," and even the green leaves had yielded to the nipping frosts and fallen one by one in slow succession, till the desolated branches were left, holding up to view only the sharp crimson haws, which were all that remained to them of their lost beauty

and fragrance, and for which they claimed, and no doubt received, as much sympathy as is usually accorded to faded charms and obsolete accomplishments.

Still the Southern sun shone blithely and warmly in at the broad and lofty window, though the luxuriant creeper which festooned it and hung in graceful pendants across the panes, looking lovingly in at the little group gathered in quiet coziness within, was crimson and ruddy, as if the sap which filled its veins had won its rich hues from some generous old Falernian wine.

The little group gathered within consisted of three ladies, to whom we shall give precedence according to seniority.

On a sofa nearest the window, in an attitude still erect and graceful, sat Mademoiselle de St. Loe, engaged with her netting-work, the silken bridle of which was passed around the trim and slender little foot, which, daintily *chaussé*, rested upon an ottoman before her. This was one of the habitual luxuries of her early French life to which Mademoiselle still persistently clung: if she had a weakness in regard to matters of dress, it was upon this point, where French taste is usually exquisite. In her dress generally she was a strict economist, her own ingenuity, good taste, and handicraft supplying, in other respects, the deficiency of her purse; but in shoes, gloves, and broderies she was always unexceptionable. She sat now leisurely netting, and joining, from time to time, with a gay sally or a pleasant remark, in the desultory conversation going on around her.

In an easy, cushioned arm-chair, more in the middle of the room, with her back to the light, sat Miss Tremaine, fragile and delicate, but lovely. She had been reading, but the leaves of her book had closed over the white fingers of the hand which now rested upon her lap, and, with the other hand half-shading her eyes, she sat gazing, in loving and abstracted silence, at her young niece, Rose Tremaine, who, seated just opposite to her upon a low seat, with her back supported by the arm of the sofa, was intently busy with an elaborate slipper, which she was embroidering, while by her side a high, open basket glowed with the vivid tints of her many-colored wools. And certainly the young lady, gracefully unconscious of the observation she had excited, made a very pretty picture; the slant rays of the sun just touching with trembling, golden outlines the chestnut shadows of her soft hair, and bringing out her graceful, girlish figure in strong relief against the dark crimson-velvet cushion of the sofa behind her.

At last, after a short silence, the young girl happened to look up suddenly, and meeting the loving look bent full upon her, she smiled pleasantly, and nodded back a gay recognition of it.

"My dear Rose," said Miss Tremaine, smiling, "I think you are working quite too steadily upon that embroidery of yours. If Doctor Summerville were here, he would lecture you for working, and me for letting you work, so steadily. I think I must send for him, to come

and impose some sanitary restrictions upon your use of your needle."

The young lady laughed gayly: "Why, auntie! he would not do it; I know he would not! He would only laugh at you. Fussy as he is, and fault-finding as he pretends to be, not even *he* would think there was any danger of my being any too industrious. Too industrious! Why, I believe he really thinks me the true and original 'Flibbertigibbet,' a veritable will-o'-the-wisp! So you will get no help from him in this matter. But do you know why I am hurrying to finish these slippers, aunt Mary?"

"No, my dear," said Miss Tremaine, "I do not; I did not even know you had a motive for hurrying."

"No? Well, then, aunt Mary, I will tell you; next Tuesday week is the 14th of November."

This was said with the air of one making a solemn revelation.

"Is it, my dear Rose?" said Miss Tremaine; "I did not know it; but I dare say you are perfectly right."

"Oh yes; and I want to have the slippers done and made up before that."

"You do?"

"Yes, indeed; and that is why I am hurrying so to finish them."

"Very well, my dear; so far I can fully understand."

"Well, aunt Mary!"

"Well, my dear, what next?"

"*What next?* Why, aunt Mary, I declare I do believe you do not know what day the 14th of November is!"

"I am very sure I do not, my dear," said Miss Tremaine; "perhaps you will have the kindness to inform me."

"Now is not that too bad?" said Rose, with her sweet girlish laugh. "Why, aunt Mary, now I *am* mortified, grieved to death! blighted—wilted down to the very roots of my self-esteem. It is really too grievous to be borne!"

"Vat is it, ma dear Mees Rose?" said Mademoiselle, looking up in friendly concern; "vat 'av 'appen to make you to grief? Ah! I tink it sall not be de sorrow *ver* bad, vitch you can so to laugh wid."

"Not a very heavy sorrow, as you say, Mademoiselle, but a great mortification," said Rose; "you shall judge if it is not. The 14th of November is my birth-day, Mademoiselle; and my aunt here—the nearest and dearest relative and friend I have on earth—does not even remember the day! Now is not that a rather trying circumstance?"

"Your birt-day!" said Mademoiselle; "your birt-day! Ah yes, I see."

"I really do not know how I should have known it, my dear Rose," said Miss Tremaine, "for I do not remember ever to have been told of it before. The fact that you were born at all has been a source of great happiness to me; but I do not know that I was ever informed of the day and hour when such a blessing was vouchsafed to us."

"Well, auntie, I suppose I must overlook it; but now let me tell you it was the 14th of November, and that is a week from next Tuesday; and these slippers are for uncle George. I have finished a pair for uncle Arthur; and I want *you* to make *me* a present then, aunt Mary. I do not mean a valuable present—that is, a costly one. I do not want a watch or a bracelet; just a book, or a collar, or a shawl-pin; some little thing—no matter what. Papa used always to make me some little gift on my birthday."

"Yes, my dear child, I understand," said Miss Tremaine; "I shall not forget."

"Thank you, dear aunt; but remember it must be only a trifle—just some little thing. It is only for the sentiment, and partly for the memory of him who has gone," she added, sadly.

While Miss Tremaine and Rose had been speaking Mademoiselle de St. Loe had been silent—lost in thought; the words of Rose had suddenly opened the wide flood-gates of memory, and out from the long-lost Past came gliding the shadowy forms of years gone by.

Still the busy hands sent the glittering shuttle swiftly through the meshes of the shining silk, and still she sat erect and firm, for a long life of trial and endurance had taught her habitual self-control; but she thought of her own early, indulged, and luxurious youth—the thought of the early birth-days, long forgotten, but now all risen fresh before her mind again; and she saw herself as if with the vision of another; herself as the bright-eyed, joyous child, exulting in the possession of the costly and beautiful toys which heaped in gay profusion the couches and ottoman in her mother's luxurious boudoir—then she thought of the last birth-day she had celebrated in her father's house; of the juvenile ball, and the brilliantly-lighted saloon, where she had stood amidst flowers and jewels, and music and perfume, the little worshiped deity of the evening; of her mother and her father, their delight and pride in her, their only child; of their warm affection, and their confidence and hope in her. And as these loved images rose before her, her thoughts went still farther back, voyaging up the stream of Time; and she remembered, as if it were only a week ago, how she had sat, a little happy child, upon the carpet in her mother's dressing-room, half hidden in the silken folds of the drapery curtain which she had drawn around her, to watch her mother's toilet while her attendants dressed her for some grand court ceremonial.

She saw her young mother, as she was then, radiant in youth and beauty and resplendent in jewelry. She remembered even the trifling fact, that, as the attendants clasped the bracelet on the fair round arm, she had pressed forward and asked to look at it; and the fond mother took the glittering bauble from the hands of her women, and playfully clasped it on her childish arm, promising her, with many fond caresses, it should be hers when she was old enough to wear it.

Then she remembered her father, young and graceful, as he came in, glittering in his court regalia, to hand her mother to her carriage; she recalled his gay laugh, and the playful badinage with which he had answered her childish admiration; of his fond caress, and the mother's love, who had turned and lingered, though admiring crowds awaited her, to receive the "good-night" kiss of her little child!—and now—?

During all these long, sad memories poor Mademoiselle had been netting silently; still she sat erect and graceful, and still the busy hands sent the glittering shuttle through the meshes of the shining silk, and, except in the flushing and paling of the cheek, and a slight quivering of the lip, not the closest observer could have noted traces of emotion of any sort. But as she reached the question—"Now?" a clear, sweet, young voice near her said "Mademoiselle," and looking up, she for the first time became aware that Miss Tremaine had left the room.

"Ma dear Mees Rose," she said, in sudden and complete self-possession, "you 'av speak jes now of your birt-day; ven sall it be?"

"On Tuesday week, Mademoiselle—the 14th of November."

"Ver good—dat vill do; Mees Rose, if I sall make for you von leetle hair-chain—such as I 'av use to make ven I vas yong gal in France—would you to care for it, for de sake of de old friend?"

"Would I care for it?" said Rose, jumping up eagerly. "Indeed I should, my dear Mademoiselle! How kind in you to think of it! I should value it very highly!"

"Ah! non, non," said the Frenchwoman, modestly. "It sall not be notting—notting to *value*; only jest a leetle cadeau to do de honors of de birt-day; it sall be more for use dan beauty, an' more for de love dan eder. I 'ay larn dat vork ven I vas yong gal. I sall try how I can do him now."

"Thank you, my dear friend," said Rose; "I am sure it will be beautiful if you make it, you have so much taste! Ah! your people understand these things so much better than we do in this country. They get up such pretty fêtes. I remember when we were traveling in the south of France—in Languedoc, I think it was—we used to see such pretty scenes; all out of doors young girls dancing, dressed in white and crowned with roses, and wreathed with flowers, dancing in the open air; and when we inquired, they told us it was the birth-day, or Saint's day of the young girls, and they were keeping it. Oh! it was so beautiful—just like a picture or a poem!"

"Yees, yees," said Mademoiselle; "I know, I 'av seen; but dat sall be in the provinces—de yong gals of de peasantry—I 'av seen dem, round mon fader's chateau in the country, an' it vas pretty. But in de city, in de capital, dey sall not do dat; dere it sall be keep wid more show, more cost. Dey 'av assemblées, conversations, soirées, an' sometime de bal-masque; yees, and sometime it is keep with ceremonies religieux.

Ven I 'av keep ma douzième fête-day, I vas confirmé, an' take ma premier communion; an' la chère Reine, de beautiful, de unfortunate Marie Antoinette, did give to me a diamant agrafe an' croix. Ah! beautiful, costly, superbe, magnifique! and de King did give to me a gold tabatière, vid de sweet little Dauphin on de top. Ah! de sweet lee-tle ange! de pretty chile wid his long fair curls. Helas! helas! de pauvre infortuné!"

"Why, Mademoiselle!" said Rose, eagerly, "is it possible you have actually seen and known Louis the Sixteenth, and the beautiful Marie Antoinette, and the poor little lamented Dauphin?"

"Ma dear Mees Rose," said Mademoiselle de St. Loe, quietly, "la chère Reine vas ma marraine—ma god-moder."

"Is it possible? How strange it seems to talk to one who has seen and known those whom we have known only in history! It seems to bring them so near to us, and make history seem so real. But, dear Mademoiselle, what has become of the snuff-box and the cross? I would give the world to see them."

"I do not know; all gone!" said Mademoiselle, sadly. "Sweep away—lost, lost—wid every zing else, in the horrors of de Revolution!"

"Oh, Mademoiselle!" said Rose, "not lost forever? the personal gift of the lovely Marie Antoinette. Oh, what a pity!"

"Helas! ma dear Mees!" said Mademoiselle, her dark eyes growing humid as she spoke, "if I 'av lost by de Revolution notting more worth dan de gold an' de diamants, I sould not to grieve. I 'av lost fader, moder, king, an' queen; home, country, friends, and fortune—*every zing*! I 'av nevair tink of dem bijoux—I 'av forgeet I ever 'av dem till I speak of dem now to you."

"Poor Mademoiselle!" said Rose, sadly and tenderly, "yours were heavy losses indeed! How old were you when you left France?"

"I 'av jes keep ma fifteen fête-day."

"Indeed! only three years younger than I am now," said Rose. "Then you can remember all about the Revolution?"

"*Remembair! remembair!* Ah! mon Dieu! how *could* I to forgeet?" said the Frenchwoman, her black eyes dilating and flashing with sudden fire. "*Forgeet! forgeet!* nevair, nevair! Ah! ma dear Mees Rose! for tirty, forty years I pray Dieu daily I *may* to *forgeet*—in vain, in vain. De last ten I pray only I *may* to *forgeev*!"

There was a short silence, and then Rose said, kindly, "We will talk of something else, my dear friend. I did not mean to pain you. I really do not know how our conversation got round to this sad subject. But let us speak of it no more; you will excuse me; I know it was very thoughtless in me, but I really did not remember how painful the recollection must be to you. We will talk of something else, if you please."

"Ah, no, no, ma dear Mees Rose," said Mademoiselle; "you did not 'av do notting wrong; I 'av notting to excuse; and I sall tell to you

all you sall vish to hear about it. I can to talk of it *now*; it sall be only to speak of dem tings vat I always remembairs; an' so many year 'av go now, it seem to me sometime it not 'av been dis same vorld an' dis same me vitch 'av 'appened it."

Rose, who had often longed to hear the early history of her old friend from her own lips, and had only been restrained by motives of delicacy from questioning her, could not resist this proffered opportunity.

"Was it sudden?" she asked, not daring to indicate whether her question referred to the breaking out of the French Revolution itself, or more especially to Mademoiselle's own flight from Paris.

"*Sudden?*" said the Frenchwoman; "sudden! ma foi! to *me* it vas as ze tunder-clap! You sall hear. I 'av know dare vas trouble, mécontentement, de bad feeling. At the Palais Royale I 'av seen la Reine an' Madame Elizabeth in tears, an' le Roi irrité, excité. In mon fader's hôtel strangers mystérieux come an' have private audience, an' go secrètement. Monsieur mon père he 'av be anxious, malheureux; Madame ma chère mère she vas distraité, reestless, misérable. But dey did not tell to me notting. I vas yong gal, a child, an' in ma country de yong gals does not know *every zing*, as dey does here. Dey does not lead—dey does not rule—dey sall not to be dare own mistress *dare*. Dare parens act for dem, speak for dem, tink for dem, marry dem dare; so I 'av know notting.

"I 'av gone to ma bed—it vas night; I 'av sleeps; some von sall call me—'Hautense, Hautense! arise you!' I vakens me; it sall be Madame ma chère mère, an' she zay in her breath, 'Hautense, Hautense! ma child, avaken you!' Den I rise up. Madame carry in her hand une bougie, an' I perceive by it she vas pale—pale—she tremblant; I cry out, 'Ah, maman! you sall be ill—you sall faint—I sall ring for Honorine.' Madame say to me, 'Non, non, ma child—*doucement*—make you no noise—rise you and dress you—quick, quick!' Madame say. I say, 'Maman, vat is it? Tell to me. Mon père—' 'Is safe, I trust,' say Madame; 'but he is not return. *I fear!* It is a night of dread; I can not to sleep; come you wid me.'

"I rise—I habiller me—I take the hand of Madame; den we creep—creep—*légèrement*, down ze grand staircase; we see no one—all silent in ze hôtel—ze salon deserted; but afar off on de heavy night air we hear guns, an' drums, an' shouts, an' screams. Ah! terrible, terrible! I can not to tell to you how it vas terrible—ze recollection inspires vith too many thoughts for ze few vords I am acquainted vith. Ah! I could not to express it, even in ma own language. Ze sounds affreux—dey come nearer, *nearer*. Madame an' I we shudder, we embrace ourselves to support us; de crowd come on—tramp—tramp—tramp, down ze long street; ze flambeaux dey flash an' glare up into de salon, an' I see ma poor moder's face, an' it sall be pale—pale as ze dead! We listeen—we hold our

breath, Madame an' I. In front of our hôtel dey stop—dey make pause—we scarcely breathe. Dare dey hold parley; we could not hear only de loud beat of our two hearts; den a shout, a howl, pistol-shots, an' screams, an' a mad cry of rage an' triumph—'*A la lanterne!—à la lanterne!*'—an' den shouts, an' groans, an' cries, an' ze heavy tread of ze passing multitude—tramp—tramp—tramp! Helas! ma dear Mees Rose!" said Mademoiselle, pale and trembling as she spoke—"Oh! ma dear child! I do not to dare to tink, even *now*, an' ma poor maman did nevair know, vat dreadful blow vas befall us in dat terrible time.

"Ven day 'av all go by, ve fall on our knee; we pray to God, Madame an' I; we weep, we sob, we wring our hand. Den come a step in ze antichambre, an' I cry aloud, 'Mon père! mon père!' Den ma chère mère she cry out, 'Vite, vite; Auguste, mon husband! come you to me; come hither,' she say, 'vivement!'

"Helas! it vas not; it sall be only Antoine, our valet; he rush in, pale an' vild, an' blood on his dress. Ah, mon Dieu! whose blood? He fall at de feet of ma moder, an' he zay, 'Madame, Mademoiselle, fly, fly!—you must fly!' Ma poor maman she draw herself up, an' say with her grand air superbe, '*Fly!* vidout mon husband? *Nevair; nevair!* Vare is Monsieur?" Antoine gasp for breath—'Madame!' he zay, an' stop.

"It seemed in dat one hour I grew old; la sagacité vas born in me by ze terror. I spring up, I catch Antoine's hand, I look full into his sad eyes—an' dare vas no need of no vords—I knew it all. I vas a child no more forever; I vas to comfort, to guide, to support ma poor stricken moder!

"Antoine saw de change in me. He say to me, 'Mademoiselle, you 'av not no safety here; you must fly. You 'av one half hour; collect vat of value you can find an' fly. I sall do mon poor best to save you, but you must not remain here. I go to call your vimens.'

"I ask no questions. I say to Madame, 'Ve must go; it 'av be mon fader's vish—Antoine 'av come from him;' an' she make no more re-seestance—she 'av be so bewildered by ze terror. Den, vile I collect a little of bijoux, an' less of moneys, Antoine vent to de room of our femmes de chambre. But, helas! 'de rats forsake ze fallin' house;' Georgette an' Honorine 'av fled! Of all our retinue only one, poor Antoine, vas true. Ah! Dieu merci, dat dare vas *one!*' Antoine bring to us some coarse clothes, vitch de vimen 'av leave behind in dare flight; an' we in dem disguise us. Den we creep down ze back staircase, *légèrement, légèrement*, out trough ze porte-cochère; an' in de dark night we go in lanes an' by-places I 'av nevair seen by day—Madame clinging to Antoine, an' I clinging to her.

"Antoine took us to his uncle's. He vas a facteur; he 'av ze pitie for us; he make us to dress us as his vife an' daughter, an' take us in his voiture to ze sea-coast, an' put us on ship,

an' we come to England. Dare ma chère mère *die*—die of broken heart, of de fright, de anxiety, an' of vat you sall call ze home-seekness! Ah! she die, holding ma hand an' telling me vat I sall say for her to mon père ven I sall 'av go back to ma France an' see him. An' I did not dare to tell to her how *she* sall find him first; for she shall sadden more to leave me all lonely.

"Ah, she die! an' I bless ze good God I 'av left to give to her ze decent grave. Helas, mon poor fader! I know not as *he* 'av dat; I know not as *he* 'av Chrétien burial! Ah, vell! he vas good an' true; he sall make consacré an' holy even ze nameless grave vere he sleep.

"Dare are stately marbles in Père la Chaise. Oh, solemn, grand, beautiful! Mon fader's name is dare, an' de Montmorenci (ma chère mère vas née Montmorenci), but she 'av not be *dare*. She sleep under ze pale daisies of England, an' not under ze blue violets of her own belle France; but n'emporte! the ange of le bon Dieu sall fin' her dare all de same.

"So den, she 'av die, an' mon père; an' leave me, poor lonely child, poor exile, all alone in strange land, widout moneys, widout friends, widout language, widout *notting*; notting in all de vorld but God and ma poor breakin' heart. Ah! dat vas terrible too.

"But, dear Mademoiselle," asked Rose, bending forward in friendly interest, and laying her hand kindly on that of her old friend, "had you left no one behind to whom you could apply for assistance? Had you no friends, no relatives in your own country, who could help you?"

"Listeen, ma dear Mees; you sall hear. Ze vorst is not yet; I sall tell to you. I 'av been de last of mon fader's name; I vas his only child; but I 'av a frind, I 'av been fiancée, betroth, vat you sall call engage, for two years an' more—since I vas ze lee-tle child. Mon fiancé he vas ma nearest of kin—a re-la-teve distant of mon père. He vas poor; he vas un orphelin. He pitie him, he love him—dis good père; he him élevé, educate, and sall give to him his only child.

"Listeen, I visper. Dis man, dis Raoul, he dénoncé his bienfacteur, mon père! He betray him to his enemies; give him up to his murderers. He claim an' he receive the biens, ze estate of ze kinsman he murder; of ze poor loving wive, who 'av befrind him, an' whose kind, true heart he break; of me, his fiancée, ze poor désolé von, who he drive out from home, from frind, from country, to life of exile an' pauvreté. Raoul! *traître!*" continued the poor victim, speaking in low sibilant tones, scarcely rising above a whisper, yet in a voice of such deep and concentrated passion that each word seemed to drop, distinct and sharp, like leaden pellets of sound, on the naked nerves of the listener's ear—"Raoul! *traître!*—Ah, mon Dieu! help me dat I sall to forgeev his perfidie.

"Ah! ma dear Mees Rose, excusez moi; I sall to talk of *him* no more. It troubles me to tink of him, to speak of him; I can to speak of

mon fader an' ma moder; dare lives vas good, true, an' noble; an' dare death vas honor-able. I 'av ze pride in ma grief for dem; dare sall not be no shame, no deshonneur to remembair *dem*; but Raoul! *Raoul!*—pardonnez moi, ve sall not to speak of *him* no more. Ah! ma dear Mees Rose, may de good God keep you nevair to know how dare may be a loss of frinds worse dan by ze death of ze body!"

"Poor Mademoiselle! my poor friend!" said Rose, kindly, as the Frenchwoman paused, and her own soft eyes filled with ready drops of loving sympathy; "my poor, dear friend, you have suffered indeed. Do not, as you say, speak of *him* again; he is unworthy to be named by your lips—the miserable traitor! And one of your own race too! Where did he get the black blood which could— But you are right; let us leave him to the retribution of the All-seeing Judge. And now let us speak of something else. Tell me, if you please, how came you in America?"

"How I did come to America?" said Mademoiselle, hesitating, while she passed her hand slowly across her forehead, as if the rush of painful memories had for the moment unsettled her brain. "How I did come to America? you say; vas *dat* it? Oh yees—I see—I 'av it. Yees, yees—you sall hear. Ven ma chère mère she 'av die, you understan' I 'av spend all ma leetle moneys. I vas all alone in ze vorld, no frind to help, an' I zay to me, 'I must live, though ze earth *be* désolé to me, if de good Father wills it; an' to live I must vork—I must to earn ma bread, or not 'av no bread to eat.' An' zo I go into a pension—a boarding-school dat. Dare I teach de musique an' ze French, an' I larn ze Englis. Ah, ma foi!" said poor Mademoiselle, with true French versatility, breaking in upon her own sad narrative with a cheerful little laugh—"Ah, ma foi! if the French I teach vas not no better dan ze Englis I larn, you sall say to me it vas no good! Mais! it *vas*; I 'av receive good education, Dieu merci! an' it vas ma bread den in strange land.

"Ma dear Mees Rose, sall you nevair to hear how de poor French emigrés did support demselves by dare own labor in dare exile? Did you nevair to hear people say how, in ma country before de Revolution did 'av break out, it vas ze fashion at ze court of Versailles for ze noblesse to larn les arts mécaniques, ze trades, jes for de whim—for divertissement—for ennui; an' von noble vould make or mend de vatch or clock, an' von 'av bind de book, an' anoder sall vork in filigree or enamel on ze leather? Oh yees, it 'av be so; an' de people zay, 'How strange! how fortuné! vat lucky chance it vas for dem poor peoples it 'av be so!' But I zay to you *No!* it sall be not no *chance* at all; it vas not no *luck*; it sall 'av be ze bienveillance of ze bon Dieu. Ze evair open Eye did see, de Love vat nevair sleep did take notice vat sould 'appen, an' did put dat visdom into de hearts of ze peoples ven dey did not understan' it demselves. An' so, ven de terrible day of dare trouble 'av

come to dem, dey earn dare bread in strange lan', in exile an' pauvreté, by de arts dey 'av larn to passer le temps in dare day of pride an' luxury an' idleness. You ze? Dat vas vunderful—dat vas; but it vas not no *luck!* eh?

"Ven I vas en Englan', an' ven I first come here, I hear of many French nobles (I did not to *see* dem, for I go novares, I see nobody den, but I 'av *hear* of dem) teaching de languages, danc-ing, fencing, an' vorking every vay. An' so I teach ze French, an' ze musique; to dance, to draw, to do much fancie-vork, broderie, flowers, an' earn ma bread. But, ah! ma dear Mees Rose, it vas bitter bread, vet vith ma tears, earn vith poor lonely breakin' heart. I 'av 'ope to die, but de great God he say 'Live,' an' I live. Ah, vell, maybe it vas be best for me! I 'av zo much to do; I 'av ze less time for ze tears an' ze regrets, an' dey are no good.

"Den, ma dear Mees Marie she shall travel in Englan' vid her parens. She vas but ze lee-tle child den, an' dey sall seek her a French governess. Dey ask me vould I 'av objection to go to America vid dem? An' I say to dem, Non; all ze vorld sall be von to me now; I 'av no care vare I sall go, only I vould nevair to see ma France again—I could not to do dat.

"So den, I am governess to ma dear Mees Marie for de many years. An' she so sweet, so good, I love her like von little sister, an' she love me. An' by-an'-by, ven ma dear yong lady 'av grow up, an' she not need governess no longer, den dey ask me vould I stay an' be companion; an' I say 'Yees,' gladly, an' I 'av stay always.

"Ah, vell! De day I vas born I 'av be Mademoiselle Hautense Pauline de St. Leo—de day I sall die I vill be only Mees Low, ze governess, ze companion! Vat den? De day after I suppose I vill be notting an' nobody; so vat odds? It sall be all one to me *den*. *Vive la bagatelle!*

"But is it not strange, ma dear Mees Rose, is it not strange, I forgeet vat 'av 'appen last year, last week, yesterday, I can not to remember *dat?* But I can not forgeet vat 'av 'appen so long ago. Even now, ven I speak of it to you, ma dear Mees, I seem to see ma moder an' mon-fader jest as dey 'av use to be—I see ma home, ze lee-tle boudoir vitch vas le mien—I see de Provence roses vitch did grow round ze vinder, ze violets in de vases—I see ma pretty serins—I hear dem singing in dare gilded cages—I see de very pictures on de valls—de pattern on de paper, on de tapis—de light—de perfume—every ting, every ting. An' den it 'av all gone; an' I am ze lone, frindless voman, grown old in de long exile and pauvreté."

"Oh no, dear Mademoiselle! no, my dear friend," said Rose, impulsively rising and throwing her arms fondly round the neck of her old companion; "not *lonely*, not *friendless*, surely.

You must never say or think that. You belong to us now; you are one of *our* family now, you know. We all love you dearly. Why, aunt Mary always says you have been every thing to her; no mother or sister could be dearer to her; and so do both my uncles. I heard uncle Arthur say, only a little while since, that you had been a comfort and a blessing to them all. He said he considered it a privilege to have had you under their roof as one of their family; and he said that your patient submission, and cheerful endurance of your heavy losses and life-long trials, had been a lesson which had done and would do more good than all the sermons he should ever live to preach. And as for myself, if you care any thing for the love of such a little trifling thing as I am—"

"*Merci! merci!* ma dear child!" said Mademoiselle, warmly returning Rose's loving caress. "Tank you, tank you, ma dear Mees Rose! I *do* care ver much. I vas wrong to 'av say vat I did. I 'av not right to zay so. You sall not to hear me ever zay him again. I 'av found good, 'appy 'ome here, and dey 'av been good, kind, generous frinds; dey 'av nevair make me to feel I vas a stranger, or dat I vas eat de bread of dependency. I love dem all dearly, dearly; ven vid dem I almost forgeet ma exile an' ma pauvreté; but I can not to forgeet ma early frinds I 'av lost, I must remembair *dem*. An' sometimes, sometimes— Ah, vell! n'emporte; ze road 'av be a long one, but de good Fader's han' 'av led me on safely, an' it sall be nearly travel *now*, an' at ze end I vill find ma early frinds once more; le bon temps viendra! An' so, ma dear frind, ma dear Mees Rose, I am *con-tent* vid ma lot of exile now."

As she closed her narrative Mademoiselle drew from her pocket a richly embossed gold snuff-box, upon the lid of which the motto

L
me plait

was emblazoned in small diamonds, and which was probably the last remnant of the bijoux she had brought away with her in her fearful flight from her ancestral home. Whether the remembrance of these hereditary glories, long lost to her forever, heightened or lessened the enjoyment she found in this little indulgence is a question which we are unable to answer; but when Miss Tremaine returned to the room, gliding noiselessly back to her easy-chair and her book, she found Mademoiselle sitting still erect and graceful, and still the busy hands sent the glittering shuttle through the meshes of the shining silk; and Rose, who had returned to her seat, was bending in thoughtful silence over her embroidered roses, which certainly had not grown a single leaf under the shining tear-drops with which she had sprinkled them.

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

AS I lie in my cot at night, and look through the open door,
 And watch the silken sky that is woven with threads of stars,
 While the white tents sleep on the field like sheep on a tawny moor,
 And the hushed streets traverse the camp like dusky bars,
 I think of my comrade afar, lying down in a Southern cell,
 With his life on a paper lot and a loving heart on his life,
 And my blood boils up in my veins, and I feel like a fiend of hell,
 And I long to vent my hate and my rage in strife.

I loved him with all my love; loved him even as well as she
 Whose hair he carried away in a locket close to his heart;
 I remember how jealous I felt when under the sycamore-tree,
 The night ere the regiment started, I saw them part.
 We had been chums together; had studied and drank in tune;
 The joy or the grief that struck him rebounded also on me—
 As his joy arose mine followed, as waters follow the moon,
 And his tears found their way to my heart as a stream to the sea.

I sing the irregular song of a soul that is bursting with pain!
 There is no metre for sorrow, no rhythm for real despair—
 Go count the feet of the wind as it tramples the naked plain,
 Or mimic the silent sadness of snow in the air!
 I can not control my heart, nor my innate desire of song,
 I only know that a wild and impetuous grief,
 A fierce, athletic, vengeful feeling of wrong
 Beats at my brain to-night and must have relief!

Spite of all I do to crush it, his sorrowful face will come,
 Come with its awful frame-work of interlaced bars and stone,
 And out of his patient visage, and lips that are terribly dumb,
 I hear the imprisoned whisper, "I am alone!"
 Solitude thus for him, the life and soul of his throng!
 Whose wit electric wakened the sluggish board;
 Whose voice, though sweet in converse, was sweeter still in song;
 Whose heart like a cornucopia always poured!

I mind me when by the Charles River we twain have walked,
 Close to the elms so hallowed in unwritten song,
 And over the College topics gravely pondered and talked,
 With devious student ideas of Right and Wrong.
 Ah! The river flows there in its usual placid way;
 The wherries are moored at the boat-house, the elm-trees leaf and fall,
 But there is not a voice that now could make the old College gay,
 His dusty cap and his gown are worth them all.

How can he be a prisoner there when I have him here in my heart?
 Closer I hold his image than they in the South hold him;
 It is wrapped and corded with fibres that never, never will part,
 And shrined in Love and Friendship instead of a dungeon grim.
 Up on the fatal bluff where the gallant Baker fell,
 And the foe, insidious, fired from thicket and copse and tree—
 There, after fighting long and bravely and well,
 The friend of my heart was cut off as a stream by the sea!

Lying here in my tent at night, and looking out at the door,
 It is I who am the prisoner, not you, O! beloved friend;
 It is I who feel the shackles, and the prick of the healing sore,
 And all the prison sufferings without end.
 I see the mocking faces all day through the windows stare—
 I know they are staring at you, but they sneeringly lower on me—
 And I swear an oath as sacred as a soldier ever can swear
 That I will be with you there, or you will be free!

In Camp, December, 1861.

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

IT was the good fortune of Washington Irving to pass through a long and somewhat checkered life, surrounded by more sincere friends, and with fewer personal enemies, than usually falls to the lot of public men. Indeed he may be said to form an exception to the particular class to which he belonged; for while all admired the exquisite skill with which his genius colored the early history of our country, and invested the old Spanish legends with an exalted poetic imagery, none were found to envy him the possession of these remarkable powers, or cast a doubt upon the genuineness of his literary wares. This remarkable exemption is in a great measure due to the gentleness and simplicity of his character, which not only pervades with a genial influence every page that he has written, but rendered him in private life one of the most charming and agreeable of companions. My personal acquaintance with Irving began in the spring of 1842, while he was on a visit at Washington for the purpose of receiving instructions from the State Department prior to his departure for Madrid, as Minister from the United States to that court.

This position was conferred by Mr. Tyler, then President, not only without solicitation on his part, but even without knowledge of the honor intended. The first intimation he had of his selection was contained in a letter from the State Department, written by Mr. Webster, and addressed to him in his official capacity. This appointment was made at the recommendation of Mr. Webster, who afterward told Mr. Everett that he regarded it as one of the most honorable memorials of his administration of the Department of State. At the time of Irving's visit Dickens, who had been received in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia with remarkable civic demonstrations, was in Washington, somewhat disappointed, it must be confessed, at the difference between his reception there and in the Northern cities he had just visited, although without sufficient reason. He had in his writings touched, in a masterly manner, a chord of human sympathy which vibrated intensely among the masses, and they came forth in numbers to greet him; but to the statesman he presented no such claim, and he was, accordingly, received in Washington simply as a distinguished stranger, whose presence was of too frequent an occurrence to excite much notice. Lord Morpeth, now Earl of Carlisle, who preceded Dickens a few months, passed through the Northern capitals which had witnessed the triumphs of the novelist with but little notice. In Washington, however, as a member of the British Parliament, and an eminent English statesman, he met with a reception in every way becoming his distinguished position. While Irving was in Washington one of the levees usually given by the President at stated intervals took place. No special invitations are given to these soirées, and the public are apprised of them by a notice

in the columns of the Government newspaper. On these occasions the President receives his fellow-citizens in the most informal manner, shaking hands indiscriminately with all who approach him; and as he is not presumed to know them all, the Marshal of the District of Columbia ascertains the name from the individual who desires to be presented, and introduces him to the President. Sometimes it is customary to announce the name of each guest aloud as he enters the room in which the President receives. This was the case on the evening now alluded to; and, consequently, the knowledge of each distinguished arrival was speedily circulated among the guests in the various apartments. It was generally understood that Washington Irving would be present, but that Dickens would not visit the Presidential mansion on this occasion, because he had not received a special invitation. Some surprise was manifested, therefore, at the announcement of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, who arrived about an hour after the opening of the levee, accompanied by the Speaker of the House of Representatives (Winthrop). The rooms at this time were quite full, and great anxiety was manifested to see the eminent novelist, whose works were familiar to most of those present. About half an hour after the entrance of Dickens Washington Irving was announced, and from that moment became the universal object of attraction. He was the theme of conversation in each group, and was constantly surrounded by those who were anxious to obtain a glimpse of their distinguished countryman, or the more fortunate few who were presented to him. Dickens did not remain long after the entrance of Irving, and left almost unobserved by the crowds whose thoughts were wholly concentrated upon their especial favorite. Dickens alludes to this reception in his "Notes on America," and bestows a compliment on the Americans for their attention to their distinguished countryman. I could not but think at the moment that he was seriously annoyed by the sudden extinguishment of his own importance as a lion, and vexed at the transfer of universal regard to another. Dickens was a young, and, as I remember him at that time, a small but very handsome man, with a profusion of hair, as he is represented in his earlier portraits.

Between Irving and Dickens the most pleasant personal relations always existed. When Dickens was in New York, prior to his visit to Washington, it was proposed to give him a public dinner, at which Washington Irving was selected to preside. If Irving had a horror of any thing it was of an after-dinner speech; but on the present occasion, so universal seemed to be the demand upon Irving, that he was fain to accept the honor. Professor Felton, who saw him daily during the interval between the time of acceptance and the day of the dinner, either at the rooms of Dickens or at dinner and evening parties, says that he could not help being amused with the tragi-comical distress which the thought of that approaching dinner caused him. His

pleasant humor mingled with the real dread, and played with the whimsical horrors of his own position with an irresistible drollery. Whenever it was alluded to his invariable answer was, "I shall certainly break down!" uttered in a half-melancholy tone, the ludicrous effect of which it is impossible to describe. He was haunted, continues Professor Felton, as if by a night-mare; and I could only compare his dismay to that of Mr. Pickwick, who was so alarmed at the prospect of leading about that dreadful horse all day. At length the long-expected evening arrived; a company of the most eminent persons from all professions and every walk of life were assembled, and Mr. Irving took the chair. He brought the manuscript of his speech and laid it under his plate. "I shall certainly break down!" he repeated, over and over again, to those who were seated near him at the table. At last the moment arrived. Irving rose, amidst deafening applause. He began in his pleasant voice, got through two or three sentences pretty easily, but in the next he hesitated, and, after one or two attempts to go on, gave it up with a graceful allusion to the tournament, and the troops of knights all armed and eager for the fray; and ended with the toast, "Charles Dickens, the guest of the nation!"

"There!" said he, as he resumed his seat under a repetition of applause, "I told you I should break down, and I've done it!"

"There certainly never was," remarks Professor Felton, "a shorter dinner speech. I doubt if there ever was one more successful." The manuscript seemed to be a dozen or twenty pages long, but the printed speech was not as many lines. I suppose that manuscript may be still in existence; and, if so, I wish it might be published.

While Irving was in London the following spring, on his way to Madrid, he was invited to the Literary Fund Dinner. In the Diary of Thomas Moore is the record of his conversation with Irving on the subject, and final success of his endeavors to persuade him to go. "*That Dickens dinner*," says Moore, "which he always pronounced with strong emphasis, hammering away with his right arm, *more suo—that Dickens dinner* still haunted his imagination, and I almost gave up the hope of persuading him."

Irving left soon after for Spain, accompanied by J. Carson Brevoort, the son of his early and valued friend, Henry Brevoort, as Secretary of Legation, and I saw him no more for some years. His previous service as Secretary of Legation at London gave him some experience in diplomacy, and fitted him for the discharge of his duties at the court of Madrid. While occupying the former position his old friend Morse called to have his passport viséd. "What is the fee?" said Morse, as Irving handed back his viséd passport.

"Nothing," replied Irving. "Please," he continued, with a look of infinite drollery, and in the most cockneyish manner imaginable, "to recommend our establishment."

His Secretary, a man of refined literary tastes and gentle, unobtrusive manners, was an admirable companion for Irving, and entered largely into his pastimes as well as his business pursuits. It was Irving's custom, in the long summer days of that delicious climate, to stroll out into the Prado or the parks adorning the city, and casting himself upon a mossy bank beneath the overhanging branches of some stately tree, devote hours to the indulgence of his own pleasant reveries, occasionally broken in upon by amusements almost puerile in their character. One of these, which reminds us of his great literary prototype, Goldsmith (who, when composing his "*Deserted Village*," was found one day by a friend dividing his attention between the poetry and a favorite dog, whom he was teaching to sit on his haunches), was to watch the idle dogs stretched at length under the trees of the Prado, and suddenly disturb their slumbers by allowing his well-poised walking-stick to fall upon the tails of the unsuspecting animals. To the children he had always a kind word, and many of his happiest thoughts sparkled on these occasions in the midst of their innocent prattle. "Nothing annoyed him," remarks Brevoort, "so much as to be lionized, or made the centre of a group of listeners. To hear him talk, and to draw him out, it was necessary to have but few present. He preferred the society of such as had some refinement of taste—not humorous or witty, but with a disposition to take the pleasant side of any question."

The period of his official residence in Spain was one of great political excitement, during which a change of Ministry took place, and law was not unfrequently made subservient to expediency. Questions of political significance frequently arose, in which he was invariably successful in his negotiations with the Government. One of these grew out of an enlistment of citizens of the United States, resident in Spain as merchants, in the National Guard. It was argued on the part of the Government that inasmuch as the property of these merchants was protected from violence by this body, it was their duty to join its ranks as active members. In the correspondence that ensued, and in all his relations with the Spanish Government, he has by his suavity and nice sense of the rights of both parties given a lesson well worthy of the imitation of diplomatists.

When Bryant was in Spain in 1857 a distinguished Spaniard said to him: "Why does not your Government send out to this court Washington Irving? Why do you not take as your agent a man whom all Spain admires, venerates, and loves? I assure you it would be difficult for our Government to refuse any thing which Irving should ask, and his signature would make almost any treaty acceptable to our people."

On his return from this mission he went to reside at Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson, long before familiar to the readers of the "*Sketch-Book*" as the spot on which the residence of Herr Van Tassel, in the Legend of

Sleepy Hollow, was situated. That Irving had early contemplated selecting this spot as a retreat for his declining years is not only manifest from his casual conversations on this subject with his friends, but likewise from the following account in the Legend itself:

"I recollect," he says, "that when a stripping my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley." The antique cottage, with its irregular projections and sharp-angled roof, now so familiar to the travelers on the Hudson under the cognomen of Sunnyside, was built shortly before his appointment to Spain, but was not constantly occupied by him as his residence until his return.

Shortly after his return Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, a brother of the novelist, was appointed by the British Government as their Minister to the United States. Among other objects, Sir Henry was especially anxious to secure, by treaty or otherwise, an international copyright between England and the United States, and expressed to me, in our frequent pleasant interviews, a desire to co-operate with American authors in any mode they might suggest to produce this desirable result. Under these circumstances a question arose as to whether, by some sort of combination among authors for their mutual protection, that end might not be gained, and I was requested to write to Irving for his opinion. I accordingly addressed him a letter, to which, after a few weeks' delay, I received the following reply:

"NEW YORK, Oct. 23, 1848.

"DEAR SIR,—The pressure of various engagements, which cut up my time at present, and keep me divided between town and country, must plead my excuse for not sooner answering your letter.

"I am sorry to say I have little faith in the efficiency of any association among literary men for their mutual protection and profit in the publication of their works. I have thought a great deal on the subject, have known various plans to be discussed and even commenced, among which was one in London, patronized, if I recollect right, by Thomas Campbell, the poet. They all, however, came to nothing. I have not time at present to go into the various considerations which have convinced me of the impracticability of any attempt by a combination of authors to regulate and control the course of the 'trade.' I can only say that the conclusion I have come to on this subject is the result of much reflection and inquiry.

"The main thing wanting at present for the protection of our native literature is an international law of copyright. This once obtained, all authors of merit would be able to take care of their own wants, and original works worthy of publication would readily find a profitable market.

"I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"WASHINGTON IRVING."

At the time this letter was written Irving had

but little reason to complain either of his success as an author or the pecuniary reward he had obtained from his writings. Apart from the sums obtained from his copyrights in this country, he had received from his London publisher, John Murray, for the

	£	s.
Sketch-Book.....	467	10
Bracebridge Hall.....	1050	00
Tales of a Traveler.....	1575	00
Life of Columbus.....	3150	00
Companions of Columbus.....	525	00
Conquest of Granada.....	2100	00
Tour on the Prairies.....	400	00
Abbotsford and Newstead.....	400	00
Legends of Spain.....	100	00
Total.....	9767	10

and from Mr. Bentley, for the "Alhambra" £1050, "Astoria" £500, and "De Bouville's Adventures" £900—in all, amounting to not far from \$62,000.

He now supposed that the sale of his published works had reached their limit and he had little more to expect from them, when Mr. George P. Putnam proposed to bring out a new series of his entire works, at a very liberal rate of compensation for his copyright. He at once accepted the offer, as I have been informed by Mr. Putnam, without the alteration of a single word. The sums received by Irving under this arrangement have exceeded seventy-five thousand dollars.

Irving, especially in his early literary career, was greatly influenced by moods in his composition, at times writing with great rapidity, and at others being unequal to any literary exertions for weeks together. His first productions were written at the age of nineteen, and consist of a number of essays on theatrical performances, habits of the good people of New York, and like subjects. These appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* in 1802, a newspaper just started by his brother, Dr. Peter Irving, with the signature of Jonathan Oldstyle. In 1804 he visited Europe on account of an incipient attack of pulmonary disease.

While in Rome he met Washington Allston, and was so charmed with the painter and his art that he suddenly conceived the idea of being an artist. "Why," he says, in alluding to this period, "might I not remain here and turn painter? I mentioned the idea to Allston, and he caught at it with eagerness. Nothing could be more feasible. We could take an apartment together. He would give me all the instruction and assistance in his power, and was sure I would succeed." His lot, however, was differently cast. Doubts and fears gradually clouded his prospects, and he gave up the transient but delightful prospect of remaining in Rome with Allston and turning painter. In 1806 he returned to New York, and soon after, in connection with his brother (William Irving) and James K. Paulding, issued in numbers the "Salmagundi."

Knickerbocker's "History of New York," which first established his reputation as a rare humorist, was published in December, 1809. Mr. Bryant, writing in 1860, says, "I have just read this 'History of New York' over again, and

I found myself no less delighted than when I first turned its pages in my early youth. When I compare it with other works of wit and humor of a similar length, I find that, unlike most of them, it carries forward the reader to the conclusion without weariness or satiety, so unsought, spontaneous are the wit and the humor. The author makes us laugh because he can no more help it than we can help laughing." Shortly after its publication Mr. Henry Brevoort sent a copy to Sir Walter Scott, with whom he was on terms of considerable intimacy, who, in a reply to him highly complimentary to its author, says, "I have been employed these few evenings in reading the annals of 'Deidrich Knickerbocker' aloud to Mrs. S. and two ladies who are our guests, and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing."

The next work of moment produced by Irving was the "Sketch-Book," written in London, and first published in numbers in New York. He found much difficulty in procuring an English publisher, and was at last indebted to the good offices of Sir Walter Scott in securing for him Mr. John Murray, who had already declined the venture, as his publisher. In conversing with Mr. N. P. Willis on this subject, he remarked that "he was never more astonished than at the success of the 'Sketch-Book.'" His writing of these stories was so unlike inspiration—so entirely without any feeling of confidence, which could be prophetic of their popularity. Walking with his brother one dull, foggy Sunday over Westminster Bridge, he got to telling him the old Dutch stories he had heard at Tarrytown in his youth, when the thought suddenly struck him—"I have it! I'll go home and make a memorandum of these for a book." And leaving his brother to go to church, he went back to his lodgings and jotted down the data, and the next day—the dullest and darkest of London fogs—he sat in his little room and wrote out "Sleepy Hollow" by the light of a candle.

"Bracebridge Hall" was composed in Paris under somewhat similar circumstances. He had been for a long time without the ability to write. He had frequently made the attempt, but was as often obliged to abandon it, as his mind would offer to him no pictures worthy of being put to paper. At last his fit of inspiration came, and he went industriously to work to develop it. One morning at this period his friend Tom Moore called to make him a visit. He told him that, after waiting a long time, he had fallen into the mood, and would work as long as it lasted. So he began to write soon after breakfast, and, without taking note of time, continued until Moore returned at four in the afternoon, by which time he completely covered the table with freshly-written sheets. He continued to work without intermission in this manner for six weeks. For the copyright of this work Mr. Murray paid him a thousand guineas.

But probably one of the most rapidly composed, as well as one of the most popular of his works, is the "Life of Goldsmith." He was sitting one

day at the desk of his publisher, Mr. Putnam, looking over Forster's work, which Mr. Putnam was about to reprint. Mr. Irving said that it was a favorite subject with him, and he had a mind to extend a sketch he had formerly made for an edition of Goldsmith's works into a volume. Mr. Putnam urged him to do so. In sixty days the first sheets were in the hands of the printer, and in three weeks after the volume was published. During the later years of his life, and especially while engaged in preparing his earlier works for republication under his arrangement with his American publisher, and in writing the "Life of Washington," his habits of composition were more systematic, and usually occupied the morning hours. In writing this last great work he was less troubled about its literary merits than in the proper collation of the materials, which had been immensely accumulated by the indefatigable labors of Sparks and others, all of which needed to be carefully examined if their materials were not used. He had been urged by Constable, the Edinburgh publisher, to write the life of Washington some thirty years before it was undertaken; but probably his task was better performed than if he had commenced it at an earlier period. Mr. Bryant, in alluding to the character of this work, says: "Here is a man of genius, a poet by temperament, writing the life of a man of transcendent wisdom and virtue—a life passed amidst great events, and marked by inestimable public services. There is a constant temptation to eulogy, but the temptation is resisted; the actions of his hero are left to speak their own praise. The lessons of the narrative are made to impress themselves on the mind by the earnest relation of facts. Meantime the narrator keeps himself in the background, solely occupied with the due presentation of his subject. Our eyes are upon the actors whom he sets before us—we never think of Mr. Irving." This remark would apply with equal force to all of his other writings. In the "History of New York" we see not Irving, but the veritable old chronicler, with his quaint visage and neat threadbare suit, who had spent his life in storing up recollections of his native town; and in the "Sketch-Book" Ichabod Crane and the prankish villagers, or poor old Rip Van Winkle, are the veritable personages that absorb the reader's attention, to the entire exclusion of the author.

This is due in part to the remarkable purity of his style, and in part to a real unaffected modesty, that made him shrink from obtruding himself on the notice of the public. He was, indeed, exceedingly sensitive about the reception of his works with the public, and never hesitated to admit the influence of this opinion upon him. "Indifference to praise or censure," he remarked on one occasion, "was not reasonable—at least it was impossible to him." He remembered how he had suffered from the opinion of a Philadelphia critic, who, in reviewing the "Sketch-Book" at its first appearance, said "that Rip Van Winkle was a silly attempt at

humor, quite unworthy of the author's genius." This apprehension in regard to the excellence of his works continued to the very last volume he wrote. I have the authority of his publisher for saying that, although the first four volumes of his "Life of Washington" had been received by the public with a favor far beyond his own expectations, yet the fifth and last was timidly permitted to be launched, nor was he self-assured in regard to it until Mr. Bancroft, Professor Felton, and Mr. Duyckinck had assured him that the volume was all that it should be.

The following letter addressed to Professor Felton on this subject shows not only the condition of his health at the time it was written, but also the despondency he experienced as to the success of the volume :

"SUNNYSIDE, May 17, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I can not sufficiently express to you how much I feel obliged by your very kind letter of the 12th instant, giving such a favorable notice of my last volume. I have been very much out of health of late, with my nerves in a sad state, and with occasional depression of spirits; and in this forlorn plight had come to feel very dubious about the volume I had committed to the press. Your letter had a most salutary and cheering effect, and your assurance that the last volume had been to you *of more absorbing interest than either of the others* carried a ray of joy to my heart, for I was sadly afraid that the interest might be considered as falling off.

"Excuse the brevity of this letter; for I am suffering to-day from the lingerings of a nervous complaint, from which I am slowly recovering; but I could not suffer another day to elapse without thanking you for correspondence which had a more balmy effect than any of my doctor's prescriptions.

"With great regard, I am, my dear Felton,

"Yours very truly,

"WASHINGTON IRVING."

The same timidity that rendered him doubtful about the reception of his works caused him to shrink from taking a part in public meetings. The only one in which I remember him to have been engaged was on the occasion of a demonstration at Tripler Hall, New York, in 1851, shortly after the death of Cooper, intended to secure funds to erect a monument to his memory—a design which unfortunately failed of accomplishing its purpose. Irving was selected as the chairman of this meeting, and consented to serve as such, I strongly suspect, as much on account of his previous relations with Cooper as from any other cause.

Upon Cooper's return from abroad Irving shared with him the field of authorship, far in advance of any of his contemporaries. Whatever may have been the motive, it is certain that Cooper kept aloof from Irving for a long time, and seemed to cherish for him no friendly sentiments. An interview between them at last took place at the office of Mr. Putnam under the following circumstances: Irving was sitting at the desk reading when Cooper came in and stood at the office door conversing with Mr. Putnam, who was at that time in the course of publishing a library edition of his best works in companionship with Irving's. He did not observe Irving, and Mr. Putnam, obeying the impulse

of the moment, said, "Mr. Cooper, here is Mr. Irving." The latter turned—Cooper held out his hand cordially, dashed at once into animated conversation, and, to the surprise and delight of their mutual publisher, the two authors sat for an hour chatting in the pleasantest manner about present and former times, and parted with an expression of the most cordial good wishes for each other. Irving afterward frequently alluded to the incident as one of great gratification to him.

When Irving came to the place of assemblage and found it crowded to overflowing, he began to relent of his promise, and begged Mr. Webster, who was present in the small room, where those who had an invitation to sit on the platform were assembled, to officiate in his stead. After some hesitancy Webster at last consented, greatly to the delight of Irving, who seemed more nervous and embarrassed than I had before seen him. The sketch made by Huntington of Webster, Irving, and Bryant (the orator of the evening) furnishes admirable likenesses of the three as they appeared on this occasion.

The last time I met Irving was at the Astor Library, on Tuesday, June 9, 1859, but a few months before his death. He had just completed the fifth and last volume of the "Life of Washington," and seemed in the same flow of spirits that one might expect in a youth who had completed a laborious task about whose accomplishment he was very anxious. Indeed his health was hardly adequate for the task he had undertaken, and during the composition of the last volume his mental and physical powers were more severely taxed than in the arrangement of all the preceding ones. He complained of some difficulty in breathing, which was manifest to a casual observer, and was due to an attack of asthma from which he was slowly recovering. The change from country to town had benefited him, as is often the case in asthmatic complaints. He said that when suffering from these attacks a run up to town was always attended with advantage. He attributed the relief to the want of purity in the town atmosphere, and remarked that that of the open country was too stimulating for his respiratory apparatus. I suspect, however, that his asthmatic attacks were in some way connected with an increased nervous irritability from which he suffered, and which frequently induced him to rise in the middle of the night and engage for a time in writing, in order to induce a state of exhaustion that would be followed by sleep. On one occasion, when his friend John P. Kennedy paid him a visit, he appeared with his usually smooth-shaved face covered with a luxuriant beard, which Irving noticed, and stated that for his own part he could not afford to allow his beard to grow, otherwise he should lose one of his most valuable modes of quieting his nervous system when preternaturally excited. He said that when tired of tossing about vainly seeking for sleep, his habit was to rise and shave himself, which was always followed by an allayance of nervous

excitement, and was pretty sure to be followed by a refreshing slumber.

I alluded to Charles Leslie, who had just died, and remarked that his sister, Miss Leslie, whose admirable work, "Mrs. Washington Potts," had given her a wide celebrity as an authoress among her fair countrywomen, used often to speak to me of the days when her brother Charles and Irving were inseparable companions in London.

"Yes," replied Irving, "I remember it well. It was among the happiest periods of my life. I was always a Rambler, and ever delighted with new scenes and strange people. Europe to me was a vast store-house of venerable associations, but to England I always turned with that species of fond desire which a full-grown man who has been a Rambler over the world feels for the home of his boyhood, and, after long years of absence, he once more approaches its hallowed precincts. It is so full of poetic and historic associations that one never tires of rambling among them. Not that our own country is wanting in beauties. It has them to overflowing; and could I have been content with the beauty of scenery alone, I need never have wandered from my own land. Her mighty rivers, her immense solitudes, her far-stretched plains, and, above all, her glorious sunshine, are all that a lover of nature could desire; but to me they wanted the historic associations and the poetic interest which clung around the crumbling ruins of the old world, and invested each stone in these heavy fabrics with a reverential awe. Leslie was a good fellow and a capital artist. We used to ramble together about the environs of London, and while he sought objects for his pencil, I was busied in collecting notes for future descriptions in idle and perhaps profitless tales."

I asked him if these notes were chiefly used in the "Sketch-Book."

"Some of them," he replied, "but not all, or even a considerable part. I recurred to them when writing 'Bracebridge Hall,' far away from English scenery, and, like a painter, have every now and then worked in a little English composition in scenes far remote from, and having little connection with, England. But the greater part are unwritten."

I alluded to Leslie's continued residence in England, and remarked that after so long a time spent there America must have appeared distasteful to him.

He said that it was true that Leslie found a more congenial atmosphere in London than in America. Yet, continued he, Leslie was a true American in feeling, and on one occasion actually did take up his residence in Philadelphia, but after remaining for a year or two he was compelled to return to his London home, and the friends made during his progress as an artist there, which after all was the best place for him. In the United States, especially at the time when Leslie came here to reside, great patrons were wanting, with taste and means combined, to give that encouragement to an artist which one of true merit always found in Europe; besides, in

the bustling pursuits of trade, there was little leisure and but few congenial spirits for a man of literary tastes. Leslie's wife, too, was an Englishwoman, and could not bear to live out of the smoke of London. "A pleasant little body," added Irving, "but with no appreciation of her husband's talent."

He alluded to his own long-continued residence abroad, and said that nothing gave him greater pain than the doubts cast by some newspaper writers upon his affection for his native land. He spoke with enthusiasm of his good fortune in being a citizen of the United States; and added that a dream of his literary life, much of which had been taken up in idle ramblings, was finally to settle himself down in some quiet nook upon the banks of the Hudson, where, amidst the scenes of his youth, the evening of life might be spent in the midst of sympathizing friends.

I alluded to an incident in the life of Mr. Gales, the able editor of the *National Intelligencer* at Washington, whom he remembered very well, which bore some resemblance to this passage in his own. While Gales was a young man and without means, he was accustomed every pleasant Sunday to ramble to an extremely picturesque elevation in the environs of Washington, and casting himself on the grass under the branches of one of the lofty forest trees that crowned its summit, indulge in the reverie that, when he should have sufficient means, he would purchase this spot, erect a cottage upon it, and there pass the remainder of his life. True to his original intention, he did purchase in later life this spot, built his cottage, and generously entertain at his hospitable board the hundreds of friends who were attracted thither by his courtly manner. He was, I remarked, among the few whose dreams of early life were realized.

"And so have mine," replied Irving; "in part, at least," he continued, after a pause, in which a shade of deep sadness crossed his countenance. I did not at the moment imagine the true cause of this, but supposed it arose from some painful reminiscence of an evanescent nature. I now believe it to be due to the revival of a train of recollections of a tenderer nature than I supposed the confirmed bachelor to be susceptible of; for it is undoubtedly true that, among the dreams of his early life, a connubial felicity which he never enjoyed was not the least prominent object in the picture. Mr. Putnam, in his recollections of Irving, says that "a miniature of a young lady, intellectual, refined, and beautiful, was handed to him one day by Irving, with the request that he would have a slight injury repaired by an artist, and a new case made for it, the old one being actually worn out by much use. The painting (on ivory) was exquisitely fine. When Mr. Putnam returned it to him, in a suitable velvet case, he took it to a quiet corner and looked intently on the face for some minutes, apparently unobserved, his tears falling freely on the glass as he gazed. Mr. Putnam adds, that it is not indelicate now to surmise that this was the miniature of Miss Hoff-

man, a sister of Ogden Hoffman, to whom Irving was devotedly attached, and who was snatched away by death nearly half a century since, during all which time her memory was carefully guarded by him who saw no second person to occupy the place in his affections which she had won.

In a casual notice that appeared soon after his death, evidently written by one who knew him well, the writer says, "We can not but think that we find a leaf from his own experience in a passage in his charming paper on 'Newstead Abbey,' where he says, 'An early, innocent, and unfortunate passion, however fruitful of pain it may be to the man, is a lasting advantage to the poet. It is a well of sweet and bitter fancies, of refined and gentle sentiments, of elevated and ennobling thoughts, shut up in the deep recesses of the heart, keeping it green amidst the withering blight of the world, and, by its casual gushings and overflowings, recalling at times all the freshness and innocence and enthusiasm of youthful years.'" It happened not long ago that, during a visit to Sunnyside, in the absence of Mr. Irving, a friend was quartered in his sleeping apartment, and was very deeply touched to notice upon the table near the bedside an old, well-worn copy of the Bible, with the name of M—— H—— on the title-page, written in a lady's hand.

The shadow soon passed from his brow, and the conversation turned upon his visit to Abbotsford, which he has so admirably described in the "Crayon Miscellany." He spoke of the cordial manner in which he was received by the "mighty minstrel of the North," and the earnestness with which he insisted on his driving to the house for breakfast; of his delightful tarry of three days under the hospitable roof at Abbotsford, and the pleasing impressions that visit made upon his mind—all of which he has fortunately given to the world in his own peculiar, felicitous style. At the time of his visit "Rob Roy" was passing through the press, and his publisher, Constable, was anxious that he should not be disturbed. Each mail brought him an abundance of proof-sheets to revise, with which and in composition he occupied the morning hours. During the remainder of the day he was always at leisure, and entered heartily into such amusements as were suggested. The authorship of the *Waverley* novels was not at that time acknowledged, but they were generally attributed to Scott. No mention, however, was made of the subject by Scott or Irving. In speaking of the different habits of literary men, in regard to composition, he said that Scott had the power to write at any time, and always wrote well. He was indifferent as to moods, which could not be said of most men. Byron was especially under the influence of the "fyte" in his composition. Moore had another method. He would return from a convivial party with a few sparkling images in his mind, of which he would take note, and leave the construction of the rhythm for his cooler moments, when they were cautiously, and oft-

en laboriously, clothed in appropriate language. Scott, notwithstanding the immense amount of intellectual labor he performed, was apparently the most perfect person of leisure of any literary man he ever knew. He had an astonishing faculty of ascertaining the substance of a book by casually running it over. He found that he possessed, in a considerable degree, this faculty himself, and supposed that most literary men acquired this habit. He had frequently run over a book in this manner, literally reading it with his fingers, and on a more careful perusal was astonished to find how little of real excellence had been left unnoticed in his hasty search.

During this interview Irving was seated in one of the library alcoves whose shelves were well-lined with books. Some notice was taken of this—I scarcely remember how—but Irving expressed himself highly gratified at the result of this noble benefaction, which he said he had watched from its inception until it had grown into an important and useful institution. What literary men most wanted in this country was books for reference, and this library would go far to supply that want.

Mr. Astor, he remarked, desired to leave some memorial to the city that should bear his name. He thought of several ways, and among others that of endowing a Professorship, but finally determined to found a library, and frequently consulted him concerning it. The plan met with his most hearty approval; and he frequently endeavored to induce him to establish it during his lifetime, in order that he might be witness to its good results. Mr. Astor frequently invited him to dine with him at his country residence at Hell Gate, and talk about the library. After dinner he would call for the city plot and discuss its location. The first intention was to locate it in Astor Place, which was finally changed for its present more eligible site in Lafayette Place. On one occasion he told Irving that he thought of altering his will in regard to the library. This intelligence completely dumfounded Irving, who supposed that after all the whole project was to be abandoned. He was, however, quickly reassured by the information that Mr. Astor proposed to add to the original bequest of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars an additional fifty thousand dollars, making the legacy for the purpose four hundred thousand dollars. Irving was delighted, and proposed immediately to draw up a codicil to that effect, which he did on the spot. He afterward ascertained that the codicil containing this bequest was not the one written by him, but was drawn up by Mr. Astor's legal adviser. He had often wished that the library had been established during the lifetime of its founder, not on account of its advantage to the people, for they already enjoyed that, but that he might be an eye-witness of the results of his gift.

During Irving's frequent conversations with Mr. Astor about the library he occasionally hinted at his taking charge of it, which Irving promptly declined to do, and pointed to Dr.

Cogswell, who had just returned from Europe, and had written a very full account of European libraries, as the appropriate person. I rather suspect that this offer, on the part of Mr. Astor, to install Geoffrey Crayon in the grave position of librarian, was rather in compliment than reality; for, apart from Irving's unfitness for a post requiring peculiar bibliographical knowledge, which he never laid claim to, Dr. Cogswell, who was a frequent guest at Mr. Astor's table, had already engrossed his mind as a fit person to carry out his trust.

Irving spoke of Dr. Cogswell on this occasion in terms of the highest commendation. He said that he was a man of vast erudition and admirable tact in the selection of books, and, next to Mr. Astor, was most to be applauded for the present condition of the library. He had devoted to its formation his best energies, and had the satisfaction of seeing the fruits of his labor in the development of a foundation upon which a far inferior workman might continue the superstructure. It was a very different thing to build up from its base such a library and to continue it afterward, and it was a most fortunate circumstance that Dr. Cogswell had undertaken the task.

Irving never hesitated to speak of his own literary productions, and was, when in the company of literary men at least, very communicative in regard to the circumstances under which they were written. His conversation on these occasions seemed to flow naturally from the subjects, and was neither marked by an affectation of restraint on the one hand, nor a consciousness of superior abilities on the other. To younger aspirants for literary fame he had always a word of encouragement and kind advice. He occasionally narrated anecdotes from his own experience of the uncertain position in which he was sometimes placed by his reputation as a writer of popular books. One of the best of these is this: While in England, not long after his name had become familiar to the public by the publication of the "Sketch-Book," he made a purchase at a shop, and directed the parcel to be sent to his lodgings, directed to Mr. Irving.

"Is it possible," said the salesman, with a look and manner that indicated profound admiration, "that I have the honor to serve Mr. Irving?"

Irving modestly acknowledged the compliment paid to his accumulating fame, and a conversation ensued in which the dealer manifested additional interest in his distinguished customer, until a direct inquiry concerning his last work disclosed the fact that he supposed he was engaged in conversation with the Rev. Edward Irving, of the Scottish Kirk, whose polemical works had given him an exalted position among the members of that church. The existence of the "Sketch-Book" was probably unknown to him. "All I could do," added Irving, with that look of peculiar drollery which those who have heard him narrate an incident of this kind well remember, "was to take my tail between

my legs and slink away in the smallest possible compass."

Every one is familiar with the portrait of Irving with the fur collar, but few are aware of the reasons which induced him in sitting to adopt this costume. He thus explains them himself in a letter from Paris to his friend Leslie, in 1820: "I received a letter from Peter Powell, in which he speaks of my portrait being in the engraver's hands, and that it is painted in the old Venetian costume. I hope you have not misunderstood my meaning when I spoke about the costume in which I should like to be painted. I believe I spoke something about the costume of Newton's portrait. I meant Newton's portrait of *me*, not of *himself*. If you recollect, he painted me as if in some kind of overcoat with a fur cape—a dress that has nothing remarkable in it, but which merely avoided any present fashion that might in a few years appear stupid. The Venetian dress which Newton painted himself in would have a fantastic appearance and savor of affectation. Let the costume be simple and picturesque, but such as a gentleman might be supposed to wear at the present day. I only wanted you to avoid the edges, and corners, and angles with which a modern coat is so oddly and formally clipped out at the present day."

GENERAL FRANKIE.

A STORY FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

I.

FRANKIE MERRIAN had found out a new play. Now this was a very pleasant thing to happen to a small boy like Frankie. He had played horse with his mother's rocking-chair until he was tired; he had set up all the animals in his menagerie in wonderful positions, putting the hyena on the elephant's back and perching the monkey on the lion's mane; he had spun his top until it went to sleep; and now he lay on the floor with the soles of his button-gaiters high in the air and his chin on his hands, while he kept asking,

"Mamma, what shall I play? What shall I play, mamma?"

Mamma stopped a moment to take up another havelock from the pile beside her, and she answered, "Play? Oh, I don't know what you can play. Put your dissected map together."

Another flourish of the button-gaiters. "Oh, I don't like to do that; they don't fit. Virginia is nicked round the edges, and Alabama won't stay in its place, and South Carolina is lost altogether. No, I don't want to play that."

"Well, let us see. Oh, I know. Suppose you make believe you are a soldier?"

"And have a knapsack, mamma, and a havelock?"

Frankie jumped up to his feet at this idea, clapping his hands.

"Oh, mamma, how nice! And I'll be a Seventh Regiment, won't I, just like Uncle Charlie? And folks will cry when I go away,

just as Cousin Rosa did—didn't you, cousin? What makes your face so red, eh? Oh! and people will read the papers every day, to see if General Frankie has been wounded. No—I won't be the Seventh, either. I'll be for three months. I'll be Sixty-Ninth, like our Biddy's beau. Sha'n't I, mamma?"

Mamma and her friend Rosa looked at each other and smiled pleasantly, while the little soldier was arraying himself. He hunted up his old crownless hat and set it jauntily on his curls; then he brought the old gray shawl that always hung over a chair in the nursery, and his mother helped him to roll it up like a blanket; a big box that once held a head-dress was brought down from a high shelf in the closet to serve as a knapsack; two bits of red flannel on either shoulder gave him an officer's rank; and his old toy sword was brought out from the play-room.

"There, now Frankie is armed and equipped," said mamma, strapping the knapsack and blanket on his little back.

"Oh no; I must have rations, you know, and a cup and plate."

"Oh, Frankie, what a boy! Go and ask Bridget for some bread; I must finish these havelocks to-day."

Frankie started off down stairs, putting one foot on a step at a time, never dreaming that he was not the great soldier he fancied himself to be. Bridget held up her hands in wonder at his military appearance.

"Oh, Frankie! is it to the wars ye're goin'? Thim ribils 'll have to look out now. What company are ye in, sure?" she added, putting her arms akimbo and looking down on the small face as she kept saying, softly, "Well, the size of him!"

The young soldier shifted his equipments, and answered, with baby gravity, "I am a General, Biddy—my name is General Frankie, and I've come for my rations."

"Yer relations! and sure ain't they all up stairs?"

He looked at her with an expression of profound pity for her ignorance. "My rations, Biddy—that means bread—and my mug, and some old tin plate."

"Hooray for General Frankie!" laughed Biddy, as she fastened the jingling things on his back, and cutting a large piece of bread stowed it away in its proper place, telling him to shoot Jeff Davis, but to be very careful that Patrick Malone, of the Sixty-Ninth, should not get hurt.

The young hero returned to the nursery, rattling his trappings as he went, and making mamma smile when he gravely proceeded to unstrap his blanket and spread it on the floor in one corner, which he called the camp. Then he commenced solemnly eating the piece of bread, although it was rather dry without butter, but he intended to be a soldier in earnest. This task accomplished, he rolled himself in his blanket, and lay still so long that mamma got up to look, and found him fast asleep, with his

ration unfinished, his knapsack awry, and his golden curls damp with the dew of sleep. Tenderly, as little boys' mothers always do, she lifted the baby head on a pillow, untied the strings and straps, and kissed him, saying, softly, "Dear little soldier! God grant that he may not have many sore battles to fight!" And then she was very still. There was a tear shining on his curls—there was another petition recorded up above.

II.

The next day was Sunday, and as soon as breakfast was concluded Frankie began to think about his new uniform, which was stowed away until Monday morning, and presently he said, with a very discontented face,

"I wish I was a real soldier, and then I could drill Sundays as well as any other day. Mamma, can't I make b'leve there's a battle to-day? You know they do fight battles on Sunday." And then the little rogue thought he had a good argument.

Mamma looked up from her book a moment, and a queer smile came to her face as she answered,

"Yes, Frankie, I think you had better fight a battle to-day."

"You do, mamma?" And the petit General advanced a step nearer to look in her face, strangely puzzled by her reply.

"Yes, I think some battles ought to be fought on Sunday, and if you will come to me I'll tell you how we had better begin."

So the little fellow, still clasping his hymn-book, came to sit in her lap, looking wonderingly in her face. She turned over its leaves until she found a certain page.

"Frankie, you know soldiers sing a battle-song. Suppose you and I sing this one here by my finger—

"My soul be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise."

Frankie sat very still, and before the soft tones of the singer's voice finished the verse,

"Then watch and fight and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,"

his childish tenor chimed in,

"Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore."

Frankie and his mother sat looking in the pleasant coal-fire, thinking about such battles and victories as the hymn suggested until it was time to go to church. So mamma bid Frankie go up stairs to be dressed, telling Susan to put on his brown poplin, as that was warmest and best suited to the season. Now in his heart the General did hate this same brown poplin, and never wore it when he could prevail upon Susan to put on a certain gray merino trimmed with crimson. So he made a wretched face when the proposed garments were laid aside on a chair, and gave a spiteful little kick at them, grumbling thus:

"I hate old brown—I always did. There's something under the chin that scratches, and

it makes me feel 'hoisty-up' to put my arms in the sleeves; and the buttons ain't bright a bit; and the pants have only got one pocket in, like a little bit of a boy. I wish I could always have two pockets."

There is a great amount of fraud practiced on little folks in this matter, and if I had ten boys they should all have two pockets in every pair.

"Susan, ask mamma if I mayn't wear my gray suit?"

Susan went off to intercede, but without avail. There was a raw, cold wind, and it was quite right that he should wear the warmest garments. Frankie pouted more and more; put his feet in the sleeves, crumpled his frill, and twisted his head about while Susan tried to curl his hair, and made himself generally disagreeable. He began to look at the wash-basin beside him very often in an earnest way, and at last, pretending to wash his face, he succeeded in drenching the front of old brown to his heart's content. He was soon sorry, but too late. Mamma was called, and decided that he should be put to bed, telling him that he had fallen into the hands of the enemy very soon. That put him in mind of his chat in the morning. He tried to think who commanded the rebel forces, and thinking so hard fell asleep and did not wake up until dinner-time.

All the rest of the day he looked unhappy, and when twilight came on he stole up to his mother, and put his little hand in hers, saying, "I am sorry those enemies got the best of it this morning; and I've been trying to think of their names. Tell me, mamma; and then I can fight them better next time."

"Well," said mamma, "I think the first one was Major Vanity. He is a weak, foolish little leader, and don't care about any thing except his uniform—and he thinks about himself all the while. Then the other one who came to help him was General Bad-Temper. He is big and fierce, and you must not train in his company, for you never can tell where he will lead you, or what orders he will give. He makes his men talk loud and rough, and swear, and strike. And he makes little boys grumble, and pout, and friz their hair, and—"

"Please don't, mamma," and a little hand was laid on her lips—"Frankie will try."

"Darling"—and mamma kissed the hand—"we'll ask the Great Commander to help us, and he will send Captain Patience and Major Meekness to our aid, and then we shall be kept safe."

Thus the chat went on until the gas was lighted and Frankie said good-night, and mamma thought long and earnestly of the duties of a mother, praying for grace and wisdom to point out foes in ambush, to help gird on the armor, and defend its loosened links.

III.

"How many days more, mamma?"

Frankie pulled his mother's sleeve and shook

the newspaper she held until she turned around to look at him.

"Days before what?" said she, looking down on the General's freshly-washed face.

"Why, before Fred and Dot and Aunt Fanny come? Isn't it Tuesday to-day, and won't they be here to-morrow?"

"To-morrow?" and mamma counted her finger tips over. "To-day they will start from Stonyford, be in Princeton for Commencement, and if Fred is ready they will come directly here the day after to-morrow."

"Oh, won't it be jolly! Dot can play as good as a boy; and Fred takes me with him to the brook to fish, and learns me how to drive. Oh, he is splendid! Ain't he, Cousin Rosa?"

Now Rosa wasn't a bit of a cousin to him—only a far-off young relative of his father's, who was spending the summer with them, but Frankie loved her dearly. She opened her brown eyes when she heard Fred Graham was coming, and to the child's question she answered quickly, "Yes indeed he is; I have always liked Fred very much;" and went on with her knitting as usual, never dreaming that the General wouldn't discriminate between the words like and love.

The happy Thursday came at last, and with it Aunt Fanny, fresh and rosy as one of the apples from her own orchard; Dot, merry as a cricket; and Fred, taller and stouter than ever. Indeed when Frankie found that the collegian was actually a young gentleman, he began to be afraid that his jolly times wouldn't come off. But he soon found out that all the wise books had not banished the love of fun. He could hardly believe that Dot was really the little bit of a girl that he remembered. He somehow expected to see her in the same pink calico, and Shaker bonnet with a bow on top, which she wore when she was at Stonyford a year ago.

Mamma was very glad to see Aunt Fanny, and they found a great deal to talk about. Frankie was particularly delighted when he saw a certain basket in her hand, for he had never known it to be without something very nice inside. And sure enough it was filled with dainties that could have come from nowhere else than Stonyford Farm. There were cool fresh clover leaves on top covering a roll of golden butter, all marked by Aunt Fanny's skillful ladle; a round ball of cottage cheese; then a loaf of rye bread; two tiny eggs for Frankie that the speckled pullet had laid; and wherever there was room for them, great ripe red plums that would melt in one's mouth. There were as many as the basket would hold; but when they were put in a fruit dish they did not seem to fill it, and Frankie began to be alarmed lest he should not have as many as he would like: so he crammed those his mother had given him down his throat as fast as he could, and came back holding out his fat little hands both together—"More plums, mamma!"

Without waiting for her consent he grasped a dozen more, and was about to eat them when

mamma said, "Frankie, listen a moment until I read you the news from the war."

Frankie fancied his mother looked mischievous when she took up the paper; and this was what she read or pretended to read:

"This morning a prisoner was taken without any trouble. His name is General Frankie. While he was trying to secure a great quantity of plums General Greedy came up and captured him. General Greedy is well known as a fat, red-faced man always waiting about for any unwary children. We hope the prisoner may be soon released."

Frankie's face grew very rosy, and he slipped off quietly to the table and laid the plums back without saying a word. Mamma seemed then to find a new item; for she went on reading:

"Second Edition.—We are happy to state that General Frankie has escaped after a severe encounter with General Greedy, in which he drove him completely out of sight."

The little rogue's face brightened up, and he ran off with his cousin to the play-room, leaving Aunt Fanny and mamma to chat in one corner, and Fred and Rosa to renew an old acquaintance. Dot had brought her old but beloved doll, and it was now seated in a little arm-chair while they were at play, and she would run to see if it was enjoying itself all the while. It was a doleful, shabby-looking doll enough. Its head was of India rubber, and the paint had cracked and come off in every direction, leaving the end of the nose quite black. The corner of the mouth had been torn and sewed up again. Then one foot always did, and always would, turn around the wrong way, and both hands were grimy on every one of the four fingers the maker had allowed it. But Dot did not care a bit: it seemed to her to look kindly and affectionately while she was at play in spite of its old wrinkled face.

"Let's take her to ride," said Frankie; "this little chair turned down will be the carriage, and we will be the ponies."

So Mistress Doll was seated therein, supposed to be an old lady taking an airing. Now if the doll had really been an old lady she never would have sat so still with such frisky ponies, but she wasn't; so she bounced about. Sometimes her crooked foot would fly up, and sometimes her four-fingered hand; and when they went over the door-sill she would make a low bow. Dot enjoyed this a while, but she began to feel that Dolly's life was in danger; so she let go the lines, and said,

"There—that's enough; Dolly's tired."

But he wouldn't stop, and she called louder,

"Stop, stop! that's my doll, and I want her. You have played enough!"

"Oh, Dot, don't be cross. Go 'long, two-forty!" and Frankie jumped and capered so that the lady fell out of the carriage, and would have broken her nose if she had had any to break.

Mamma heard the noise and confusion, and came up to see about it, and found Dot in tears. She restored the dragged doll to her arms, and

went down stairs without saying a word. She soon came back with a written paper.

"Now," said she, "you know we are living in war times, and it is quite common to have the latest news posted up somewhere, so that every body can see it. There's news to-day from General Frankie. I'll read it to you:

"ANOTHER SKIRMISH!!!—We are sorry to hear that General Frankie has again fallen into the hands of the enemy for a short time. Colonel Selfish and Sergeant Thoughtless attacked him this morning, and he would have been obliged to surrender if a detachment of Home Guards had not come up in time to prevent it. It is very much to be regretted that the General does not keep picket-guards out to watch, for Colonel Selfish is always lying in ambush somewhere near."

IV.

"Uncle Charlie! Uncle Charlie! won't you drill our company this morning? You promised."

Uncle Charlie didn't seem to hear the General, though surely he spoke loud enough. What could have been the reason? He had a book in his hand, to be sure; but his eyes were not on it. He was only looking over the top of it, away off down the garden-walk, and there was only Rosa Merrian and Fred Graham to be seen there—the brown-eyed maiden swinging her hat by its ribbon; and Fred, with his handsome curling head lightly resting on his arm as he leaned against the gate-post. What was there about that to look at so earnestly or so long? And when the General, by dint of pulling his arm, had succeeded in arousing him, what made him go to the glass in the parlor and straighten his collar and rearrange his hair, and then sigh, and say,

"Well, Frankie, your Uncle Charlie never was a beauty, and he don't improve as he grows older; does he, General?"

He spoke so sadly that his little friend wanted to say something pleasant, so he answered, "Oh, I think you're bully, Uncle Charlie; and Cousin Rosa thinks so too."

"Where is Rosa?"

"Oh, there she is with Fred. I wish he would go away. He won't talk to me any more; he is all the time with her. And do you know, Uncle Charlie, that she said, the other day, she had always loved Fred Graham? She did say so; and I wish he would go away—don't you?"

Uncle Charlie pulled his felt hat down over his eyes, and picked up his cane and started off in a side-path; but he came back a moment to kiss Frankie, and say, "I can't play drill to-day. You must be an officer in my place"—and he was off. He beheaded all the daisies that lay in his way, walked along with his eyes to the ground, and pushed the gate open with his foot, leaving Frankie to cogitate about matters and things in general, while he picked a little bit of a hole in the knee of his pants into a palpable fracture.

"I don't see what makes Uncle Charlie act

so nowadays. He and Cousin Rosa used to be such good friends, and now he hardly speaks to her at all; and she just says a few words to him, and don't look at him full in the face. Then, there's Fred; he ain't jolly a bit, as he used to be. He is so wise, and so busy talking to Rosa, that she never plays battle-door with me at all. Well, I'll drill, any way!"

Toot—toot—to-o-o-t. The tin trumpet was the signal for the recruits to gather on the broad walk in front of the house, and when they heard the signal out came Elliott Wyman and his cousin Hal Lord from the next house, and Dot made her appearance too. Now the awkward squad had talked a great deal about the propriety of allowing a girl in the ranks; but she promised very faithfully to keep her hoops down, and never to laugh. Indeed their number was so small that they couldn't do without her very well; so that was settled. Aunt Fanny and mamma had gone to the village this morning. Fred had gone to find a carriage to take Rosa to ride, and so the children had full possession and liberty to enjoy themselves heartily. There was one order given, however, that they must not let Jack Nogood come to play with them, as he was a very bad boy.

So they were soon arrayed with paper caps—a long feather in each. Elliott had a lunch-box on his back, and Dot her reticule strapped on hers, while Hal was obliged to be content with an atlas to do duty as a knapsack.

"Right face!" "Left face!" "Eyes right!" "Eyes left!" "Right face!" "Front!" "About!"

Now Uncle Charlie had taken a great deal of pains to teach him this movement, and Frankie forgot how long it was before he learned which way to turn when the command "About!" was given. So, after he had told them two or three times, he thought they ought to remember, and he grew very angry when Dot turned to the left and Hal quite round.

"How stupid!"

The General was just about to get in a rage when he happened to remember how easily he always fell into Captain Temper's hands, and he just whispered to Captain Patience, of the regular army, to come and help him, and then I can tell you the frowns went away in a hurry, and the play went on pleasantly enough until they came to march. Frankie grew red in the face trying to play a tune on the tin trumpet, but it wouldn't do at all.

Just then they heard a drum beating quite near them. It was carried by Jack Nogood, who lived in the old cottage down the lane. He had heard the first toot, and made up his mind accordingly. He knew that Frankie was forbidden his company; so he gave the twine string that held his torn suspender a hitch, punched the ragged straw-hat crown farther over his stiff red locks, and seated himself very quietly on the corner of the fence directly opposite.

"Oh, there's a boy with a drum!" shouted Hal. "Let's have him—that will be splendid. Say, are you a drummer?"

The loafer set his hat on the back of his head. "Yes, I'm a gallus drummer, I am."

Frankie said, "Don't call him, boys; he is a bad boy, and mamma won't like him to come;" and then he tried to march again.

This time Jack kept the time for them until they were half-way down the walk, then stopped suddenly, and they were thrown into disorder. They had another consultation; and at last, like a weak, foolish little boy, Frankie beckoned to him with his sword, though he did not say any thing. The rest shouted to him, and he was soon among them.

Now, who was trying to get General Frankie now? Why that bad Colonel, Disobedience. He told him that his mother would never know, and that she ought not to be so strict any way. Then his son, Corporal Lying, whispered to him to say to her that he didn't call Jack over, because he had only made motions with his sword. So between them they had Frankie fast; and we will see how he fared in their camp.

Rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub-dub. The drummer was fairly enlisted, and the company marched nicely for a time; but Jack soon grew tired and proposed to be Captain himself. At this Frankie rebelled; but Jack declared he would never drum again, and that he would tell the Guv'nor that Frankie had broken rules in asking him inside the gate. The General began to reap some bitter fruits already—for he was a little bit afraid of the great strong loafer; so he submitted with but a poor grace to the arrangement. Captain Jack took the sword and cup from him, but wouldn't give him the drum in its place, saying he could be drummer and captain both.

"Now, boys," said he, "I ain't goin' to train the old foggy way. I'll learn you the Zou-avee tick-tacs. In the first place, the Zou-aves al'lus lays down to load. I'll give you the order to lie down and load; and don't you move until I give the order to 'Fire.'"

They lay still so long after the first order that they began to grow tired, and Dot said, "I don't hear Captain Jack." Frankie turned over on his elbow, but he didn't see him. He got up on one knee and peeped around, but the drummer had disappeared. The children looked at one another in distress.

"My sword and cup," said Frankie.

"And my handkerchief that I gave him for a turban," said Dot.

"And my knife that he borrowed," said Elliott.

Their faces were rueful enough, and they sat down dolefully to talk over their losses. As for Frankie, he began to think of the miserable item for the next bulletin; and finally concluded to tell the story himself. So when Mrs. Merrian came back he went to her directly and told the story.

"Oh, mamma! it's no use: I am the baddest boy: some dreadful general or other is all the while catching me, and I can't help it. I suppose you know the captains' names that took me

this morning, and you'll put them on paper, won't you? Oh, dear!"

Mamma looked a little grave at first, but comforted him much by saying that she was glad he didn't employ Major Deceit to keep the truth away from her; for that, she said, would have been worse than all. And after his tears were all wiped away, she produced the cup, drum, and other things, which she had recognized just as Jack Nogood was trying to make sale of them near a store where she was shopping. She employed one of the clerks to get them for her, which he did without much trouble by threatening to take him before a justice.

Thus ended the Zou-a-vee drill.

Frankie thought to himself that Major Deceit would never get him: indeed I think it was because he was so sure that he did fall into his hands. And it happened in this wise:

Uncle Charlie had grown very quiet of late; he didn't come in the house whistling and singing as he used to; and he called Cousin Rosa Miss Merrian all the while. At first she used to look up in a wondering way, but seemed to get used to it, and called him Mr. Rinell very often. Fred had gone back to college. Whether she missed his merry voice and handsome face I don't know; but she looked very sober, and at last she said she would go home very soon. She had made a long visit to Cousin Merrian, and a very pleasant one; and she should be very sorry to leave them all, especially Frankie, and then she stooped down to kiss him; and he told Uncle Charlie afterward that "Rosa was crying like any thing," but she didn't stay to let any body else see the tears.

And now it had come to the last day of her stay. In the morning Uncle Charlie had given Frankie a little note directed to Miss Rosa Merrian, with twenty charges to deliver it before she went away. Frankie thought it must be quite important, for the writer was a long while finishing it; besides, he walked up and down the floor a great deal before he began it. And he heard him say, "'Tis worth trying for, any way;" and then he sat down and wrote three different ones before it was sealed and given to the little envoy.

Well, the General felt proud enough of his trust, and stowed the note away in the breast pocket of his jacket. If it had been in some other pocket, among tops and twine, it would have been sadly soiled, but it would not have been forgotten as it was. Yes, it was even so. He had a famous frolic with his dog Dixie first, then went to play with Hal Lord, and never thought of the note until long after Cousin Rosa had gone and left them.

When Uncle Charlie's foot touched the step at night he remembered it all, and then it was that Captain Deceit told him what to say when he heard his uncle's voice, a little husky and low, saying:

"Did Cousin Rosa leave any note for me?"

"Well—no, she didn't."

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"What did she say when you gave it to her, Frankie?"

"She didn't say any thing at all;" and then added at a venture—"She didn't look happy a bit."

Uncle Charlie put him down out of his arms and walked to the window and stood looking out into the twilight shadows. When the lamps were lit and they sat down for the evening, Mrs. Merrian said—"How much we shall miss Rosa, won't we?" He looked up absently and only answered, "Yes."

I am ashamed to say that Frankie hadn't courage enough to confess his fault that night, nor the next, and by that time he began to think it was not worth while; and so a week went by, and he was yet a prisoner with Captain Deceit.

V.

Now all these trials and mishaps that I have been telling you about might have been avoided if the General had tried hard to overcome them; but there were some enemies who were permitted to prevail, by the will of the Great Commander. One of these was called General Fever, and is always to be dreaded.

This General Fever lives in swamps and damp places, but once in a while he comes out into the towns and villages, sending on his color-bearer with a scarlet flag and a detachment of his troops. They will be officered by Captain Chills, Captain Thirst, Captain Weakness, Captain Headache, Captain Sorebones, and many others. Every body tries to get out of their way, but at last they have to surrender. It is no use to rebel, for he is under sealed orders from the Great Commander of all the armies of the world, and we can't know why he comes and goes. Every once in a while we all have to act under sealed orders, and the only help we can get is to look at our chart and find out where we are, and trust to our great General Officer for the rest. Sometimes we find out what certain trials are for before we are out to sea very far; but in most cases we have to wait to get out of sight of this world.

General Fever is sent to take captives for a little while, so that they will stop and think about their course. While they are strong and well they forget to be watchful; but when they are lying sick they have time to stop and ask themselves if they are really on the road to that better land. Sometimes he wants to remind friends that it is not right to idolize any human being that may be taken away at any moment; to put fathers and mothers in mind that their dear little children are only lent to them for a while; and to teach all those who love one another so well that they must love God better than all.

It seems very sad when General Fever is permitted to take people quite away from this earth, to come back no more. But they can always call upon a great Friend, who is called "the Captain of our Salvation," to help them all along their way. Whenever he hears any body call-

ing to him in earnest that they want to enlist in his army, he listens to them, and gives them a bond sealed with his own blood; so that, when they have fought the good fight, they may present it to his Father, and receive from him a reward which is said to be exceeding great. The Captain of our Salvation will prepare a place for them, a mansion in the skies, where there never will be any more sorrow or sighing, where all tears are wiped from their eyes, and where there will never be any more battles to fight. And while they are here in the midst of the conflict, he will see to it that they have a suit of armor: "the breast-plate of righteousness," the "shield of faith," "the helmet of salvation," and "the sword of the Spirit." He will cheer them when they faint by the way, and tell them how surely they will win the victory; and then he reminds them how he was once a common soldier too, and can "be touched with a sense of our infirmities." So we see it is better to suffer a little at General Fever's hands than to miss the road our Captain trod before us.

VI.

It was about a week after Dot and Fred had gone home that General Frankie came in from play with flushed and burning cheeks, and sat down, without speaking a word, on the little stool at his mother's feet.

"Are you tired?" said mamma, putting back the bright golden curls with her soft, cool hand. As she did so she found the head was burning, the great eyes half closed, and the scarlet mouth almost burned as she stooped to kiss it.

"Yes, mamma, I am very tired; and there's a drum in my head that keeps beating. Can't you send it away, mamma? And, mamma"—climbing into her lap—"sing to me, softly, 'bout 'watch and fight and pray,' won't you?"

Yes, Frankie was very ill, and Susan was dispatched for Dr. Dolsen, while he was bathed and undressed, and laid in his little bed.

"Put my sword and my soldier cap on the foot of the bed, mamma, so that I can put them on when I feel better;" and he drifted off to sleep, and thence into that strange, unknown land that we call delirium, peopled with its shadowy forms and ringing with strange echoes. And with his hot hand clasped in hers the frightened mother sat and watched and waited for the Doctor's coming.

"Will he be very sick, Doctor?" and her trembling fingers were pressed tight together, while, with a big silver watch in one hand and the quivering pulse pressed in the other, Dr. Dolsen counted the quick beatings. He shook his head sadly. "I am afraid he will, ma'am;" and as he wrote and folded the prescription he added, slowly, "General Frankie will have a hard battle to fight, I am afraid; but I hope he will come out safely."

Need I say how, in all those dreadful days that followed, tireless and unwinking sat that mother by her sick child's bedside? True, he did not know her now, but it might chance that

a gleam would come, and she must be there. Her very heart seemed breaking when, in his feverish dreams, he again lived over the events of the past few weeks. Now would recur the old question, "When is Dot coming? and Fred?" "How many days more?" "There's Jack Nogood's drum. He is beating it by my ear. Send him away." "Oh, there's some General coming after me—my sword!" and the nervous hand would try to grasp it. "Oh, mamma, I am lying wounded here, and you don't come! The moon is shining down in my face, and it burns me. I am so thirsty, and my cap hurts my head. Oh, dear mamma, take it off, for I am tired and sore! I don't want to be a soldier any more." Then moans, an unquiet rest, and again the wandering fancies came thronging thick and fast.

Poor Frankie! and, sadder still, poor mamma! They were going through dark times now. But He who sent the sorrow sent the help to bear it. The last conscious act the child had done was to raise the thin wavering hands together just when the evening lamp was lighted. On the watching mother's lips the words he was too weak to speak were upward borne, and though they were only the childish prayer, "Now I lay me," they went up to Him, and brought a blessing down.

The weeks passed wearily away, and the fourteenth day General Frankie was yet struggling with the fearful fever. The golden curls were cut away; the little mouth was parched and blistered; and the restless hands, pitiful in their thinness, moved nervously to and fro. He was too weak to speak, even to think. His mother's voice sounded strangely dim and distant, and her gentlest movement gave him pain. He moaned and tossed from side to side with that feverish unrest so harrowing to witness. Medicine and the Doctor had done all they could, and now to-day they watched and waited, for the crisis was coming, whether for life or death they could not tell. The moans became fainter, the hands lay still, and only by the quivering in the slender throat one could know whether General Frankie was asleep for time or eternity.

There was a hush through the house, only broken by far-off footsteps as Uncle Charlie walked untiringly to and fro on the piazza. In the kitchen Bridget and Susan went softly about, wiping away a fresh tear when a plaything came to light, or a tiny garment which the child had worn. Dixie looked up the stairway and whined pitifully, as if to ask for his little playmate. Above, in the sick chamber, the parents watched and waited, prayed and hardly hoped. The father stood at the foot of the bed with a gray shadow on his face, and a tremulous dropping of the firm-set mouth, while at her post, beside his pillow, the watching mother wept bitter tears. Dr. Dolsen held the thin hand counting the faint pulses; but he turned his head away from the sight of the anxious eyes that looked in his.

The hours wore slowly on, and the baby-sleep-

er did not move. The sun sank lower and lower in the west, and its beams, shining through the shutter, made a golden ladder on the wall beyond. Still the footsteps sounded from below; still the summer wind just stirred the leaves without, while within the watchers scarcely breathed. No movement; and the golden ladder crept up higher, and seemed to hang as if waiting for an angel baby footstep on its shining bars. The great silver watch in the Doctor's hand was dim with its warmth and moisture; but the eyes that watched were dim likewise, for he stooped to see it closer. At this movement the little hand tightened in his clasp, a faint sigh breathed from his lips, and opening the great eyes wearily, General Frankie whispered, "Mamma," and smiled his old beloved smile. Dr. Dolsen rose and wiped away the tears that rolled down his cheeks, and his voice was choked as he said, "Thank God, our General is safe!" The golden ladder had mounted up and faded out, for no angel footstep would tread its shimmering bars heavenward to-night.

VII.

General Fever had gone away back to his doleful swamps and forests, and you may be sure nobody was sorry; but he left Captain Weakness to watch a long while afterward. It was a great many days before Susan could say to the people who came to the door to inquire, "Frankie is better;" but every body was so good to him that he didn't mind it very much. There was dear merry Cousin Rosa, who had come back on purpose to take care of him, and she had such funny, pleasant ways of amusing him. She could cut horses, dogs, and cats out of paper, or a long row of dancing girls, or of soldiers, each one with a feather in his hat and a musket over his shoulder. She could make little fat pigs out of bread-crumbs, that looked as though they could squeal if they chose, and set them up on his lunch-tray beside his plate. She could make up stories about all the pictures in his book, with plenty about fairies and wonderful knights who always came up in time to help the good people and punish the bad ones, and dogs and cats that could talk sensibly on all subjects. Cousin Rosa knew just how to talk to a little sick boy—to amuse him without making him guess out any of it. A very wise story would have tired his head, which was yet weak. But Rosa couldn't sing so sweetly as mamma, who would come and sit beside him and knit and sing by the hour. "Auld Robin Gray" was his favorite, and next to that was the song of the "three little kittens that washed their mittens and hung them up to dry." Cousin Rosa could "*m-e-a-o-w*" splendidly in the chorus, and even the General began to chime in faintly once in a while.

There was Uncle Charlie too, who came in with a noisy step so different from every body else, who crept about on tip-toe, that it was quite reviving to hear. He would come up to the child's chair, and take the little pale hand in his big brown one ever so gently while he talked.

Now you know men don't like to have people see them cry. And so when Uncle Charlie looked at the frail little creature—when he felt how slender the wrist was, and how faint the heart beat even yet, he would feel great tears coming in his eyes; so he would make believe that his spectacles hurt him, and made his eyes water, and turn away to wipe them off; and then look around, and try to make them think he felt uncommonly jolly.

"Well, General, you're getting on splendidly, ain't you? Don't you want some rations?"

And out of that wonderful coat-pocket would come bananas or oranges so ripe that the room was filled with their perfume, or a box of pale green grapes, or a pippin as big as Frankie's head, and put them just beside his plate. Frankie noticed that though he called her Miss Merrian, and didn't speak to her very often, he always brought Cousin Rosa something too, and that her oranges were as large and ripe as his own.

He sometimes brought packages of farina or biscatina, or some other sort of 'ina that he had heard or thought would make the General grow fat a little faster; and, man like, insisted upon it that he needed nothing but plenty of food to make him stout again.

"Well, General, we'll soon have you up again, won't we? S'pose you and I should have a wrestle, I wonder who would beat."

Frankie would smile and double up the feeble hand, and Uncle Charlie would somehow find those troublesome glasses quite misty again, and fidget about miserably, and whisper slyly to Frankie's mother, "Mary, do feed that boy up a little more. I can't stand it to see him so thin any longer."

Frankie always loved to see Uncle Charlie come in, he was so kind and so merry. But he couldn't help wondering nowadays how it felt to be such a great big man, and to be able to walk about so strong and firm. He loved to lie in his arms and listen to his stories too—all about his march to Washington and his life in the camp—when he slept in a tent with five other men, and no bureaus or wash-stands to be seen, or closets to hold their clothes; how they cooked their dinner and tried to wash greasy tin plates in cold water, and wiped them on any thing that came to hand; how they walked to and fro on guard, and challenged an old white horse one dark night. That made Frankie laugh very much, you may be sure, and Cousin Rosa would laugh a little bit of a merry peal too.

It was just at twilight, and in Uncle Charlie's strong arms lay Frankie, listening to his stories and watching the fire-light as it flickered pleasantly on them. They had both been still a long while; and as Charles Rinell sat dreaming there a shadow seemed to settle on his face. Frankie saw it, and turning the bearded chin round with his little hand, he asked,

"What are you thinking about? Can't you make a story for me out of it?"

Uncle Charlie's clear blue eyes came back

from the fire to the boy's face as he answered, "Can I make a story of it? I'll try. This is the way to begin:

"Once upon a time there was a great giant, old and homely, who wandered about the earth a long while. At last the giant thought it was time to think about building himself a castle. So he went to work and built a splendid castle in the air. It was rose-colored, and looked so bright that the giant thought that it would always stand, and that some day he could find a fair maiden who would be the Queen of the Castle. He spent a good many years in trying to find one worthy, and at last he succeeded. Her name was—well—suppose we say Rosabel—and she was the fairest creature you ever saw—with bright brown eyes and shining curls—and she was as good as she was lovely; and before he knew it this ugly-looking giant loved her very dearly, and thought he would be perfectly happy if she would be the Queen. He was afraid to ask her too soon for fear she would say 'No;' and while he was waiting there came along a young and handsome knight called Lord Graham, who began to bow and court the fair Rosabel. Then the poor old giant feared that she was lost to him for evermore, and that she loved the handsome knight. At first he wanted to kill him; but he thought he would make the matter sure, and so he sent her a note, making her the offer of his heart and hand, and sent it by a little page named Franklin. He was very unhappy until the page came back, you may be sure. But oh how sad it was to hear that Rosabel had not a word to say—not a single line to help him bear the disappointment; so the little page said, and I suppose that she couldn't love the giant, when there was such a handsome knight coming to woo her. But the giant loved her so well that he didn't kill Lord Graham for her sake, and so he tore down his castle and once more went wandering to and fro in the world."

All this while there had been sitting by the window, half behind the curtain, Cousin Rosa. Frankie spied her as the story was finished, for the coal just then fell apart and shot up in new bright flames. So he called her.

"Cousin Rosa, come here, please, and bring me that orange. And oh, Rosa," he added, as she drew near to him, "did you hear that beautiful story?" and the child held her hand—orange and all—in both his own, waiting for her answer. "Did you ever hear it before, Cousin Rosa?"

"Not quite that way, Frankie;" and she tried gently to pull her hand away, but he did not mean to let her go. "Here, Uncle Charlie, hold this hand until she answers."

The old smile came back to his face as he felt it flutter within his own, and his eyes were lifted to her averted face as she spoke softly,

"Lord Graham loved Rosabel's sister Minnie, as I have heard the story."

"And the note which she did not answer—?" chimed in Charles Rinell's deep, earnest tones.

"Never reached the eye or hand of Rosabel!"

He held the little hand tighter yet, and half drew her toward him.

"And if it had?"

"She wouldn't have known where to look for the ugly giant."

"Would she look now?"

She didn't seem to see any thing frightful about the bright, honest face, with its shining blue eyes so full of love; nay, she wasn't afraid to sit down by the said giant with his big hand on her clustering curls, and pretty soon the weak voice of the invalid complained:

"Uncle Charlie, you like Rosa the best now. That isn't fair. I'm sick, you know."

Somehow, to make the peace, Rosa was obliged to kiss Frankie; and Uncle Charlie was so confused that I don't know who he kissed but I suppose he did.

General Frankie grew rapidly stronger now, and before long he was able to be dressed in his proper clothes; and the very first day this happened he pulled out from the forgotten pocket a note for Miss Rosa Merrian, which she put to her lips, very much to the amusement of our little hero, who couldn't imagine any reason for such a proceeding. And now, with thanks for renewed health, a new aunty in prospect, and spring-time coming, we bid adieu to General Frankie, hoping that always and evermore he may watch, and fight, and pray, never forgetting the most important thing, "and help divine implore."

THE BALL IS UP.

THE ball is up at the Central Park!
Come, gather your skates and away;
There's glorious health, and the heart's true wealth,
Out on the ice to-day.
Ah! now I see your flashing eyes—
The ice is a wonderful spell—
Yes, she is there, that maid so fair,
She whom you love so well.

You loved her, when to the harp and horn
You swung her in the dance;
When through the night, by the crystal light,
You watched her silent glance.
You loved her, when you held her hand
And saw her cheek grow pale;
The night when first your courage durst
Breathe forth the old, old tale.

But now to-day, when the ball is up,
And she, the loved one, there,
The blue of the skies will blend with her eyes,
And the gold of the sun with her hair.
Ah! then you will love her twice as much
As ever you did before;
That the ice is a spell you will learn full well,
More potent than ball-room floor.

You can mark the flush on her rounded cheek,
The flash in her love-lit eyes,
The waist you have spanned, and the tiny hand,
And the lips without disguise.
You will like them better, my boy, to-day,
Under the light of the sun;
By its golden glow you will learn to know
What you have wooed and won.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER I.

SHE was a rather tall, awkward, and strongly-built girl of about fifteen. This was the first impression the "maid" gave to her "mistresses," the Misses Leaf, when she entered their kitchen, accompanied by her mother, a widow and washerwoman, by name Mrs. Hand. I must confess, when they saw the damsel, the ladies felt a certain twinge of doubt as to whether they had not been rash in offering to take her; whether it would not have been wiser to have gone on in their old way—now, alas! grown into a very old way, so as almost to make them forget they had ever had any other—and done without a servant still.

Many consultations had the three sisters held before such a revolutionary extravagance was determined on. But Miss Leaf was beginning both to look and to feel "not so young as she had been;" Miss Selina ditto; though, being still under forty, she would not have acknowledged it for the world. And Miss Hilary, young, bright, and active as she was, could by no possibility do every thing that was to be done in the little establishment; be, for instance, in three places at once—in the school-room teaching little boys and girls, in the kitchen cooking dinner, and in the rooms up stairs busy at house-maid's work. Besides, much of her time was spent on waiting upon "poor Selina," who frequently was, or fancied herself, too ill to take any part in either the school or house duties.

Though, the thing being inevitable, she said little about it, Miss Leaf's heart was often sore to see Hilary's pretty hands smeared with blacking of grates, and roughened with scouring of floors. To herself this sort of thing had become natural—but Hilary!

All the time of Hilary's childhood the youngest of the family had, of course, been spared all house-work; and afterward her studies had left no time for it. For she was a clever girl, with a genuine love of knowledge; Latin, Greek, and even the higher branches of arithmetic and mathematics, were not beyond her range; and this she found much more interesting than washing dishes or sweeping floors. True, she always did whatever domestic duty she was told to do; but her bent was not in the household line. She had only lately learned to "see dust," to make a pudding, to iron a shirt; and, moreover, to reflect, as she woke up to the knowledge of how these things should be done, and how necessary they were, what must have been her eldest sister's lot during all these twenty years! What pains, what weariness, what eternal toil must Johanna have silently endured in order to do all those things which till now had seemed to do themselves!

Therefore, after much cogitation as to the best

and most prudent way to amend matters, and perceiving with her clear common-sense that, willing as she might be to work in the kitchen, her own time would be much more valuably spent in teaching their growing school, it was Hilary who, these Christmas holidays, first started the bold idea, "We must have a servant;" and therefore, it being necessary to begin with a very small servant on very low wages (£3 per annum was, I fear, the maximum), did they take this Elizabeth Hand.

So, hanging behind her parent, an anxious-eyed and rather sad-voiced woman, did Elizabeth enter the kitchen of the Misses Leaf.

The ladies were all there. Johanna arranging the table for their early tea; Selina lying on the sofa trying to cut bread and butter; Hilary on her knees before the fire, making the bit of toast—her eldest sister's one luxury. This was the picture that her three mistresses presented to Elizabeth's eyes; which, though they seemed to notice nothing, must in reality have noticed every thing.

"I've brought my daughter, ma'am, as you sent word you'd take on trial," said Mrs. Hand, addressing herself to Selina, who, as the tallest, the best dressed, and the most imposing, was usually regarded by strangers as the head of the family.

"Oh, Johanna, my dear."

Miss Leaf came forward, rather uncertainly, for she was of a shy nature, and had been so long accustomed to do the servant's work of the household that she felt quite awkward in the character of mistress. Instinctively she hid her poor hands, that would at once have betrayed her to the sharp eyes of the working-woman, and then, ashamed of her momentary false pride, laid them outside her apron and sat down.

"Will you take a chair, Mrs. Hand? My sister told you, I believe, all our requirements. We only want a good, intelligent girl. We are willing to teach her every thing."

"Thank you, kindly; and I be willing and glad for her to learn, ma'am," replied the mother, her sharp and rather free tone subdued in spite of herself by the gentle voice of Miss Leaf. Of course, living in the same country town, she knew all about the three school-mistresses, and how till now they had kept no servant. "It's her first place, and her'll be aw'kard at first, most like. Hold up your head, Lizabeth."

"Is her name Elizabeth?"

"Far too long and too fine," observed Selina from the sofa. "Call her Betty."

"Any thing you please, Miss; but I call her Lizabeth. It wor my young missis's name in my first place, and I never had a second."

"We will call her Elizabeth," said Miss Leaf, with the gentle decision she could use on occasion.

There was a little more discussion between the mother and the future mistress as to holidays, Sundays, and so on, during which time the new servant stood silent and impassive in the door-way between the back-kitchen and the kitchen, or, as it is called in those regions, the house-place.

As before said, Elizabeth was by no means a personable girl, and her clothes did not set her off to advantage. Her cotton frock hung in straight lines down to her ankles, displaying her clumsy shod feet and woolen stockings; above it was a pinafore—a regular child's pinafore, of the cheap, strong, blue-speckled print which in those days was generally worn. A little shabby shawl, pinned at the throat, and pinned very carelessly and crookedly, with an old black bonnet, much too small for her large head and her quantities of ill-kept hair, completed the costume. It did not impress favorably a lady who, being, or rather having been, very handsome herself, was as much alive to appearances as the second Miss Leaf.

She made several rather depreciatory observations, and insisted strongly that the new servant should only be taken "on trial," with no obligation to keep her a day longer than they wished. Her feeling on the matter communicated itself to Johanna, who closed the negotiation with Mrs. Hand, by saying,

"Well, let us hope your daughter will suit us. We will give her a fair chance at all events."

"Which is all I can ax for, Miss Leaf. Her bean't much to look at, but her's willin' and sharp, and her's never told me a lie in her life. Courtesy to thy missis, and say thee'll do thy best, *Lizabeth*."

Pulled forward, Elizabeth did courtesy, but she never offered to speak. And Miss Leaf, feeling that for all parties the interview had better be shortened, rose from her chair.

Mrs. Hand took the hint and departed, saying only, "Good-by, Elizabeth," with a nod, half-encouraging half-admonitory, which Elizabeth silently returned. That was all the parting between mother and daughter; they neither kissed nor shook hands, which undemonstrative farewell somewhat surprised Hilary.

Now, Miss Hilary Leaf had all this while gone on toasting. Luckily for her bread the fire was low and black: meantime, from behind her long drooping curls (which Johanna would not let her "turn up," though she was twenty), she was making her observations on the new servant. It might be that, possessing more head than the one and more heart than the other, Hilary was gifted with deeper perception of character than either of her sisters, but certainly her expression, at the watched Elizabeth, was rather amused and kindly than dissatisfied.

"Now, girl, take off your bonnet," said Selina, to whom Johanna had silently appealed in her perplexity as to the next proceeding with regard to the new member of the household.

Elizabeth obeyed, and then stood, irresolute,

awkward, and wretched to the last degree, at the furthest end of the house-place.

"Shall I show you where to hang up your things?" said Hilary, speaking for the first time; and at the new voice, so quick, cheerful, and pleasant, Elizabeth visibly started.

Miss Hilary rose from her knees, crossed the kitchen, took from the girl's unresisting hands the old black bonnet and shawl, and hung them up carefully on a nail behind the great eight-day clock. It was a simple action, done quite without intention, and accepted without acknowledgment, except one quick glance of that keen yet soft gray eye; but years and years after Elizabeth reminded Hilary of it.

And now Elizabeth stood forth in her own proper likeness, unconcealed by bonnet or shawl, or maternal protection. The pinafore scarcely covered her gaunt neck and long arms: that tremendous head of rough, dusky hair was evidently for the first time gathered into a comb. Thence elf-locks escaped in all directions, and were forever being pushed behind her ears, or rubbed (not smoothed; there was nothing smooth about her) back from her forehead, which, Hilary noticed, was low, broad, and full. The rest of her face, except the before-mentioned eyes, was absolutely and undeniably plain. Her figure, so far as the pinafore exhibited it, was undeveloped and ungainly, the chest being contracted and the shoulders rounded, as if with carrying children or other weights while still a growing girl. In fact, nature and circumstances had apparently united in dealing unkindly with Elizabeth Hand.

Still here she was; and what was to be done with her?

Having sent her with the small burden, which was apparently all her luggage, to the little room—formerly a box-closet—where she was to sleep, the Misses Leaf—or as facetious neighbors called them, the Miss Leaves—took serious counsel together over their tea.

Tea itself suggested the first difficulty. They were always in the habit of taking that meal, and indeed every other, in the kitchen. It saved time, trouble, and fire, besides leaving the parlor always tidy for callers, chiefly pupils' parents, and preventing these latter from discovering that the three orphan daughters of Henry Leaf, Esq., solicitor, and sisters of Henry Leaf, Esq., Junior, also solicitor, but whose sole mission in life seemed to have been to spend every thing, make every body miserable, marry, and die, that these three ladies did always wait upon themselves at meal-times, and did sometimes breakfast without butter, and dine without meat. Now this system would not do any longer.

"Besides, there is no need for it," said Hilary, cheerfully. "I am sure we can well afford both to keep and to feed a servant, and to have a fire in the parlor every day. Why not take our meals there, and sit there regularly of evenings?"

"We must," added Selina, decidedly. "For my part, I couldn't eat, or sew, or do any thing

with that great hulking girl sitting staring opposite, or standing; for how could we ask her to sit with us? Already, what must she have thought of us—people who take tea in the kitchen?”

“I do not think that matters,” said the eldest sister, gently, after a moment’s silence. “Everybody in the town knows who and what we are, or might if they chose to inquire. We can not conceal our poverty if we tried; and I don’t think any body looks down upon us for it. Not even since we began to keep school, which you thought was such a terrible thing, Selina.”

“And it was. I have never reconciled myself to teaching the baker’s two boys and the grocer’s little girl. You were wrong, Johanna, you ought to have drawn the line somewhere, and it ought to have excluded trades-people.”

“Beggars can not be choosers,” began Hilary.

“Beggars!” echoed Selina.

“No, my dear, we never were that,” said Miss Leaf, interposing against one of the sudden storms that were often breaking out between these two. “You know well we have never begged nor borrowed from any body, and hardly ever been indebted to any body, except for the extra lessons that Mr. Lyon would insist upon giving to Ascott at home.”

Here Johanna suddenly stopped, and Hilary, with a slight color rising in her face, said—

“I think, sisters, we are forgetting that the staircase is quite open, and though I am sure she has an honest look, and not that of a listener, still Elizabeth might hear. Shall I call her down stairs, and tell her to light a fire in the parlor?”

While she is doing it—and in spite of Selina’s forebodings to the contrary, the small maiden did it quickly and well, especially after a hint or two from Hilary—let me take the opportunity of making a little picture of this same Hilary.

Little it should be, for she was a decidedly little woman; small altogether, hands, feet, and figure being in satisfactory proportion. Her movements, like most little women’s, were light and quick rather than elegant; yet every thing she did was done with a neatness and delicacy which gave an involuntary sense of grace and harmony. She was, in brief, one of those people who are best described by the word “harmonious;” people who never set your teeth on edge, or rub you up the wrong way, as very excellent people occasionally do. Yet she was not over-meek or unpleasantly amiable; there was a liveliness and even briskness about her, as if the everyday wine of her life had a spice of Champagniness, not frothiness but natural effervescence of spirit, meant to “cheer but not inebriate” a household.

And in her own household this gift was most displayed. No centre of a brilliant, admiring circle could be more charming, more witty, more irresistibly amusing than was Hilary sitting by the kitchen fireside, with the cat on her knee, between her two sisters, and the school-boy Ascott Leaf, their nephew—which four individuals, the

cat being not the least important of them, constituted the family.

In the family Hilary shone supreme. All recognized her as the light of the house, and so she had been, ever since she was born, ever since her

“Dying mother mild,
Said, with accents undefiled,
‘Child, be mother to this child.’”

It was said to Johanna Leaf—who was not Mrs. Leaf’s own child. But the good step-mother, who had once taken the little motherless girl to her bosom, and never since made the slightest difference between her and her own children, knew well whom she was trusting.

From that solemn hour, in the middle of the night, when she lifted the hour-old baby out of its dead mother’s bed into her own, it became Johanna’s one object in life. Through a sickly infancy, for it was a child born amidst trouble, her sole hands washed, dressed, fed it: night and day it “lay in her bosom, and was unto her as a daughter.”

She was then just thirty; not too old to look forward to woman’s natural destiny, a husband and children of her own. But years slipped by, and she was Miss Leaf still. What matter! Hilary was her daughter.

Johanna’s pride in her knew no bounds. Not that she showed it much: indeed, she deemed it a sacred duty not to show it; but to make believe her “child” was just like other children. But she was not. Nobody ever thought she was—even in externals. Fate gave her all those gifts which are sometimes sent to make up for the lack of worldly prosperity. Her brown eyes were as soft as doves’ eyes, yet could dance with fun and mischief if they chose; her hair, brown also, with a dark-red shade in it, crisped itself in two wavy lines over her forehead; and then tumbled down in two glorious masses, which Johanna, ignorant, alas! of art, called “very untidy,” and labored in vain to quell under combs, or to arrange in proper, regular curls. Her features—well, they too were good; better than these unartistic people had any idea of—better even than Selina’s, who in her youth had been the belle of the town. But whether artistically correct or not, Johanna, though she would on no account have acknowledged it, believed solemnly that there was not such a face in the whole world as little Hilary’s.

Possibly a similar idea dawned on the apparently dull mind of Elizabeth Hand, for she watched her youngest mistress intently, from kitchen to parlor, and from parlor back to kitchen; and once when Miss Hilary stood giving information as to the proper abode of broom, bellows, etc., the little maid gazed at her with such admiring observation that the scuttle she carried was tilted, and the coals were all strewn over the kitchen-floor. At which catastrophe Miss Leaf looked miserable, Miss Selina spoke crossly, and Ascott, who just then came in to his tea, late as usual, burst into a shout of laughter.

It was as much as Hilary could do to help

laughing herself, she being too near her nephew's own age always to maintain a dignified, aunt-like attitude; nevertheless, when, having disposed of her sisters in the parlor, she coaxed Ascott into the school-room, and insisted upon his Latin being done—she helping him, Aunt Hilary scolded him well, and bound him over to keep the peace toward the new servant.

"But she is such a queer one. Exactly like a South-Sea Islander. When she stood with her grim, stolid, despairing countenance, contemplating the coals—oh, Aunt Hilary, how killing she was!"

And the regular, rollicking, irresistible boy-laugh broke out again.

"She will be great fun. Is she really to stay?"

"I hope so," said Hilary, trying to be grave.

"I hope never again to see Aunt Johanna cleaning the stairs, and getting up to light the kitchen-fire of winter mornings, as she will do if we have not a servant to do it for her. Don't you see, Ascott?"

"Oh, I see," answered the boy, carelessly.

"But don't bother me, please. Domestic affairs are for women, not men." Ascott was eighteen, and just about to pass out of his caterpillar state as a doctor's apprentice-lad into the chrysalis condition of a medical student in London. "But," with sudden reflection, "I hope she won't be in my way. Don't let her meddle with any of my books and things."

"No; you need not be afraid. I put them all into your room. I myself cleared your rubbish out of the box-closet—"

"The box-closet! Now, really, I can't stand—"

"She is to sleep in the box-closet; where else could she sleep?" said Hilary, resolutely, though inly quaking a little; for somehow the merry, handsome, rather exacting lad had acquired considerable influence in this household of women. "You must put up with the loss of your 'den,' Ascott: it would be a great shame if you did not, for the sake of Aunt Johanna and the rest of us."

"Um!" grumbled the boy, who, though he was not a bad fellow at heart, had a boy's dislike to "putting up" with the slightest inconvenience. "Well, it won't last long. I shall be off shortly. What a jolly life I'll have in London, Aunt Hilary! I'll see Mr. Lyon there too."

"Yes," said Aunt Hilary, briefly, returning to Dido and Æneas; humble and easy Latinity for a student of eighteen; but Ascott was not a brilliant boy, and, being apprenticed early, his education had been much neglected, till Mr. Lyon came as usher to the Stowbury grammar-school, and happening to meet and take an interest in him, taught him and his Aunt Hilary Latin, Greek, and mathematics together, of evenings.

I shall make no mysteries here. Human nature is human nature all the world over. A tale without love in it would be unnatural, unreal—in fact, a simple lie; for there are no histories

and no lives without love in them; if there could be, Heaven pity and pardon them, for they would be mere abortions of humanity.

Thank Heaven, we, most of us, do not philosophize: we only live. We like one another, we hardly know why; we love one another, we still less know why. If on the day she first saw—in church it was—Mr. Lyon's grave, heavy-browed, somewhat severe face—for he was a Scotsman, and his sharp, strong Scotch features did look "hard" beside the soft, rosy, well-conditioned Saxon youth of Stowbury—if on that Sunday any one had told Hilary Leaf that the face of this stranger was to be the one face of her life, stamped upon brain, and heart, and soul with a vividness that no other impressions were strong enough to efface, and retained there with a tenacity that no vicissitudes of time, or place, or fortunes had power to alter, Hilary would—yes, I think she would—have quietly kept looking on. She would have accepted her lot, such as it was, with its shine and shade, its joy and its anguish: it came to her without her seeking, as most of the solemn things in life do; and whatever it brought with it, it could have come from no other source than that from which all high, and holy, and pure loves ever must come—the will and permission of God.

Mr. Lyon himself requires no long description. In his first visit he had told Miss Leaf all about himself that there was to be known; that he was, as they were, a poor teacher, who had altogether "made himself," as so many Scotch students do. His father, whom he scarcely remembered, had been a small Ayrshire farmer; his mother was dead, and he had never had either brother or sister.

Seeing how clever Miss Hilary was, and how much as a schoolmistress she would need all the education she could get, he had offered to teach her along with her nephew; and she and Johanna were only too thankful for the advantage. But during the teaching he had also taught her another thing, which neither had contemplated at the time—to respect him with her whole soul, and to love him with her whole heart.

Over this simple fact let no more be now said. Hilary said nothing. She recognized it herself as soon as he was gone; a plain, sad, solemn truth, which there was no deceiving herself did not exist, even had she wished its non-existence. Perhaps Johanna also found it out, in her darling's extreme paleness and unusual quietness for a while; but she too said nothing. Mr. Lyon wrote regularly to Ascott, and once or twice to her, Miss Leaf; but though every one knew that Hilary was his particular friend in the whole family, he did not write to Hilary. He had departed rather suddenly, on account of some plan which, he said, affected his future very considerably; but which, though he was in the habit of telling them his affairs, he did not further explain. But Johanna knew he was a good man, and though no man could be quite good enough for her darling, still she liked him, she trusted him.

What Hilary felt none knew. But she was very girlish in some things; and her life was all before her, full of infinite hope. By-and-by her color returned, and her merry voice and laugh were heard about the house just as usual.

This being the position of affairs, it was not surprising that after Ascott's last speech Hilary's mind wandered from Dido and Æneas to vague listening, as the lad began talking of his grand future—the future of a medical student, all expenses being paid by his godfather, Mr. Ascott, the merchant, of Russell Square, once a shop-boy of Stowbury. Nor was it unnatural that all Ascott's anticipations of London resolved themselves, in his aunt's eyes, into the one fact that he would "see Mr. Lyon."

But in telling thus much about her mistresses, I have for the time being lost sight of Elizabeth Hand.

Left to herself, the girl stood for a minute or two looking around her in a confused sort of a way, then, rousing her faculties, began mechanically to obey the order with which her mistress had quitted the kitchen, and to wash up the tea-things. She did it in a manner that, if seen, would have made Miss Leaf thankful it was only the common set, and not the cherished china belonging to former days: still she did it, noisily it is true, but actively, as if her heart were in her work. Then she took a candle and peered about her new domain.

These were small enough, at least they would have seemed so to other eyes than Elizabeth's; for, until the school-room and box-closet above had been kindly added by the landlord, who would have done any thing to show his respect for the Misses Leaf, it had been merely a six-roomed cottage—parlor, kitchen, back-kitchen, and three upper chambers. It was a very cozy house notwithstanding, and it seemed to Elizabeth's eyes a perfect palace.

For several minutes more she stood and contemplated her kitchen, with the fire shining on the round oaken stand in the centre, and the large wooden-bottomed chairs, and the loud-ticking clock, with its tall case, the inside of which, with its pendulum and weights, had been a perpetual mystery and delight, first to Hilary's, and then to Ascott's childhood. Then there was the sofa, large and ugly, but, oh! so comfortable, with its faded, flowered chintz, washed and worn for certainly twenty years. And, over all, Elizabeth's keen observation was attracted by a queer machine apparently made of thin rope and bits of wood, which hung up to the hooks on the ceiling—an old-fashioned baby's swing. Finally, her eye dwelt with content on the blue and red diamond-tiled floor, so easily swept and mopped, and (only Elizabeth did not think of that, for her hard childhood had been all work and no play) so beautiful to whip tops upon! Hilary and Ascott, condoling together over the new servant, congratulated themselves that their delight in this occupation had somewhat faded, though it was really not so many years ago since one of the former's pupils,

coming suddenly out of the school-room, had caught her in the act of whipping a meditative top round this same kitchen-floor.

Meantime Elizabeth penetrated farther, investigating the back-kitchen, with its various conveniences; especially the pantry, every shelf of which was so neatly arranged and so beautifully clean. Apparently this neatness impressed the girl with a sense of novelty and curiosity; and though she could hardly be said to meditate—her mind was not sufficiently awakened for that—still, as she stood at the kitchen fire, a certain thoughtfulness deepened the expression of her face, and made it less dull and heavy than it had at first appeared.

"I wonder which on 'em does it all. They must work pretty hard, I reckon; and two o' them's such little uns."

She stood a while longer; for sitting down appeared to be to Elizabeth as new a proceeding as thinking; then she went up stairs, still literally obeying orders, to shut windows and pull down blinds at nightfall. The bedrooms were small, and insufficiently, nay, shabbily furnished; but the floors were spotless—ah! poor Johanna!—and the sheets, though patched and darned to the last extremity, were white and whole. Nothing was dirty, nothing untidy. There was no attempt at picturesque poverty. Alas! whatever novelists may say, poverty can not be picturesque; but all things were decent and in order. The house, poor as it was, gave the impression of belonging to "real ladies;" ladies who thought no manner of work beneath them, and who, whatever they had to do, took the pains to do it as well as possible.

Mrs. Hand's roughly-brought-up daughter had never been in such a house before, and her examination of every new corner of it seemed quite a revelation. Her own little sleeping nook was fully as tidy and comfortable as the rest, which fact was not lost upon Elizabeth. That bright look of mingled softness and intelligence—the only thing which beautified her rugged face—came into the girl's eyes as she "turned down" the truckle-bed, and felt the warm blankets and sheets, new and rather coarse, but neatly sewed.

"Her's made 'em hersel', I reckon. La!" Which of her mistresses the "her" referred to remained unspecified; but Elizabeth, spurred to action by some new idea, went briskly back into the bedrooms, and looked about to see if there was any thing she could find to do. At last, with a sudden inspiration, she peered into a wash-stand, and found there an empty ewer. Taking it in one hand and the candle in the other, she ran down stairs.

Fatal activity! Hilary's pet cat, startled from sleep on the kitchen-hearth, at the same instant ran wildly up stairs; there was a start—a stumble—and then down came the candle, the ewer, Elizabeth, and all.

It was an awful crash. It brought every member of the family to see what was the matter.

"What has the girl broken?" cried Selina.

"Where has she hurt herself?" anxiously added Johanna.

Hilary said nothing, but ran for a light, and then picked up first the servant, then the candle, and then the fragments of crockery.

"Why, it's my ewer, my favorite ewer, and it's all smashed to bits, and I never can match it. You careless, clumsy, good-for-nothing creature!"

"Please, Selina," whispered her distressed elder sister.

"Very well, Johanna. You are the mistress, I suppose; why don't you speak to your servant?"

Miss Leaf, in an humbled, alarmed way, first satisfied herself that no bodily injury had been sustained by Elizabeth, and then asked her how this disaster had happened? For a serious disaster she felt it was. Not only was the present loss annoying, but a servant with a talent for crockery breaking would be a far too expensive luxury for them to think of retaining. And she had been listening in the solitude of the parlor to a long lecture from her always dissatisfied younger sister, on the great doubts Selina had about Elizabeth's "suiting."

"Come, now," seeing the girl hesitated, "tell me the plain truth. How was it?"

"It was the cat!" sobbed Elizabeth.

"What a barefaced falsehood!" exclaimed Selina. "You wicked girl, how could it possibly be the cat? Do you know you are telling a lie, and that lies are hateful, and that all liars go to—"

"Nonsense, hush!" interrupted Hilary, rather sharply; for Selina's "tongue," the terror of her childhood, now merely annoyed her. Selina's temper was a long understood household fact—they did not much mind it, knowing her bark was worse than her bite—but it was provoking that she should exhibit herself so soon before the new servant.

The latter first looked up at the lady with simple surprise: then as, in spite of the other two, Miss Selina worked herself up into a downright passion, and unlimited abuse fell upon the victim's devoted head, Elizabeth's manner changed. After one dogged repetition of, "It was the cat!" not another word could be got out of her. She stood, her eyes fixed on the kitchen-floor, her brows knitted, and her under-lip pushed out—the very picture of sullenness. Young as she was, Elizabeth evidently had, like her unfortunate mistress, "a temper of her own"—a spiritual deformity that some people are born with, as others with hare-lip or club-foot; only, unlike these, it may be conquered, though the battle is long and sore, sometimes ending only with life.

It had plainly never commenced with poor Elizabeth Hand. Her appearance, as she stood under the flood of sharp words poured out upon her, was absolutely repulsive. Even Miss Hilary turned away, and began to think it would have been easier to teach all day and do house-

work half the night, than have the infliction of a servant—to say nothing of the disgrace of seeing Selina's "peculiarities" so exposed before a stranger.

She knew of old that to stop the torrent was impracticable. The only chance was to let Selina expend her wrath and retire, and then to take some quiet opportunity of explaining to Elizabeth that sharp language was only "her way," and must be put up with. Humiliating as this was, and fatal to domestic authority that the first thing to be taught a new servant was to "put up with" one of her mistresses, still there was no alternative. Hilary had already foreboded and made up her mind to such a possibility, but she had hoped it would not occur the very first evening.

It did, however, and its climax was worse even than she anticipated. Whether, irritated by the intense sullenness of the girl, Selina's temper was worse than usual, or whether, as is always the case with people like her, something else had vexed her, and she vented it upon the first cause of annoyance that occurred, certain it is that her tongue went on unchecked till it failed from sheer exhaustion. And then, as she flung herself on the sofa—oh, sad mischance!—she caught sight of her nephew standing at the school-room door, grinning with intense delight, and making faces at her behind her back.

It was too much. The poor lady had no more words left to scold with; but she rushed up to Ascott, and, big lad as he was, she soundly boxed his ears.

On this terrible climax let the curtain fall.

THE WHISKY INSURRECTION.

IN the fertile region of the Monongahela River, in Western Pennsylvania, lived a hardy race of pioneers when the Old War for Independence began. They were mostly descended from the people of North Britain and Ireland, and had built their log-cabins there soon after the close of the French and Indian war, in 1763. They were courageous, industrious, self-sacrificing, and religious. Habit and necessity made them frugal; isolation made them clannish. They were chiefly of the strictest sect of Seceders, and were usually conscientious "doers of the word." Their wealth lay in the virgin soil and dark forests, and was brought out with brawny arms guided by intelligent wills and practical judgment. Their wants were few, and their resources less, for many years, while changing the wilderness into a garden. Until the era of the National Constitution no house for public worship was erected in all that region. In winter as well as in summer their religious meetings were held in the open air. It was common for families to ride ten, fifteen, and even twenty miles each Sabbath to hear the Gospel preached. The young people frequently walked, carrying their shoes and stockings, if they had any, in their hands, that they might last a long time. A grove was the usual temple for worship. Rude

logs composed the pulpit and the audience seats; and the human voice, uttering hymns from memory, was the only organ that filled the woods with the sounds of sacred music.

These settlers were isolated and self-dependent. For a long time sheep were scarce, and wool was a great luxury. Deer-skin was a substitute for cloth for men and boys; and sometimes women and girls were compelled to resort to it. The women manufactured all the linen and woolen fabrics for their families. Overcoats were almost unknown for a long time; and blankets and coverlets were taken from the beds in the daytime and used as substitutes during the severities of the long winters. So great was the destitution of clothing at one time that, when the first court was held at Catfish—now the beautiful town of Washington, in Washington County—one of the most prominent citizens, whose attendance as a magistrate was required, was compelled to borrow the leather breeches of an equally respectable neighbor who had been summoned to act as grand-juror. The lender, having no change, was compelled to stay at home.

For some time they had no stores of any kind. They had no iron-works for the manufacture of implements, no salt, and very little money with which to purchase the necessities of life. For several years, before they had time to raise cattle and grain, peltry and furs were their chief resources. There was a hunter or trapper in every family; and in the autumn, when the farm labor was ended, the winnings of the gun and gin were carried over the mountains upon horses or mules, furnished with pack-saddles, a bag of food, a bell, and a pair of green-withe hobbles. They went in little caravans to Philadelphia and Baltimore. At night the horses were hobbled and turned out to feed, the bells being a guide to their presence in the morning. The peltries and furs were bartered for salt, iron, and other necessities; and with these the animals were again laden, and their heads turned toward the mountains and the settlements beyond.

Rye became the principal cereal crop of the pioneers when their land was cleared. It furnished them with wholesome food and an article for barter. But it was bulky and cheap, and therefore not convenient or profitable for the uses of foreign commerce. A horse could carry only four bushels over the mountains. There was but a small demand for the grain at home or abroad. What must be done with the surplus? Only one way for a profitable disposition of it seemed feasible. A horse could carry twenty-four bushels of rye when converted into whisky, and why should not this metamorphosis of Ceres into Bacchus be employed for the benefit of commerce? Neither conscience nor the Church nor the State interposed objections. Tradition urged it. They were descended from a whisky-making, whisky-loving people. The use of whisky was not discountenanced by society. Temperance lecturers were not dreamed of; and the Pennsylvania excise law, enacted in 1756,

was inoperative beyond the mountains, where distilleries had been early erected for the comfort of the settlers. Whisky was there as free as air; and as early as the close of the Revolution many a horse was seen making his weary way over the Alleghanies with twenty-four bushels of rye on his back in the shape of "old Monongahela." Whisky became the most important item of remittance to Philadelphia and Baltimore to pay for salt, sugar, and iron consumed by the dwellers beyond the mountains.

Having come from a country where the most detestable of all public functionaries was the exciseman, it may readily be imagined with what feelings the people of the Monongahela region received the intelligence of an excise law passed by the first Congress, early in 1791, which imposed a tax of from ten to twenty-five cents a gallon upon all domestic spirits distilled from grain. It was a part of the revenue scheme proposed by the eminent Alexander Hamilton, the first National Secretary of the Treasury, for the restoration of the public credit by making provision for the payment of the public debt.

It will be remembered by the intelligent reader that soon after the promulgation of Hamilton's financial scheme, at the beginning of 1790, a party opposed to the policy of the Administration of Washington, as developed in that scheme, arose, at the head of which, when it took definite shape, Thomas Jefferson, the Secretary of State, appeared. The party called itself sometimes Republican and sometimes Democratic. It grew rapidly in numbers and strength. It was thoroughly imbued with the segregating principles of French Democracy, as developed by the bloody revolution then in progress in France; and it hailed with delight the landing on our shores of "Citizen Genet," who came as the Ambassador of the "French Republic," and a Democratic propagandist. While Genet and his mission were lauded, and his efforts to entangle the United States in the kindling European war, as an ally of France, were warmly seconded, President Washington's proclamation of neutrality was assailed by the most violent denunciations. To further the designs of Genet and embarrass the financial and foreign policy of the Administration, "Democratic Societies," so called, in imitation of the French Jacobin clubs, were formed. They were secret in their membership, organization, and operations. Their relation to the subject of this paper was immediate.

The tax on domestic distilled spirits led the hated exciseman to the doors of the whisky-makers in Western Pennsylvania, as well as in other parts of the Union. The appearance of that functionary excited disgust and alarm, and engendered disloyalty. Ambitious politicians took advantage of the popular discontent to promote their own special interests. Among these the names of Bradford, Brackenridge, Marshall, Findley, Smilie, and Gallatin appear the most conspicuous. Bradford was a bold, bad man from Maryland, an early and wealthy settler, who built the first shingled house in Washington

County. He was then the prosecuting officer for that district. He had already made strong efforts to divide the State and form a new commonwealth composed of the counties west of the mountains. Brackenridge was a Scotchman. He was a lawyer at Pittsburg, and then Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Marshall was a wealthy settler from the North of Ireland, and then held the office of Registrar of the District. Findley was a member of Congress, wary and influential; and with Smilie, a brother Scotchman, was the most efficient instrument in exciting a rebellious feeling among the people. All of these politicians labored faithfully to destroy regard for the new Government of the United States in the hearts and minds of the inhabitants west of the Alleghanies. Then, as in our day, the most active practical enemies of the National Government were those who had been honored with the public confidence and fed by the public bounty.

Gallatin was from Switzerland, and had been in the country only eleven years. He was young and enthusiastic. He was a large and influential landholder on the Monongahela. Afterward, as a useful and patriotic citizen, he held many offices of great trust under the Government whose laws he was then in his blindness led to oppose. These leaders were all of the Democratic school according to the French model, and, with their active associates, were denominated by George Clymer as either "sordid shopkeepers, crafty lawyers, or candidates for office; and not inclined to make personal sacrifices to truth and honor." Associated with them was Herman Husband, a very old man, who had distinguished himself in insurrectionary but patriotic movements in Western North Carolina more than twenty years before.

These men played the demagogue effectually, and used the odious excise law adroitly as an instrument for wielding the popular will in favor of their political interests; the most of them, doubtless, never dreaming that their course would lead to an open armed rebellion against the laws of the land. Secretly and openly they condemned the excise law, and encouraged the people to regard as enemies the appointed collectors. At their instance a public meeting was held near the close of July, 1791, at Red Stone Old Fort (now Brownsville), when arrangements were made for committees to assemble at the respective court-houses of Alleghany, Fayette, Washington, and Westmoreland counties.

One of these committees, at the county seat of Washington, passed very intemperate resolutions on the 23d of August, which were published in a Pittsburg paper, and greatly inflamed the public mind. It was resolved that any person who had accepted or might accept an office under Congress, in order to carry out the excise law, should be considered inimical to the interests of the country; and the citizens were recommended to treat such men with contempt, and to refuse all intercourse with them. Soon afterward a collector of the revenue in Alleghany

County was waylaid by a party of disguised men, who cut off his hair, tarred and feathered him, took his horse from him, and compelled him to walk a long distance. A sort of reign of terror ensued. Processes issued from the court for the arrest of the perpetrators of the outrage could not be served, for the marshal was threatened with similar treatment at the hands of the people. In fact, a messenger sent with the processes to a deputy-marshal was whipped, tarred and feathered, deprived of his horse, blindfolded and tied, and left in the woods, where he was discovered by a friendly eye some hours afterward.

The President was perplexed by these lawless proceedings. He had no precedent to guide him. He knew that the excise law was every where unpopular, and he feared that similar open opposition might show itself in other parts of the country. Besides this, Congress had not then provided the means by which the Executive could interpose the strong arm of military power to aid the Judiciary in the enforcement of the laws.* He also felt it desirable, in a Government like ours, to refrain from the use of coercive measures as long as possible, and he forbore to act. Congress, in May following, greatly modified the excise law by a new enactment, and it was hoped that further difficulties would be avoided.

These expectations were not realized. It suited the purposes of the Democratic leaders to keep up the excitement, and measures were adopted for intimidating the well-disposed citizens who desired to comply with the law as modified. The newspaper at Pittsburg was compelled to publish whatever the demagogues chose to print. A Convention, held at that place on the 21st of August, 1792, of which Albert Gallatin was Secretary, adopted a series of resolutions, denouncing the excise law as "unjust, dangerous to liberty, oppressive to the poor, and particularly oppressive to the Western country, where grain could only be disposed of by distilling it." It was resolved to treat all excise-officers with contempt, to withdraw from them every comfort and assistance, and to persist in "legal" opposition to the law. A Committee of Correspondence was appointed, the people at large were called upon to co-operate, and rebellion was fairly organized. Washington issued a proclamation a few weeks afterward, exhorting all persons to desist from "unlawful combinations," and directed Randolph, the Attorney-General of the United States, to prosecute the chief actors in the Pittsburg Convention. George Clymer, the Superintendent of the Revenue, was sent into the disaffected counties to obtain testimony; but the Attorney-General, who secretly favored the insurgents because their leaders were his political friends, could find no law to justify proceedings against the offenders, and the matter was abandoned.

* A bill to provide for calling forth militia "to execute the laws of the United States, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions," was passed by Congress in April, 1792, and was approved by the President on the 2d of May.

During the year 1793, and until the summer and autumn of 1794, the people of Western Pennsylvania continued to defy the excise law, to grow bolder in their opposition, and to insult and maltreat those whom the Government appointed to execute it. Distillers who complied with the law were injured in person and property; and armed men patrolled the country, spreading terror and alarm in all directions among loyal citizens. Tar and feathers and the torch were freely used, and the violence employed was in a manner personified, and called *Tom the Tinker*. A loyal distiller was attacked and his apparatus was cut in pieces. The perpetrators ironically called their performance "mending the still." The menders, of course, must be *tinkers*, and the title, on the suggestion of a ruffian named Holcroft, collectively became *Tom the Tinker*. Advertisements were put upon trees and other conspicuous places, with the signature of *Tom the Tinker*; and letters bearing that signature, menacing certain persons, were sent to the *Pittsburg Gazette*, and published, because the editor dared not withhold his assent. Women and children in loyal families turned pale at the name of *Tom the Tinker*. He was the Robespierre of the Monongahela district.

One of the most influential and respected of the loyal men of Western Pennsylvania was John Neville, a soldier and patriot of the Revolution. He was a man of wealth; his son had married a daughter of General Morgan, the Hero of the Cowpens, and his social position was equal to any in the country. He was a native of Virginia, a friend and personal acquaintance of Washington, and had been a member of the Provincial Convention of his native State and of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania. This excellent citizen was appointed Inspector for his district, under the provisions of the odious excise law, and it was believed that he would command universal respect. Not so. The spirit of Anarchy was abroad, and its baleful influence was felt in every household. Neville's beautiful mansion, upon a slope of Bower Hill (seen by the traveler upon the turnpike-road from Pittsburg to Washington, about eight miles from the former city, when looking over a fertile bottom from the mansion of the Woodville estate), was attacked on the 16th of July, 1794, by a hundred armed men. Neville and his family made such resistance that the assailants retired; but on the following morning, reinforced to the number of five hundred, and led by John Holcroft, who called himself *Tom the Tinker*, they renewed the assault. Some soldiers from Fort Fayette, under Major Kirkpatrick, were in the house. Neville, who knew his life to be in peril, escaped. The soldiers made a brief but fruitless resistance, killing a leader of the assailants and wounding others. The family, under the protection of a white flag, were removed, and the mansion and all the out-buildings were laid in ashes. The marshal of the district and the younger Neville were made prisoners, and the former, under a menace of

instant death, promised not to serve any more processes west of the mountains.

On the following day the insurgents sent word to Inspector Neville and the marshal, then in Pittsburg, that they must instantly resign. They refused. The means for defense at Pittsburg were small; and so complete and absolute was the despotism of *Tom the Tinker* that there were very few persons in all that region, out of the immediate family connections of General Neville, who were not active or passive insurgents. Loyalists were marked as enemies of their country—in other words, of their *district*—and taunted with being *submissionists*. Their allegiance to the Government of the United States was called a cowardly yielding to the *tyranny of Federal coercion*. The mails were seized and robbed; houses of the loyalists in all directions were burned, and the militia of the four rebellious counties were summoned to rendezvous at Braddock's Field, on the Monongahela, armed and equipped, and supplied with three days' provisions. Meanwhile the inspector and marshal had fled down the Ohio in an open boat to Marietta, and then made their way to Philadelphia through the wilderness.

The summons for the meeting of the militia on Braddock's Field, circulated for only three days over a sparsely-settled country, drew together over seven thousand men. Some, as they afterward alleged, went there to gratify their curiosity, and a few, like Mr. Ross, the United States Senator, hastened to the field to restrain the people and prevent mischief. The prompt response of the masses delighted the leaders. They regarded it as a token of confidence in them and the earnestness of the people in the cause. Colonel Cook, one of the judges of Fayette county, was called to preside over the great meeting of armed citizens, and Albert Gallatin, who had lately been refused a seat in the Senate of the United States because of ineligibility, as shown by his naturalization papers, was appointed secretary. Bradford, "before whom every body cringed," assumed the position of Major-General, and reviewed the troops. His design seems to have been to march upon Pittsburg, seize upon Fort Pitt and its arms and ammunition, and declare the counties west of the Alleghanies an independent State. He was one of the earliest avowed secessionists who appears in our history. But timid or more loyal militia officers refused to co-operate with him to that infamous extent. Brackenridge counseled against the measure, and the scheme was abandoned.

Emboldened by the formidable demonstration on Braddock's Field, the insurgent leaders expelled all the excise officers who remained. Some were brutally treated and their houses burned, even in districts where the opposition had hitherto been less violent. The insurgent spirit spread into the neighboring counties of Virginia, and the rebellion began to assume huge proportions.

A meeting had been held at Mingo Creek late

in July, near where the chief insurgents resided, when it was agreed to hold a convention at Parkinson's Ferry, on the Monongahela, three weeks later. As the day for that convention approached matters assumed more threatening aspects. As in most rebellions, the measure of actual armed resistance to the execution of the national laws was advocated by only a few violent and reckless men. Of these Bradford was the chief. With a desperate few, armed by terrorism composed of threats and violence, he overawed the people, established an absolute despotism, and converted a whole community into a band of rebels, who, under wise and righteous counselors, might have been loyal petitioners to a listening government for a redress of grievances.

When intelligence of these high-handed proceedings reached Philadelphia, the "Democratic societies"—the prototypes of the Knights of the Golden Circle of our day—were jubilant because of the late brilliant victories of the French arms. They had recovered from their depression caused by former reverses suffered by the French army, and the disgrace of Genet, and were now assailing the administration with unsparing malignity. The Philadelphia society did, indeed, pass a resolution which, after execrating the excise law in terms sufficient to give sustenance to the rebellion, disapproved of the violent acts of resistance. But President Washington had no faith in the sincerity of their leaders. He regarded them as artful and designing men, while the great body of the membership whom they controlled he believed meant well, and knew little of their real plans for sowing "among the people the seeds of jealousy and distrust of the government by destroying all confidence in the administration of it." "I consider this insurrection," he wrote to Governor Lee of Virginia, in August, "as the first formidable fruit of the Democratic societies, brought forth, I believe, too prematurely for their own views, which may contribute to the annihilation of them."

The President called a cabinet council. All regarded the moment as a critical one for the republic. If the insurrection in Pennsylvania should not be immediately checked, like or similar causes might produce like effects in other parts of the republic. The example of the whisky-makers might become infectious, and the very foundations of the state be shaken. It was agreed that forbearance must end, and the effective power of the executive arm must be put forth to suppress the rising rebellion. Accordingly, on the 7th of August, Washington issued a proclamation warning the insurgents to disperse, and declaring that if tranquillity should not be restored in the disturbed counties before the 1st of September, or in about twenty days, an armed force would be employed to compel submission to the laws. At the same time the President made a requisition on the Governors of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia for militia sufficient to compose an army of thirteen thousand men. It was esti-

mated that the insurgent counties could raise sixteen thousand fighting men.

General Mifflin, a leading Democrat, who had taken an active part in the convivial meetings of his party when they welcomed Genet to Philadelphia, was then Governor of Pennsylvania. When the proposition of a majority of the Cabinet to call out the militia was suggested to him, he expressed a doubt of the expediency of the measure, as it might exasperate the rebels and increase the difficulty. He doubted his own authority to make such a call, and questioned whether the militia of his sovereign State would "pay a passive obedience to the mandates of the Government"—whether there would not be a divided Pennsylvania. He wished to act independently of the General Government, believing that his State was able of itself to suppress insurrection within its borders, and to punish the offenders under the due course of State law. He was therefore disposed to content himself with an expression of official indignation, and the issuing of orders for the State officers in the West to use all their authority to suppress the tumults.

Randolph, the Democratic Attorney-General, coincided with Mifflin in his views. He expressed great fears that if the National Government should attempt *coercion* there would be civil war. Brackenridge had written a letter to a friend in Philadelphia, which had been sent to the Cabinet, doubtless for the purpose of intimidating it, in which he maintained that the Western counties were able to defend themselves, and suggested that the midland counties would not be disposed to *allow the march of national troops to the West over their sacred soil!* He also intimated that if *coercion* should be attempted, the insurgents might *make application to Great Britain for aid, and even march on Philadelphia*, the national capital.

Washington was not to be trifled with. He perceived the danger and the necessity for prompt action, and resolved to discard every semblance of a temporizing policy with the rebels. When Mifflin refused to call out the militia of his State, he took the responsibility on himself; and after making the necessary arrangements, by obtaining a certificate from a Judge of the Supreme Court that in certain counties the execution of the laws of the United States was obstructed by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, he issued the proclamation and made the requisition already mentioned, and fixed the time for movement of the troops on the 1st of September.

The President resolved, however, to offer the insurgents the olive-branch before sending the sword. He appointed three Commissioners to proceed to the insurgent district, and arrange, if possible, any time before the 14th of September, an effectual submission to the laws. Governor Mifflin appointed two Commissioners to represent the State, and at the same time issued two proclamations, one for convening the Legislature, and the other calling upon the rebels

to submit to the laws, assuring them that he should respond to the President's requisition for troops.

These Commissioners went over the mountains together, and found the Convention already mentioned in session at Parkinson's Ferry. There were more than two hundred delegates present. The meeting was held in a grove upon the crown of a hill overlooking the Monongahela. Near by stood a tall pole bearing the words, in large letters, "LIBERTY AND NO EXCISE! NO ASYLUM FOR COWARDS AND TRAITORS!" Colonel Cook was Chairman, and Albert Gallatin was Secretary.

It was evident that those who evoked the storm were alarmed at its unexpected fury. Gallatin and Brackenridge had already perceived the folly and danger of their course, and the dilemma into which the people were plunged, and they were endeavoring by conciliatory measures to extricate them. Marshall had offered a resolution for the appointment of a committee of public safety, empowered "to call forth the resources of the western country to repel any hostile attempts against the citizens." Gallatin had boldly moved to refer the motion to a select committee, but quailing before the eye of Bradford, no one present dared second it. Marshall, already wavering, had finally offered to withdraw it, provided a committee of sixty be appointed with power to call another meeting. This was done, and a committee of fifteen were appointed to confer with the National and State Commissioners. In all their proceedings no one dared to go so far as to agree to submit to the excise.

The Commissioners and the committee of fifteen met a few days afterward at Pittsburg. Marshall, Brackenridge, Cook, Gallatin, and Bradford, were of that committee. All but the latter were favorable to an accommodation. The Commissioners demanded from the committee of sixty an explicit declaration of their determination to submit to the laws of the United States, and their recommendation to the citizens at large to do likewise; and also to abstain from all opposition, direct or indirect, and especially from violence or threats against the excise officers or the loyal distillers. The Commissioners promised, on the part of the Government, in the event of a compliance with these requirements and perfect submission to the laws, a final pardon and oblivion of all offenses. The committee of fifteen agreed that these terms were reasonable, and proceeded to call a meeting of the committee of sixty.

Bradford and his bad associates were dissatisfied. *Tom the Tinker* declared in the *Pittsburg Gazette*, that the conferees had been bribed by the Government, and an armed party assembled, when the sixty convened, to overawe them. Such would have been the effect but for the courage and address of Gallatin, seconded by Brackenridge. They urged submission; but Bradford, in a violent harangue, called upon the people to continue their resistance, and to form an independent State. Bad counsels finally

prevailed, and the Commissioners returned to the seat of government without accomplishing the object of their mission.

On the day after the return of the Commissioners (September 25) the President issued another proclamation, giving notice of the advance of the troops. Governor Henry Lee, of Virginia ("Legion Harry" of the Revolution), was appointed Commander-in-chief of the expedition. The Virginia troops were led by the veteran General Morgan, and those of Maryland by General Smith, then Member of Congress, from Baltimore. These, forming the left wing, assembled at Cumberland, thence to march across the mountains by Braddock's Road. Governors Mifflin and Howell led in person the respective troops of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. These formed the right wing. They rendezvoused at Bedford, to cross the mountains by what was known as the north route.

There had been great and unexpected alacrity in the response to the President's call. A most gratifying manifestation of loyalty was exhibited on every hand. The citizens readily contributed means for the support of the wives and children of the volunteers during their absence; and the quota of each State, composed chiefly of volunteers, was promptly furnished.

It was soon evident that this military expedition was highly necessary. The insurgent spirit was rapidly spreading, and had appeared at Carlisle and other places east of the mountains. It was checked suddenly and effectually when the troops approached. Bradford and his associates, over-estimating the strength and disloyalty of the Democratic party, had laughed at the President's proclamation calling for troops. He did not believe that the people of the loyal portion of the country could be induced to appear in arms against their brethren who were, in imitation of their Revolutionary fathers, only seeking to establish their independence of the tyrannical National Government at Philadelphia, and asked for nothing more than to be *let alone*. They had resolved not to submit to a tariff on their staple production, nor allow the National Government to *coerce* them into submission to its laws; and it was an infringement of their sovereign rights as freemen, and a great public crime to inaugurate a civil war by sending troops to *subjugate* them.

But Bradford and his more violent associates were compelled to come down from their stilts. They were amazed when they heard that Democratic leaders, like Mifflin, were in arms against them; and when they learned that the troops were actually approaching the Eastern slope of the Alleghanies they fled from the country. Calmer thought and wiser counsels prevailed. A new convention was held at Parkinson's Ferry, when resolutions to submit were adopted. Findley, who had found it much easier to arouse the bad passions of men than to control them, and had mustered courage sufficient to place himself decidedly on the side of law and order, was dispatched, with another, to meet the advancing

troops with proffers of loyalty, and, if possible, to stay their progress.

The President and Secretary of the Treasury had accompanied the right wing of the army, and were at Carlisle when Findley and his associate arrived there. Washington treated the penitent insurgents kindly, but they did not bring sufficient evidences of the loyalty of their constituents to cause him to countermand the order for the forward march of the troops. The alarmed ambassadors immediately turned back, crossed the mountains in great haste, and called another meeting at Parkinson's Ferry. With fuller assurances of the absolute submission of the insurgents, Findley recrossed the Alleghanies to stay the march of the national troops. The President had returned to Philadelphia, leaving Hamilton to act as his deputy. The Minister was not satisfied. He would not trust the professions of loyalty made by men so lately in rebellion. The troops moved steadily onward. They crossed the Alleghanies in a heavy rain-storm, encountering mud knee-deep in many places. The two wings of the army met at Uniontown, and proceeded together to the disaffected district. Lee made his head-quarters at Parkinson's Ferry, and there issued a proclamation offering conditional pardon and peace. The inhabitants were all required to take the oath of allegiance to the United States.

A few days after this proclamation was issued General Lee made a seizure of all persons supposed to have been criminally concerned in the late violent proceedings. The most guilty had fled from the country. Many were dismissed for want of evidence against them, and a considerable number were bound over for trial at Philadelphia. Only two were found guilty of capital offenses, and sentenced to be hung—one for arson, the other for robbing the mail. There were palliating circumstances in their cases, and the President finally pardoned them.

Most of the troops were soon withdrawn from the country of the late rebels. Twenty-five hundred of them encamped in the district, under General Morgan, until spring, when every vestige of disloyalty had disappeared.

Thus terminated a rebellion engendered by politicians, which at one time threatened the stability, if not the very existence of the Republic. It was put down without the shedding of a drop of blood. This result was owing chiefly to the wisdom, prudence, vigilance, energy, and personal popularity of the President. He did not wait until the rebellion had assumed proportions too great to be managed with ease. He comprehended the magnitude of the threatened evil and his duty respecting it, and was fearless and energetic in the performance of that duty. The event, so ominous of dire calamity at one time, was overruled for the production of great good. The Government was amazingly strengthened by it. The national authority was fully vindicated; and the general rally to its support when the Chief sounded the bugle-call, even of those who had hitherto leaned toward or acted

with the opposition, was a significant omen of future stability and power. Every honest man expressed his reprobation of the violent resistance to law, and the Democratic Societies, the chief fomenters of the insurrection, showed a desire to be less conspicuous. Hamilton, who had always distrusted the strength of the Government in such an emergency, was now perfectly convinced of its inherent power, and both he and Washington regarded the affair as a fortunate circumstance for the nation. And thus it will ever be with this Republic; for its foundations are laid upon the solid foundations of Truth and Justice.

"WHAT CAN I DO?"

THERE was something querulous and discontented in the man's voice: evidently he was not satisfied with himself.

"What can I do?" He repeated the interrogation, with a spreading of the hands and a widening of the eyes meant to express the most perfect negation of any ability on his part to help in the great work to which the nation was straining itself. "I am too feeble to bear arms. I am not rich. I have no sons to offer to my country."

"Then give yourself to patriotic utterances, Mr. Van Dyke," was the answer of a gentleman to whom the above remark was made. "Speak for your country on all occasions. Put fire into the hearts of those who have both the strength and the will to bear arms."

"But affairs are so badly managed!" And Mr. Van Dyke looked unutterable things.

"Do you think so?"

"Oh dear, yes! They're awfully managed—awfully!"

"In what respect?"

"How can you ask? Why, in all respects. There is no honesty—no true patriotism—no ability. Our placemen are venal or weak. Every where the plunderer is at work. Men seem inspired only by a love of spoils and power."

"Do you know of instances where this plunder is going on?"

"Certainly."

"Have you exposed the wrong?"

There was a change in the expression of Mr. Van Dyke's countenance, and he stammered a little in his reply:

"I can't say that I have actually a personal knowledge of any frauds upon the Government. But you know as well as I do that we are being robbed and plundered awfully—awfully!"

"Doubtless, Mr. Van Dyke, there are frauds and wrongs. While men are evil such things will exist. The action of our Government is, in some degree, hindered by the wicked self-seeking of individuals to whom have been assigned responsible places."

"But why assign such men to responsible places?" interrogated Mr. Van Dyke, sharply. "Why give them the power to hurt the nation?"

"God only knows the hearts of men," was answered. "The most corrupt may put on a fair and honorable exterior, and deceive the very elect. Few men are really known until they are tried. There is a class who keep a good reputation while rising, in order to secure the confidence of their fellow-citizens. They have their price, but it is not small. Such bide their time, and at last find the opportunity to rob on a large scale. Without question many such are now holding places of trust, and turning to their own advantage the national means with which they have been trusted."

"But why are they not ferreted out? Why are they not caught and punished?"

"They are punished and disgraced, on proof of wrong, in every instance."

"On proof!" Mr. Van Dyke curled his lip.

"Would you have them punished on mere accusation, and in default of evidence?"

"No, no—of course not." Spoken in constraint.

"I think," said the other, "that you were injured once through the dishonesty of a clerk in whom you confided?"

"I was." Mr. Van Dyke's countenance fell.

"You trusted him implicitly?"

"I did."

"Why?"

"Because I thought him honest."

"And yet he was a shrewd, secret-working scoundrel; not so secret, however, that he did not at times betray himself to lookers on from the outside. You were cautioned in regard to him more than once."

"I was."

"But did not heed the caution. Why?"

"Simply because my faith in him was complete. I did not believe him capable of so great a sin."

"Though he was coolly robbing you all the while. Transfer the case in part. It will serve for illustration. We have true men at the head of affairs, who are seeking, under God's direction, to guide our storm-beaten ship to a safe anchorage. It was necessary, when the tempest came swooping down from an almost summer sky, to throw skilled agents to every part of the ship where duty must be done. There was little time for discrimination. The posts must be filled, in order to the prompt execution of every command. In all cases the best men were not chosen. Some proved incapable, some traitors, some shamefully dishonest—and were set aside. This was inevitable. Traitors, incapables, and scoundrels still, no doubt, hold places and do harm. But they manage to elude vigilance, as your dishonest clerk managed to elude your vigilance. What then? Shall we hinder by indefinite complaint, fold our arms, and do nothing because some men are working injury? Is this patriotism, Mr. Van Dyke? Is this doing our duty to God and our country? If instances of fraud come under our personal observation let us expose them fearlessly."

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"And get ill-will for our pains," answered Mr. Van Dyke, in his querulous way.

"Sir!" The other started, and a flush of noble anger reddened his face. "Is this your courage? this your patriotism? You complained just now of inability to serve your country. Said you were too feeble to bear arms—were not rich—had no sons to offer your country. And now confess yourself not brave enough to expose the man who is hurting and hindering us lest you suffer from ill-will! Sir, men like you are worse than open enemies. We can meet them face to face. But you work out of sight, with your carpings and fault-findings—demoralizing the public sentiment and weakening patriotic enthusiasm. Sir, if you can not bear arms yourself, don't, in Heaven's name! depress the noble ardor of those who can. You asked a little while ago, What can I do? I answer—Hold your tongue! Good-morning!"

And the indignant monitor turned away, and left the weak complainer with a rankling arrow in his mind. He was not only surprised and hurt but consciously condemned. The anger awakened by his friend's rough rebuke was not strong enough to obscure a sense of shame. He felt humiliated, disturbed, unhappy beyond former experience. It did not help his state of mind any that he let fall indignant words such as these:

"What I call rude and ungentlemanly conduct! No man shall talk to me after that style again."

The disquietude and humiliation remained. It was not long, however, before the old complaining and self-dissatisfied state returned, and he was carping to one, talking gloomily to another, and putting to a third the oft-repeated question, "What can I do?"

"I'll tell you," said one to whom he thus addressed himself, "what a poor woman in my neighborhood, who earns her bread by washing and ironing, did. She bought a rubber blanket for a poor neighbor's son who had entered the service, and gave it to him on the day his company was ordered to march. It cost her three dollars—all the money she had in the world; but she gave it with a free heart. Give a blanket, Mr. Van Dyke, if you can do no more."

"A blanket! What is a blanket? There are six hundred thousand men in the field." A service like this seemed altogether insignificant to Mr. Van Dyke.

"And more than twice six hundred thousand men not in the field. Let one-half of these furnish water-proof blankets for the soldiers, and they will save over five per cent. of them from temporary or disabling sickness. If you can save a man from illness, and thus keep him in the service, you do almost as much for your country as if you shouldered a musket yourself."

"That's one view of it," answered Mr. Van Dyke, in the tone of a man half convinced against his will.

"And is it not a right view?"

"There's a very important *if* in the case."

"What?"

"*If* the six hundred thousand persons would donate a blanket each. But they won't. And what is the single blanket that I would give? A drop in the ocean! Nothing more. If a hundred or a thousand other men would agree to give a blanket a piece, I would cheerfully make one of the number. But a single blanket is of no account."

"Suppose you start a subscription for a hundred India-rubber blankets—enough for a single company?"

"Oh dear, no! I never was worth a cent at begging. Any thing but hunting up subscriptions. I'd rather saw wood or split fence rails."

"Then give some poor soldier, who is about going to fight for your peace and security, a single water-proof blanket to keep him dry and warm. Do your duty, and leave the rest to Him in whose hands are the consciences of all men. I have answered your question."

But Mr. Van Dyke neither held his tongue nor furnished a blanket. Still he kept going about in a miserable, half-hearted, complaining way; now heaping censure on public men and public measures, and now prophesying the worst of evils.

"What can I do?" The usual termination of one of his wretched harangues dropped from his lips in a company of ladies. And he added, as was his wont: "I am too old to bear arms. I am not rich. I have no sons to offer my country."

"The poorest, the weakest, the humblest can do something," was confidently answered by one of the ladies. "And I hold that each individual who enjoys the blessings of this good Government is religiously bound to do all in his power for its preservation. The rich according to their wealth, and the poor according to their poverty. The strong in their strength, and the weak in their weakness. Every one can do something. It may require the united efforts of ten to do as much as a single individual of larger ability. But if each does his best, the good accomplished will be great. The way, Mr. Van Dyke, is not so difficult as the *will*. Given the will, and the way will be plain enough. Want of will I find to be the great impediment."

Mr. Van Dyke answered, somewhat fretfully, that talking was easier than doing, and the lady understood the remark as meant for her. So she said, gravely, yet without feeling,

"But not half so pleasant. It is in doing that delight comes. Our talking disturbs us—it is only when we begin to do that we find tranquillity and satisfaction. Let me, in partial answer of your question, What can I do? relate what I saw only an hour since. You know Hannah Clay?"

"Yes."

"A poor weak invalid. For six years she has not known what it was to be free from pain during her waking hours; and for nearly the

whole of that time she has not been able to leave her bed. Well, Mr. Van Dyke, I found her, propped up in bed, knitting woolen slippers for sick soldiers. She had four pairs finished, and was at work on the fifth. I shall not soon forget how her wan face lighted as she showed me her work, and spoke, with moistening eyes, of the sick in camps and hospitals, far away from home and the tender care of sisters, wives, and mothers. 'It is so little that I can do,' she said, in her feeble voice. 'Three or four hours a day is all I am able to work. Oh, I pray often for more strength, so that I could do more.' I looked at the sick girl—so pale, so thin, so weak—and felt a thrill of admiration. I did not ask her; but I am sure she did not feel the tooth of pain in all the hours her fingers plied the needles. Mr. Van Dyke, if Hannah Clay can serve her country in this trying hour, shall we stand in weak hesitation, asking, fretfully, 'What can I do?' It's a shame, Sir, to talk in this fashion. Don't utter the sentence again; don't find fault; don't prophesy evil; don't go about in this weak, miserable, complaining way. It isn't manly, nor brave, nor patriotic. What shall you do? Take a lesson from Hannah Clay. Learn to knit slippers or stockings if you have no skill for any other work. But do something! A sick and dying woman rebukes your inactivity."

"Good-day, ladies," said Mr. Van Dyke, with a shamefacedness that he could not hide, and he bowed himself out. He was known in that circle, and half a dozen hearts thanked the plain-speaking lady for her rebuke.

On the next day Mr. Van Dyke went down town and bought an India-rubber blanket, which he gave to the son of a poor neighbor who was on the eve of marching with his regiment. We fear that the cheerful heart did not bless him as the giver; but not the less warmth and protection has the poor boy received in cold and storm, on dreary nights' camping or marching, amidst the mountains and valleys of Western Virginia.

Reader, if you can help in nothing else, give at least one rubber blanket to a soldier. It may save health or life, and thus keep him, as a brave defender, in the field fronting the enemy. And a word more—if you are tempted to complain and find fault, because every thing does not come out just as you desire, remember that such things hinder by encouraging the disloyal, and—hold your tongue!

SHIPWRECK.

BY R. S. CHILTON.

A LONG, low reach of level sand,

Packed erewhile by the maddened waves
As the storm-wind drove them toward the land:

A boat on the shore and nothing more
To tell of the dead who sank to their graves,
To the sound of the wild sea's roar.

The ship went down at night, they say,
 Wrestling with wind and wave to the last,
 Like a great sea-monster fighting at bay:
 The fisherman tells how he heard the bells
 Ring in the lulls of the pitiless blast,
 Mingled with wild farewells.

The winds are asleep, and the sea is still—
 Still as the wrecked beneath its waves,
 Dreamless of all life's good or ill:
 A boat on the shore and nothing more
 Tells of the dead who sank to their graves,
 To the sound of the wild sea's roar.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXVII.

I CHARGE YOU, DROP YOUR DAGGERS!

GENERAL BAYNES began the story which you and I have heard at length. He told it in his own way. He grew very angry with himself while defending himself. He had to abuse Philip very fiercely, in order to excuse his own act of treason. He had to show that his act was not his act; that, after all, he never had promised; and that, if he had promised, Philip's atrocious conduct ought to absolve him from any previous promise. I do not wonder that the general was abusive, and out of temper. Such a crime as he was committing can't be performed cheerfully by a man who is habitually gentle, generous, and honest. I do not say that men can not cheat, can not lie, can not inflict torture, can not commit rascally actions, without in the least losing their equanimity; but these are men habitually false, knavish, and cruel. They are accustomed to break their promises, to cheat their neighbors in bargains, and what not. A roguish word or action more or less is of little matter to them: their remorse only awakens after detection, and they don't begin to repent till they come sentenced out of the dock. But here was an ordinarily just man withdrawing from his promise, turning his back on his benefactor, and justifying himself to himself by maligning the man whom he injured. It is not an uncommon event, my dearly beloved brethren and esteemed miserable sister sinners; but you like to say a preacher is "cynical" who admits this sad truth—and, perhaps, don't care to hear

about the subject on more than one day in the week.

So, in order to make out some sort of case for himself, our poor good old General Baynes chose to think and declare that Philip was so violent, ill-conditioned, and abandoned a fellow, that no faith ought to be kept with him; and that Colonel Bunch had behaved with such brutal insolence that Baynes must call him to account. As for the fact that there was another, a richer, and a much more eligible suitor, who was likely to offer for his daughter, Baynes did not happen to touch on this point at all; preferring to speak of Philip's hopeless poverty, disreputable conduct, and gross and careless behavior.

Now MacWhirter having, I suppose, little to do at Tours, had read Mrs. Baynes's letters to her sister Emily, and remembered them. Indeed, it was but very few months since Eliza Baynes's letters had been full of praise of Philip, of his love for Charlotte, and of his noble generosity in foregoing the great claim which he had upon the general, his mother's careless trustee. Philip was the first suitor Charlotte had had: in her first glow of pleasure, Charlotte's mother had covered yards of paper with compliments, interjections, and those *scratches* or *dashes* under her words, by which some ladies are accustomed to point their satire or emphasize their delight. He was an admirable young man—wild, but generous, handsome, noble! He had forgiven his father thousands and thousands of pounds which the doctor owed him—all his mother's fortune; and he had acted *most nobly* by her trustees—that she must say, though poor dear weak Baynes was one of them! Baynes who was as simple as a child. Major Mac and his wife had agreed that Philip's forbearance was very generous and kind, but after all that there was no special cause for rapture at the notion of their niece marrying a struggling young fellow without a penny in the world; and they had been not a little amused with the change of tone in Eliza's later letters, when she began to go out in the great world, and to look coldly upon poor, penniless Firmin, her hero of a few months since. Then Emily remembered how Eliza had always been fond of great people; how her head was turned by going to a few parties at Government House; how absurdly she went on with that little creature Fitzrickets (because he was an Honorable, forsooth) at Dum-

dum. Eliza was a good wife to Baynes; a good mother to the children; and made both ends of a narrow income meet with surprising dexterity; but Emily was bound to say of her sister Eliza, that a more, etc., etc., etc. And when the news came at length that Philip was to be thrown overboard, Emily clapped her hands together, and said to her husband, "Now, Mac, didn't I always tell you so? If she could get a fashionable husband for Charlotte, I *knew* my sister would put the doctor's son to the door!" That the poor child would suffer considerably her aunt was assured. Indeed, before her own union with Mac, Emily had undergone heart-breakings and pangs of separation on her own account. The poor child would want comfort and companionship. *She* would go to fetch her niece. And though the Major said, "My dear, you want to go to Paris and buy a new bonnet," Mrs. MacWhirter spurned the insinuation, and came to Paris from a mere sense of duty.

So Baynes poured out his history of wrongs to his brother-in-law, who marveled to hear a man, ordinarily chary of words and cool of demeanor, so angry and so voluble. If he had done a bad action, at least, after doing it, Baynes had the grace to be very much out of humor. If I ever, for my part, do any thing wrong in my family, or to them, I accompany that action with a furious rage and blustering passion. I won't have wife or children question it. No querulous Nathan of a family friend (or an incommodious conscience, maybe) shall come and lecture *me* about my ill-doings. No—no. Out of the house with him! Away, you preaching bugbear, don't try to frighten *me*! Baynes, I suspect, to brow-beat, bully, and out-talk the Nathan pleading in his heart—Baynes will outbawl that prating monitor, and thrust that inconvenient preacher out of sight, out of hearing, drive him with angry words from our gate. Ah! in vain we expel him; and bid John say, not at home! There he is when we wake, sitting at our bed-foot. We throw him overboard for daring to put an oar in our boat. Whose ghastly head is that looking up from the water and swimming alongside us, row we never so swiftly? Fire at him. Brain him with an oar, one of you, and pull on! Flash goes the pistol. Surely that oar has stove the old skull in? See! there comes the awful companion popping up out of water again, and crying, "Remember, remember, I am here, I am here!" Baynes had thought to bully away one monitor by the threat of a pistol, and here was another swimming alongside of his boat. And would you have it otherwise, my dear reader, for you, for me? That you and I shall commit sins in this and ensuing years is certain; but I hope—I hope they won't be past praying for. Here is Baynes, having just done a bad action, in a dreadfully wicked, murderous, and dissatisfied state of mind. His chafing, bleeding temper is one raw; his whole soul one rage, and wrath, and fever. Charles Baynes, thou old sinner, I pray that Heaven may turn thee to a better state

of mind. I will kneel down by thy side, scatter ashes on my own bald pate, and we will quaver out *Peccavimus* together.

"In one word, the young man's conduct has been so outrageous and disreputable that I can't, Mac, as a father of a family, consent to my girl's marrying. Out of a regard for her happiness, it is my duty to break off the engagement," cries the general, finishing the story.

"Has he formally released you from that trust business?" asked the major.

"Good Heavens, Mac!" cries the general, turning very red. "You know I am as innocent of all wrong toward him as you are!"

"Innocent—only you did not look to your trust—"

"I think ill of him, Sir. I think he is a wild, reckless, overbearing young fellow," calls out the general, very quickly, "who would make my child miserable; but I don't think he is such a blackguard as to come down on a retired elderly man with a poor family—a numerous family; a man who has bled and fought for his sovereign in the Peninsula, and in India, as the *Army List* will show you, by George! I don't think Firmin will be such a scoundrel as to come down on me, I say; and I must say, MacWhirter, I think it most unhandsome of you to allude to it—most unhandsome, by George!"

"Why, you are going to break off your bargain with him; why should he keep his compact with you?" asks the gruff major.

"Because," shouted the general, "it would be a sin and a shame that an old man with seven children, and broken health, who has served in every place—yes, in the West and East Indies, by George!—in Canada—in the Peninsula, and at New Orleans;—because he has been deceived and humbugged by a miserable scoundrel of a doctor into signing a sham paper, by George! should be ruined, and his poor children and wife driven to beggary, by Jove! as you seem to recommend young Firmin to do, Jack MacWhirter; and I'll tell you what, Major MacWhirter, I take it deed unfriendly of you; and I'll trouble you not to put your oar into *my boat*, and meddle with *my affairs*, that's all, and I'll know who's at the bottom of it, by Jove! It's the gray mare, Mac—it's your *better half*, MacWhirter—it's that confounded, meddling, sneaking, backbiting, domineering—"

"What next?" roared the major. "Ha, ha, ha! Do you think I don't know, Baynes, who has put you on doing what I have no hesitation in calling a most sneaking and rascally action—yes, a rascally action, by George! I am not going to mince matters! Don't come your Major-General or your Mrs. Major-General over me! It's Eliza that has set you on. And if Tom Bunch has been telling you that you have been breaking from your word, and are acting shabbily, Tom is right; and you may get somebody else to go out with you, General Baynes, for, by George, I won't!"

"Have you come all the way from Tours, Mac, in order to insult me?" asks the general.

"I came to do you a friendly turn; to take charge of your poor girl, upon whom you are being very hard, Baynes. And this is the reward I get! Thank you. No more grog! What I have had is rather *too strong* for me already." And the major looks down with an expression of scorn at the emptied beaker, the idle spoon before him.

As the warriors were quarreling over their cups there came to them a noise as of brawling and of female voices without. "*Mais madame!*" pleads Madame Smolensk, in her grave way. "*Taisez-vous, Madame, laissez-moi tranquille, s'il vous plait.*" exclaims the well-known voice of Mrs. General Baynes, which I own was never pleasant to me, either in anger or good-humor. "And your Little—who tries to sleep in my chamber!" again pleads the mistress of the boarding-house. "*Vous n'avez pas droit d'appeler, Mademoiselle Baynes petite!*" calls out the general's lady. And Baynes, who was fighting and quarreling himself just now, trembled when he heard her. His angry face assumed an alarmed expression. He looked for means of escape. He appealed for protection to MacWhirter, whose nose he had been ready to pull anon. Samson was a mighty man, but he was a fool in the hands of a woman. Hercules was a brave man and strong, but Omphale twisted him round her spindle. Even so Baynes, who had fought in India, Spain, America, trembled before the partner of his bed and name.

It was an unlucky afternoon. While the husbands had been quarreling in the dining-room over brandy-and-water, the wives, the sisters had been fighting over their tea in the salon. I don't know what the other boarders were about. Philip never told me. Perhaps they had left the room to give the sisters a free opportunity for embraces and confidential communication. Perhaps there were no lady boarders left. Howbeit, Emily and Eliza had tea; and before that refreshing meal was concluded those dear women were fighting as hard as their husbands in the adjacent chamber.

Eliza, in the first place, was very angry at Emily's coming without invitation. Emily, on her part, was angry with Eliza for being angry. "I am sure, Eliza," said the spirited and injured MacWhirter, "that is the third time you have alluded to it since we have been here. Had you and all your family come to Tours, Mac and I would have made them welcome—children and all; and I am sure yours make trouble enough in a house."

"A private house is not like a boarding-house, Emily. Here Madame makes us pay frightfully for extras," remarks Mrs. Baynes.

"I am sorry I came, Eliza. Let us say no more about it. I can't go away to-night," says the other.

"And most unkind it is that speech to make, Emily. Any more tea?"

"Most unpleasant to have to make that speech, Eliza. To travel a whole day and night—and I never able to sleep in a diligence—to

hasten to my sister because I thought she was in trouble, because I thought a sister might comfort her; and to be received as you—re—as you O, O, O—Boh! How stupid I am!" A handkerchief dries the tears: a smelling-bottle restores a little composure. "When you came to us at Dumdum, with two—o—o children in the hooping-cough, I am sure Mac and I gave you a very different welcome."

The other was smitten with a remorse. She remembered her sister's kindness in former days. "I did not mean, sister, to give you pain," she said. "But I am very unhappy myself, Emily. My child's conduct is making me most unhappy."

"And very good reason you have to be unhappy, Eliza, if woman ever had!" says the other.

"Oh, indeed, yes!" gasps the general's lady.

"If any woman ought to feel remorse, Eliza Baynes, I am sure it's you. Sleepless nights! What was mine in the diligence compared to the nights you must have? I said so to myself. 'I am wretched,' I said, 'but what must *she* be?'"

"Of course, as a feeling mother, I feel that poor Charlotte is unhappy, my dear."

"But what makes her so, my dear?" cries Mrs. MacWhirter, who presently showed that she was mistress of the whole controversy. "No wonder Charlotte is unhappy, dear love! Can a girl be engaged to a young man, a most interesting young man, a clever, accomplished, highly educated young man—"

"What?" cries Mrs. Baynes.

"Haven't I your letters? I have them all in my desk. They are in that hall now. Didn't you tell me so over and over again; and rave about him, till I thought you were in love with him yourself almost?" cries Mrs. Mac.

"A most indecent observation!" cries out Eliza Baynes, in her deep, awful voice. "No woman, no sister, shall say that to me!"

"Shall I go and get the letters? It used to be, 'Dear Philip has just left us. Dear Philip has been more than a son to me. He is our preserver!' Didn't you write all that to me over and over again? And because you have found a richer husband for Charlotte, you are going to turn your preserver out of doors!"

"Emily MacWhirter, am I to sit here and be accused of crimes, *uninvited*, mind—*uninvited*, mind, by my sister? Is a general officer's lady to be treated in this way by a brevet major's wife? Though you are my senior in age, Emily, I am yours in rank. Out of any room in England but this I go before you! And if you have come *uninvited* all the way from Tours to insult me in my own house—"

"House indeed! pretty house! Every body else's house as well as yours!"

"Such as it is, I never asked you to come into it, Emily!"

"Oh yes! You wish me to go out in the night. MAC! I say!"

"Emily!" cries the general's.

"MAC, I say!" screams the majoreess, flinging open the door of the salon, "My sister wishes me to go. Do you hear me?"

"*Au nom de Dieu, Madame, pensez à cette pauvre petite, qui souffre à côté;*" cries the mistress of the house, pointing to her own adjoining chamber, in which, we have said, our poor little Charlotte was lying.

"*Nappley pas, Madamaselle Baynes petite, siroplay!*" booms out Mrs. Baynes's contralto.

"MacWhirter, I say, Major MacWhirter!" cries Emily, flinging open the door of the dining-room where the two gentlemen were knocking their own heads together. "MacWhirter! My sister chooses to insult me, and say that a brevet major's wife—"

"By George! are you fighting too?" asks the general.

"Baynes, Emily MacWhirter has insulted me!" cries Mrs. Baynes.

"It seems to have been a settled thing beforehand," yells the general, "Major MacWhirter has done the same thing by me! He has forgotten that he is a gentleman, and that I am."

"He only insults you because he thinks you are his relative, and must bear every thing from him," says the general's wife.

"By George! I will not bear every thing from him!" shouts the general. The two gentlemen and their two wives are squabbling in the hall. Madame and the servants are peering up from the kitchen-regions. I dare say the boys from the topmost balusters are saying to each other, "Row between ma and aunt Mac!" I dare say scared little Charlotte, in her temporary apartment, is, for a while, almost forgetful of her own grief, and wondering what quarrel is agitating her aunt and mother, her father and uncle? Place the remaining male and female boarders about in the corridors and on the landings, in various attitudes expressive of interest, of satiric commentary, wrath at being disturbed by unseemly domestic quarrel—in what posture you will. As for Mrs. Colonel Bunch, she, poor thing, does not know that the general and her own colonel have entered on a mortal quarrel. She imagines the dispute is only between Mrs. Baynes and her sister as yet; and she has known this pair quarreling for a score of years past. "Toujours comme ça, fighting vous savez, et puis make it up again. Oui," she explains to a French friend on the landing.

In the very midst of this storm Colonel Bunch returns, his friend and second, Dr. Martin, on his arm. He does not know that two battles have been fought since his own combat. His, we will say, was Ligny. Then came Quatre-Bras, in which Baynes and MacWhirter were engaged. Then came the general action of Waterloo. And here enters Colonel Bunch, quite unconscious of the great engagements which have taken place since his temporary retreat in search of reinforcements.

"How are you, MacWhirter?" cries the colonel of the purple whiskers. "My friend, Dr. Martin!" And as he addresses himself to the

general his eyes almost start out of his head, as if they would shoot themselves into the breast of that officer.

"My dear, hush! Emily MacWhirter, had we not better defer this most painful dispute? The whole house is listening to us!" whispers the general, in a rapid, low voice. "Doctor—Colonel Bunch—Major MacWhirter; had we not better go into the dining-room?"

The general and the doctor go first, Major MacWhirter and Colonel Bunch pause at the door. Says Bunch to MacWhirter, "Major, you act as the general's friend in this affair? It's most awkward, but, by George! Baynes has said things to me that I won't bear, were he my own flesh and blood, by George! And I know him a deuced deal too well to think he will ever apologize!"

"He has said things to me, Bunch, that I won't bear from fifty brother-in-law's, by George!" growls MacWhirter.

"What? Don't you bring me any message from him?"

"I tell you, Tom Bunch, I want to send a message to him. Invite me to his house, and insult me and Emily when we come! By George! it makes my blood boil. Insult us after traveling twenty-four hours in a confounded diligence, and say we're not invited! He and his little catamaran."

"Hush!" interposed Bunch.

"I say catamaran, Sir! don't tell me! They came and staid with us four months at Dumdum—the children ill with the pip, or some confounded thing—went to Europe, and left me to pay the doctor's bill; and now, by—"

Was the major going to invoke George, the Cappadocian champion, or Olympian Jove? At this moment a door by which they stood opens. You may remember there were three doors all on that landing; if you doubt me, go and see the house (Avenue de Marli, Champs Elysées, Paris). A third door opens, and a young lady comes out, looking very pale and sad, and her hair hanging over her shoulders—her hair, which hung in rich clusters generally, but I suppose tears have put it all out of curl.

"Is it you, uncle Mac? I thought I knew your voice, and I heard aunt Emily's," says the little person.

"Yes, it is I, Charly," says uncle Mac. And he looks into the round face, which looks so wild and is so full of grief unutterable that uncle Mac is quite melted, and takes the child to his arms, and says, "What is it, my dear?" And he quite forgets that he proposes to blow her father's brains out in the morning. "How hot your little hands are!"

"Uncle, uncle!" she says, in a swift, febrile whisper, "you're come to take me away, I know. I heard you and papa, I heard mamma and aunt Emily speaking quite loud, loud! But if I go—I'll—I'll never love any but him!"

"But whom, dear?"

"But Philip, uncle."

"By George! Char, no more you shall!" says

the major. And herewith the poor child, who had been sitting up on her bed while this quarreling of sisters—while this brawling of majors, generals, colonels—while this coming of hackney-coaches—while this arrival and departure of visitors on horseback—had been taking place, gave a fine hysterical scream, and fell into her uncle's arms laughing and crying wildly.

This outcry, of course, brought the gentlemen from their adjacent room, and the ladies from theirs.

"What are you making a fool of yourself about?" growls Mrs. Baynes, in her deepest bark.

"By George, Eliza, you are too bad!" says the general, quite white.

"Eliza, you are a brute!" cries Mrs. MacWhirter.

"So SHE IS!" shrieks Mrs. Bunch from the landing-place overhead, where other lady-boarders were assembled looking down on this awful family battle.

Eliza Baynes knew she had gone too far. Poor Charly was scarce conscious by this time, and wildly screaming, "Never, never!"..... When, as I live, who should burst into the premises but a young man with fair hair, with flaming whiskers, with flaming eyes, who calls out, "What is it? I am here, Charlotte, Charlotte!"

Who is that young man? We had a glimpse of him, prowling about the Champs Elysées just now, and dodging behind a tree when Colonel Bunch went out in search of his second. Then the young man saw the MacWhirter hackney-coach approach the house. Then he waited and waited, looking to that upper window behind which we know his beloved was *not* reposing. Then he beheld Bunch and Doctor Martin arrive. Then he passed through the wicket into the garden, and heard Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Baynes fighting. Then there came from the passage—where, you see, this battle was going on—that ringing, dreadful laugh and scream of poor Charlotte; and Philip Firmin burst like a bomb-shell into the midst of the hall where the battle was raging, and of the family circle who were fighting and screaming.

Hère *is* a picture, I protest. We have—first, the boarders on the first landing, whither, too, the Baynes children have crept in their night-gowns; secondly, we have Auguste, Françoise, the cook, and the assistant coming up from the basement; and, third, we have Colonel Bunch, Doctor Martin, Major MacWhirter, with Charlotte in his arms; Madame, General B., Mrs. Mac, Mrs. General B., all in the passage, when our friend the bomb-shell bursts in among them.

"What is it? Charlotte, I am here!" cries Philip, with his great voice; at hearing which, little Char gives one final scream, and, at the next moment, she has fainted quite dead—but this time she is on Philip's shoulder.

"You brute, how dare you do this?" asks Mrs. Baynes, glaring at the young man.

"It is *you* who have done it, Eliza!" says aunt Emily.

"And so she has, Mrs. MacWhirter!" calls out Mrs. Colonel Bunch from the landing above.

And Charles Baynes felt he had acted like a traitor, and hung down his head. He had encouraged his daughter to give her heart away, and she had obeyed him. When he saw Philip I think he was glad: so was the Major, though Firmin, to be sure, pushed him quite roughly up against the wall.

"Is this vulgar scandal to go on in the passage before the whole house?" gasped Mrs. Baynes.

"Bunch brought me here to prescribe for this young lady," says little Doctor Martin, in a very courtly way. "Madame, will you get a little sal volatile from Anjubeau's, in the Faubourg; and let her be kept very quiet!"

"Come, Monsieur Philippe. It is enough like that!" cries Madame, who can't repress a smile. "Come to your chamber, dear little!"

"Madame," cries Mrs. Baynes, "*une mère—*" Madame shrugs her shoulders. "*Une mère, une belle mère, ma foi!*" she says. "Come, mademoiselle!"

There were only very few people in the boarding-house; if they knew, if they saw, what happened, how can we help ourselves? But that they had all been sitting over a powder magazine, which might have blown up and destroyed one, two, three, five people; even Philip did not know, until afterward, when, laughing, Major MacWhirter told him how that meek but most savage Baynes had first challenged Bunch, had then challenged his brother-in-law, and how all sorts of battle, murder, sudden death might have ensued had the quarrel not come to an end.

Were your humble servant anxious to harrow his reader's feelings, or display his own graphic powers, you understand that I never would have allowed those two gallant officers to quarrel and threaten each other's very noses, without having the insult wiped out in blood. The Bois de Boulogne is hard by the Avenue de Marli, with plenty of cool fighting ground. The *octroi* officers never stop gentlemen going out at the neighboring barrier upon dueling business, or prevent the return of the slain victim in the hackney-coach when the dreadful combat is over. From my knowledge of Mrs. Baynes's character, I have not the slightest doubt that she would have encouraged her husband to fight; and, the general down, would have put pistols into the hands of her boys, and bidden them carry on the *vendetta*; but as I do not, for my part, love to see brethren at war, or Moses and Aaron tugging white handkerchiefs out of each other's beards, I am glad there is going to be no fight between the veterans, and that either's stout old breast is secure from the fratricidal bullet.

Major MacWhirter forgot all about bullets and battles when poor little Charlotte kissed him, and was not in the least jealous when he saw the little maiden clinging on Philip's arm. He was melted at the sight of that grief and innocence, when Mrs. Baynes still continued to

bark out her private rage, and said: "If the general won't protect me from insult, I think I had better go."

"By Jove, I think you had!" exclaimed MacWhirter, to which remark the eyes of the doctor and Colonel Bunch gleamed an approval.

"*Allons, Monsieur Philippe.* Enough like that—let me take her to bed again," Madame resumed. "Come, dear miss!"

What a pity that the bedroom was but a yard from where they stood! Philip felt strong enough to carry his little Charlotte to the Tuileries. The thick brown locks, which had fallen over his shoulders, are lifted away. The little wounded heart that had lain against his own, parts from him with a reviving throb. Madame and her mother carry away little Charlotte. The door of the neighboring chamber closes on her. The sad little vision has disappeared. The men, quarreling anon in the passage, stand there silent.

"I heard her voice outside," said Philip, after a little pause (with love, with grief, with excitement, I suppose his head was in a whirl). "I heard her voice outside, and I couldn't help coming in."

"By George, I should think not, young fellow!" says Major MacWhirter, stoutly shaking the young man by the hand.

"Hush! hush!" whispers the doctor; "she must be quite quiet. She has had quite excitement enough for to-night. There must be no more scenes, my young fellow."

And Philip says, when in this his agony of grief and doubt he found a friendly hand put out to him, he himself was so exceedingly moved that he was compelled to fly out of the company of the old men into the night, where the rain was pouring—the gentle rain.

While Philip, without Madame Smolensk's premises, is saying his tenderest prayers, offering up his tears, heart-throbs, and most passionate vows of love for little Charlotte's benefit, the warriors assembled within once more retreat to a colloquy in the *salle-à-manger*; and, in consequence of the rainy state of the night, the astonished Auguste has to bring a third supply of hot water for the four gentlemen attending the congress. The colonel, the major, the doctor, ranged themselves on one side the table, defended, as it were, by a line of armed tumblers, flanked by a strong brandy-bottle and a stout earth-work, from an embrasure in which scalding water could be discharged. Behind these fortifications the veterans awaited their enemy, who, after marching up and down the room for a while, takes position finally in their front and prepares to attack. The general remounts his *cheval de bataille*, but can not bring the animal to charge as fiercely as before. Charlotte's white apparition has come among them, and flung her fair arms between the men of war. In vain Baynes tries to get up a bluster, and to enforce his passion with by Georges, by Joves, and words naughtier still. That weak, meek, quiet, henpecked, but most blood-thirsty old general found

himself forming his own minority, and against him his old comrade Bunch, whom he had insulted and nose-pulled; his brother-in-law, MacWhirter, whom he had nose-pulled and insulted; and the doctor, who had been called in as the friend of the former. As they faced him, shoulder to shoulder, each of those three acquired fresh courage from his neighbor. Each, taking his aim deliberately, poured his fire into Baynes. To yield to such odds, on the other hand, was not so distasteful to the veteran as to have to give up his sword to any single adversary. Before he would own himself in the wrong to any individual, he would eat that individual's ears and nose; but to be surrounded by three enemies, and strike your flag before such odds, was no disgrace; and Baynes could take the circumbendibus way of apology to which some proud spirits will submit. Thus he could say to the doctor, "Well, doctor, perhaps I was hasty in accusing Bunch of employing bad language to me. A by-stander can see these things sometimes when a principal is too angry; and as you go against me—well—there, then, I ask Bunch's pardon." That business over, the MacWhirter reconciliation was very speedily brought about. Fact was, was in a confounded ill-temper—very much disturbed by events of the day—didn't mean any thing but this, that, and so forth. If this old chief had to eat humble pie his brave adversaries were anxious that he should gobble up his portion as quickly as possible, and turned away their honest old heads as he swallowed it. One of the party told his wife of the quarrel which had arisen, but Baynes never did. "I declare, Sir!" Philip used to say, "had she known any thing about the quarrel that night, Mrs. Baynes would have made her husband turn out of bed at midnight, and challenge his old friends over again!" But then there was no love between Philip and Mrs. Baynes, and in those whom he hates he is accustomed to see little good.

Thus, any gentle reader who expected to be treated to an account of the breakage of the sixth commandment will close this chapter disappointed. Those stout old rusty swords which were fetched off their hooks by the warriors, their owners, were returned undrawn to their flannel cases. Hands were shaken after a fashion—at least no blood was shed. But, though the words spoken between the old boys were civil enough, Bunch, Baynes, and the doctor could not alter their opinion that Philip had been hardly used, and that the benefactor of his family merited a better treatment from General Baynes.

Meanwhile that benefactor strode home through the rain in a state of perfect rapture. The rain refreshed him, as did his own tears. The dearest little maiden had sunk for a moment on his heart, and, as she lay there, a thrill of hope vibrated through his whole frame. Her father's old friends had held out a hand to him, and bid him not despair. Blow wind, fall autumn rains! In the midnight, under the gusty

trees, amidst which the lamps of the *reverbères* are tossing, the young fellow strides back to his lodgings. He is poor and unhappy, but he has Hope along with him. He looks at a certain breast-button of his old coat ere he takes it off to sleep. "Her cheek was lying there," he thinks, "just there." My poor little Charlotte! what could she have done to the breast-button of the old coat?



CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH MRS. MACWHIRTER HAS A NEW BONNET.

Now though the unhappy Philip slept quite soundly, so that his boots, those tramp-worn sentries, remained *en faction* at his door until quite a late hour next morning; and though little Charlotte, after a prayer or two, sank into the sweetest and most refreshing girlish slumber, Charlotte's father and mother had a bad night; and, for my part, I maintain that they did not deserve a good one. It was very well for Mrs. Baynes to declare that it was MacWhirter's snoring which kept them awake (Mr. and Mrs. Mac being lodged in the bedroom over their relatives)—I don't say a snoring neighbor is pleasant—but what a bedfellow is a bad conscience! Under Mrs. Baynes's night-cap the grim eyes lie open all night; on Baynes's pillow is a silent wakeful head that hears the hours toll. A plague upon the young man! (thinks the female *bonnet de nuit*)—how dare he come in and disturb every thing? How pale Charlotte will look to-morrow when Mrs. Hely calls with her son! When she has been crying she looks hideous, and her eyelids and nose are quite red. She may fly out, and say something wicked and absurd, as she did to-day. I wish I had never seen that insolent young man, with his carroty beard, and vulgar Blucher boots! If my boys were grown up, he should not come hectoring about the house as he does; *they* would soon find a way of punishing his impudence! Balked revenge and a hungry disappointment, I think, are keeping that old woman awake;

and if she hears the hours tolling, it is because wicked thoughts make her sleepless.

As for Baynes, I believe that old man is awake, because he is awake to the shabbiness of his own conduct. His conscience has got the better of him, which he has been trying to bully out of doors. Do what he will, that reflection forces itself upon him. Mac, Bunch, and the doctor all saw the thing at once, and went dead against him. He wanted to break his word to a young fellow, who, whatever his faults might be, had acted most nobly and generously by the Baynes family. He might have been ruined but for Philip's forbearance; and showed his gratitude by breaking his promise to the young fellow. He was a hen-pecked man—that was the fact. He allowed his wife to govern him: that little, old, plain, cantankerous woman asleep yonder. Asleep. Was she? No. He knew she wasn't. Both were lying quite still, wide awake, pursuing their dismal thoughts. Only Charles was owning that he was a sinner, while Eliza, his wife, in a rage at her last defeat, was meditating how she could continue and still win her battle.

Then Baynes reflects how persevering his wife is; how, all through life, she has come back and back and back to her point, until he has ended by an almost utter subjugation. He will resist for a day: she will fight for a year, for a life. If once she hates people, the sentiment always remains with her fresh and lively. Her jealousy never dies; nor her desire to rule. What a life she will lead poor Charlotte now she has declared against Philip! The poor child will be subject to a dreadful tyranny: the father knows it. As soon as he leaves the house on his daily walks the girl's torture will begin. Baynes knows how his wife can torture a woman. As she groans out a hollow cough from her bed in the midnight the guilty man lies quite mum under his own counterpane. If she fancies him awake it will be *his* turn to receive the torture. Ah, Othello, *mon ami*! when you look round at married life, and know what you know, don't you wonder that the bolster is not used a great deal more freely on both sides? Horrible cynicism! Yes—I know. These propositions served raw are savage, and shock your sensibility; cooked with a little piquant sauce, they are welcome at quite polite tables.

"Poor child! Yes, by George! What a life her mother will lead her!" thinks the general, rolling uneasy on the midnight pillow. "No rest for her, day or night, until she marries the man of her mother's choosing. And she has a delicate chest—Martin says she has; and she wants coaxing and soothing, and pretty coaxing she will have from mamma!" Then, I dare say, the past rises up in that wakeful old man's uncomfortable memory. His little Charlotte is a child again, laughing on his knee, and playing with his accoutrements as he comes home from parade. He remembers the fever which she had, when she would take medicine from no other hand; and how, though silent

with her mother, with him she would never tire of prattling, prattling. Guilt-stricken old man! are those tears trickling down thy old nose? It is midnight. We can not see. When you brought her to the river, and parted with her to send her to Europe, how the little maid clung to you, and cried, "Papa, papa!" Staggering up the steps of the ghaut, how you wept yourself—yes, wept tears of passionate tender grief at parting with the darling of your soul. And now, deliberately, and for the sake of money, you stab her to the heart, and break your plighted honor to your child. "And it is yonder cruel, shriveled, bilious, plain old woman who makes me do all this, and trample on my darling, and torture her!" he thinks. In Zoffany's famous picture of Garrick and Mrs. Pritchard as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, Macbeth stands in an attitude hideously contorted and constrained, while Lady Mac is firm and easy. Was this the actor's art, or the poet's device? Baynes is wretched, then. He is wrung with remorse, and shame, and pity. Well, I am glad of it. Old man, old man! how darest thou to cause that child's tender little bosom to bleed? How bilious he looks the next morning! I declare as yellow as his grim old wife. When Mrs. General B. hears the children their lessons, how she will scold them! It is my belief she will bark through the morning chapter, and scarce understand a word of its meaning. As for Charlotte, when she appears with red eyes, and ever so little color in her round cheek, there is that in her look and demeanor which warns her mother to refrain from too familiar abuse or scolding. The girl is in rebellion. All day Char was in a feverish state, her eyes flashing war. There was a song which Philip loved in those days: the song of Ruth. Char sat down to the piano, and sang it with a strange energy. "Thy people shall be my people"—she sang with all her heart—"and thy God my God!" The slave had risen. The little heart was in arms and mutiny. The mother was scared by her defiance.

As for the guilty old father; pursued by the fiend remorse, he fled early from his house, and read all the papers at *Galignani's* without comprehending them. Madly regardless of expense, he then plunged into one of those luxurious restaurants in the Palais Royal where you get soup, three dishes, a sweet, and a pint of delicious wine for two frongs, by George! But all the luxuries there presented to him could not drive away care or create appetite. Then the poor old wretch went off and saw a ballet at the Grand Opera. In vain. The pink nymphs had not the slightest fascination for him. He hardly was aware of their ogles, bounds, and capers. He saw a little maid with round, sad eyes; his Iphigenia whom he was stabbing. He took more brandy-and-water at cafés on his way home. In vain, in vain, I tell you! The old wife was sitting up for him, scared at the unusual absence of her lord. She dared not remonstrate with him when he returned. His

face was pale. His eyes were fierce and blood-shot. When the general had a particular look, Eliza Baynes cowered in silence. Mac, the two sisters, and, I think, Colonel Bunch (but on this point my informant, Philip, can not be sure) were having a dreary rubber when the general came in. Mrs. B. knew by the general's face that he had been having recourse to alcoholic stimulus. But she dared not speak. A tiger in a jungle was not more savage than Baynes sometimes. "Where's Char?" he asked, in his dreadful, his Bluebeard voice. "Char was gone to bed," said mamma, sorting her trumps. "Hm! Augoost, Odevee, Osho!" Did Eliza Baynes interfere, though she knew he had had enough? As soon interfere with a tiger, and tell him he had eaten enough Sepoy. After Lady Macbeth had induced Mac to go through that business with Duncan, depend upon it she was not very deferential and respectful to her general. All the king's horses and men could not bring his late majesty back to life again. As for you, old man, though your deed is done, it is not past recalling. Though you have withdrawn from your word on a sordid money pretext; made two hearts miserable, stabbed cruelly that one which you love best in the world; acted with wicked ingratitude toward a young man, who has been nobly forgiving toward you and yours; and are suffering with rage and remorse, as you own your crime to yourself; your deed is not past recalling as yet. You may soothe that anguish, and dry those tears. It is but an act of resolution on your part, and a firm resumption of your marital authority. Mrs. Baynes, after her crime, is quite humble and gentle. She has half murdered her child, and stretched Philip on an infernal rack of torture; but she is quite civil to every body at Madame's house. Not one word does she say respecting Mrs. Colonel Bunch's outbreak of the night before. She talks to sister Emily about Paris, the fashions, and Emily's walks on the Boulevard and the Palais Royal with her major. She bestows ghastly smiles upon sundry lodgers at table. She thanks Augoost when he serves her at dinner—and says, "*Ah, Madame, que le boof est bon aujourd'hui, rien que j'aime comme le potofou.*" Oh, you old hypocrite! But you know I, for my part, always disliked the woman, and said her good-humor was more detestable than her anger. You hypocrite! I say again: ay, and avow that there were other hypocrites at the table, as you shall presently hear.

When Baynes got an opportunity of speaking unobserved, as he thought, to Madame, you may be sure the guilty wretch asked her how his little Charlotte was. Mrs. Baynes trumped her partner's best heart at that moment, but pretended to observe or overhear nothing. "She goes better—she sleeps," Madame said. "Mr. the Doctor Martin has commanded her a calming potion." And what if I were to tell you that somebody had taken a little letter from Charlotte, and actually had given fifteen sous to a Savoyard youth to convey that letter to some-

body else? What if I were to tell you that the party to whom that letter was addressed, straightway wrote an answer—directed to Madame de Smolensk, of course? I know it was very wrong; but I suspect Philip's prescription did quite as much good as Doctor Martin's, and don't intend to be very angry with Madame for consulting the unlicensed practitioner. Don't preach to me, Madam, about morality, and dangerous examples set to young people. Even at your present mature age, and with your dear daughters around you, if your ladyship goes to hear the Barber of Seville, on which side are your sympathies—on Dr. Bartolo's, or Miss Rosina's?

Although, then, Mrs. Baynes was most respectful to her husband, and by many grim blandishments, humble appeals, and forced humiliations, strove to conciliate and soothe him, the general turned a dark, lowering face upon the partner of his existence: her dismal smiles were no longer pleasing to him: he returned curt "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" to her remarks. When Mrs. Hely and her son and her daughter drove up in their family coach to pay yet a second visit to the Baynes family, the general flew in a passion, and cried, "Bless my soul, Eliza, you can't think of receiving visitors, with our poor child sick in the next room? It's inhuman!" the scared woman ventured on no remonstrance. She was so frightened that she did not attempt to scold the younger children. She took a piece of work and sat among them furtively weeping. Their artless queries and unseasonable laughter stabbed and punished the matron. You see people do wrong though they are long past fifty years of age. It is not only the scholars but the ushers, and the head-master himself, who sometimes deserve a chastisement. I, for my part, hope to remember this sweet truth though I live into the year 1900.

To those other ladies boarding at Madame's establishment, to Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Colonel Bunch, though they had declared against him, and expressed their opinions in the frankest way on the night of the battle royal, the general was provokingly polite and amiable. They had said, but twenty-four hours since, that the general was a brute; and Lord Chesterfield could not have been more polite to a lovely young duchess than was Baynes to these matrons next day. You have heard how Mrs. Mac had a strong desire to possess a new Paris bonnet, so that she might appear with proper lustre among the ladies on the promenade at Tours? Major and Mrs. Mac and Mrs. Bunch talked of going to the Palais Royal (where MacWhirter said he had remarked some uncommonly neat things, by George! at the corner shop under the glass gallery). On this Baynes started up, and said he would accompany his friends, adding, "You know, Emily, I promised you a hat ever so long ago!" And those four went away together, and not one offer did Baynes make to his wife to join the party; though her best bonnet, poor thing, was a dreadfully old performance, with

moulting feathers, rumpled ribbons, tarnished flowers, and lace bought in St. Martin's Alley months and months before. Emily, to be sure, said to her sister, "Eliza, won't *you* be of the party? We can take the omnibus at the corner, which will land us at the very gate." But as Emily gave this unlucky invitation the general's face wore an expression of ill-will so savage and terrific that Eliza Baynes said "No—thank you, Emily; Charlotte is still unwell, and I—I may be wanted at home." And the party went away without Mrs. Baynes; and they were absent I don't know how long: and Emily MacWhirter came back to the boarding-house in a bonnet—the sweetest thing you ever saw!—green piqué velvet, with a *ruche* full of rosebuds, and a bird of paradise perched on the top, pecking at a bunch of the most magnificent grapes, poppies, ears of corn, barley, etc., all indicative of the bounteous autumn season. Mrs. General Baynes had to see her sister return home in this elegant bonnet; to welcome her; to acquiesce in Emily's remark that the general had done the genteel thing; to hear how the party had farther been to Tortoni's, and had ices; and then to go up stairs to her own room, and look at *her* own battered, blowzy, old *chapeau*, with its limp streamers, hanging from its peg. This humiliation, I say, Eliza Baynes had to bear in silence, without wincing, and, if possible, a smile on her face.

In consequence of circumstances before indicated, Miss Charlotte was pronounced to be very much better when her papa returned from his Palais Royal trip. He found her seated on Madame's sofa, pale, but with the wonted sweetness in her smile. He kissed and caressed her with many tender words. I dare say he told her there was nothing in the world he loved so much as his Charlotte. He would never willingly do any thing to give her pain, never! She had been his good girl and his blessing all his life! Ah! that is a prettier little picture to imagine—that repentant man, and his child clinging to him—than the tableau overhead, viz. Mrs. Baynes looking at her old bonnet. Not one word was said about Philip in the talk between Baynes and his daughter, but those tender paternal looks and caresses carried hope into Charlotte's heart; and when her papa went away (she said afterward to a female friend), "I got up and followed him, intending to show him Philip's letter. But at the door I saw mamma coming down the stairs; and she looked so dreadful, and frightened me so, that I went back." There are some mothers I have heard of who won't allow their daughters to read the works of this humble homilist, lest they should imbibe "dangerous" notions, etc. etc. My good ladies, give them *Goody Twoshoes* if you like, or whatever work, combining instruction and amusement, you think most appropriate to their juvenile understandings; but I beseech you to be gentle with them. I never saw people on better terms with each other, more frank, affectionate, and cordial, than the parents and the grown-up

young folks in the United States. And why? Because the children were spoiled, to be sure! I say to you, get the confidence of yours—before the day comes of revolt and independence, after which love returneth not.

Now, when Mrs. Baynes went into her daughter, who had been sitting pretty comfortably kissing her father, on the sofa in Madame's chamber, all those soft tremulous smiles and twinkling dew-drops of compassion and forgiveness which anon had come to soothe the little maid, fled from cheek and eyes. They began to flash again with their febrile brightness, and her heart to throb with dangerous rapidity. "How are you now?" asks mamma, with her deep voice. "I am much the same," says the girl, beginning to tremble. "Leave the child; you agitate her, Madam," cries the mistress of the house, coming in after Mrs. Baynes. That sad, humiliated, deserted mother goes out from her daughter's presence, hanging her head. She put on the poor old bonnet, and had a walk that evening on the Champs Elysées with her little ones, and showed them Guignol: she gave a penny to Guignol's man. It is my belief that she saw no more of the performance than her husband had seen of the ballet the night previous, when Taglioni, and Noblet, and Duvernay, danced before his hot eyes. But then, you see, the hot eyes had been washed with a refreshing water since, which enabled them to see the world much more cheerfully and brightly. Ah, gracious Heaven gives us eyes to see our own wrong, however dim age may make them; and knees not too stiff to kneel, in spite of years, cramps, and rheumatism! That stricken old woman, then, treated her children to the trivial comedy of Guignol. She did not cry out when the two boys climbed up the trees of the Elysian fields, though the guardians bade them descend; she bought pink sticks of barley-sugar for the young ones. Withdrawing glistening sweetmeats from their lips, they pointed to Mrs. Hely's splendid barouche as it rolled citywards from the Bois de Boulogne. The gray shades were falling, and Auguste was in the act of ringing the first dinner-bell at Madame Smolensk's establishment, when Mrs. General Baynes returned to her lodgings.

Meanwhile aunt MacWhirter had been to pay a visit to little Miss Charlotte, in the new bonnet which the general, Charlotte's papa, had bought for her. This elegant article had furnished a subject of pleasing conversation between niece and aunt, who held each other in very kindly regard, and all the details of the bonnet, the blue flowers, scarlet flowers, grapes, sheaves of corn, lace, etc., were examined and admired in detail. Charlotte remembered the dowdy old English thing which aunt Mac wore when she went out. Charlotte did remember the bonnet, and laughed when Mrs. Mac described how papa, in the hackney-coach on their return home, insisted upon taking the old wretch of a bonnet, and flinging it out of the coach window into the road, where an old chif-

fonnier passing picked it up with his iron hook, put it on his own head, and walked away grinning. I declare, at the recital of this narrative, Charlotte laughed as pleasantly and happily as in former days; and, no doubt, there were more kisses between this poor little maid and her aunt.

Now, you will remark, that the general and his party, though they returned from the Palais Royal in a hackney-coach, went thither on foot, two and two—viz., Major MacWhirter leading, and giving his arm to Mrs. Bunch (who, I promise you, knew the shops in the Palais Royal well), and the general following at some distance, with his sister-in-law for a partner.

In that walk a conversation very important to Charlotte's interests took place between her aunt and her father.

"Ah, Baynes! this is a sad business about dearest Char," Mrs. Mac broke out with a sigh.

"It is, indeed, Emily," says the general, with a very sad groan on his part.

"It goes to my heart to see you, Baynes; it goes to Mac's heart. We talked about it ever so late last night. You were suffering dreadfully; and all the brandy-pawnee in the world won't cure you, Charles."

"No, faith," says the general, with a dismal screw of the mouth. "You see, Emily, to see that child suffer tears my heart out—by George, it does. She has been the best child, and the most gentle, and the merriest, and the most obedient, and I never had a word of fault to find with her; and—poo-oo!" Here the general's eyes, which have been winking with extreme rapidity, give way; and at the signal pooh! there issue out from them two streams of that eye-water which we have said is sometimes so good for the sight.

"My dear kind Charles, you were always a good creature," says Emily, patting the arm on which hers rests. Meanwhile Major-General Baynes, C.B., puts his bamboo cane under his disengaged arm, extracts from his hind pocket a fine large yellow bandana pocket handkerchief, and performs a prodigious loud obligato—just under the spray of the Rond-point fountain, opposite the Bridge of the Invalides, over which poor Philip has tramped many and many a day and night to see his little maid.

"Have a care with your cane, then, old imbecile!" cries an approaching foot-passenger, whom the general meets and charges with his iron ferule.

"*Mille pardong, mosoo, je vous demande mille pardong,*" says the old man, quite meekly.

"You are a good soul, Charles," the lady continues; "and my little Char is a darling. You never would have done this of your own accord. Mercy! And see what it was coming to! Mac only told me last night. You horrid, blood-thirsty creature! Three challenges—and dearest Mac as hot as pepper! Oh, Charles Baynes. I tremble when I think of the danger from which you have all been rescued! Suppose you brought home to Eliza—suppose dearest Mac brought

home to me killed by this arm on which I am leaning. Oh, it is dreadful, dreadful! We are sinners, all that we are, Baynes!"

"I humbly ask pardon for having thought of a great crime. I ask pardon," says the general, very pale and solemn.

"If you had killed dear Mac, would you ever had rest again, Charles?"

"No; I think not. I should not deserve it," answers the contrite Baynes.

"You have a good heart. It was not *you* who did this. I know who it was. She always had a dreadful temper. The way in which she used to torture our poor dear Louisa who is dead I can hardly forgive now, Baynes. Poor suffering angel! Eliza was at her bedside nagging and torturing her up to the very last day. Did you ever see her with her nurses and servants in India? The way in which she treated them was—"

"Don't say any more. I am aware of my wife's faults of temper. Heaven knows it has made me suffer enough!" says the general, hanging his head down.

"Why, man—do you intend to give way to her altogether? I said to Mac last night, 'Mac, does he intend to give way to her altogether? The *Army List* doesn't contain the name of a braver man than Charles Baynes, and is my sister Eliza to rule him entirely, Mac!' I said. No; if you stand up to Eliza, I know from experience she will give way. We have had quarrels, scores and hundreds, as you know, Baynes."

"Faith, I do," owns the general, with a sad smile on his countenance.

"And sometimes she has had the best and sometimes I have had the best, Baynes! But I never yielded, as you do, without a fight for my own. No, never, Baynes! And me and Mac are shocked, I tell you, fairly, when we see the way in which you give up to her!"

"Come, come. I think you have told me often enough that I am hen-pecked," says the general.

"And you give up not yourself only, Charles, but your dear, dear child—poor little suffering love!"

"The young man's a beggar!" cries the general, biting his lips.

"What were you, what was Mac and me when we married? We hadn't much besides our pay, had we? we rubbed on through bad weather and good, managing as best we could, loving each other, God be praised! And here we are, owing nobody any thing, and me going to have a new bonnet!" and she tossed up her head, and gave her companion a good-natured look through her twinkling eyes.

"Emily, you have a good heart! that's the truth," says the general.

"And *you* have a good heart, Charles, as sure as my name's MacWhirter; and I want you to act upon it, and I propose—"

"What?"

"Well, I propose that—" But now they have reached the Tuileries garden gates, and pass through, and continue their conversation

in the midst of such a hubbub that we can not overhear them. They cross the garden, and so make their way into the Palais Royal, and the purchase of the bonnet takes place; and in the midst of the excitement occasioned by *that* event, of course, all discussion of domestic affairs becomes uninteresting.

But the gist of Baynes's talk with his sister-in-law may be divined from the conversation which presently occurred between Charlotte and her aunt. Charlotte did not come in to the public dinner. She was too weak for that; and "*un bon bouillon*" and a wing of fowl were served to her in the private apartment, where she had been reclining all day. At dessert, however, Mrs. MacWhirter took a fine bunch of grapes and a plump rosy peach from the table, and carried them to the little maid, and their interview may be described with sufficient accuracy, though it passed without other witnesses.

From the outbreak on the previous night Charlotte knew that her aunt was her friend. The glances of Mrs. MacWhirter's eyes, and the expression of her bony, homely face, told her sympathy to the girl. There were no pallors now, no angry glances, no heart-beating. Miss Char could even make a little joke when her aunt appeared, and say, "What beautiful grapes! Why, aunt, you must have taken them out of the new bonnet!"

"You should have had the bird of paradise, too, dear, only I see you have not eaten your chicken! She is a kind woman, Madame Smolensk. I like her. She gives very nice dinners. I can't think how she does it for the money, I am sure!"

"She has been very, very kind to me; and I love her with all my heart!" cries Charlotte.

"Poor darling! We have all our trials, and yours have begun, my love!"

"Yes, indeed, aunt!" whimpers the young person; upon which osculation possibly takes place.

"My dear! when your papa took me to buy the bonnet we had a long talk, and it was about you."

"About me, aunt!" warbles Miss Charlotte.

"He would not take mamma; he would only go with me, alone. I knew he wanted to say something about you; and what do you think it was? My dear, you have been very much agitated here. You and your poor mamma are likely to disagree for some time. She will drag you to those balls and fine parties, and bring you those *fine partners*."

"Oh, I hate them!" cries Charlotte. Poor little Hely Walsingham, what had he done to be hated?

"Well. It is not for me to speak of a mother to her own daughter. But you know mamma has a *way* with her. She expects to be obeyed. She will give you no peace. She will come back to her point again and again. You know how she speaks of some one—a certain gentleman? If ever she sees him she will be rude to him. Mamma can be rude at times—that I must say

of my own sister. As long as you remain here—"

"Oh, aunt, aunt! Don't take me away, don't take me away!" cries Charlotte.

"My dearest, are you afraid of your old aunt, and your uncle Mac, who is so kind, and has always loved you? Major MacWhirter has a will of his own, too, though of course I make no allusions. We know how admirably somebody has behaved to your family. Somebody who has been most *ungratefully* treated, though of course I make no allusions. If you have given away your heart to your father's *greatest benefactor*, do you suppose I and uncle Mac will quarrel with you? When Eliza married Baynes (your father was a penniless subaltern then, my dear—and my sister was certainly neither a fortune nor a beauty) didn't she go dead against the wishes of *our* father? Certainly she did! But she said she was of age, that she was, and a great deal more, too—and she would do as she liked, and she made Baynes marry her. Why should you be afraid of coming to us, love? You are nearer somebody here, but can you see him? Your mamma will never let you go out, but she will follow you like a shadow. You may write to him. Don't tell *me*, child. Haven't I been young myself; and when there was a difficulty between Mac and poor papa, didn't Mac write to me, though he hates letters, poor dear, and certainly is *a stick* at them? And, though we were forbidden, had we not twenty ways of telegraphing to each other? Law! your poor dear grandfather was in such a rage with me once, when he found one, that he took down his great buggy whip to me, a grown girl!"

Charlotte, who has plenty of humor, would have laughed at this confession some other time, but now she was too much agitated by that invitation to quit Paris, which her aunt had just given her. Quit Paris? Lose the chance of seeing her dearest friend, her protector? If he was not with her, was he not near her? Yesterday night, that horrible yesterday—when all was so wretched, so desperate, did not her champion burst forward to her rescue?

"You are not listening, you poor child!" said aunt Mac, surveying her niece with looks of kindness. Now listen to me once more. Whisper!" And sitting down on the settee by Charlotte's side, aunt Emily first kissed the girl's round cheek, and then whispered into her ear.

Never, I declare, was medicine so efficacious, or rapid of effect, as that wondrous distillment which aunt Emily poured into her niece's ear! "Oh you goose!" she began by saying, and the rest of the charm she whispered into that pearly little pink shell round which Miss Charlotte's soft, brown ringlets clustered. Such a sweet blush rose straightway to the cheek! Such sweet lips began to cry, "Oh you dear, dear aunt!" and then began to kiss aunt's kind face, that, I declare, if I knew the spell, I would like to pronounce it right off, with such a sweet young patient to practice on.

"When do we go? To-morrow, aunt, *n'est-ce pas?* Oh, I am quite strong! never felt so well in my life! I'll go and pack up *this instant!*" cries the young person.

"*Doucement!* Papa knows of the plan. Indeed it was he who proposed it."

"Dearest, best father!" ejaculates Miss Charlotte.

"But mamma does not; and if you show yourself very eager, Charlotte, she may object, you know. Heaven forbid that *I* should counsel dissimulation to a child; but under the circumstances, my love— At least I own what happened between Mac and me. Law! *I* didn't care for papa's buggy whip! I knew it would not hurt; and as for Baynes, I am sure he would not hurt a fly. Never was man more sorry for what he has done. He told me so while we walked away from the bonnet-shop, while he was carrying my old yellow. We met somebody near the Bourse. How sad he looked, and how handsome too! *I* bowed to him and kissed my hand to him, that is, the nob of my parasol. Papa couldn't shake hands with him, because of my bonnet, you know, in the brown-paper bag. He has a grand beard indeed! He looked like a wounded lion. I said so to papa. And I said, 'It is you who wound him, Charles Baynes!' 'I know that,' papa said. 'I have been thinking of it. I can't sleep at night for thinking about it; and it makes me deed unhappy.' You know what papa sometimes says? Dear me! You should have heard them, when Eliza and I joined the army, years and years ago!"

For once Charlotte Baynes was happy at her father's being unhappy. The little maiden's heart had been wounded to think that her father could do his Charlotte a wrong. Ah! take warning by him, ye gray-beards! And however old and toothless, if you have done wrong, own that you have done so; and sit down and mumble your humble pie!

The general, then, did not shake hands with Philip; but Major MacWhirter went up in the most marked way, and gave the wounded lion his own paw, and said, "Mr. Firmin. Glad to see you! If ever you come to Tours, mind, don't forget my wife and me. Fine day. Little patient much better! *Bon courage*, as they say!"

I wonder what sort of a bungle Philip made of his correspondence with the *Pall Mall Gazette* that night? Every man who lives by his pen, if by chance he looks back at his writings of former years, lives in the past again. Our griefs, our pleasures, our youth, our sorrows, our dear, dear friends, resuscitate. How we tingle with shame over some of those fine passages! How dreary are those disinterred jokes! It was Wednesday night, Philip was writing off at home, in his inn, one of his grand tirades, dated "Paris, Thursday"—so as to be in time, you understand, for the post of Saturday, when the little waiter comes and says, winking, "Again that lady, Monsieur Philippe!"



THE POOR HELPING THE POOR.

"What lady?" asks our own intelligent correspondent.

"That old lady who came the other day, you know."

"*C'est moi, mon ami!*" cries Madame Smo-

lensk's well-known grave voice. "Here is a letter, *d'abord*. But that says nothing. It was written before the *grande nouvelle*—the great news—the good news!"

"What good news?" asks the gentleman.

"In two days Miss goes to Tours with her aunt and uncle—this good Macvirterre. They have taken their places by the diligence of Lafitte and Caillard. They are thy friends. Papa encourages her going. Here is their card of visit. Go thou also; they will receive thee with open arms. What hast thou, my son?"

Philip looked dreadfully sad. An injured and unfortunate gentleman at New York had drawn upon him, and he had paid away every thing he had but four francs, and he was living on credit until his next remittance arrived.

"Thou hast no money! I have thought of it. Behold of it! Let him wait—the proprietor!" And she takes out a bank-note, which she puts in the young man's hand.

"*Tiens, il t'embrasse encor c'te vieille!*" says the little knife-boy. "*J'aimerais pas ça, moi, par exemple!*"

TANGLED THREADS.

THERE are not many sadder eyes this present year than those which looked out from under the white forehead of young Sylvia Farnham.

And yet the wave of trouble and death and anguish which has flown with such heavy surge and coldness through so many hearts of the land had passed her by, to all outward seeing, quite untouched.

Sylvia Farnham's mental ailment was of that kind, talking over which the best of us are apt to shrug a little, and say, "Nonsense!" So reluctant we are to admit our belief of things we do believe. We *know* how Sylvia Farnham might sit bereaved, though death had neither touched nor threatened the least of her beloved.

Think of the capacity for human tenderness and devotion a gentle, clear-headed girl will garner up from her own nature and our literature in the years which pass between sixteen and twenty-three. And if—the time seeming full come—it seeks lavish outlet, and is driven back ashamed, will not the heart sink and quiver under the sickening weight?

Sylvia had never been specially in love, though she knew very well that, as American girls go, her wedding bells must ring before many years, if at all—and she thought marriage the "true state," as we all think, whether we say it or not.

Not long ago she had observed among the office-signs of the town a new name, "Philip Elcaren," and by-and-by she began to "include" its owner—a man firm of hand and step, with eyes and voice passing those of most men in clear, kindly breadth and fullness.

Will you tell me the common result of a girl of Sylvia Farnham's stamp seeing much of such a man? The demand of a right soul for virtues like its own being apparently fully met, how about the *human* instincts the noblest truly feel? What need to go over the old theme wherewith the sweet singers and ready writers have found their best occasion for all times?

Sylvia and Elcaren had not very long met at social gatherings, and talked and played chess, before, scarcely with her cognition—silently, and, as it were, in the night—the flood-gates felt the opening pressure, and the tide of her whole life's love set forth in steady flow toward this one man.

And so, reader, if you have been in love, as you very probably have, you will see how a girl who had been cool and stately as Diana for twenty-three years, could come to thrill and glow by virtue of a single step, and voice, and touch.

She was afraid of herself, she was coming to love him so! How *could* she, who had "detested" such things, let her hand be retained so long in his the last time they parted? More easily, clearly, than to have drawn it "properly" away. I tell you there is a painfulness almost counterpoising the bliss in that sort of incident. The high reserve of a whole pure maidenhood can not be thrown off, though but partially, with ease, even under rising love's quickening light.

You having been in the state presupposed, will know how it was with Sylvia after an event like the following. She was, you will remember, in the mood we have just discussed, entered on a passion which, at its full, would have thrown herself and the whole world besides at the feet of this beloved. And yet, back of it all, was the maiden delicacy grown doubly sensitive, and ready to take keen alarm at a word.

It was a social evening at Mrs. Mayhew's. The parlors were full—the talk and passing to and fro very brisk. Not specially observed, as she thought, Elcaren was soon at her side; but before long a gay little piece of the world, in person of Miss Euphrasia Lance, came between them in a little breeze of airy, vexatious, yet insinuating *de trop*-ness, and the result was that Sylvia found herself, after a brief eye-parley with her companion, separated from him, and seated at chess, on a thoroughly golden rule principle, with good but prosy and purblind Doctor Akerly, the checkered field before him his world for the time being.

For nearly an hour she saw nothing of Elcaren. She was beginning to really chafe at this quiet puppet-handling which the Doctor enjoyed so much, when the voice again reached her ear. Any other one at the same pitch she would simply have heard and not understood; but you know there will be voices for us alone, whose most careless cadence rings clear as silver bells.

She could just distinguish Alfred Mayhew's words, though he spoke in a higher key. The first were:

"Now, Phil, you may as well be honest, and own you're trapped at last. No girl in her senses could ever have looked and acted that way to a fellow who hadn't made himself pretty definite."

It seemed to Sylvia as though the blood had all gone out of her heart, for it hardly seemed to quiver in its still suspension, while her whole

face glowed furiously. So her burning ears took in the second speaker's words:

"How little you know me, Alf, to jump at that style of conclusion! I assure you no word of this kind has ever passed my lips." (But what had not he looked!) "If you knew her as well as I do, you would never have fallen into this mistake. She either wants to be married or wants to flirt, and what they vulgarly call the 'dead set' is her plan of operation. I tell you, Alf, I would not marry Venus herself if that were her style of attack. My ideal of the sex never can stoop quite so briskly nor so low to conquer."

Then that was his estimate of her, Sylvia Farnham! How the tide rolled back upon her suffocating heart! How she disengaged herself from Dr. Akerly she never knew; but what remained of that evening she spent in a shaded corner of the deserted dressing-room—not crying, but knowing for the first time what real misery meant. Yet as she donned her hood with the rest you must have looked carefully at her, and known her well, to have told that hers had not been a generous share of the enjoyment of the occasion.

At the hall-door she met a form she knew quite too well, waiting, before he went his own way, to bestow her safely in the carriage, which bore her home some distance out of town.

What matter if she could not help thrilling under the old look? The one she gave back was as full of gathered and haughty reproach as ever cut keen from eyes voicing an insulted heart.

His own glance changed to one of surprised inquiry. But what of it? He knew his part well enough, no doubt.

So you see it was quite over. The tide could not well be colder and wider which flowed between her and him. She did not meet him very often, but when she did, that man must have been singularly obtuse who did not see that the *ex eunt omnes* was thenceforth pronounced on all mental intercourse of his as concerned herself.

Girls like Sylvia Farnham do not peak and pine over things of this sort. She went about her household tasks, as it were, with more gentleness and efficiency than ever. The only change outside seemed that she was more tender and thoughtful of actual suffering, or possibility of it, than before.

Her nimble needles clicked and glittered among the very first which unsheathed themselves, on comfortable deeds intent, for those brave but chilly fellows dwelling for the time being in martial but too airy tents.

What if the lines of thought meshed in with every sock all these kind fair fingers are knitting this winter were to become visible and palpable as the homely fabric itself!

In and out, tears never shed, and loneliness never spoken, thoughts busy and sad as death. Out and in, fancies warm and bright as a mid-summer of paradise—high, tender glows from full-pulsed, healthful hearts. All these very possibly in a single stocking!

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The too quiet and almost too long days came and went for Sylvia. "Winter's wild birth-right" was passed, and now the winter's life was full come in all its storm and cold.

Sylvia received a note one day from Miss Katinka Creevy, bustling manageress of half the benevolent societies in town, requesting her presence at the organization and initial meeting of the "Soldiers' Dorcas Society."

On the evening named Sylvia set out, without companion except the boy who drove, on her lonely ride to the town. Had her heart been ever so light, the scene of the journey would have taken somewhat from its cheer. The snow stretched out in long ghastly reaches under the dead gray sky, its whiteness only broken by distant strips of forest which lay along the land, as she thought, like dead giants, prone and black-palled.

Reaching town finally, she found Miss Creevy's parlor full of a smiling, nimble-handed company, among which she took her place, glancing for a moment at the gentlemen, variously disposed, many of them holding skeins of yarn for ladies to wind, others, in lieu of that, keeping balls in diligent ward. No doubt much of the most invigorating electricity wrought back and forth on the lines so formed. Her eyes sought her work relieved; *he* was not there—though for that matter had he been a thousand miles away the chill waters between them could not have flowed more coldly than if he had been at her side.

For nearly an hour she busied herself with her work and a pleasant lady companion. Finishing the task at length, her hands rested a moment in her lap. Then Miss Creevy's vivid voice:

"Miss Farnham, please come and wind this yarn off Mr. Elcaren's hands; every body else is busy."

How little Miss Katinka knew, as she waited to supervise her visitor's compliance, how thunder-bolt like her simple request had been!

Sylvia took in "the situation," as they say in the papers, at a glance.

Most of the company had looked up at Miss Creevy's ting-a-ling voice, and were taking in Sylvia's movements with placid observation. How those eyes would have widened, and those tongues rattled, if Sylvia had acted out her impulse before them! She could not do that; but it was scarcely easier to take the thread from her hostess's hands and wind round after round from these others, whose owner had done her such heart despite, and between whom and herself word even had not passed for months.

The company soon resumed their occupation, and Sylvia wound on and on it seemed for hours almost—only vaguely glad the often treacherous thread did not tangle. A little snap, and lo! the supply had ceased, and the end of the yarn had hidden in the skein, and was not to be seen!

The gentleman leaned forward for her to regain it, and as she sought futilely, with fingers nearly quivering, spite of her almost fierce effort

to keep them firm, she heard a question, as others might have done, but whose two-fold meaning was for her, and understood by her only.

"What has made this breach?"

She looked up at him instinctively for the first time, and found his eyes, full and earnest, steadily on her.

"Ask yourself, Sir."

"I have done so often, and there is no reply in me."

"Then your mind fails to include a conversation some time ago at Mrs. Mayhew's, with her son."

He seemed in surprised reflection.

"I certainly remember a talk with young Mayhew; but where in any thing then said offense to you can lie I declare I do not know."

"You do not see, I presume"—and her voice was full of indignant pain—"how a lady can hear herself adjudged forward and unmaidenly, nay, desirous of forcing herself upon a man, and yet feel no displeasure?"

We can believe the yarn was got in a fine tangle by this time, albeit Miss Creevy, glancing that way just then, wondered, in an undertone, to Dr. Akerly, who was officiating as her holder, how some folks could contrive to snarl and fool over yarn in such a purblind way; whereat the worthy Doctor, who, by dint of holding the skein close to his nose, had not slipped a thread, proudly braced out his yarn, and watched it till his elderly eyes and arms must have ached.

Meanwhile Phil Elcaren's memory had run swiftly back, and was sharply reviewing every word of that long-forgotten dialogue. Then he looked mentally around the parlor whose festive garlands had been three months dead—saw Sylvia at chess with the Doctor, and heard himself warding off the green young collegian's accusation as regarded himself and that shallow little flirt, *Euphrasia Lance*!

Eureka! He didn't say the word, but long before that yarn began to reel off smoothly it would have told two young folks' mental states thoroughly.

Two-thirds of the great skein had vanished into the growing sphere she held, when, fearing to tire him, she asked:

"Shall we not break off now, and throw the rest aside?"

"Stop a minute," said he, in a low, quick voice; "the threads have run double almost from the first. If you break off this visible gray one I shall take it the other is snapped beyond repair; otherwise (oh, happy chance!) it will run on goldenly through life, and take us both to wind it side by side!"

She did not break the thread; but, after one quick look, wound on and on until, finished, it slipped softly through his fingers.

And so Sylvia set out on her journey home over the winter hills. The moon was up in the sky no less than in her heart; and is it wonderful that under the glamour of two moons the trees should have turned from dead giants to harps of *Apolus*, which seemed touched by hands

of fair spirits as the wind stirred softly in their million boughs? and the land no longer grim, but lying with a calm smile—pure, white, undefiled—as it were Nature's millennium come?

THE YARD-MEASURE EXTENDED TO THE STARS.

AS soon as astronomy had learned to know its position, it began to suspect that this earth, with its sun, and moon, and planets, and comets—the whole solar system—is but a speck in the vast firmament of the heavens. The more men worked and thought the stronger grew the conviction that Sirius, the little twinkling star, must be a sun immensely brighter than our own. For they had tried in vain to find out his distance. In vain! The distance always came out infinite. The measuring line placed in the hand of man shrank into nothingness in respect to the whereabouts of the nearest of those little orbs, and astronomy retired abashed. Do you ask me what is the measuring line which man has in his hand to apply to the stars? I shall tell you that it is no small matter as men count smallness. It is two hundred millions of miles—a line long enough, you would think; yet this line actually shrank into nothingness so absolute that, half a century ago, it seemed as hopeful to mount to the stars as to compass their distance with so puny a line. But the thing has been done at last, and triumphantly done. We know the distance of a few of the nearest stars now pretty accurately, at any rate. And I propose to endeavor to convey an idea of how this knowledge has been attained.

Well, then, to begin at the beginning, the first line to which all others are referred, the primary unit, is the yard-measure, by which ladies' dresses are measured—nothing more nor less. It does not concern us to inquire what that yard-measure is. Suffice it that the legislature provide means to prevent its fluctuation from year to year, or from century to century. Now the yard can readily be multiplied to a considerable extent—for example, into a chain of twenty-two yards—and with this chain a line of three or four miles can be measured on the earth's surface. The yard is thus expanded into miles. It is no easy matter, certainly, to measure a few miles on the surface of the earth; but it is possible, and has been done. An extension of this process would, of course, measure a very long line; but this is not necessary. Having once got over a few miles, the yard-measure, and the steel-chain, and all similar appliances are discarded, and the measured line itself is assumed as a new measuring-rod. True, it can not be carried about from place to place. Mohammed can not go to the mountain; so the mountain must be brought to Mohammed. This is done by making direction serve as the evidence of distance. If you measure off on the paper a line a foot long, and take a point somewhere over the centre of it, you will see how the angles of direction from the ends of the line depend

on its distance from the line. So, conversely, if a church-steeple, or some other prominent object, be visible from both ends of the line measured on the earth's surface, its distance from either of them can be determined at once by means of angles, without approaching the object at all. You see, then, how we can get a good long line of sixty or seventy miles. Now, as the earth is a sphere or nearly so, if you travel due north a 360th part of the earth's circumference, you will find that the pole star has assumed a position one degree higher in the heavens. Accordingly, if you can measure distances and angles, the determination of the circumference of the earth is reduced to a matter of mere multiplication. The old Indians had got thus far; the old Greeks too. Two hundred and thirty years before the Christian era Eratosthenes, the librarian of the Alexandrian library, observed the meridian height of the sun at Alexandria at the time of the summer solstice, and then set to work to measure the distance up the Nile to Syene, where the granite quarries still show the marks of the chisel that cut out those wonderful obelisks from them. Here he found, or somebody found for him, a telescope ready to his hand—the earliest telescope on record. It was a reflecting telescope, like Herschel's, polished by nature's own machinery. The mirror was the surface of standing water, and the tube was one of those vertical shafts, which, as in Joseph's well, have stood the wear of ages, and are wonderful even in the land of the pyramids and the sphinxes. Far, far down in the bowels of the earth the brighter stars were visible by day. This telescope disclosed the fact that Syene is just under the northern tropic. And so Eratosthenes, like his great benefactor Alexander, conquered the world. *He* did not weep because there were no more worlds to conquer; for were not the bright orbs, the allies of his first victory, like the Thebans, sure to become an easy prey to his chariot-wheels? But the work of Eratosthenes was done, and they gave him as a reward a mountain in the moon, which bears his name.

To be sure, the 250,000 stadia which Eratosthenes estimated as the circumference of the earth, was a rough enough approximation as compared to the precision of modern times. But it was a great work for one man. Since then the nations of Europe have set themselves to the task. One instance deserves mention.

In 1791-'2, the National Convention of France conceived the magnificent idea of establishing a new standard for every thing—morals, money, and measure. "Let the heavens," they said, "furnish new units of time, and the earth new units of space. Let the week, and the month, and the year, yield up their ancient prerogatives. Let the former history of the world be forgotten, and let all history date from this time. Let the month be divided into thirty days, and let the Sabbath occur every tenth day. Let the day be divided into ten hours, and let new dials be constructed to show them. Let a girdle be

drawn round the earth, which shall connect Paris with the Poles: let this girdle be the standard of measure, and let men be sent out to ascertain its amount." A magnificent order, truly! Yet it does seem easy enough to count by thirties and by tens—to make the months thirty days, and the week ten; but to measure the circumference of the earth, this is a work, a labor! It so happened, however, that the thirty days, and the new sun-dials, and the unscriptural Sabbaths failed to struggle into existence—a higher power protected France from herself; while the measure of the meridians—a work beset with appalling difficulties—was accomplished; and the *mètre*, the ten-millionth part of the measured quadrant of the earth's circumference, is the national standard throughout France to this day.

Enough. We have measured the earth, but we are a great way from the stars still. Our yard-measure has brought us thousands of miles on our journey; but the stars are millions of millions of miles away, and how are we to get at them? We shall see. Remember, then, that, when we had a base-line of a few miles, we could determine the distance of an object seen from either end, by means of angles alone. In the same way, we get at the distance of the sun, or of a planet, by the longer base-line of the earth itself. We get at it roughly, it must be confessed. Copernicus, Tycho, even Kepler himself, had no idea that the sun is so far from us as he really is. Had the sun been fixed immovably in the heavens, it might have been easy, or, at least, it might have been deemed easy, to compare his distance with the size of the earth. But the sun wanders among the stars and rolls round the earth, and thus seems to defy the efforts of the measurer. It was the good fortune of James Gregory to point out a method by which his distance may be determined, spite of his unsteadiness. The orbits of the two planets, Mercury and Venus, lie between the sun and the earth, so that those planets occasionally cross the face of the sun—Mercury frequently, Venus more rarely. It occurred to Gregory that observers at different parts of the earth's surface would witness a transit across different parts of the sun—one seeing it cross the centre, another observing it graze the edge. And, as the time it took in crossing might be readily ascertained in either case, the places at which it crossed would be thereby determined. And thus, knowing the positions of the two places of observation, and the corresponding positions of the projection of the planet on the sun's disk, the determination of the distance of the sun would, by a little help from theory, be reduced to a mere matter of triangles. Perhaps Gregory hardly appreciated the full value of the suggestion he was making. At any rate, nothing followed the publication of his hint for a great number of years. At length, about the beginning of the last century, it assumed, in the mind of Halley, the definite and practicable form which renders it now the corner-stone of astronomy. Halley

perceived that the planet Venus was greatly to be preferred to Mercury for the determination of the sun's distance from the earth. His lucid statements and earnest exhortations aroused the whole astronomical world, and a transit of Venus was anxiously awaited. Halley himself, indeed, when he directed attention to the importance of the method, had no hope of living to see it tested. He stood like Moses on the top of Pisgah, and looked on the Promised Land; but to cross the Jordan was not his earthly lot. He had been laid with his fathers many a year before the occurrence of the transit from which he had prepared men to expect so much. At length, in 1761, the looked-for time arrived. Now transits, which are of very rare occurrence, when they do happen, occur in pairs, at an interval of only eight years. Thus, when, after anxious waiting, astronomers beheld the transit of 1761, they knew that in eight years they should witness another. It was probably this circumstance of a second transit to fall back upon that rendered the observations of 1761 so little worth. That date being past, and the occasion lost, the succeeding transit of 1769 was all that the world had to rely on for another century. Had this opportunity been again lost, what a different position would our astronomy and our navigation have been in from that which they now occupy! Happily, all Europe was astir. Men were sent out north and south, east and west, to make the whole length and breadth of the globe available base-lines. England fitted out an expedition to the South Seas, and placed it under the command of Captain Cook. Who has not read Cook's first voyage? Most of us have devoured it, every part but the account of the observation of the transit, the real object of the expedition. Possibly it would have been otherwise had the astronomer Green returned to tell his own tale. But it was not so to be. His body was consigned to the deep during the homeward voyage. But his observation was made under favorable circumstances, and is invaluable. In this respect Green was happier than some of his fellow-laborers. The Abbé Chappe erected his observatory in California, and died ere his work was well complete. M. Le Gentil had been sent out to Pondicherry to observe the previous transit of 1761; but the winds and the waves detained him on ship-board until after the event had taken place. But Le Gentil was a man of spirit, not easily discouraged. Accordingly, he resolved to lessen the chance of a second disappointment, by remaining at Pondicherry until 1769 for the second transit. But, alas! alas! after eight years of weary waiting, a little cloud effectually hid the phenomenon from his sight, and Le Gentil had to return to France empty as he left it. Poor Le Gentil! for him there is no cross of honor in life, no national monument at death. He is like the poor subaltern who leads the forlorn hope, and perishes in an unsuccessful attack. Let us drop a tear to his memory and that of Green ere we proclaim that the stronghold has fallen!

The solar system is now measured. The distance of the sun is now ascertained with positive certainty. Seven different base-lines, a host of independent observations, all concur in giving the distance of the sun from the earth (in round numbers) as ninety-five millions of miles. It is a grand era in astronomy. What would Copernicus, what would Tycho have said? They, worthy men, great astronomers as they were, never dreamed that the sun is a tenth part as far away. Even Halley, when he proposed this most successful problem, labored under the delusion that he was some thirty millions of miles nearer the sun than he actually was.

Well, we have extended our yard-measure to a pretty good length now. As the earth goes round the sun every year in an orbit nearly circular, the position we shall occupy six months hence will be just a hundred and ninety millions of miles from where we now are. And we can observe a star from both ends of this line, just as we observed a steeple previously from the two ends of a field. Our measuring tape for the stars is a hundred and ninety millions of miles. Yet, great as this distance is, so inconceivably far away are the stars, that all the refinements of modern science were unable, half a century ago, to deduce any thing about them but this negative conclusion—that the nearest of them is at least a hundred thousand times as far from us as spring is from autumn, or summer from winter—a hundred thousand times a hundred and ninety millions of miles; no star nearer than that! You can not think of such distances as these—the mind is unable to grasp them. Dobrizhoffer, the Jesuit missionary, tells us that the Abipones of Paraguay, among whom he labored, have no better mode of expressing numbers above a score or so, than by taking up a handful of sand or grass and exhibiting it. They had to pass through a deal of schooling to learn to count up to a thousand. The Professor at Angers, wishing to exhibit to his class the relative magnitudes of the sun and the earth, poured sixteen pecks of wheat on his lecture-table. "This," said he, "represents the sun, and one of the grains represents the earth." If we try a similar method we shall not succeed so well. Let us, however, try. You have some faint idea of three thousand miles, from having painfully measured it on the Atlantic, it may be. The thirtieth of an inch, on the other hand, you can estimate well enough. It is the dot you place over the letter *i*, as you write. Well, suppose this dot to represent the distance between Liverpool and New York; then will the actual distance—three thousand miles—represent the interval nearer than which there is no fixed star. Three thousand miles of dots, when each separate dot stands for three thousand miles! Or you may help your mind, or cheat yourself into the belief that you do so, by some such process as the following. Light travels with such a velocity, that it would fly round the earth, at the equator, eight times in a second. Yet there is no star so near us but that its light occupies

more than three years on its journey to the earth. The whole starry firmament, seemingly so bright, may, for aught we know, have been quenched in everlasting darkness three years ago. Were such a catastrophe conceivable, the lamps of heaven would go out, one by one, to mortal eyes, year after year, and century after century, until, some two thousand years hence, the faint light of stars of the sixth and seventh magnitude would alone hold on its journey.

All that was known about the distances of the stars thirty or forty years ago was this negative fact. No star nearer than the parallaxic unit, as it is called, of twenty millions of millions of miles! Whether any were so near, or any thing approaching the distance, nobody could say. At length the question of distance was resolved. And here occurs one of those singular duplications—twins in the births of thought—with which the history of science abounds. The first determination of the distance of a star from the earth was worked out simultaneously by two men, under circumstances which precluded the possibility of mutual assistance; and the results were presented to the world within a few days of each other. The memoir of Bessel, which announced a sensible parallax for 61 *Cygni*, appeared on the 13th of December, 1838. That of Professor Henderson, in which the parallax of *α Centauri* was established, was read to the Astronomical Society on the 6th of January, 1839, and had of course been in the hands of the Society some days previously. There was no desire on the part of either astronomer to contest the claims of the other. Many years subsequently it was my good fortune to unite with Professor Henderson in entertaining his illustrious friend, Bessel; and it was a gratifying sight to witness the warmth of affection with which these two good men welcomed each other as fellow-workers in the same field. They have both gone to their rest—Henderson too early for science; Bessel at an advanced age, and full of honors.

The stars which Henderson and Bessel selected were in one respect very unlike. That of Henderson is a bright star in the southern hemisphere; that of Bessel is a faint, inconspicuous star in the northern. But the stars have one thing in common—both have large proper motions. They are not fixed stars, in the strict sense of the word; they move on by a few seconds annually. And this circumstance of a proper motion was an argument in the minds of the astronomers that those stars are in close proximity to our system. This fact, and not their size, was the ground on which they were selected. Professor Henderson commenced his calculations with a different object, and only diverted them into the channel of distance when he ascertained the amount of proper motion which the star has. His observations were not undertaken with a view to this question; they were ordinary meridian observations. And it is not to be wondered at that astronomers were very cautious in admitting results so obtained, when it is consid-

ered that observations of this kind are beset with such numerous sources of error, in refraction, aberration, and the like. The method adopted by Bessel, on the other hand, obviates those sources of error. It has some analogy to the method of obtaining the distance of the sun by means of a transit of Venus, inasmuch as the observations are not those of the absolute position of one body, but of the relative positions of two.

The basis on which the operations are conducted is this: Certain stars are so nearly in the same direction in the heavens as not to be easily separated. Some of these are in reality double—twin stars revolving about each other—at any rate, physically connected. Others have no such connection; and it is argued that, in certain cases, the smaller of the two is likely to be at an enormous distance behind the other. When such is actually the case, there will be a change of the relative positions of the two as viewed from different parts of the earth's orbit, and the amount of that change will depend on the proximity of the nearer star to our system, in precisely the same way as a tree will shift its place more or less rapidly, with respect to a distant hill, as the spectator is carried along in his journey. It is on stars so circumstanced that observations with the view of detecting a parallax were instituted by Bessel. No absolute measures of position of either star are required; simply the relative distances and directions of the one with respect to the other. Thus all sources of error due to refraction, aberration, and many other causes, which equally affect both stars, are got rid of.

The conclusion may be stated in a single sentence. The star selected by Henderson is only a little beyond the parallaxic unit (twenty millions of millions of miles); that selected by Bessel is about three times as far away. Other stars have been reached, but these two are the nearest known. With a trembling and uncertain hand astronomers have stretched out their line to one or two stars ten times as far away as the farthest of these. But the great host of heaven lie incalculably farther back. Shall we ever reach them? Judging from present appearances, we are compelled to answer in the negative. The stars, as we gaze into the sky, seem to defy us. For what do we see there? Close around us we see bright lamps pretty equally distributed over the vault of heaven. They twinkle and dance before us as though conscious of the close proximity of our gaze. But let us look again. Clasp the whole vault of heaven, we see a belt of faint light, some twelve degrees in breadth. This is the milky way, the galactic circle. To the ancients, it was part of the milk which washed the purple stains from the lily; to the moderns, it is the universe itself—the stupendous whole, of which the brighter stars are but the portions which lie nearest to this little spot of earth. You may understand this if you bear in mind that the spherical appearance of the heavens is a neces-

sary consequence of vast and unknown distance. There is no reality in this appearance. The arrangement of the stars is somewhat like an extended sheet of cardboard, of small thickness. Or, rather, you should imagine a vast plain planted with orange-trees, all loaded with yellow fruit. These oranges in countless myriads are the stars. We are situated near the centre of this grove. Our sun is a small orange; the earth and the planets are tiny buds grouped around it. The neighboring branches are thinly supplied with fruit, and few fruit-stalks bear more than a single orange. But the grove is of boundless extent. Looking on every side, the eye takes in myriads of golden balls, extending away right and left, until individual oranges are no longer distinguishable, except by the glow of light which they send to the eye. This glow is the milky way. Looking upward or downward from the milky way, there is no such profusion of scattering. Much bright fruit does, indeed, cluster on the upper and lower branches; and an unpracticed eye is deceived into the belief that the number is infinite. But the eye of an astronomer, armed with proper instruments, finds it far otherwise. He can count the stars; he can gauge the heavens; and the conclusion to which he will arrive is, that the number which the eye takes in diminishes gradually from the galactic circle upward or downward. And this diminution is not only regular, but is very great indeed. From such considerations as these, conjecture has ripened into conviction, that the solar system is a part of the milky way; that the scattered bright stars are those parts of the same which lie in our immediate neighborhood; and that the whole group forms a vast, extended, rolling prairie of stars. The milky way is, therefore, to human apprehension, nothing less than the universe itself. True, there may be other galactic systems, other prairies, other orange groves, as far separated from ours as the prairies of America are from the groves of Europe. Some of the remarkable nebulae seem to hint at the possibility of the thing. On such a subject it is

premature to speculate. Now, it is only those oranges that cluster round us, those which grow on the same branch with our sun, that we have succeeded in stretching out our hand to. What arithmetic shall suffice to count the distance of those which lie on the remoter trees of our grove, the faintest groups of the milky way? What imagination shall wing its flight to those still more shadowy groups which constitute the unresolved nebulae? The yard-measure is too puny; the hand of man is too feeble. An angel's hand must grasp the rod that shall mete out the length and breadth of this golden grove. Man has gone up through the immensity of space and strained his line till it will bear no more. Other generations may mount higher, but only to find the vast circles ever widening beyond. The position which we have reached is a lofty one; but, lofty as it is, future ages shall use it as their point of departure. It is an ennobling thought to console us amidst our many failures. Man rises by the aid of that Divine faculty which pertains to him alone of all created beings—the faculty of accumulating stores of knowledge, of working in succession, of acting on intelligence transmitted from age to age. The great English philosopher, Bacon, describes man as the “interpreter of nature.” But this is not his highest, not his characteristic designation; for, are not the beasts, are not the birds, are not the very insects interpreters of nature? It is as the interpreter of man, the interpreter of man's records, that man stands distinguished. Herein reason transcends instinct, that its gifts are transmissive and cumulative. Mind does not stand supported by the mind which exists around it, not simply, not mainly. There is a higher and a broader support. The minds of the great of by-gone ages live and work in the breasts of their successors. The old Greeks, I suppose, knew this, and embodied it in the fable of Athene, the goddess of knowledge, who sprang into existence not as a naked, helpless child, but as a grown-up being, clad in complete armor, from the head of Zeus.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE news of the seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell caused, as we note more fully elsewhere, great excitement in Great Britain. Meanwhile Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State, under date of November 30, had forwarded to Mr. Adams, our Minister to England, a dispatch, in which he commends the general action of Mr. Adams; affirms that the insurrection is only kept alive by the hope of a recognition by England and France, and that it “would perish in ninety days if these hopes should cease;” and says that he has never believed “that such a recognition could take place without producing immediately a war between the United States and the recognizing Powers.” He adverts to a conversation between our Minister and Lord Palmerston, from which he infers that “the British Government

is now awake to the importance of averting possible conflict, and is disposed to confer and act with earnestness to that end. If so, we are disposed to meet them in the same spirit.” Mr. Seward continues:

“Since that conversation was held, Captain Wilkes, in the steamer *San Jacinto*, has boarded a British colonial steamer and taken from her deck two insurgents, who were proceeding to Europe on an errand of treason against their own country. This is a new incident, unknown to, and unforeseen, at least in its circumstances, by Lord Palmerston. It is to be met and disposed of by the two Governments, if possible, in the spirit to which I have adverted. Lord Lyons has prudently refrained from opening the subject to me, as he is, I presume, waiting instructions from home. We have done nothing on the subject to anticipate the discussion; and we have not furnished you with any explanations. We adhere to that course now, because we think it more prudent that the ground taken by the British Government should be first made known to us here; and that the discussion, if there must

be one, shall be had here. It is proper, however, that you should know one fact in the case, without indicating that we attach importance to it, namely, that in the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell on board a British vessel, Captain Wilkes, having acted without any instructions from the Government, the subject is therefore free from the embarrassment which might have resulted if the act had been specially directed by us.

"I trust that the British Government will consider the subject in a friendly temper, and it may expect the best disposition on the part of this Government."

On the same day (November 30) Earl Russell forwarded a dispatch to Lord Lyons, the English Minister at Washington, in which he details the circumstances of the seizure of the Confederate Envoys, who, he says, "were taken from on board a British vessel, the ship of a neutral Power, while such vessel was pursuing a lawful and innocent voyage—an act of violence which was an affront to the British flag, and a violation of international law." Earl Russell then presents the British demands as follows:

"Her Majesty's Government, bearing in mind the friendly relations which have long subsisted between Great Britain and the United States, are willing to believe that the United States naval officer who committed the aggression was not acting in compliance with any authority from his Government, or that, if he conceived himself to be so authorized, he greatly misunderstood the instructions which he had received. For the Government of the United States must be fully aware that the British Government could not allow such an affront to the national honor to pass without full reparation; and her Majesty's Government are unwilling to believe that it could be the deliberate intention of the Government of the United States unnecessarily to force into discussion between the two Governments a question of so grave a character, and with regard to which the whole British nation would be sure to entertain such unanimity of feeling. Her Majesty's Government, therefore, trust that, when this matter shall have been brought under the consideration of the Government of the United States, that Government will, of its own accord, offer to the British Government such redress as alone could satisfy the British nation, namely: The liberation of the four gentlemen and their delivery to your lordship, in order that they may again be placed under British protection, and a suitable apology for the aggression which has been committed. Should these terms not be offered by Mr. Seward, you will propose them to him."

Mr. Seward, on the 26th of December, replied to this dispatch. He maintains that ambassadors and their dispatches are contraband of war, and that consequently Captain Wilkes might lawfully stop and search the *Trent*: and having found the supposed contrabands on board, he had a right to capture them. But they also had a right to trial before a tribunal competent to decide the questions of neutrality and contraband; and Great Britain, who had taken these men under her flag, was bound to protect them if they were not contraband, and is entitled to be satisfied upon that important question. But the laws of contraband deal directly with property, not persons. Our Government, indeed, early suggested that captured persons should be taken into port, and directly subjected to judicial proceedings. To this it was replied that the end might be reached indirectly. It was said:

"Convey the suspected men, together with the suspected vessel, into port, and try there the question whether the vessel is contraband. You can prove it to be so by proving the suspected men to be contraband, and the Court must then determine the vessel to be contraband. If the men are not contraband, the vessel will escape condemnation. Still there is no judgment for or against the captured persons. But it was assumed that there would result from the determination of the Court concerning the vessel a legal certainty concerning the character of the men."

No other form of judicial process exists than this circuitous and illogical one, and none other has yet been suggested. "Practically, therefore," says

Mr. Seward, "the choice is between that judicial remedy, or no judicial remedy whatever. If there be no judicial remedy, the result is that the question must be determined by the captor himself on the deck of the prize vessel." The objections to such a course are pointed out by the Secretary, who continues:

"In the present case, Captain Wilkes, after capturing the contraband persons, and making prize of the *Trent* in what seems to us a perfectly lawful manner, instead of sending her into port, released her from the capture, and permitted her to proceed with her whole cargo upon her voyage. He thus effectually prevented the judicial examination which might otherwise have occurred."

"I trust that I have shown to the satisfaction of the British Government, by a very simple and natural statement of the facts and analysis of the law applicable to them, that this Government has neither meditated nor practiced, nor approved, any deliberate wrong in the transaction to which they have called its attention, and, on the contrary, that what has happened has been simply an inadvertency, consisting in a departure by the naval officer—free from any wrongful motive—from a rule uncertainly established, and, probably, by the several parties concerned, either imperfectly understood or entirely unknown. For this error the British Government has a right to expect the same reparation that we, as an independent State, should expect from Great Britain, or from any other friendly nation, in a similar case."

The principles upon which the Administration has decided this case are embodied in the instructions given in 1804, by James Madison, Secretary of State in the Administration of Thomas Jefferson, to James Monroe, Minister to England:

"Whenever," he says, "property found in a neutral vessel is supposed to be liable on any ground to capture and condemnation, the rule in all cases is that the question shall not be decided by the captor, but be carried before a legal tribunal, where a regular trial may be had, and where the captor himself is liable to damages for an abuse of his power. Can it be reasonable, then, or just, that a belligerent commander who is thus restricted, and thus responsible in a case of mere property, of trivial amount, shall be permitted, without recurring to any tribunal whatever, to examine the crew of a neutral vessel, to decide the important question of their respective allegiances, and to carry that decision into execution by forcing every individual he may choose into a service abhorrent to his feelings, cutting him off from his most tender connections, exposing his mind and his person to the most humiliating discipline, and his life itself to the greatest danger? Reason, justice, and humanity unite in protesting against so extravagant a proceeding."

Mr. Seward thus concludes his dispatch:

"I express my satisfaction that, by the adjustment of the present case, upon principles confessedly American, and yet, as I trust, mutually satisfactory to both of the nations concerned, a question is finally and rightly settled between them which, heretofore exhausting not only all forms of peaceful discussion, but also the arbitrament of war itself, for more than half a century alienated the two countries from each other, and perplexed with fears and apprehensions all other nations."

"The four persons in question are now held in military custody at Fort Warren, in the State of Massachusetts. They will be cheerfully liberated. Your lordship will please indicate a time and place for receiving them."

Messrs. Mason and Slidell, with their Secretaries, McFarland and Eustis, were accordingly, on the 1st of January, put on board the English sloop of war *Rinaldo*, which had touched at Provincetown, Massachusetts, for that purpose.

In the mean while, on the 3d of December, M. Thouvenel, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, addressed to the French Minister at Washington a note setting forth the views of the French Government upon this question. It assumes that the prisoners can not be regarded as "contraband of war;" that they do not come within the category of persons who, under the special stipulations concerning military people, inserted in treaties, could be seized

upon by belligerents; and that if they were arrested as rebels, "whom it is always lawful to seize," it was still done in "misapprehension of the principle which makes a vessel a portion of the nation whose flag it bears, and in violation of that immunity which prohibits a foreign sovereign, by consequence, from the exercise of his jurisdiction." In every view of the case, therefore, the French Government considers the seizure to have been unwarrantable. The note concludes:

"Lord Lyons is already instructed to present the demand for satisfaction which the English Cabinet is under the necessity of reducing to form, and which consists in the immediate release of the persons taken from on board the *Trent*, and in sending explanations which may take from this act its offensive character toward the British flag. The Federal Government will be inspired by a just and exalted feeling in deferring to these requests. One would search in vain to what end, for what interest, it would hazard to provoke by a different attitude a rupture with Great Britain."

"For ourselves, we should see in that fact a deplorable complication, in every respect, of the difficulties with which the Cabinet of Washington has already to struggle, and a precedent of a nature seriously to disquiet all the Powers which continue outside of the existing contest. We believe that we give evidence of loyal friendship for the Cabinet of Washington by not permitting it to remain in ignorance, in this condition of things, of our manner of regarding it. I request you, therefore, Sir, to seize the first occasion of opening yourself frankly to Mr. Seward, and, if he asks it, send him a copy of this dispatch."

Mr. Seward, in reply, refers to the decision of the President in this case, adding:

"When the French Government shall come to see at large the views of this Government, and those of the Government of Great Britain, on the subject now in question, and to compare them with the views expressed by M. Thouvenel, on the part of France, it will probably perceive that, while it must be admitted that these three Powers are equally impressed with the same desire for the establishment of principles favorable to neutral rights, there is, at the same time, not such an entire agreement concerning the application of those principles as is desirable to secure that important object. The Government of the United States will be happy, if the occasion which has elicited this correspondence can be improved so as to secure a more definite agreement upon the whole subject by all maritime Powers."

Our Record closes on the 9th of January. In Congress much time has been spent in considering various propositions looking to the enfranchisement of the slaves of those who have taken part in the insurrection. In the House, all propositions of this nature were, on the 17th of December, referred to the Judiciary Committee.—The most important bills actually passed in either House, are the following: Appointing a Joint Committee to inquire into the conduct of the War.—Providing for the construction of twenty iron-clad gun-boats, to be built by contract or otherwise, as the Secretary of the Navy may deem expedient.—Appropriating \$1,500,000 for the construction of gun-boats on the Mississippi.—Increasing the duties, imposed by the tariff of August, on tea, sugar, and coffee. It imposes upon tea 20 cents instead of 15; upon coffee 5 instead of 3½; upon clayed sugar 3 instead of 2; upon brown sugar 2½ instead of 2. By a joint resolution, subsequently passed, those articles now in the bonded warehouses may be withdrawn upon the payment of the duties imposed by the tariff of August.

The National finances present the most important business before Congress. In the House, the Committee of Ways and Means have resolved upon raising \$150,000,000 by taxes. They have also reported a Bill authorizing the issue of \$100,000,000 in Demand Treasury Notes. The immediate passage of this Bill is anticipated. The following is its essential provision:

"Be it enacted, etc., That, for temporary purposes, the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized to issue, on the faith of the United States, \$100,000,000 of Treasury Notes, not bearing interest, payable on demand, without specifying any place of payment, and of such denominations as he may deem expedient, not less than \$5 each, and such Notes and all other Treasury Notes not bearing interest that have been heretofore authorized to be issued, shall be receivable for all debts and demands due to the United States, and for all salaries, dues, debts, and demands, owing by the United States to individuals, corporations, and associations, within the United States, and shall also be a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, within the United States, and shall be exchangeable at any time at their par value, the same as coin, at the Treasury of the United States, and the offices of the Assistant Treasurers in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and the depository in Cincinnati, for any of the coupon or registered bonds which the Secretary of the Treasury is now, or may hereafter be authorized to issue, and such Treasury Notes may be reissued from time to time as the exigencies of the public service may require."

The essential points in which these notes differ from those formerly issued are, that they are made legal tender for all private and public debts, and that each note is receivable at any of the branch Treasuries in exchange for all Government securities. The Committee have also prepared a Bill for a General Banking Law, embodying the main features suggested by the Secretary of the Navy, as noted in our last Record.

The military operations of the month have been of some importance, though nothing decisive has taken place.—On the 13th of December, a sharp action occurred at Alleghany Camp, in Western Virginia, between the Union forces under General Milroy, and the enemy under General Johnson. It lasted from daylight till dark, when General Milroy withdrew his troops, intending to renew the engagement in the morning, but during the night the enemy abandoned their position. Our loss was 20 killed and 30 wounded; that of the enemy, by their own accounts, 31 killed and 97 wounded.—On the 17th, the Thirty-second Indiana Volunteers were attacked near Munfordsville, Kentucky, by three regiments of the enemy, who were beaten off, after a short fight, with the loss of 62 killed, and many wounded. We lost 13 killed, and 30 wounded.—On the 18th, General Pope cut off a hostile camp near Shawnee Mound, in Missouri, scattering the troops, and taking 300 prisoners. Almost simultaneously, another portion of General Pope's forces, under Colonel Davis and Major Marshall, surprised another camp near Milford, taking 1300 prisoners and capturing a large amount of supplies and ammunition.—On the 20th, General Ord's brigade, consisting mainly of Pennsylvania regiments, had a sharp engagement with the enemy near Dranesville, Virginia, totally routing them, with considerable loss.—On the 1st of January a fight took place at Port Royal Ferry, near Beaufort, South Carolina, to which place a detachment was sent to dislodge the enemy from a strong position. The attempt was entirely successful, the enemy falling back to another position on the railroad.—On the 5th, a successful attack was made by General Milroy upon Huntersville, in Western Virginia. The enemy was driven out, with considerable loss, abandoning stores and provisions to a considerable amount.

A disastrous fire broke out in Charleston, South Carolina, on the night of the 11th of December, destroying a large part of the business portion of the city. The entire loss is estimated at seven or eight millions of dollars.—On the 21st, the main entrance to the harbor of Charleston was closed by sinking 17 vessels of the "stone fleet" in such a manner as to

obstruct the channel.—The negroes near Beaufort have been employed in gathering cotton, and considerable quantities have been sent to New York.

Informal measures have been taken for an exchange of prisoners; 240 of those taken at Bull Run have been exchanged for an equivalent number in our hands. Mr. Ely, member of Congress from New York, was exchanged for Mr. Faulkner, lately our Minister to France.

The banks in New York suspended specie payments on the 30th of December. This movement was in consequence of the withdrawal by depositors of large amounts of coin, mainly for the purpose of selling it at a premium. The suspension in New York was accompanied by a similar measure in Boston and Philadelphia.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

Mexico.—The several divisions of the Spanish expedition, under General Gasset, rendezvoused before Vera Cruz on the 10th of December. An immediate surrender of the city and the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa was demanded. General Uruga, the Governor, yielded to the demand, asking only a delay of 24 hours in which to effect the evacuation. This was granted, and on the 15th Vera Cruz and its defenses were surrendered. The Spanish General issued a proclamation stating that he had no mission of conquest; his object being merely to obtain satisfaction for past injuries, and guarantees for the future; and when these ends were attained, the army would be withdrawn.

Argentine Republic.—The army of President Urquiza has been routed, and almost annihilated at Pabon by forces of Buenos Ayres, under General Mitre. This battle, it is supposed, will end the war, all the demands of Buenos Ayres being conceded.

Bolivia.—A bloody affair took place at La Paz on the 23d of November. General Fernandez, one of the ministers of President Achia, entered into a plot to overthrow the Government. He pronounced against the President in the south, while Colonel Balza, who had commanded at La Paz, and been superseded with others, in consequence of the massacre of October 23, but who still retained the command of a battalion, attacked the loyal troops in the street. After a sharp fight Balza was defeated, and took refuge in the house of the American Minister. Meanwhile General Yanez, who had ordered the October massacre, took refuge in the palace, where he barricaded himself. The barricades being forced, he fled to the roof, from which he was brought down wounded by shots. He was exposed to every indignity, and then put to death. In this émeute fifty or more were killed and some hundreds wounded.

EUROPE.

The intelligence of the seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell reached England on the 27th of November. The accounts of the particulars of the arrest, given by the officers of the *Trent*, represented it to have been made in a very offensive manner. The feeling of indignation was strong; the press and public men seemed unanimous in the opinion that the most ample reparation should be demanded. The Government, however, proceeded with great calmness. We have in a former paragraph given its official demand, made on the 30th, three days after the receipt of intelligence of the affair. On the 4th of December a royal proclamation was issued, prohibiting the exportation of arms, ammunition, lead, and naval and military stores. The object of this proclamation was to prevent the dispatch of these articles to the United States. Naval and military preparations were urged forward. Large ad-

ditions to the forces in Canada were ordered. The iron-clad steamer *Warrior* was directed to be in readiness to proceed to America, if required; all seamen on leave of absence were ordered to rejoin their ships at once. The prevalent feeling seemed at first to be that a war with the United States was probable if not inevitable. Public feeling was, however, considerably calmed by the publication of the substance of Mr. Seward's dispatch to Mr. Adams, which reached England about the 20th of December, and apparently foreshadowed a disposition on the part of the American Government to accede to what were presumed to be the demands of Great Britain. We have yet to learn the view which will be taken of the definite action of our Government, as embodied in the reply of Mr. Seward to the formal demand of the British Government. Awaiting this, military and naval operations were hurried on. At the latest dates, which come down to the end of December, the *Warrior* had her sails bent, and was ready to be dispatched at immediate notice. The first division of steam gun-boats are ordered to be got ready for immediate service, and the other divisions can be prepared in a very short time. Their number is, in all, about 24, besides which there is a large fleet of mortar-boats. Every regiment in the camp at Aldershot had been medically inspected, so that they might be in readiness to depart immediately for Canada. The whole number of troops already ordered for Canada is stated at 8256, to transport which requires eleven of the largest vessels in the navy. Until hostilities are actually declared, it is said, semi-officially, that no further body of troops is likely to be placed under orders.—There is a prospect of trouble with the Sikhs in India, and batteries of artillery, which were on the point of embarkation for England, were stopped by pressing dispatches from Bengal. The Board of Trade returns show a decline in exports during the year of about 8 per cent.; this decline occurring almost entirely in cotton manufactures.—The Prussian Government is said to have addressed a letter to its Minister at Washington, strongly condemning the seizure of Messrs. Slidell and Mason.

Prince Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emanuel, of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, husband of Queen Victoria, died at Windsor on the 14th of December. He was born at the Castle of Rosenau, near Coburg, August 26, 1819. He was married to the Queen on the 10th of February, 1840. Although he had no official relation to the Government, it was understood that his indirect influence was not inconsiderable. Generally, he was extremely popular in England, but in 1851, Lord Palmerston having been dismissed from office, the idea was entertained that it was owing to the influence of the Prince Consort, whose sympathies were said to be opposed to the interests of his adopted country. Three years later this feeling was renewed to such an extent that the Prince was hissed as he passed into the House, while accompanying the Queen to open Parliament. This suspicion soon disappeared, and since that time the popularity of the Prince has been unabated. His untimely death has caused general grief. The funeral was celebrated on the 23d.

The Austrian Budget has been presented. The debt, which in 1846 was \$500,000,000, is now \$1,200,000,000, equal to the entire revenue for eight years. The deficit for 1861 is \$32,000,000, and that of 1862 \$29,000,000. This is to be met, if possible, by borrowing, and by the sale of Crown property. The unsettled state of affairs in Hungary alone has caused a loss to the revenue of £6,000,000.

Editor's Table.

TACTICS FOR PEACE AND WAR.—Landseer's famous pictures of Peace and War always startle us when we look at them by their thrilling contrast of tranquil waters, and smiling fields, and browsing cattle, with battling squadrons, and smoking ruins, and writhing men and horses. Yet what we call times of peace may present contrasts equally startling; and perhaps almost every day a busy man who goes from the thick of the fight of traffic and ambition to his quiet home may reasonably think, as he looks in the evening upon the copies of those two pictures upon his walls, that he has lived through very much the same scenes since the morning when he started for the battle in the Exchange, the Court, or the Senate, to return at night to his kindly family, and smiling table, and soothing cigar. Thus every day may have its times and moods of peace and war; and at seasons when the one or the other mood prevails the imagination takes its hue and motive, and pictures life itself as a battle-ground or a garden, by bringing together from the great gallery of remembrance all the imagery that can help out either picture. Probably in the lives of most men there is some one image that most suggests the one or the other idea. We each of us cherish some pet notion of halcyon ease, and a favorite arm-chair by the fireside, or a dear old seat by the honey-suckle on the piazza or under the elm on the lawn, may be to us the very symbol and poetry of comfort, the very sight of which puts away care and welcomes all shapes of contentment; while, on the other hand, there may be some corner of the street, some building, room, or face, that stands to us for every thing that is hostile and hateful, and before which a fury is always beating the drum and calling up the horrid shapes of enmity and ruin. We have all in times that are called peaceful had our battles and felt our wounds; and probably most men have their hardest conflicts to go through when no armies are marching and no cannon are booming. We then are less in the humor for a pastoral poem than for a battle-hymn; and if we open Holy Writ for comfort, we turn less readily to the idyl of Ruth or the Song of Solomon than to the awful visions of Ezekiel or the glaring images of the Apocalypse. In fact, we each of us sometimes, without meaning it, play the prophet or seer, and memory and fancy combine to call up their thronging visions of judgment, and to unroll their pictured canvas of terrors.

Whenever, either from our share in public calamities or from our own personal struggles, we find ourselves in the militant vein, and especially ready to believe that life is on the whole very hard, and that we all have a great deal to go through and contend against, it is well to think somewhat soberly over the ordeal; and, without the madness of passion or the torpor of despair, ask ourselves whether there be not a tactics for peace as well as for war, and whether the arts of war may not be so studied as to add to the arts of peace. These times are very favorable to such meditations, and we may take it for granted that all of our readers have breathed enough of the martial atmosphere to be in the vein of our subject, and to look upon the enemies of our country not only as foes to be met in battle, but as types of all the hostilities, disappointments, and troubles that we are ever called to contend against.

The first question that a soldier asks when he goes into the field is, "*How many* is the enemy?" Of course this is not the only question, nor always the

most important one, but it is the most obvious one; and whether looking to our own personal difficulties or to the adversaries of the nation, we begin by counting them. This is wise as well as natural; for we can not easily tell their character before seeing their magnitude, and the survey of numbers precedes the inspection of quality, as sight generally precedes insight. Yet, when we count our enemy, we must keep in mind one very simple truth that is very apt to be lost sight of in the excitement and solicitude of the attack. We must count not our imagined, but our actual enemy—not those who may wish us ill, or who may by some stretch of heated fancy be conjured into the field or the air from the chambers of imagery—but those who are likely to be in arms against us. We often make strange mistakes in this respect, and are so bent on beating the shapes that swarm the air as to lose sight of the more prosaic, yet more fearful foes in the field; and probably most men, at the outset of any important undertaking, are more appalled by borrowed troubles than by real ones. The cause is very obvious; for when we begin a new career or campaign we not only see what is actually before us, but whatever may possibly rise up along our path, and thus encounter at once all the legions that can be mustered or imagined. Any man knows what this state of mind is if he will recall his experience at beginning an important undertaking, as in beginning the world for himself. The first day that we go out to our great contest for a living we think of all things that we shall even probably have to contend against, and the street and the air swarm with their gathering squadrons. We soon find, to our no small surprise and comfort, that we have generally to meet with but one obstacle at a time, and only one battle is upon our hands at once. Although all Russia may be nominally against us, it is only at some one Sebastopol that we are to launch our ships and cannon or sit down in persistent siege.

It is certainly a great secret of true tactics, whether for war or peace, to know what portion of our anticipated foes we may dismiss utterly from mind as either unreal or as not within any practical or engaging distance. Of things actually adverse in bearing, the greater portion by far can not strike us at any one time, and may be virtually dismissed from mind. It is from forgetting this fact, and treating all possible enemies as actual ones, that so many people break down at the outset, and run away or fall fainting before firing a gun or crossing a bayonet. They do not stop to look the enemy fairly in the face, and a single battalion is to them but the advanced-guard of swelling legions. Look him fairly in the face, or take a good *reconnaissance* of his force, and we gain vastly in ease and spirit, and may keep for sterner challenges the reserves that we need not call up for this little skirmish. True indeed that this rule of counting as actual only what may be in actual service works both ways, and that many resources that we are apt to reckon fondly upon are not really available, and our census of our numbers never is equalled by the register of our own actual forces. We are very apt, when we begin any important undertaking, to take it for granted that all our plans are wise, all our purposes practical, and all knowledge or culture is effective; while the truth is that we generally have to learn every thing over anew in the arena of actual service, and revise our methods and appliances as nations revise

their bureaus, armaments, and staffs when the war actually begins. How feeble mighty England, with all her wealth, arsenals, ships, and men, found herself during the first months of the Crimean war; and what a chapter of disappointments has been the first half year's history of the struggle of our constitutional republic against her insurgent enemies! The history of nations in this respect but illustrates the first step of every striving career.

We are therefore to count carefully the forces likely to be in the field against us, or actually there, and the forces that we can command. It may require no small discernment to make this estimate; and he is a good general who can tell the number of the enemy, and say how many men in his own ranks he may rely upon. As we look upon our own career in the soberness of present experience, we can see how many mistakes we have made, and how often we have reckoned without our host, and made too much or too little of the numbers with us or against us. As we think of the results of the existing civil war, we can not but be astonished in some respects in both ways at the facts. Most of us have not yet seen the face of one of the enemy; and we are surprised to find that the war which we feared would drench the whole country in blood, has hardly interfered with the accustomed currents of industry, or taken from labor its usual work and wages. No more memorable fact can be adduced in this direction than the undoubted record that the working-classes of this great city have not, on the whole, disturbed their deposits at the savings' banks, and as much money has been deposited by them as withdrawn. If we have been surprised that the destroying hand of the enemy has not been upon us here, we have also been surprised that our hand has not been more heavy upon him; and while we have nominally so much larger forces, generally when we have met in the field he has outnumbered us. We have hardly begun to make due allowance for the causes of this mortifying fact, and to cease to count as actually ours the powers that are or have been merely nominal. The question is not how many men can be numbered in our population, or even in our army, but how many can be put at the precise point at which they are needed. We may number twenty millions; but we number them to little account if we meet our enemy with thirty thousand against his fifty thousand.

To make our counting satisfactory, we are not only to open our eyes but stir our feet and hands, that we may find our figures in the right place, and bring sufficient numbers to bear upon the point assailed. It is idle to talk of outnumbering the enemy if we do not outnumber him on the field; and we might as well have no troops as not have them within fighting distance, or at command. It matters little, moreover, what legions our enemy may have on his rolls if, when we come together, we are the stronger; and therefore it is a great part of true tactics to divide, that we may conquer, or so disintegrate the opposing forces as to strike the enemy a heavier blow than he can strike us. Frederick, Nelson, Napoleon, and all great captains understood this art, and no man is efficient in any campaign who does not bring it constantly to bear. We are beset with an immense host of cares and perplexities, and if we meet them all at once we are struck down and trampled under foot, as Leonidas and his band would have been had they encountered the Persian host on the open plain. Stand, like Leonidas, at some pass of Thermopylæ, and meet the enemy one by

one, or score by score, and our three hundred then can cope with thousands, and dividing we conquer, even if at last we die. It is wonderful what obstacles a man may overcome by applying this principle to life, and what results he may accomplish by a true method, that wisely divides the hours and the labors in such a way as to bring him face to face and hand to hand with the right task at the right time.

A true method is more than half the battle, and if we post ourselves wisely at the right point, we find that very few difficulties reach us at once; and of the great host drawn up against us few can assault us at any one time. Captain Bobadil was, after all, something of a philosopher, in spite of his bragging, when he offered to dispose of a whole army by killing them off one by one in a duel; and if the enemy might not consent to appeal to such a succession of duels, or if this ordeal might not chance always to be favorable to the Captain and his friends, something can be done to approximate toward the result, by dividing the hostile ranks as far as may be. A novice is apt to look upon every campaign or career as to be gone over in a breath or in one heat; but the veteran takes it more easily and more effectively, and if he is to march a thousand miles, he halts and sleeps duly as he goes, and arrives at the goal in good health and spirits, while the novice would have fallen breathless on the road. It will be well for us if, as we study the discipline and march of our armies, we have an eye to this everyday tactic, and so divide our hours and our cares as to bring our forces to bear always at the true point, and to strike precisely in the quarter where the resistance is less than our strength. Nothing more impresses us in the bearing of a good soldier than his union of calmness with caution, courage with conduct. In the midst of dangers that alarm and distract inexperienced men he is cool and thoughtful, neither alarmed by the number nor distracted by the variety in the field against him. The secret is in his method as much as in his temper, and he on system looks difficulties calmly in the face, and meets each one at the right time and with the right weapon. Perhaps a still more admirable specimen of the same power is seen in the method of the practical man, who copes daily with a thousand cares without worry or distraction, and who brings to bear upon his daily life, for years and years, the majestic order which God has written upon the heavens and the earth, and interpreted in the march of the seasons and the wonderful economy of the universe. The Lord of Hosts is thus our teacher and leader in every battle. The true habit is victory, and, as the word denotes, it implies a strong-hold in which it conquers. Habit is that which holds us; and when we are held loyally at the true post at the true time our hold is our victory, and the numbers against us come to naught.

But there is another aspect of difficulties that needs to be considered, and one too that is more interior and perplexing. The worst enemy is not so much to be counted by *sight* as to be discerned by *insight*; and it is this malign or intense character that is more to be feared than numbers. In fact, if we watch closely the adversaries or adversities that threaten us most by their multitude, we shall find that they have their force mainly from some prevailing person or principle, and the legion is generally under some one leader. Thus all physical disturbances, in the elements or in the human constitution, generally spring from some prevailing cause; and the storms in nature or the diseases in the blood are

to be traced to some central cause, as in excessive solar heat or improper potions. How the Storm King raises the tempest we do not undertake to say; but we expect to have it removed, not by fighting away all the clouds in the horizon, but by the balance of the invisible electric currents and the gentle play of the sunshine. When we feel pains shooting through all our limbs, we do not chase after them one by one, but strike at the root of the matter; and a skillful touch of the lancet, or the wise application of a few drops of bark, may drive away the whole legion at once. In a man's fortunes and in his mental horizon, perhaps the most numerous and obtrusive difficulties are, in like manner, the attendants and sometimes the mere symptoms of some master-ill that lurks within, and if this is conquered the whole retinue vanishes. Thus an intemperate man wonders that the whole world is in such conspiracy against him, that every scheme fails and every effort stumbles, and even the streets are always trying to trip him up, and the stars over his head do not throw a steady light on his path, and he is ready to strike down the daring Mentor who ventures to tell him that all his troubles come from one, and that is found at the bottom of his cup. It may not be a very flattering question for a man to ask, but it is surely a most wholesome one, "What is the cause of my troubles, and what is it that is at the root of my complaints?" It would be a pretty severe ordeal even for respectable men to go through, if they were confronted with some sagacious and candid adviser who could and would tell them precisely what the matter really is. It would be found that many who went up to the judgment-seat cursing their luck, or their stars, or their wives, or kindred, or neighbors, for being their ruin—and thus making a kind of self-righteousness out of demerit—would go away in quite a different temper, convinced that their own sin, and not another's, was the main source of the mischief. In every army there must be a leader; and if we dispose of the leader it is comparatively easy to rout his minions.

It is not always easy, indeed, to see what our main fault or exposure is, and we are helped much to a wise insight by considering our prevailing disposition, and how we are likely to be acted upon. If we fear a master antagonist, it must be either because he may depress us by his overwhelming power or irritate us by his stinging insolence; and we measure his injury by the extent of our despondency or our passion. On the same principle we ought to measure our duty by the force of our patience and our courage—our patience that should bear with irritation, and our courage that should overcome depression. We are to estimate in the same way our public enemies, and by true insight discern what it is that keeps us in a ferment of passion or throws us down under a millstone of despair. We surely have within the last year been tried in both ways, and have been now irritated and now depressed almost beyond the limits of endurance. We were depressed many months by the uncertainties of our condition, hardly knowing who were our enemies and who were our friends; in fact, hardly knowing whether we were a nation at all. Then came the blow that stung us into consciousness of ourselves, and we sprang to our feet to strike at the assailant, finding ourselves the moment that we found our enemy. Still we have not fully established either our temper or our policy, and have been swaying from heaviness to wrath, and back again as fresh provocations or disasters have come upon us. If we see exactly

what we have to contend against, we are in a far better way to victory. We can not go on much further without coming to a very decided point.

We are quite sure that we have an enemy, and that he is a very strong one. The most obvious estimate of him is geographical, and it is very easy to say that the South is at war with the North, yet the South as such has no quarrel with the North as such; and the Southerner's warmth harmonizes well with the Northerner's reserve, and the social circles in which the two tempers meet are more whole and attractive from the union of divers elements. Nor can we say that it is wholly the two systems of production that provoke the quarrel, for the interests of both are in the main identical, and both have been prosperous under the old Union. Undoubtedly slavery is at the root of the agitation that has led to the war, but it is slavery less as a financial interest than as a political power; for it is the politicians, not the great planters, who have begun this revolt. It is the slave power as a political organ that has threatened and still threatens our nationality, and the doctrine of secession is the device by which it tries to accomplish its work. We may as well look the enemy in the face at once, and say that it is the pretension of the slave power to rule the land that has kept us in a ferment for so many years, and now calls us to stand up for very life. We secure peace the moment we put this power upon its back, and bring the nation once more into allegiance to our Constitutional Union. It is not necessary to take from the States the control of their own local institutions; and we justify the present revolution by a counter-revolution the moment we deprive any State of its rights under the Constitution. We have a straightforward course to pursue, and that is simply to crush out this rebellion and put the slave power into its own place, which is a very subordinate one. Wherever our arms go into the disloyal States the slaves must follow their own inclinations toward liberty, and if loyal to us they may claim protection and freedom. Martial law will thus extend the area of liberty Southward sufficiently to secure an encouraging boundary to our present hold and ample field for future progress. It is not best to calculate too closely what we shall do with the slaves who come in our way so long as we are sure that it is not the business of our troops to be slave-hunters. There has been talk and legislation enough on the subject, and our generals only need use their legitimate power to carry the atmosphere of free institutions with them in their march. Paper proclamations are idle, and the question now is not what we shall say but what shall we do, and deeds not words are the thing.

When the principle of secession is put down the war is ended, and the battle is transferred from the field to the census; and here the right is sure to triumph, and for fear of this the conspiracy of despots kindled their incendiary torch. How much is meant by putting down the principle of secession it may not be easy to say; for this power is not so much a specific material interest as it is a personal and social spirit, to analyze and define which requires no small degree of insight. It is foolish to regard secession merely as a political or metaphysical abstraction from the mint of some subtle brain. It was forged as a weapon to answer a specific purpose, and not as a medal to record a certain fact or idea. It was started as a theory by which the National Union could be dissolved upon speculative principles; and we have little faith that the fathers and champions

of the notion would hold it for a moment in its affirmative as well as its bearing, or allow their own Confederate States to secede from their new Confederacy after they had seceded from the old Union. No, the very knife of secession, that had been forged to cut the tie between the South and the Federal Union, would be hammered into a link of the chain that fastens the new Confederates together; and the treatment of Kentucky shows how little regard the Southern powers feel for State Rights when not on their own side. The spirit of secession is political ambition, the passion for despotic power; and it is well for us to understand its ruling elements now that we have so much reason to be surprised at its force.

We evidently have against us an enemy far more trained to the temper and art of command than ourselves. The habit of governing men as master or owner begets not only an imperious temper but a certain force of character. It is the equestrian or cavalier temper transferred from the tamer of horses to the tamer of men. He who bears himself as if born to rule feels and carries with him a certain lordly air that impresses his subjects mightily, and he is naturally led to study the arts of arms and of command that most readily back up his aristocratic pretensions. He likes to make himself cavalier in a two-fold sense: first, by being master of horses, and, secondly, by being master of men; and he has a certain marked ease and *abandon* by transferring his work to the hands of slaves as readily as he transfers the labor of locomotion to the legs of his horse. He claims thus to be a mounted gentleman in a double manner, and to have strong and obedient muscles under him in his business and in his journeys, in his money getting and in his pleasure seeking. This imperious temper in the Southerner has been exaggerated by the treatment which he has generally received from his superiors in culture at the North, or from the disposition among us to treat him with a courteous respect, in great part probably from the idea that he holds the balance of political and industrial power, and we need his business, his crops, and his votes for our salvation. So we have done our best to spoil him, and now we are startled to find our own spoiled child rushing at us knife and pistol in hand. Abroad he has been exposed to the same temptation, and has been flattered to his own hurt, perhaps his ruin. He has played the aristocrat in the aristocratic circles of the Old World, and is now intriguing at European courts to draw down upon us and the nation the wrath of kings, and join the spindles of Manchester with the bayonets and cannon of Woolwich in open war against our land.

Perhaps we have unwittingly played into the hands of this aristocrat by allowing him to pass off his own love of dominion as passion for liberty, and to make our war for the nation seem to the middle class at the South but a war of subjugation; thus giving the fire of freedom to the standard of tyranny. We need to discern seriously these various elements that go to make up the powerful spirit of the secession conspiracy, and try by judicious and vigorous measures to rob it of its force. We can not hope to effect much by any novel speculations or flaming manifestoes. Words amount to nothing unless power goes with them; and if our power is felt in the right quarter, it will not need many words to make itself understood. Nothing can settle the question now before us but victory, and all the ideas and eloquence in the world will avail nothing unless backed by the

strong arm. Victory will dispose at once of our domestic and foreign troubles, by robbing the clique of Southern despots of their prestige, and making their alliance no blessing to European courts. Victory alone can kill the spirit of secession in its leaders, and leave the people whom they have misled to see how monstrously they have been blinded to their true interest and duty, and to strip the mask of liberty from the face of tyranny.

The principle of Secession aims a deadly blow at all government. Instead of a nation, claiming the supreme allegiance of every citizen, it would reduce us to a collection of isolated communities, with no bond of union that might not be dissolved at the will of any one; and each individual is primarily subject to the will of his own special community. Every obligation entered upon to the General Government may be annulled by the action of the local authorities. When the founders of the organized Christian Church wished a term to express the most solemn symbols of the faith, they chose the word *Sacramentum*, which denoted the military oath by which the soldier swore to be faithful to his standard. This military oath—or *sacrament*—has ever been held the most sacred obligation that can be assumed. Yet Secession sets this at naught; and presents to us the spectacle of men who have sworn this oath time and again deserting their flag and going over to the enemy, at the bare call of their own States. Secession thus implies all possible treason; and whether in the career of a man or a nation, he begins in fatal weakness who begins in disloyalty. We are to strike down this treason in the field, and leave it to die of its own infirmity and corruption.

The course of our Government has been such as to win the respect of just and honorable men at the South, and to allow conservative and patriotic people to take the oath of allegiance without the least surrender of self-respect or dignity. While martial law is left to take its own imperative and necessary course, the pillars of the Constitution have been left inviolate, and our President deserves the gratitude and support of all good citizens for his refusal to yield to any revolutionary measures, and endanger the central power itself by usurping the powers that belong to the States. We believe that his course accords with the strongest policy as well as the soundest principle, and that they are more visionary than practical who are eager to end the war by any sweeping schemes of universal emancipation by Congressional or Presidential edict. Emancipation must be, not a word or idea alone, but a solid fact to amount to any thing, and it can be a solid fact only when enforced by the strong arm and established law. The proclamation of it in itself can only be a vain parade where it can neither be executed nor even circulated, and nothing more belittles a government than great professions and small performance. There will be, indeed, different opinions as to the amount to be expected from the slave population in the event of such proclamation, but it seems to us unreasonable to expect of them much of the active passion for liberty that is inborn and inbred in races free for centuries. The negro is not only subordinate to his master in condition but in character, and his will is comparatively passive from temperament as well as training. We therefore expect him to serve his master while his master rules, and for the same reason to transfer his allegiance to the conqueror when his master is conquered. The slaves will go, we believe, with the dominant power, but they can not be expected to do a great deal to

destroy the existing power. One of our most sagacious men has said that the negro is not very *dry powder*, and surely he does not go off at the touch as he was expected to do. We are not warranted in trusting much to his independent action, reasonable as it may be to expect acquiescence from him and co-operation wherever our arms prevail. The same victory that takes from the master his spirit takes from the slave his obedience and homage; and so we come back to the same burden, and cry, action! action! now that words are naught.

While we thus scrutinize the animating spirit of the powers opposed to us, we must exercise due insight into the sources of our own strength, and not make the miserable mistake of looking upon the *materiel* of our wealth and armaments as the whole of our force. We know very well that the spirit of the man is a great part of the secret of his success in his personal career, and his heart as well as his weapons helps him forward in spite of the lions in the way. We ought to know as much in respect to the energies of the nation, and to allow that, with all our enthusiasm for our country, we have hardly begun to catch the true inspiration, and we guard our liberty less warmly than our adversaries guard their despotism. We have had indeed many shining and burning words spoken during these late fearful agitations, but we have not had them from the right quarter; and a single pointed sentence from the head of a victorious army would kindle the nation more than all the orations of Demosthenes concentrated into one electric speech, if only spoken in the forum or senate. We certainly need to do more to bring out the latent fire of our people, and we may find some compensation for our recent fears of foreign interference in the new life they will give to our own patriotism. There has been some difficulty in giving enough point to the causes of the present war to spur the quiet temper of our people to the true militant point, and we do not find their heat rising with time, as was expected. The moment, however, that it is seen that we are contending for our own liberty, and Secession is in league with foreign courts, and threatening the essential principles of popular government, a new chord is touched, and the old revolutionary fires burn again. To this point we are evidently coming, and we must make up our minds that the leaders of the conspiracy are actually offering America to the thrones of Europe, and we must stand up for ourselves or perish. Let us meet the crisis then like men, and strike home upon our near foe before he mates himself, as he ere long will be likely to do, with foreign fleets and armies. We have had a pretty broad hint given us from England, and if we loiter much longer on the way of our duty we may find hordes of new enemies swarming in our path.

Whether for our own private career or the national cause, we need carefully to study the springs of power, and see and stir the spirit that wins the victory. As a people we are capable of great enthusiasm, and our very endurance and quietude prove our capacity to carry fire more readily than to catch fire. In our own way we can be great zealots, and our Roundhead type of character is very hard to deal with when once inflamed. Our habitual industry becomes the channel of immense moral force in times of trial, and they who are accustomed to bear heavy burdens every day can bear up under loads that overwhelm prouder necks, and they actually find their sense of duty strengthening under the ordeal that breaks down more imperious

tempers. We are capable of feeling profoundly the sacredness of our national mission, and of putting forth energies that have been trained not only in our lifetime but for centuries before us, in the great school of Providence, for the work of God and humanity. We are willing to serve that we may command; and if we do as well for the life of the nation in this crisis as we have done for the light of its culture and for the treasures of its wealth, the victory is sure. There is no spirit like that which measures dignity by humility and power by usefulness, and the good conscience is right as well as strong in the lowliness of its dependence and the force of its will. Most of us from boyhood have been obliged to face a great deal of pride and impudence, and put it down by loyal faith and hard work, and if we have done any thing well it has been in spite of some bully or upstart who has threatened to crowd us from the road of success. We must now, as a people, practice upon the same principle, and guard our birthright against the mighty bully that is in arms against us, and seeking to win to his side the pride and power of the Old World.

One more leading aspect of the subject presents itself—one that relates mainly to *time*; and it is not enough to count our enemy's numbers and look into his ruling spirit, but we must estimate the duration of his hostility. How *many* are his forces, how *great* his power? we must ask; but, perhaps chiefly of all, How *long* will his strength last? Thus the view that begins with *sight*, and continued with *insight*, must end with *foresight*. It is a great matter to calculate the orbit of a single word, or thought, or deed; and it would be a somewhat new study to make out a table of our emotions and enterprises with reference to duration, just as we make out tables of plants and animals as to the duration of their lives or period of production. One fact is very certain, that whatever is violent tends to come to a speedy end, and all excess runs itself down by its own heat. So all fiery passions, all fierce wars, burn out; and a wise man will always try to take the benefit of this law of nature, and quietly leave every volcano to burn itself out, and every mad impulse to do the same. He who carries out this principle through life will find himself wonderfully relieved of trouble, and will thank Father Time for ridding him of most of his enemies without his striking a single blow. Letting thus alone the heats that will of themselves be exhausted, he is in the better condition, alike from saving of time and temper, for abating the ills that will not die out.

In estimating the duration of hostile powers, he will find that they are the least patient that are nearest the animal nature; and while an enemy can not wait long for a loaf of bread, but must eat or surrender, the higher instincts and dispositions are quite persistent, and the great virtues, with the corresponding vices that are perversions of their force, can wait an indefinite time. Loyalty can keep its trust for years, and come out of its hiding-place or exile all the truer from the discipline of self-sacrifice; and something of the same persistency attaches to the counterfeit loyalty that calls evil good, and carries into its Pandemonium the stolen liveries and banners of Heaven. Great loves, that are born not of passion alone, but principle, can wait; and so can great hates, that have thought in their animosity, and organize ill-will into a ruling habit of life. Justice can wait; and so can revenge, which perverts its sense of right into the sense of merely personal wrong, and makes its own petty quarrel of

more account than the cause of God. But we need not pursue the enumeration, but must be willing to leave every man to make his own estimate, and adapt his measures to the supposed endurance of his enemies.

In estimating the persistency of public enemies, it is evident that they who put forth the greatest effort must—other things being equal—give out the soonest, from the exhaustion of strength and material. It is equally evident that the nations or communities that have the greatest variety of resources among themselves, and are in freest communication with the products of the world, can longest sustain themselves. As obvious is it that wherever industry is so well adjusted as to give the most mutual advantage and development, and to unite labor and capital in the same paths of enterprise, schemes of education and means of enjoyment and prosperity, there will be not only greater resources but more abiding and trust-worthy defenses. Capital can wait long for its returns, and its returns are sooner in proportion as labor is ready to serve its interests, and find its own interests served in return; for then labor itself becomes capital, and by its earnings adds to the public wealth, and by its expenditures helps the public industry and taste. When a community depends mainly upon one staple its persistency is comparatively feeble, for all is lost when that fails. What is true of communities is also true of individuals, and those men have the most precarious fortunes who can do but one thing, and that a very uncertain one and depending upon changing markets and caprices. No wise man, therefore, will train himself or his children to trust solely to a single art or product, instead of securing a broad, practical culture that is assurance against most, if not all, of the emergencies and disasters that may arise.

The question of the continuance of national prosperity is one that we can not go into now, interesting as it might be to interpret public interests by the standard of time, and to search out those elements of stability and progress that secure the peace and power of nations for ages. It is comforting to believe that our civilization is ruled over by some powers that do not depend wholly upon our speculative opinions and legislative policy. God is in history, and the civilization that moves in the lines of his Providence and serves his Right has an ally whose power, not a day nor a year, but ages only can interpret. False growths, indeed, ripen in time, and the years that mature the oak also mature the upstart. But in the moral and civil order whatever is evil tends toward corruption and death, and in battling against it we have unseen and mighty allies on our side. Every good institution has within itself the seeds of divine life, and they that plant and tend it may be comforted that the increase rests with a higher power than theirs, and the fruits appear when their hand is weary in sleep and still in death.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE year opened with a cloud overhanging us—the threat of a war with England. The prospect was confronted by the people and the Government of this country in the most admirable temper. The papers were singularly mild in tone and able in argument; and while every citizen naturally wished and resolved that no stain should fall upon the national honor, we all wished that war should be avoided.

And this, not only because it is better to do one thing at a time, and wise to be off with the old foe before you are on with the new, but because a war between England and America is monstrous. It would have all the fury and ferocity of a civil war. Were it once engaged, it would be the death-grapple of the two nations, and one would emerge superior forever. But the monstrous character of the war would lie in this, that it ought to have no adequate occasion. The good sense, the enlightenment of the two nations, if not willfully and blindly abdicated by either, are quite enough to keep the peace between us.

For it may be assumed—it must be assumed—that neither really wishes war. A sensitive apprehension may strike England with the feeling that when we have restored peace at home we are necessarily her peer in every department of national power. But to suppose that enough to drive her into a causeless war, or to lead her to torture occasion of war out of events that were not intended as insults, is to call in question the progress of a century, and to abandon faith in the growth of general human intelligence.

Justice requires, of course, that no nation should take the law from another. When it can not help itself it must yield; but when it can maintain this position, it maintains it for all nations. Nothing then could change the obvious simplicity of the case between us. If we had done wrong we were not unwilling to say so, or that it should be proved to us. If that could not be done—if we had still believed ourselves to be right, and England still believed that she was right—we were willing, and, if England acted in good faith, she was willing, to leave the question to the settlement of other powers, or of one power mutually selected.

Had we refused to do this—had we insisted that we were merely right, and then declined to submit the decision to any arbiter but the sword, we should have been guilty of a heinous crime. The woe of the war would justly have been upon our heads, and we should have deserved the injury that the enemy would have tried to deal us; and if, upon the other hand, Great Britain had refused to listen, and had insisted that her whim shall govern the world, we should have been fighting the battle of the world in resisting her claim at every cost.

There could be no war, then, unless one of the two nations had been resolved upon it at all hazards, and that was not a fairly supposable case. Interest and Jealousy and Pride are strong, and wars spring from passion rather than principle. But civilization and enlightenment also count. They are just as substantial facts as interest or rage; and the same slow modification of sentiment which eliminates dueling from society works for the ending of war.

The cloud has passed away. In a dispatch as frank and fair and able as was ever written the law of the case, as this Government views it, is laid down, and it is against the Government. We decide against ourselves. Our pride may be wounded, but our honor is unstained.

Washington long ago told us that one nation should never expect favors from another. This year has taught us that we have no friends. No man can hide from himself the truth that war with England would not now be so surprising to us as that she should last spring have declared this Government and the rebels equally belligerents. After that, almost any event is possible. England has chosen, by her conduct during the year, to lose our friendship.

But we need not necessarily be enemies. Yet could the great mass of thoughtful Englishmen know how ruthlessly the tone and temper of the English papers and orators—in other words, the public sentiment of the country—has utterly destroyed the reverent faith with which thoughtful Americans had clung to the English name, they would ask themselves, and vainly, What have we gained by hastening to injure a homogeneous people?

In the old histories and the new novels there are no more exciting passages than those which describe the march of armies. And in the recollections of those who have lived in foreign countries is there any thing more stirring and romantic than the same scenes?

Is the Easy Chair likely to forget that blithe spring morning in Paris when, awakened by the loud chorus and the heavy tramp of passing regiments, it hurried to the balcony over the street, the Rue de Rivoli, and saw the hosts march by? They moved with the swinging negligence of an army already on the road. There was none of the Prussian precision of drill upon the march, which looked more like a gala-parade than war; but the endless columns poured and swarmed along the streets, a sinuous, shining, jointed leviathan of battle. The sun shone bright over them. The garden of the Tuileries was brilliantly green at their side. The year laughed with spring; but the multitudinous chorus of *Mourir pour la patrie* or the *Marseillaise* filled the air with a profound and romantic sadness.

For the soldier reminds us that even our great moral debates must be settled at last, as the quarrels of lions and tigers are, by brute force. There is no need of winking it away. It is only weakness and folly to misunderstand it. You would not hesitate to defend wife and child, and your own life, by any means, however bloody, from the lion's paw; can you hesitate to save your rights and those of all others by withstanding, even to blood, the paw of leonine passion and the tiger-leap of ferocity? Wild beasts must be treated as such: and the enraged passions are only brutes.

This thought is at once the justification and the sadness of a military march. This it is which puts the wild wail into the singing, and the pathos into the flutter of the flag. How the bayonets gleamed that sunny morning! How they flashed farewell around the corner of the street, while the sound of the song died slowly away:

"How stands the glass around?
For shame, ye take no care, my boys;
How stands the glass around?
Let mirth and wine abound:
The trumpets sound;
The colors they are flying, boys.
To fight, kill, or wound,
May we still be found
Content with our hard fare, my boys,
On the cold ground.

"Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose business 'tis to die!
What, sighing? fie!
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you, or I!
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And scorn to fly.

"'Tis but in vain—
I mean not to upbraid you, boys—
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain!
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Cure all again."

But this is the song of vulgar war—of stock fighting and fighters. The story is that Wolfe sang it the night before the battle of Quebec. But I like to think rather of the other story, that, as he floated down stream in his boat, under the stars, he repeated Gray's elegy, and said to his officers, "Gentlemen, I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow." This is not the song you overhear in the camp of Cromwell's men, nor within the Covenanters' lines—no, nor farther back, from the hosts of the Norman William.

For soldiering is clearly of two kinds. There is the fighting in Flanders and the fighting on Bunker Hill. The soldiers that march under your windows in Paris, singing *Partant pour la Syrie*, upon their way to strike a blow for Italy, impress you very differently from those who might be going to carry the line of France to the Rhine. How sweet and solemn, then, sounds the marching of the soldiers under our windows in Broadway! In the cadence of the step, in the chorus of the song, as in the aspect of the men, how easy to hear and see the intelligent earnestness of purpose which inspires them!

I stood at an ample window when the Vermont Cavalry passed by. The spectacle of marching soldiers is so common now that there was no peculiar excitement, but the great street was thronged, and there were eager gazers at every window and upon every balcony. The flags floated in the breeze as they did on the 17th of April, when New York saw the first soldiers moving; and could you have read the hearts as you did the faces of those who looked you would have seen a firmer faith and a faster resolution.

The clatter of the horses upon the smooth pavement of the city to which they were entirely unused, the costume, the pennons and arms, the shrill bugle-call, were all purely military. They were what any Easy Chair might have seen from his Paris balcony any summer morning when troops were marching. But there the likeness ended. You could not sing or say "Why, soldiers, why?" to these men. A bottle and kind landlady were not all they wanted. They were soldiers, but the soldier was the outside, the citizen was beneath. One of the horses slipped, his rider caught him up. He slipped again, and for a third time, then fell heavily upon the polished pavement, bringing the leg of the rider under him. The soldier held fast to the frightened horse and to his pennon. His huge boots and weapons encumbered him, and his leg must have been sorely bruised; but he held on grimly, and, struggling up with the assistance of the crowd, he limped away, leading his charger. I knew that it was symbolic, and that they would all hold fast to their cause with the same tenacity.

Then the crowd that follows soldiers marching to actual war is always respectful and sympathetic. The mere resolution to go and take the risk is felt to be heroic. Those who hurry along the sidewalks and press into the streets by the side of the soldiers half feel that they themselves are not so brave, and that

the troops are better fellows. So there is no gibing; but every vagabond is ready and glad to help his comrade in uniform. It is no fancy parade, no target-shooting business, but a matter of bullets, and blood, and battle. I have never seen sincerer admiration shown for any kind of hero than that of a Western crowd at a railway station for Heenan, the pugilist, who happened to stop to dine. It was the homage to a proved power which the most vulgar man could understand. But the regard which hangs upon the marching of soldiers is of a finer strain; for the qualities instinctively honored in them are not muscular, but mental.

And another day shall see the troops returning. Another pathos will invest them, and their stained uniforms, and torn flags, and the vacancies in the ranks which we shall not recognize, but each one of which will be counted by loving, longing hearts. Farewell, brave brothers! Wherever you fall, you are buried in the memory of a faithful country.

THOSE who remember the Broadway of twenty years ago can hardly walk the street now without incessant wonder and surprise. For although the transformation is gradually wrought, it is always going on before the eye. Twenty years ago it was a street of three-story red brick houses. Now it is a highway of stone, and iron, and marble buildings. The few older ones that remain and are individually remembered as among the best of their kind and time, are now not even quaint, but simply old-fashioned and unhandsome.

And yet, among all the costly and colossal buildings that have of late been erected how few show any real taste or grace; how little but stone, and iron, and space has been bought for the money! The fine architectural effects of some streets in Genoa, in Naples, in Rome, in Paris, in Berlin, in Venice, and other great foreign cities, are unknown in New York. There are some exceptions. Some of the new stores in Broadway are almost as imposing as some of the palaces in Italian cities. But how very few the exceptions are! And how the best are disfigured by the ugliest signs!

The changes, too, in the business character of Broadway are not less striking; and the change is not a gain to the brilliancy and gayety of the city. The chief promenading thoroughfare of a metropolis should sparkle with the small retail shops, in which the details finish the street with pretty arabesque. The Italian Boulevard in Paris is the model of such a street. It is *riant*, smiling. The lounging gentlemen smoking and sipping upon the broad walks in front of the cafés, the crowds of pretty toilets floating by, the rolling of fine equipages, are all in harmony with the bright little boutiques, all gold, white paint, and glass case, in which sit the bright little women bending with bright little eyes over their bright little business. It is the top sparkle and bubble of the deep stream of city life.

But in Broadway the cellar and wareroom are invading the boudoir. Great wholesale stores stand where the pretty shops stood, and if you go below Canal Street of an evening there is something ghastly in the gloom of the closed warehouses. Twenty years ago you sauntered from Canal Street to Chamber, stopping at Contoit's Garden to eat an ice-cream. City civilization then paused at Bleecker or Fourth streets. The New York Hotel stands now, down town, where then a quiet farm-house stood aloof in leafy seclusion. Beyond Ninth Street the city raveled out into the fields. Union Park was an in-

closure. Madison Square was out upon the island. Where now the choicest fashion dwells cows and donkeys browsed. Dear me, how changed every thing is!

Of course in all these changes the city has lost much of its old town character, and becomes every year more and more a metropolis. The crowd in Broadway, when Broadway is fullest, seems to have come from out of town. It has a strange, wondering air. And the population of the city itself is so incessantly reinforced by those who come from the country that the city has always a little air of novelty to its own citizens. The customs of smaller towns, the street distinction of certain people, are gradually going. It is not many years since every noted man was known to all Broadway. It is not long since, on Sunday mornings, the clergymen, with wide-flying black-silk gowns, floated and ambled along the street to church. These things have disappeared almost unconsciously. They belonged to the age of three-story red brick houses, and they have gone together.

Yet the moral of the chief change in Broadway is plain enough. The pretty marble palaces replace the old brick houses. Year by year the city takes the physiognomy of a foreign city. The warehouses are grand, and spacious, and costly, like the mansions of princes and nobles beyond the sea. Those foreign mansions are the homes of the ruling class. Yes: and these are the same. There they are the homes of the feudal principle. Here they are the homes of Trade. They stand for the commonwealth; for the well-being and dominance of the people, and not of a class. They are the monuments of sturdy enterprise and native sagacity, not of hereditary favor. They are not very tasteful yet. They are not in the least romantic. But they are symbols and beacons. And as any Easy Chair stumps up and down the street and looks at its stately walls, he may tell off each building like a bead, and make Broadway a rosary of meditation.

YET with all the fine palaces that grow in our great street other things grow too. With the flowers spring weeds, and deadly weeds.

In the days when you sauntered below Canal Street in the pleasant evenings, stopping at Contoit's Garden, because you were with ladies; you might have stopped, had you been alone, at the Washington Hotel or the *Café de l'Indépendance*, where you could have taken a cue and run off a score at billiards, or a glass, or a cigar. Yes; and you might have stopped at one or two very dark and discreet-looking houses upon Broadway, or have slipped quietly round the corner into Barclay Street to the same houses—gaming-houses, in fact, nothing else. And in Park Row there was the Park Theatre, and down Leonard, at the corner of Church, the National, and Mitchell's gay Olympic in Broadway, and Niblo's Garden, gone forever. But the Negro Minstrels had not yet come; and it is not until within a few months, and since the Minstrels are beginning to decline, that the "Concert saloons" have appeared.

Never dive in Broadway. You think that there is not much chance of your doing so? that you have no wish to dash your head against a stone? But diving is made easy there. You may readily leave every thing valuable behind, and go entirely under. What pretty pitfalls; what devilish snares there are spread all along the street!

The other day I was crossing the North River in the Erie Railroad ferry-boat with a youth who had

just arrived by the train from the interior of the State. As I stood upon the front of the boat, while we were still in the slip, he dashed by me, and stared about so earnestly that I thought some one had fallen overboard.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Why, I never saw one before," answered he.

"Never saw one what?"

"Why, a ship. I never saw a ship, nor a drop of salt-water. Golly! golly! murderation!" he exclaimed, as the boat moved out and revealed to him the shipping in the harbor.

Fortunately he was a recruit going to camp in charge of an officer. But suppose that the simple fellow had landed in the city quite alone, and with that utterly artless confidence. He would have walked in Broadway. He would have seen the inviting signs; the concert saloons; the pretty waiting-girls; the light, the glare, the novel charm; and all gratis. Do you think he would not have tripped—that he might not have gone entirely under? And if not, would it have been because there was no opportunity of diving offered him in the huge, heartless, horrible city?

The Grand Jury have done their duty in presenting these traps of the unwary. These places should be just as strictly regulated by the police as may be necessary. Men may keep coffee-houses, and give exhibitions of dancing if they choose; but they must choose to do these things subject to the public morality. They may also publish and sell books, if they will. But if they choose to print and offer indecent books, they will be made to suffer, and ought to be.

The cry of Puritanical legislation proceeds from those who don't care a button whether there is any public decency or not—from men who fatten upon the public filth, and flourish as the state decays. The Puritans were at least as decent as the Cavaliers; and when England, wearied with Puritanism, called Charles and the Cavaliers back, she spewed them out forever a few years later. No community harms itself that tries to help its weaker members. Yet how shall it help them? Shall it punish the drunkard or the liquor seller? Could the latter intoxicate the former if he did not choose to drink? Yet could he drink to his ruin if the liquor were not sold to him? Where, then, shall we stop, and who shall decide? Shall coffee be prohibited, and tea, and beer, and soda, and cigars, and short cake? For no friend of humanity will contend that short cake is truly beneficial to the system.

It is easy enough to run into ridicule. The question is not settled because we laugh. Whenever a community is persuaded that a thing is baneful it will, in some way, ameliorate or remove it. But the community must first be persuaded. Laws are worse than useless which transcend the general conviction; and he is the best of lawgivers who has the gift to know the real public desire. A law which is generally odious, for whatever reason, is generally evaded, and the evasion brings all law into contempt. The interesting point in Buckle's last volume is showing the hollowness of Spanish progress in the eighteenth century. For it was a progress which the rulers attempted to impose upon the nation, instead of one that sprang from the perception and conviction of the people. If you want roses, it is in vain to stick a flower in the ground; you must cherish the tree, and it will blossom in its own season.

And in this lies the importance of affecting pub-

lic opinion. There is the sphere of labor. Work upon public opinion. Make that true, healthy, robust, and it will put forth noble, and purifying, and energetic laws. And each good law will mark the high-tide point of the nation in that direction. It will not have been forced up by artificial means, and be sure to fall to-morrow; but it will be the calm level of general conviction. The presentation by the Grand Jury of the snares and pitfalls of Broadway is an influence brought to bear upon public opinion. In due season they may be suppressed upon precisely the same grounds that certain books and pictures are seized, and their sale forbidden. Every honest citizen owes the Grand Jury thanks. Every scoundrel in the country will call them Puritans.

THERE is one thing which our Christmas always lacks, and that is the burlesques and pantomimes which we associate so strongly with an English Christmas; and it is from the English Christmas that we derive so much of our poetic feeling for the holidays. The German Christmas-tree we have transplanted, and it flourishes wonderfully in Yankee soil. Nor does it interfere with Santa Claus his prerogative. For what is it but a glimpse of one tree of the marvelous garden in which the good Santa Claus plucks the gift-fruit of every kind with which so mysteriously he fills the stocking? Or is it Santa Claus himself who has worked the miracle of a tree growing in a night in the back parlor and blossoming with bright boxes, baskets, balls, trinkets, toys, and the precious cornucopia? So kindly the German exotic takes, why not try the English?

One reason clearly, and perhaps sufficient, is the pure domesticity of the tree. It flourishes most luxuriantly in the home. It implies only the wonted fireside excitement. It does not require late hours and the circumstance of the theatre. And is it not enough, Master Charles, that you have a tree with flowers of fire and fruit already candied; must you also see Aladdin's lamp, and the terrible two-headed greedy giant of Wales whom Jack outwitted? Master Charles thinks he must. Master Charles believes, and openly says, the more the merrier.

But if he had been with this Easy Chair during the late holidays he would have seen something to make him forget Jack and Aladdin for a little while. It was in a great country house, not far from the city, yet really in the country, where a daughter of Lady Bountiful lives. Like the lady herself, she knows the poorer people and their families in the neighborhood. She is their friend and counselor; and since every body in the great house loves her, it is not surprising that the smaller houses love her too.

This year she stopped her knitting for the soldiers long enough to arrange a pretty tree for the poor children round about, who have learned by pleasant experience of the three or four or dozen Christmases they have known, that "about this time" they are to look out for happiness. Does it occur to you as you walk up and down Broadway, in the best of all the days in the year, the Christmas days, that actual happiness is for sale in those bright shops—happiness, that is, for those who can enjoy it? Not for you who are unluckily aware of it. Is it that you have lost your taste, or that the Champagne is stale; or did you meet Eve in Eden, and did she give you a bite of the apple, the eye-opener? Suppose Roney, successor to May—suppose that Heinrich, suppose that Green at his Bazaar, and the innumerable others

who deal in the article—should put out, upon beautiful gold and green and blue placards, and in the largest letters, “A fresh lot of Felicity”—“Raptures at wholesale and retail”—“Children’s Joys”—“Pure Ecstasy,” the sign would be just as true as the other signs of rocking horses, tin soldiers, Noah’s arks, stables, and horses and wagons. As for “new and attractive juveniles,” a friend of the Easy Chair’s at Nightingale House, quietly remarks that that means simply babies born at Christmas!

It is for these things for which we pay the money but can not by any possibility truly enjoy, that the poorer children look out as the holidays approach. Then on the afternoon before Christmas—Christmas eve by sunlight—they are brought by their mothers tidily dressed, to the great house, and after playing about a little, they are summoned into another room. This year it was a darkened room where gas was burning, making a wonderfully weird light, that they all sat, the older ones in front and the infants in the arms of mothers behind, facing a door. What a mysterious door! What an inexorable door! What a great mean, hateful door, that would not open at once, but stood so stiff and hard showing its ugly painted panels, as if that were a sight to see!

When the gas was turned down and twilight was almost lost in night, there was the magnetic thrill of expectation in that little company, which you have known, if, when you were a child, you heard the prompter’s bell. After an age of a minute that wicked door was opened, and there stood the beautiful, benignant Christmas-tree. For a moment the hush of the children and the calmly burning tapers made it seem almost an altar and the little crowd worshipers. And surely they did worship it with their ardent eyes. In a few minutes they began to exclaim, and to point out gleefully the various treasures upon the tree. But the happiness was not perfect until the lady produced cornucopias for every body and rifled the glittering boughs.

Perhaps it was not fair to say that happiness is not bought at the toy-shops for men and women, because, as we white-haired patriarchs looked at the eager, delighted little crowd, the sight of their happiness probably made us happy—a good deal happier than the applause we get at the musical party when we stand by the piano and emit the *ut de poitrine*, the chest C. Indeed there seemed to be no fair doubt of this left when, two evenings afterward, we went to see another Christmas-tree for other children. The evening after Christmas it was, and that was chosen that the pleasure of the season might be prolonged, and that the young folks might have no collision of attractions.

Is not that thoughtfulness an adequate introduction to the other kind lady who provided the other Christmas-tree? If you know that, can you not infer what a gorgeous fountain of happiness, whose spray is fire, the tree must have been that she provided? Even you did not see a finer one. Perhaps the Trinity tree was larger, but it could not have been more skillfully clothed with its magic fruit. There was a sweet little cherub who sat up aloft in the very tip-top of the tree, shadowed by the green rather than embowered in it, looking cheerfully down from his little nest, and evidently singing in his little inaudible voice—“Wish you Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!”

This was a wonderful tree, for it grew the very fruit that you wanted. Its gentle dryad had divined what most suited each, and old and young—even those old gray-beard patriarchs as well as we children

—found that they were remembered. Once something on the tree took fire for a moment, and that was splendid. We children shuddered a little when we thought of all that we might lose—but to have the tree burn up, and perhaps even—although that was too much joy—burn up the house too, would that not be worth the sacrifice of our gifts? However, the house was saved, and the tree, and the presents; and we were all satisfied.

And if we were so, how much more so the kind genius of the tree! not the little cherub up aloft, but she who put him there—she who for so many hours and so many days had been industriously and ingeniously designing and working to please us all. Whether any of us looked at her with secret awe, believing that we beheld Mrs. Santa Claus herself, we have never told. But surely she provides a merry Christmas for herself who makes so many children of every age happy.

Since the Christmas-tree is so welcome and beautiful, perhaps we shall, by-and-by, add to it the burlesque and pantomime. For really to see the giants and the fairies of which we read—to behold Hop o’ my Thumb in the flesh, and the actual bean stalk of Jack, would not that be a sparkling drop in the cup of Christmas felicity? in fact, a dainty dish to set before a king? Most of us poor barbarians in this country, who belong to that reckless and ignorant and brutal mob which our friend John Bull, who treats us always with such religious affection and impartial justice, believes us to be, have never seen the Christmas burlesque or Fairy Land made visible. By-and-by, when we have become great and good as he is, we shall perhaps be indulged with the pantomime. Meanwhile we will content ourselves in the glowing shade of the glittering tree, of which you, Princess Bountiful, and you, Celtic Lisette, are the guardian geniuses.

As Thackeray’s “Philip” draws toward the end, his “Lovel the Widower” has been thus sharply criticised in the London *Athenæum*:

“Mr. Thackeray has the responsibility of being one of the chief writers of the light literature of the present day. All that he writes is sure to be read, all that he asserts as his own opinion is sure to be listened to, if it is not accepted. How does Mr. Thackeray use his power? In the present story—with which alone we have to do—there is not one single touch to kindle in the reader a spark of generosity or kindly feeling; not one word to awaken or to stimulate a noble thought. After closing the book, the reader will feel conscious of having suffered a moral deterioration, from the intense ingrained vulgarity of spirit which pervades and shapes the whole story. Mr. Thackeray should do better work than this in his generation. If he shall always be content to be a satirist of men and manners and no more, there will be for him no enduring fame.”

This is plain talk. But it is not altogether true talk. There is this always to be said of a work like “Lovel the Widower,” that although the characters are low and repulsive, the impression is not necessarily so, nor the influence necessarily debasing. If there be a sneer in it, as so often in Swift’s portraits—if the manifest intention of the author be to deride nobility and defame purity of character, and to insinuate that there is nothing in human nature which is not mean or sordid—then, indeed, the draught he offers, however pungent and sparkling, is pure poison.

But how would it do to say of Hogarth’s “Marriage à la Mode” or “Rake’s Progress” what the re-

viewer says of "Lovel the Widower?" The characters are ignoble, the scenes are revolting; is the spectator, therefore, untouched with one spark of generous feeling—does he suffer moral deterioration? Evidently not; but why? Because the moral significance is so clear throughout. It is a material, rubicund, beef-eating morality; but that is what the British mind requires. The British moral teaching of the last century was of this kind. Be a good boy, an industrious apprentice, and you shall become Lord Mayor. Be an idle boy, and you shall be hung. This confusion of virtue and plum-tarts is peculiarly British. Sinners will starve, says British morality as by law established; saints shall have turtle-soup and stewed terrapin in its season. Is any thing falsier? Can any thing show such an "intense, ingrained vulgarity of spirit" as such teaching? It makes a martyr a fool, and a hero a zany.

But while this is the obvious, superficial impression, there is something a little deeper—and that it is which lifts Hogarth and his works into the realm of pure art. The true moral is that virtue is best. Beef is but a symbol. An alderman is not, *ex officio*, a saint; but he who trusts in God, though he starve, is yet content. That is what lies under the seeming vulgarity of Hogarth, and he was himself probably not conscious of it.

Now the question is whether you may not convey the lesson indirectly as well as directly. Hogarth thinks you can; so does Thackeray. That is to say, their genius works in that way. Because the personages in Hogarth's "Marriage" are disgusting—what then? "Behold," the pictures say, "how useless are beauty, rank, wealth, when there is nothing more!" It is not necessary that a Bishop should be perpetually moving in the perspective, nor a Dairyman's Daughter be audibly praying in the fore-ground. The scene is, apparently, one of unredeemed meanness. But the meanness is so truly drawn that the spectator shudders, and ignobility was never so ignoble to him before.

It seems as if the same thing might be said, and without any unseemly strain, of such stories as "Vanity Fair" and "Lovel the Widower." They are certainly lamentable pictures of human nature. If Life were only that, life would be hardly worth living. Exactly, and there the satirist begins. "See what it may be; what it often is. Be warned; be simple, honest, pure." That is the moral of such books and of such pictures. They do indirectly, inversely, what others do directly and positively. But certainly the artist may choose whether he will warn you or win you. For a long time it seemed to be thought essential that the hero of every novel should be brave and handsome, rich and strong and picturesque; and that the heroine should be beautiful and graceful. That fashion has gone by. Major Dobbin is very tall and very gawky; but what a man he is compared with Pelham, or Vivian Grey, or Ivanhoe!—who are not men at all, but school-girls' puppets.

The point of departure of Thackeray and Hogarth, and all the realists in Art, is dependence upon Nature. If they do not exaggerate the form or the color, nature will take care of the morality. "Lovel" is certainly a sketch, and but a sketch, of dreary characters. But is any body attracted by them? Is any body fascinated? Is vice made lovely, or meanness winning? Or, again, are life and nature degraded by such a picture? No: not if it be true, and if it be painted to warn the beholder. It is not

a great book, but it is not a bad book. It may be stupid, it may be stale, it may depict vulgar people; but, for all that—measured by the fair intention of the author, as displayed in all his works—it is not a demoralizing book.

As for "Philip," which has been laid before the readers of this Magazine regularly for a twelve-month, no one who likes the "Newcomes" but must enjoy it. True, yes, it has the old flavor. True, we seem to have seen Philip before, and the dreadful Mrs. Baynes, and the General, and the Little Sister. True, we have been invited before to the feast of folly and fashion; to the coarseness of brutal mothers-in-law; to the swagger of Irish chieftains; to the proud recklessness of youth; to the trusting, constant, loving maiden heart. All this we have seen and known; and having had it once, if it comes again we instinctively ask, "But why has an author not more variety of invention? Why does he walk us around the same old path?"

Well, well—the question is fair. But it was good before, and it is good now. The reality, the humanity of the portraits, are not less than they were. I do not hear any hiss in the tender voice that tells the tale of Charlotte's devotion to Philip—of the silent life of sacrifice of Madame Smolensk—of the hearty, impetuous youth of Philip. It is no ogre licking his chaps as he surveys succulent youth and the ripened game of age: it is a man who feels our common weakness, who knows how readily we go astray, but who draws and honors a real manliness as heartily as Walter Scott, and who recognizes the real womanliness in many a voice which speaks love in bad grammar and has no other charm than truth.

How little we know of any thing that ever happened! A man looks round upon his books, and among them the patricians are the histories. They are the "substantial reading" so strongly commended to young minds. They are not "light," or frivolous, or distracting. To read "a course of history" is to do a very fine and meritorious work.

Yet into nothing does prejudice more deeply enter than into history: so deeply, indeed, as to affect the credibility of the story. There, upon that shelf, for instance, is Hume—with Smollett and Bisett—a goodly range of nineteen volumes. It is called a history of England. Now the history of England is the story of the long debate in Parliament, in courts, and upon the battle-field, between Prerogative and Privilege—between the power of the crown and the rights of the people. It is a bitter, impassioned quarrel. Every Englishman or British subject has a strong feeling upon the matter. He is in favor of the one side or the other. He is a Tory or a Whig. If a Tory, he sees every incident in one way, and interprets it according to his feeling. If a Whig, he does the same. Hume was a Scotch Tory, as Walter Scott was, and his Toryism makes his history almost a fable. The great Revolution is entirely misrepresented by him. Yes; and Smyth, with the other Doctors, show how unfairly he stated facts at a much earlier date than that of the Stuarts. Hume decides and delineates according to his Tory predilections. His history is a Tory history.

But here is Macaulay. His great work is also a history of England, not from the beginning, like Hume's, but practically from the Revolution of 1645. He was peculiarly versed in that period. His best essays are those that treat of it; and he lights up whatever he touches. But Macaulay was a Whig. He no more believed the word of Charles First than

the members of the Parliament he outraged believed it. The struggle, in his view, was occasioned by the invasion of privilege by prerogative, of the rights of the people by the assumptions of the king. Macaulay's history is a Whig history. Which is right—the Whig or the Tory?

Then there are the old stock histories—Robertson, Rollin, Mitford, Gillies, Ferguson—later scholarship, with sharper eyes, sees that they were sadly at fault. New documents discovered, new principles of interpretation, more resolute investigation, supersede them all. An Englishman and a Frenchman, when they were boys, chummed together at a college on the Continent. The English boy read to the other the story of the battle of Crécy, in an English book. The French boy demurred, and read in a French book his story. The boot was on the other foot. The Mexican accounts of our war there a dozen years ago are curiously different from ours. We did not march upon the city and take it. They permitted us to advance. And the Mexicans always rebel against the old Spanish histories of their country.

Nothing is more uncertain than our historical knowledge. And why should it not be so? We have lately had an illustration of the profound contemporary misunderstanding of a whole people; and if that is true of our own time, why should we suppose posterity will be any wiser? For the last six months Great Britain has insisted that we were determined to fight her, and that we should hasten to find and to use an opportunity of insulting her. Every circumstance, every word, has been misconstrued to that end; and when Captain Wilkes stopped the *Trent* and seized the rebel agents, it seems not to have occurred to any but a few in England and France that it might be only his individual act, unauthorized by his Government. Both England and France, as nations, reasoning upon the false premises of our wish to fight England, could see in the action only a premeditated insult.

But besides this curious misapprehension, the English assume and gravely state that the population of this country is a mob, and that the President is swayed by his terror of mob law. This is so exquisitely absurd that an American can only laugh. The city of New York has a population within the police limits of nearly a million, and the police numbers fifteen hundred men. For nine months a desperate war has been waged upon the Government by a faction in the country, which, in its own section, has always mobbed the citizens of other sections who held that one man had no right to enslave another, and yet, with the exception of two or three summary suppressions of newspapers in small towns, the peace of the country has never been more secure. Yet the English, who have made themselves the close friends of those among us who notoriously rule by mobs, inform themselves by their newspapers that the mob rules in this country.

The English historian of the time who should be governed by the current reports in his own country, would tell a story sadly at variance with the truth. Fancy, for instance, Archibald Alison undertaking a history of America to follow his history of Europe. What a figure the poor United States Government would cut? Or imagine the author of "Lady Lee's Widowhood," who now writes an occasional paper about the United States in *Blackwood*, to write a novel in which allusion should be made to our situation, and which should be appealed to by the future historian as a sketch of contemporary manners by

an impartial foreign hand—what a wonderful performance it would be? Such a person evidently knows as much of what he is talking about as a Crim-Tartar knows of California.

No; histories are as limping as the rest.

People complain that Dickens is a caricaturist. What, then, is Hume? What are the *London Times* and *Blackwood*? And we need not look so far. We have but to read our own papers upon our own men and events. We have no soldiers and no statesmen, if you believe one side; we have great generals and wise counselors, if you believe the other. What is the truth about the Missouri summer and autumn campaign? Will you have it from a friend of Frémont's, or from a friend of the regular army?

How hard it is to know the truth when we have all the documents and live among the men and events! But when a hundred years hence any man's interpretation of them must be trusted, is it not clear that we should not be too swift to believe, until we know exactly the sympathies and character of the historian?

Our Foreign Bureau.

WE begin where we left off. Geneva was the city, and Swiss affairs the topic. Greater topics have thrown this in the shade; but still the little mountain republic has its flow and reflow of political excitements—culminating just now in the non-election of M. Fazy, a prominent Genevese politician, who for many years past has had a controlling influence in the government of the Canton. The quays, bridges, and public grounds of the city have been mostly of his design and of his urgency. The jealousies of rival politicians have thrown him out of power. In his way he was the Cavour of the Canton; and however the votes may turn, the Cavour is never thrown out utterly.

The Dappenthal speck of war has fairly passed into the hazy atmosphere of diplomatic discussion, in which the French representative takes position as serenely as a harvest moon, and the Swiss rights twinkle like a belt of stars. It is easy to foretell which light the poor Dappenthal will live by.

A new Swiss Atlas, which has been under course of elaboration for thirty years past, under the auspices of the Federal Council, is now understood to approach completion. A report has been recently made upon the progress of the work by M. the General Dufour, from which it appears that a million of francs has been already expended, and that the task will be brought to an end in the course of 1862.

Most maps are but the measures of a country's distances, the indications of sites of towns, of bigness of rivers, of strategic capabilities. It is different with Switzerland. Even the old road-map of Keller (how much more the new minuteness of the Federal survey!) opens always on the eye like a re-reading of some grand book of poems. This little fine line, half-blurred, that skirts Vevey and Clarens (*Sentier* they mark it) and wavers past the spur of Jaman, is no mere foot-path, but a summer madrigal, full of the rarest music of brooks and a June loveliness of green. This other, that trails zigzag around *Tête Noire*, is a brave war lyric, with banners of firs and an army of angry clouds. This broader streak, that is written "Diligence road," and that gleams along the *Via Mala*, is an epic whose every Cæsarean pause we can recall among the Imperial heights; whose pages are written over

with lichens, and dashed with the blood of Alpine roses; whose resonance is in sliding mountains of snow. There are tragedies, too; as where this frailest hair line of path stretches by the Dead House of St. Bernard, where the frozen mummies stare at you, or goes glinting along the precipices of the Gemmi, where unwary travelers have fallen and dashed their lives out on the rocks below. Then Pastorals come, with sweet, far-sounding bells, goat herds, kids feeding, hay-makers, banks of green velvet, long lines of widening valley, down which you pass into the glow and gold of Italy.

On this thread of memory we march there now, and seek for news at Turin.

THE Neapolitan difficulties, whatever the optimists may say, are not yet wholly at an end. The scattered companies of brigands still drive their trade in the fastnesses of Calabria, doing murder, and making booty in the name of the good King Francis Second. Their character, and the romantic episodes of their life, are ever made the subjects of labored apology and exposition in the ultramontane journals of Paris. It is strange and monstrous to find professed Christian organs, like *La Monde*, drawing tender pictures of the homes and habits of these impracticable robbers, and commending their predatory vigor and successes as so many illustrations of Bourbon patriotism and Papal obedience.

The new Lieutenant-Governor, Della Marmora, of Crimean fame, is showing his usual energy; but the total suppression of Southern brigandage can not reasonably be looked for until the nest of reactionary conspirators is broken up and driven away from Rome. Never more than now is the government of Victor Emanuel feeling the necessity of a central capital. The Baron Ricasoli, in a personal letter to the Pope, urges the matter more vehemently than ever; and begs the French Government, through whose officials the document passes to its destination, to add urgency to his demands upon His Holiness. Italy (in the name of Ricasoli) asks only that Rome shall decide upon the character of its own temporal authority, and engages the complete spiritual submission of a united country to the sovereignty of the Pope.

Full revenues are promised, all existing princely titles of the Church, the right to convoke religious assemblages as heretofore; and fears are hinted that except the Holy Father yield in this matter to the wishes of Italy before it be too late his ecclesiastical authority will crumble with his temporal privileges.

The whole question of Rome as capital for the new Italy rests, as heretofore, upon the presence or absence of the French army within the gates *del Popolo*. The august Hierarchy, with all its immunities, hangs trembling upon the point of Louis Napoleon's sword. If he withdraws General Goyon, he irritates a great swarm of Church declaimers at home; he offends the religious prejudices of the Empress; he alienates the Court of Madrid; he provokes the open hostility of Austria. If he holds his ground, he stimulates the Bourbonist reaction in the South; he defeats the accomplishment of national unity, and must gradually alienate all the liberal minds of Italy. He holds in his hand the power to consolidate the nationalities of the Peninsula; he holds also, to a limited degree, the larger power to break them asunder. What will he do with it?

M. Ratazzi is spoken of as a possible successor to the Baron Ricasoli at the head of Government. He is represented to be less strongly committed than

the Baron upon the Church question, and more pliant to the views of the French Emperor. He was fêted at Paris by the journalists of that city upon the same day on which a similar fête was given by the London Society of Fishmongers to the unrecognized ambassadors of certain so-called "Confederate States." And if we may trust to M. Ratazzi's after-dinner declarations on that occasion, no more uncompromising enemy to the temporal power of the Pope, and no more earnest champion for complete and entire Italian unity is to be found at Turin.

General Cialdini, one of the most accomplished officers of the Piedmontese army, has thrown up his command. Difficulties with the Cabinet are said to be the occasion. It is certain that, while in authority at Naples, he did not pay flattering respect to certain orders of the Government. On his return the King proposed to bestow upon him the highest mark of his regard, equivalent to the honor of the Garter in England. To this the Cabinet strenuously objected; but the matter coming to the knowledge of Cialdini, he showed his disaffection by resigning. The Italian army, however, can not afford to lose him; and it is believed that the King, who has a rare talent for such delicate services, may win him back to full allegiance.

Venetian affairs are in no way of improvement. The Empress of Austria, a pretty, delicate person, whose face challenges sympathy, and whose ill health commands devotion, is passing a portion of the winter in Venice, the climate of Vienna being too severe for her. The Duchesse de Berri is there too, as usual, and her stolid son, the Duke of Bordeaux. The Duke of Modena is presently to arrive with the late Duke of Tuscany, and possibly the whole of the exiled court of Naples. In a certain sense, then, Venice will be gay. The Austrian officers and the exiled families will make up a fair house for the Fenice Theatre, and a brilliant company of promenaders for the Place St. Mark. The Venetian element, however, will be wanting in what festivities crown the winter. The Governor, Toggenberg, was never more cordially detested, or the commerce of the place on a more dreary footing. Even the famous Arsenal, which was one of the show places of the city, which carried such glorious memories of Dandolo, and Pisani, and the Morosinis, has been despoiled for the equipment of a new naval dépôt at Pola, on the Dalmatian shore. The estates on the main land, which supplied a precarious revenue to many of the old titled families, have this year given neither crops nor rental. The poor harvest, being the smallest known for years, has been expropriated by the exactions of the soldiery, and even the tenantry have been stimulated to an agrarian rebellion, and pillage has been done under the flag of Austria.

We should hardly know or hear of Venice, save that in the Florentine Exhibition, which has had so large success, one or two bits of rare painting, and as rare sculpture, tell us with a tender pathos of the lingering art-inheritance at the old home of Giovanni Gentile Bellini.

WE have said nothing of that Florentine Exhibition, though it is worth its page of record—albeit, a story of the summer past.

The building is worthy of the exhibition. Passing through a court-yard, in the centre of which stands a colossal statue of the King, you pass under a noble colonnade, surmounted by a façade bearing appropriate inscriptions and allegorical bas-reliefs, and enter the body of the structure (which was, in

fact, the old railway station), you see before you a spacious hall, one hundred and seventy yards long by forty wide, divided in the centre by a row of columns, and surrounded by a wide and commodious gallery. The walls of this building are brick, but it is lighted by a glass roof—the glare from which is admirably tempered by a covering of canvas, divided in square partitions, each bearing the name and device of a province or city of Italy. In the centre of the *salle*, on a marble pedestal, stands a fine statue of the Florentine political economist, Sallustio Bandini. This is the only permanent ornament, all the available space being very properly reserved for the objects exhibited. From the side doors open to different committee-rooms, post and telegraph offices, the reading-room, two excellent restaurants and cafés—in one of which there are *déjeûners* and *dîner à table d'hôte* at the prices respectively of two and four francs—the police-office, secretary's rooms, and, last not least, the *sanitario* (hospital), to attend to which a staff of thirty doctors is appointed. From the body of the building you enter a circular space two hundred yards in diameter, which is arranged as an open-air garden, and laid out in parterres of flowers (in pots) worthy of Florence; in the centre is a hot-house for tropical, a tent for exotic, and a fountain, rockery, and reservoir for aquatic plants. The garden is surrounded by a corridor twenty yards in width, lighted by windows that form one side, and widening at the extremity into a large semicircular room, in which is the permanent orchestra of the Exhibition.

The King opened the Exhibition upon a gala Sunday of the summer, on which the beating of drums, the movement of troops, and the rattle of carriages, broke down all Puritan remembrance of the day.

We can only epitomize some of the best things. Milan bears the palm for sculpture, and Pietro Magni is chiefest.

Piedmont is feeble in its art-show; but her machinery, and show of mechanical contrivances generally, range far beyond any thing of more Southern Italy. The war material is best represented by the founders of Turin and Brescia. There is also very remarkable Turin cabinet-work of woods in mosaic, so daintily arranged as to represent the portraits of popular Italian heroes.

Florence is remarkable for its carvings and for its well-known *pietra dura*.

The Marquis Campana shows very wonderful imitations of marble and of precious stones, so perfect as to require interpretation. The Roman photography maintains its old excellence, and is perhaps the best in Europe. Porcelain from the manufactory of the Marquis Ginori is declared equal to that of Sèvres.

One of the most interesting parts of the Exhibition, and that to which the Government has extended special encouragement, is the show of cheap wares for the poor. The articles are ticketed with their prices, and can be furnished to those wishing at a *dépôt* near by. If cheapness makes success, then this department certainly has achieved success. What shall we say to women's shoes ticketed at 16 cents; and infants' shoes at 6 cents; boots 84 cents; and corsets 25 cents?

When the King came to open the Exhibition the *émigrés* of Rome and of Venice presented an address to him, with this touch of the old romantic Italy at its close: "Sire, the garlands we have woven for the virgins of Venice and of Rome are beginning to fade. We pray that you may arrive there before

they be utterly withered, and so become King of us all."

Before we leave Italy we give a paragraphist's sketch of an eminent personage now seeing carnival at Rome. We will not vouch for the truth of it: *Se non è vero è ben vestito*. "Riding a few days since in the Campagna I was passed by three equestrians—two certainly men, the third a puzzle, but seeming rather of the 'epicene' or doubtful gender. It wore a yellow Zouave jacket; a black garment beyond description clothed its lower members; and on its head was jauntily stuck a Bersaglière hat, with a great plume of yellow and black feathers. It rode like a woman—that is, very fast and recklessly—to the evident terror and suffering of its two companions, who, dressed in tight suits of black, and one at least with his feet thrust into his stirrups the wrong way, were tempting Providence in a trot. A wide ditch was before them—I have seen men turn from a smaller. It, however, went straight at it, and got well over; and turning round, and taking off her hat to her 'pounded' companions, there was the beautiful face of the ex-Queen of Naples, who stopped to light her cigar, while the men went ignominiously round to the bridge."

WE are talking of peaceful themes for these times of war; yet we can easily slip to a scene of war. By the new Ancona railway (opened with a royal fête) we glide to the Adriatic, thence it needs only to cross the gulf and the southern limb of Dalmatia, and we are in the midst of the wars of Montenegro and the Herzegovine against Turkey. Success is various, but mainly falls to the share of the mountaineers, who fight among their own homes. The money and men are enlisted for the Ottoman cause, which, besides, is contending for empire that has been acknowledged in treaty and is supported by long possession. But the Montenegrins and the Herzegovines believe in the remaking of treaties, and the renaming of the boundaries of empire when treaties and boundaries are clenched with tyranny: they have the advantage of fighting upon the defensive, and the further one of possessing the sympathy of nearly every Christian nation of Europe. Austria is understood to keep a very watchful eye upon the current of this war upon her borders; and is specially anxious to convince the Slaves who live under Mussulman rule that she is their friend, and so gain merit and approval with her Slave population at home. She is needful of such sympathy. The Magyar element of Hungary was never more thoroughly alienated than now.

As for the Sultan, who is presumed to direct this war, the hopes we had in him long since "touched ground;" and if they have not "dashed themselves to pieces," it is no fault of his. The economies of his beginning have faded into wanton indulgence. The one Sultana has grown into a gay group of concubines. Mehemet Ali, an ambitious leader of affairs (his brother-in-law), assumes virtual control. The British reporters do indeed give us hopeful accounts of the status of the Ottoman court. But all other authorities, whether German, Russian, or French, look despairingly upon the current of Turkish affairs. And we make no question but that the *dictum* of the Russian Nicholas, about the sick master living at the Dardanelles, will in a few years be confirmed. Not twenty years can pass before the sick master must make his will and die. The propagand of Oslamism is as dead as the propagand of slavery; and when a nation loses the virus by

which to propagate its special and sustaining faith, it must die too: except its faith be changed.

WE shift now our view to Paris. Swift cold, and overcoats, and the rattle of ball-bound carriages tell of winter. Great quiet at court, now come back from the long vacation at Compeigne, tell of death in royal circles—a King in Portugal, a Prince Regent in England. Death too has appeared in humbler though not less illustrious circles. At the Academy of Sciences a sitting has been made sombre by the news that M. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire was dead. He was born, where he died, in the midst of the wonders of the Jardin des Plantes. His father was one of the illustrations of French science, as his life and works, edited by the son, have proved. The savant who is just now lamented interested himself specially in the acclimature of new animals; and he was at the head of the society of acclimation of the Jardin des Plantes and of the Bois de Boulogne. He has been specially known latterly by his efforts to secure the somewhat inglorious conquest over the old prejudice against horse-flesh. We have alluded repeatedly in our record to his persistency in this direction; and it may be well to say that his labors were not without avail. He had the satisfaction of knowing before his death that he had contributed largely toward furnishing cheap food for the poor.

And while in the Chamber of Science, let us mention that M. Boussingault, the eminent (perhaps most eminent) agricultural chemist, has latterly contributed certain extremely interesting discoveries in regard to the transpiration of plants. It has long been known that all vegetables gave off a certain quantity of oxygen by day, and a certain quantity of carbonic acid in the dark; but M. Boussingault finds that aquatic plants especially give off in the dark an oxide of carbon which is well known as a deadly gas. The question arises, what this transpiration of vegetable growth, on great tracts of swamp land, may have to do with the miasma (so intangible hitherto to all chemical grasp) of tropical vegetation?

Sir Humphrey Davy once taking two or three inhalations of the oxide of carbon came near his death. May it not possibly be true that the "country fever" of the South, and the fever and ague of New Yorkers and New York, may be due to a conditional inhalation of the same poison?

THE French Academy (we speak now of the Academy *par excellence*, and not of the Academy of Sciences) has just lost an associate in the Père Lacordaire. We will call him a Dominican preacher; and not a stranger in Paris, at the date of 1846 or thereabout, but, if he had a mind to any sort of preaching, struggled to hear the good Father Lacordaire, in his discourses at the old church of Notre Dame. To ourselves Notre Dame has three aspects very wide apart in character, but we can hardly tell which of the three keeps strongest in mind. First, Victor Hugo has stamped its image in our thought, with his weird poem (shall we say?) of the "Hunchback." When we think of Notre Dame we think of Gringoire and Quasimodo. Next, the miracle of the architect seizes us: the wondrous towers and wondrous sculpture, the flying buttresses that flank the quay, and the flamboyant miracles of the windows enchain us. Last—but perhaps more strongly than all—we think of Notre Dame as the parish pulpit of the Dominican Lacordaire.

What a *melée* of people thronged to hear him! And what earnestness and power in the talk of him! No little proprieties of elocution, that took away the edge of his force; no daintiness of speech, that made you forget his meaning; no transparent tricks of oratory; no suavity of tone, that made you say, What voice! No elaboration of rhetoric that made you say, What artist! But complete, entire engrossment in the full-souled earnestness of the man. Those truths he uttered were the things to live by, and, if need be, die by; nothing less, nothing more. A preacher that engulfed your thought, and bore it onward in the rush of his language, and crowned it and sealed it with a prayer. If all preachers talked as Lacordaire talked, the apostles of the world would count more than twelve.

Yet they hardly do.

Jean Baptiste Lacordaire was born in the year 1802, in Burgundy. His father died while he was quite a lad, and under the guardianship of his mother he studied at Dijon. His first ambition was to qualify himself for the stage; and it is said that he enjoyed for a time the counsels and instruction of Talma. But he soon changed the drift of his labor and studied for the bar. At one time, indeed, he was a duly qualified advocate in Paris. But religious convictions came upon him in a flood, and he left the law for theological study in the school of St. Sulpice. If he had been an actor, he would have rivaled the best; if he had been a lawyer, he would have ranked with Chaix d'Est Ange. As a pulpit orator no man came near him unless, perhaps, M. Coquerel of the Oratoire.

It was in 1828 that Lacordaire first took orders as a priest. The whirl of the revolution that brought in the Orleans family to power carried Lacordaire into association with Montalembert and Lamennais, as the editors of *L'Avenir*. It was a religious journal in sympathy with the times. It raised the banner of religious as well as civil freedom. Its editors appealed to Rome for countenance. But France was in advance of the opinions of poor Gregory. The paper was too free for its day. Lamennais broke out into open revolt—revolt that drove him to socialism, and a wild, uncurbed philanthropy that ended in stark infidelity. Montalembert shivered in the wind of Papal disapproval, and ended, as we know, in eloquent support of the Church's worst abuses. Lacordaire, alone of the three, held strongly to a simple Christian faith, lamenting the illiberalities of the Church, but not believing with Lamennais that its illiberalities were reason for its annihilation; nor yet believing with Montalembert that eloquence was well spent in defense of its sophistries or its traditions. Lacordaire, wiser than either, seized hold of the kernel of truth which made the life and the germ of the Church, and about that kernel poured the irradiating store of his knowledge and his eloquence.

The Pope feared him; Montalembert distrusted him; Lamennais tried to scorn him; but good men loved him, and strong men applauded him.

WHAT the French think in respect of the *Trent* imbroglio the papers will already have told you. They do not, with rare exceptions, favor the summary action of Captain Wilkes. Continental opinions lean, as we have always leaned hitherto, toward granting the largest liberty to neutrals. And, whatever sympathies may be, the Continental nations will not live down their traditions in a day. If the American treatment of the question be upon the basis of old American claims as regards search, it

will rally every Continental cabinet to the side of the United States as against the historical pretensions of England; but it must not be forgotten that such treatment necessarily implies utter discountenance of the summary action of Captain Wilkes. In any event, the braggart speeches of judges and governors involve serious embarrassment of the question. Throughout it must be remembered that whatever we do in the present crisis toward establishing precedents in inter-naval affairs should be, so far as possible, scrupulously in agreement with the views of the Continental nations of Europe. They are far more liberal than the views of England; and we may be sure of a sympathy in the effort to curtail her pretensions, which we wantonly and madly sacrifice in going beyond even England in arrogance of claim. We shall not win the co-operation of European cabinets, or the liberal minds of Europe, by assumption of any disputed rights. All the international rights that can be made even plausible topics of dispute, it becomes our policy to yield gracefully. We are aware that there is a sturdy American pride which is disposed to ignore any European opinion whatever, and repose simply upon its own sense of right and sense of power. Our Western politicians are sadly afflicted with this pride; but after all, we are only one of a big family of nations, and have no divine right to lay down the law for the rest. We must give some recognition to the older branches of the family. Humanity is a larger word than patriotism.

WE have alluded from time to time to the increasing love for country life which is manifesting itself in France. As corroborative evidence we may mention the fact that a new semi-monthly journal, *Vie à la Campagne*, has just now been instituted with such collaborateurs as Alphonse Karr, Dumas, Gautier, etc. Fishing, hunting, horse-racing, floriculture, all come within its scope.

Apropos, the estate of Malmaison has just passed by purchase into the possession of the Emperor, and is undergoing thorough renovation. A few facts in its history will have present interest. It was purchased by Josephine in 1798, while Napoleon Bonaparte was in Egypt, from M. Lecoulteux de Canteleu, afterward Senator, who had bought it as national property. Before the Revolution of 1789 it was one of the most agreeable residences in the environs of Paris, notwithstanding its name of Malo Mansio. Delille, in his poem of "Les Jardins," speaks of it with admiration, and he resided there when he translated the Georgics. When Josephine became Empress she enlarged the domain, and enriched it with several foreign plants of value; she also acclimatized several species of foreign birds and animals, and particularly the black swans of New Holland. The rare plants of Malmaison were painted by Redouté, and described by Bouglard. The Empress annexed to the grounds a practical school of agriculture. All these embellishments cost enormous sums. At Malmaison, under the Consulate, splendid fêtes were given, and the place was the favorite residence of Napoleon Bonaparte. It was there also that Josephine retired after her divorce, and the Emperor, who always entertained great affection for her, went there occasionally to see her. Her Majesty piously preserved his bedchamber, his study, etc., just as they were when he occupied them. On the 26th of May, 1814, the ex-Empress was visited by the Emperor Alexander of Russia, who dined with her. It was after taking a walk with him in the grounds

that she fell ill, and died three days after. In 1815, after the battle of Waterloo, the Emperor Napoleon retired to Malmaison, and it was from that place that he set out for Rochefort, whence he was conveyed to St. Helena. Malmaison was sacked by the Allied troops, and many works of art were destroyed. Prince Eugène sold the lands which Josephine had annexed to the old grounds, and what remained of the works of art he had conveyed to Munich. A Swedish banker, established at Paris, purchased Malmaison in 1826; and in 1842 Queen Christina, who had been forced to leave Spain on account of political troubles, bought the place. Her Majesty resided there at different periods, but lived very retired, receiving but few visitors. A year ago, on the occasion of her last visit to Rome, the Queen resolved to sell the property. In 1850, when the Emperor was President of the Republic, some friends of the Bonaparte family formed the project of raising a national subscription to purchase the place for him, but he refused the offer. His Majesty has now, however, bought Malmaison, and annexed it, together with some plantations, to the domain of Saint Cucuphat (also a favorite place of Josephine), which belongs to the Civil List. Malmaison as an estate is not of much importance, but its historical value is unusually great. For the Emperor personally it possesses reminiscences not only of his family, but of his own infancy.

A GREAT grief has overwhelmed the Royal family of England. The kind father and devoted husband, Prince Albert, is gone suddenly in the flower of his age. It was at Windsor; but the magnificence of the home, the imperial stretch of Park-land, all royal attentions availed nothing. The Queen wept in vain—only a woman's tears; the Princess Alice lavished all the attentions of a fond daughter; but they counted no more than the attentions of other daughters when death is in presence. A king must come like the rest to his coffin.

Mors sola fatetur quantula sint hominum corpuscula.

The Prince was so accomplished a gentleman that the world is apt to think of him as nothing more. But the Prince was a rare musician, a facile draughtsman, a learned connoisseur in all matters of art, a shrewd "man of affairs," possessed of courage, enterprise, and energy: he was, moreover, a devoted father and husband. In any station of life he would have won success and commanded respect. A droop to the royal standard and a crape upon the arm are no measures of the nation's loss.

ABOUT England's present engrossment with the subject of the American war, we talk only in the shape of this letter from a friend:

"C—BEEKS, ENGLAND.

"MY DEAR M—: We have been near to war; God only knows how near we may be to it now. You have said, I dare say, with others of your countrymen, these staid British friends of ours are surely maddened, to forget all the ties of common origin, of common interests, and those larger bonds which unite two great Christian nations in the work of civilization—to forget these, in the saucy affront put upon the captain of a mail steamer.

"But you will be surprised to learn that even our calmest men, and most liberal minded, have sided with the swift action of the Government in this matter. Even Lord Shaftesbury has excused himself from attendance upon a peace meeting at Exeter Hall, lest it might weaken faith in the integrity of the national action.

"Do you not think, candidly, that if the case had been reversed, and if, during the progress of the Russian war, I

will say, an American mail-packet had been overhauled with ball and shell, and Russian agents bound from one neutral port to another, had been seized and carried off as prisoners—do you not think that popular feeling would have reached a boiling point, and the whole country declared as one man that reparation and restitution should be made? Have you not, upon the other side of the water, inherited a prodigious share of our testy pride? Can you name an incident which has occurred in England in connection with the affair which would not have occurred, in the case I have supposed, in your own country—even to the violent talk of the Liverpool Exchange meeting? And do you think that the quick sense of offended pride belongs—of all nations—only to you? The devil has been liberal of those gifts out of which men forge curses.

"But feeling the hope, from the latest advices, that all fear of war from the *Trent* seizure has gone by, let me talk in the tone of one whom you know to be calm, and who deprecates international war, about the estrangement of feeling (more threatening in its ulterior issues than the *Trent* affair) which has latterly grown fast between England and America.

"Why is it, and how is it?

"You object seriously, if one may judge from the tone of the late admirable letter of General Scott, that we have recognized a minority of your countrymen as belligerents. But neutrality supposes belligerents, and without neutrality we must side openly with one party or the other. There is no such thing as neutrality between piracy and a nation with whom we are on terms of amity. But if we side with the North definitely, we must count every Southern vessel piratical. We are not prepared to do this. If Scotland or Ireland were to break out in open revolt, I doubt very much (whatever you might think of the bases of the quarrel) if you would be willing to treat every Irish or Scotch skipper as a pirate.

"Neutrality, as I said, implies recognition of two belligerent parties; and do you object to our neutrality? Why meddle with quarrels among our neighbors? You would have thought it impertinent to meddle with any of those quarrels of yours which have been determined by ballots; why meddle with those other quarrels which are brought to the decision of the bayonet?

"Socially and commercially we have been brought into intimate association with both Northerners and Southerners. We hear men, whom we have learned to respect for their probity of character, declare stoutly for the Calhoun doctrine of 'right of secession'; we hear men, whom we respect as much, denounce this view as monstrous and devilish. It seems to us purely an American question, for Americans to settle. Therefore we stand on our neutrality.

"Of course we have our private opinions about Mr. Davis and Mr. Lincoln—about slavery and freedom—about *habeas corpus* and martial law—about piracy and privateering; and our journals have the confirmed habit (common to American journals) of saying what they choose.

"There can be no question that the private opinion in England of those best qualified to judge has been largely in favor of your (Northern) view of the legal points at issue. There can be no question, furthermore, that nine out of ten in England are steadfastly opposed to slavery.

"But you must remember, on the other hand, that we are just now suffering grievously in all our manufacturing interests by reason of your blockade. Remember, too, in explanation of much of the sympathy you see declared, that, looking from overseas, we clearly perceive that those friends of ours who occupy the Northern half of the house are far the stronger. We see clearly that your immediate friends are in no peril; that your homes are not threatened with devastation; that the South is by no possibility equal to any large offensive demonstrations within your borders. Therefore our sympathies are not quick for you and yours. We can not enter into your feeling for your flag, which has been dishonored. Our sympathies are personal. We perceive that those whom we have known and loved at the South are in danger—danger from a possibly riotous soldiery, danger from a maddened herd of insurrectionists.

Why should we not tremble for them, and express interest?

"Why not recognize them, you say, and, to a certain extent, relieve them from peril? But recognition is a question of state policy, which our private sympathies must not decide. We recognize the Russian clutch on Poland, but we abhor the necessity. We recognize the Austrian right to Venice, but we will rejoice if Venice works out her freedom.

"Then, again, our sympathies on this Southern American question are not full and integral in their bearing.

"We, who tremble for Southern friends, and who wish them well, and who would welcome them to these British homes of ours, *do not love slavery*. We never loved it; we have proved it over and over—proved it by money sacrificed—proved it by our best heart's-blood. We do not—can not believe in the permanence of any government which makes slavery its corner-stone.

"This stumbling-block makes hesitancy even in our sympathies. Aside from this, I do believe that the Southern Confederacy would have been recognized even at the peril of war. I do not decide the question as to whether we would have acted in good faith in so doing. I only say that our sympathies, and inclinations, and (as most Englishmen count them) our interests would have led us to such a course.

"In any event, God grant there be no war between us two.

Very truly yours, etc."

In these times it is well for us to consider every phase of British feeling.

Editor's Drawer.

A CLEVER writer, to whom we have been indebted for many things wise and otherwise, has told us that to be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast into the very lap of fortune; for our faculties then undergo a wonderful development, and display an energy of which they were previously unsusceptible. Our minds are like certain drugs and perfumes, which must be crushed before they evince their vigor and put forth their virtues.

So with the country when the trial of war comes. It makes or unmakes. If it does not ruin, it will exalt and glorify.

Lundy Foot, a celebrated snuff-manufacturer, originally kept a small tobacco-shop in Limerick, in Ireland. One night his house, which was uninsured, was burned to the ground. As he contemplated the smoking ruins on the following morning, in a state bordering on despair, some of his poor neighbors, groping among the embers for what they could find, stumbled upon several canisters of unconsumed but half-baked snuff, which they tried and found so grateful to their noses that they filled their pockets with the spoil. The poor owner, seeing what was going on, took a pinch himself, and at once perceived the superiority of the flavor acquired by the great heat to which the snuff had been exposed. Acting on the hint, or scenting his game and being up to snuff, he took another house in a place called Black Yard, and building a large oven for the purpose, he prepared the high-dried snuff which was soon widely known as Black-Yard snuff, and that term was corrupted into Blackguard, which has become a familiar but low word. Lundy Foot, taking the public by the nose and tickling it to their liking, became famous in Dublin, and ultimately made a handsome fortune by being ruined.

The Drawer tells this story for the comfort of those nervous people who think the country is to be ruined by the war. France has been ruined several times, and England several times, and we were

ruined, as the nervous people said, by the war of 1812-'14; but somehow we and they managed to find among the smouldering ruins of our poor country something to start business with again, and here we are at it again, and likely to be.

THE FIRST RECORD OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Here is a transcript of the missing leaf. If the original went out of the window, I hope the compositor did not obey the regular direction to "follow copy." If printers followed this direction exactly, there is not one man in ten who writes for the press who would not be ashamed of his article, and wish the copy had gone out of the window, followed by the too obedient compositor. Public speakers owe more to reporters and printers than they are willing to own. If their speeches were reported and printed just as they were delivered they would, in nine cases out of ten, be sad bosh; but when put into shape they look the very embodiment of wisdom and patriotism. My old friend Ross Browne—no relation to the cockney Brown, once of the *Journal of Commerce*, and at the same time an employé in the New York Custom-house, with no duties but to draw his salary, and now, as the papers say, high in station in the Southern Confederacy—much good may they have of the fellow, of whom, if I have space, I will tell you a good story:—but I was speaking of quite another man—J. Ross Browne, the author of "*Crusoe Life*" and the "*Washoe Papers*," published in your Magazine, and of that capital book "*Yusef*"—after "*Eothen*" the best book of Eastern travel published. Browne is now in Europe. I had, the other day, a characteristic letter from him of twenty pages, and a postscript of eight more, illustrated with the funniest sketches scrawled in the margin, giving an account of a trip in Norway. If he would write out an account of this trip for you, it would be one of the best papers you have ever published. But, as I was saying, Ross Browne once told me a capital story of the way in which he reported the proceedings of the California Constitutional Convention, which shows how much politicians and speakers owe to reporters and printers for their reputation.

But I have not time to write out this story now; at least not till I have replaced the lost leaf of my last notelet, which told what Professor Bush said about Dr. Cox, and gave the conundrum about the "First Record of Corporal Punishment." To begin where you broke off:

At a "Ministers' Meeting" just after the great meteoric shower, the question came up as to its cause. One suggested one thing, and another something different. At last Professor Bush said that he could not imagine how so many bright things could be flashing around, unless it had happened that *Dr. Cox's brain had broken loose*.

I accept, my dear Editor, your reprimand for the long time that it has taken me to get to this *mot*. It was very courteously worded, though not quite so polite as a reprimand administered to my old college chum, Jefferson Smith.

Jeff had been guilty of a breach of college discipline, and was sentenced to receive a public reprimand. To make this the more severely felt, it was to be administered by Monsieur Laroche, our "Professor of Modern Languages," with whose daughter Pauline every student in general, and Jeff in particular, was known to be madly in love.

Morning prayers over, Monsieur Laroche said, "Zhenteelmen, you will remain a moment. Mees-

tare Smees—Meestare Zheffairsone Smees—will please to arise."

Up rose Jeff, looking very penitential.

"Meestare Smees," began the Professor, severely, "you have been arraigned before ze Faculté wiz to commit a great impropriety: wiz to put ze—ze—*goudron*—how call you it in Anglaise, Meestare Smees, if you please?"

"Tar," interpreted Jeff.

"Yees, tar-r: thank you, Meestare Smees:—wiz ze great impropriety of to put ze tar-r upon ze—ze—*corde de cloche*—how is zat in Anglaise, Meestare Smees, if you please?"

"Bell-rope, Sir," again interpreted Jeff.

"Yees, bell-rope: thank you, Meestare Smees:—wiz ze great impropriety of to put ze tar-r on ze bell-r-rope. Ze Faculté did find you guilty; and you did make *aveu*—how is zat in Anglaise, Meestare Smees, if you please?"

"Own the corn," interpreted Jeff, gravely.

"Yees, own ze corn: thank you much, Meestare Smees:—wiz ze great impropriety of to put ze tar-r upon ze bell-r-rope, and you did own ze corn. Zat was very honorable in you, Meestare Smees, and does you great credit. But ze Faculté did sentence you to be reprimanded, and did appoint me you to reprimand.—Meestare Smees, will you have the kindness to considare yourself reprimanded? And, my dear Sir, will you come to us zis evening? Me and Madame, and Mademoiselle Pauline will be happy you to see."

Jeff went to Monsieur Laroche's that evening, and came back jubilant. He soon told me the reason. He had proposed to Pauline Laroche, who had dutifully referred him to her papa. The Professor had cordially given his consent; and Pauline Laroche is now Mrs. Jefferson Smith.

That was a polite reprimand. But I could never excuse Jeff for causing Monsieur Laroche to use the colloquial phrase "own the corn" instead of the more dignified "confess." These colloquial phrases usually have some odd origin, and a funny book might be written explaining them. If I have space in this note I will tell you the origin of this phrase, "own the corn."

Those who learn our language by Grammar and Dictionary often make curious blunders, by using vulgar colloquial phrases instead of recognized forms. We have all heard of the Frenchman who condoled with the newly-made widow because her husband had "kicked the bucket." An excellent French clergyman who a year or two ago visited this country, where he was cordially welcomed, made an error of like nature. A farewell meeting was held, at the close of which he spoke in feeling terms of the kindness which had been shown him. "I go to my own country," he said; "but I shall never forget you, my friends in America. May the Lord be gracious to you and peckle you!" The Dictionary gave him "pickle" and "preserve" as synonyms; and he unluckily chose the former term. Of course we make similar blunders in speaking French. At least one of our American clergymen once did, when speaking in Paris in behalf of a Bible Society. He exhorted his hearers to contribute liberally to send *l'eau de vie* to the heathen who were thirsting for it. Probably whisky or any other kind of fire-water would have been quite as acceptable to them as the "Water of Life" which the speaker intended, or the costly liquid which he actually designated.

It is quite natural that one who tries to converse in a language not his own should always be recog-

nized as a foreigner. But it seems strange that one can in this country always recognize an Englishman, by something in his phrases or pronunciation, even though he does not belong to the class who take such liberties with the unfortunate letter *h*. I suppose an American is equally recognizable in England. "The Howadji," who, I believe, sometimes contributes to your pages, tells a couple of good stories upon himself, which illustrate this:

After the completion of his Eastern tour he went to London. He entered a shop to procure an article to cover his head. The purchase having been made the shopman remarked:

"Beg pard'n, S'r: an Hamerican gent, I hobserve; been in Hingland long?"

"Why do you take me for an American?" asked the Howadji, who rather prided himself upon being a cosmopolitan.

"Yes's'r, beg pard'n, S'r; I hobserve that you said a *Hat*; beg pard'n, S'r, but in Lunnon we commonly say *han At*."

His speech bewrayed the American; but he thought himself safe from detection when, the day after, he visited Moses's famous clothing mart, wearing the "tile" which he had purchased; for surely nobody but an Englishman would wear one of the shocking fabrications of the London hatters; the Duke of Newcastle's was not worse when he acted as mentor to the Prince of Wales on his American tour. In fact, the Howadji thought he might pass for the heir of a dukedom. At the entrance of the immense room, crowded with customers, he intimated to a "floor walker" of the Hebrew persuasion, attired most gorgeously to behold, that he wished that article of attire usually worn between the shirt and the coat, designating it by its this-side-of-the-Atlantic name of "vest."

"'Ere, 'Ennery!" shouted the walker at the top of his voice to a shopman at the extremity of the room, "show this Hamerican gent the *flowery veskits*!"

One word had betrayed him as an American; and the Hebrew, believing that all Americans were savages, and knowing that savages were fond of gay garments, jumped to the conclusion that "flowery veskits" must be adapted to the taste of his presumably savage customer.

Speaking of Americans in London reminds me of a capital story of how a Massachusetts clergyman, who has since been a Member of Congress, got admission to the House of Lords. If I have a corner left on this sheet I will write it out; but I must first give you another anecdote of the Howadji. I doubt if he tells this himself; but it is true, nevertheless. He is, as you know, a favorite lecturer, and was to deliver the concluding lecture of the season in a thriving New England town. The Chairman of the Committee introduced the speaker to his audience thus:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—This is the concluding lecture of the course. The Committee regret that, owing to the late period when the organization was formed, they have not been able to secure the services of any good lecturers. The closing lecture of the course will now be delivered by George William Curtis, Esq., whom I now introduce to you. Next year we hope to present to you better lecturers."

Speaking of lecturers, what a collection of anecdotes might be made up from their experiences! The Rev. Dr. Chapin is, upon the platform, very ornate in style and animated in delivery. After one of his brilliant bursts, the audience broke out

into loud applause. Silence was restored, and the speaker was on the point of proceeding, when a vinegar-faced dame just in front rose and said, loud enough for all to hear,

"I'm a-goin'. I didn't give my money to come to a theayter."

Quite different was a criticism upon the Rev. Dr. Storrs, who is very elegant in diction and quiet in manner.

"The Doctor may be a very larned man," said one dame to another: "I dare say he is; but he don't tear 'round enough to suit me."

Of orators, whether on the platform or in the pulpit, few can compare with the Rev. Dr. Bethune. Indeed, if I were to indicate the one most eloquent discourse which I have ever heard, I should name a sermon by Dr. Bethune some fifteen years ago in behalf of a society for the Aid of Widows. My own available funds at that time amounted to just two quarters and a dime, and I had no immediate prospect of any augmentation. I had made up my mind to contribute the dime; and as this was more than "a tithe of all I possessed," I thought this was quite sufficient. But I was so moved by the sermon that when the plate came round both quarters and the dime went in. I have always thought that the Doctor fairly owes me fifty cents, with interest from that date. What right had he so to work upon my feelings? While the Doctor was preaching in Brooklyn he received an invitation to the Collegiate Church in New York. "He won't go!" exclaimed one of the Doctor's admirers, who uses language more forcible than elegant; "he told 'em when they asked him that he wouldn't go; he said he'd see 'em in hell first, the whole pot and bilin' of 'em!"

It is needless to say that the Doctor's reply was altogether different both in substance and form from that imputed to him by his rough-spoken admirer, whose dialect resembles too much that of "our army in Flanders." Much more commendable is the scrupulousness of Deacon Spooner, of Brandon, in Vermont, my own birth-place, and that of the lamented Stephen A. Douglas. The last time I saw Douglas was at the great meeting in Jones's Woods, near New York, where he made one of his best speeches. He was followed, I remember, by Mr. Morehead, of Kentucky, who made an admirable address, replete with the soundest Union sentiments. Who would believe that in a few months this man would have been imprisoned on a charge of treason against the Union! But Douglas would never have been found in the ranks of the traitors. If ever man was heart, soul, and brain devoted to his country, he was. Some months before, both happening to be in New York, he had invited me to breakfast with him at his hotel. That breakfast lasted six hours. Douglas unfolded to me his views on the great political questions of the day. They were in effect the same which were embodied in his paper on "Popular Sovereignty"—the ablest State paper of the last thirty years—soon after published in your Magazine. He said that he believed it was his mission to settle forever the question of slavery, and that— But I can not here speak fittingly of that great man, the loss of whom was to us greater than that of a pitched battle. I must finish what I was saying about the scrupulousness of our townsman, Deacon Spooner.

Many years ago a church was being built in Brandon, and the Deacon was employed to do some part of the work—building the pulpit, if I remember. He wanted a hundred and fifty dollars, while the committee wished it done for a hundred. At

last it was settled between him and the Chairman, a shrewd lawyer, and something of a wag, that a hundred dollars should be the price; but if, on the completion of the job, the Deacon said that he had had "an all-fired hard bargain," he should be paid twenty-five dollars more.

The good Deacon found that he had lost by the job, and claimed the additional five-and-twenty dollars.

"Well, Deacon," asked the lawyer, "can you honestly say you have had an all-fired hard bargain?"

"Yes; I have had an awful hard bargain."

"But can you say you have had an all-fired hard bargain?"

"Yes; it was a *tremendous* hard bargain."

"But that is not according to agreement. Will you say you have had an *all-fired* hard bargain?"

"No, Square; I can't say that. That would be swearin'; and I won't swear for any money; but it was a *most outrageous* hard bargain."

"Then I don't see, Deacon Spooner, how we can, under the agreement, pay you the twenty-five dollars."

The Deacon left, preferring to lose the money rather than violate his conscience by saying "all-fired." But the upshot was, that, after the lawyer had enjoyed the telling of the joke for a few days, he paid the sum. So the good Deacon saved his conscience, and did not lose the money.

But I must break off at once. The mail leaves here, you know, only once a week, and it is just starting. I have not time to read over what I have written; but I believe I have kept my promise, and given you Professor Bush's *mot*, and the Conundrum on the "First Record of Corporal Punishment." If I have not, just drop me a line, and I will do so by next mail.

I am, in haste, truly yours,

H.

WE seldom hear from the "Confederates" about these times, but here are a couple of good ones:

"Some years ago, before the march of intellect had progressed so materially as to penetrate into the pine-barren region known as the Tar River country of North Carolina, a knight of the ferule from way down East (for Yankee teachers were not then contraband), who had quite a good school of urchins, was called on by a wealthy but rather illiterate planter of that vicinity, for the purpose of entering his 'hopeful scion' as a scholar. In the course of the conversation the pedagogue asked 'what branches' he wished his son to be put in. The response to this necessary inquiry was eminently characteristic of the planter, and showed that he had the interest of his son at heart.

"'Wa'al now, it don't make much difference what 'branches' you put Jake in; but for Mercy's sake, mister, don't put him in Tar River, for he can't swim a lick!"

"Down South they call a creek or brook a *branch* or *run*."

"In a school way down in Dixie, whose teacher rather prided himself upon his skill in imparting to his pupils a correct knowledge of spelling, upon a certain examination-day, when the trustees and parents were in attendance upon the exercises, the whole school was put through a course of spelling. The word *Aaron* was given out by a visitor. After numerous comical attempts at it, it was correctly rendered by a little girl, who blated out:

"'Big A little a r-o-n—Aaron.'"

"In the course of a few moments all went gayly as a marriage-bell, every word being spelled correctly. At last some one gave out the word *Gallery*. This was rather a 'poser,' being out of the regular track of words spelled in the classes. Many unsuccessful attempts having been made, by-and-by a rough urchin, whose eyes fairly twinkled with the unexpected triumph, spoke out in clear, ringing accents, mindful of the previous victor:

"'Big Gal little gal e-r-y—Gallery!'"

"It is needless to say that that effort closed the exercises in spelling, and literally brought down the house."

A BRAVE volunteer is introduced by the following letter from Philadelphia:

"Rev. Mr. —, a man about six feet four in his stockings, and of proportions worthy a grenadier, and whose heart is stout as his frame, a thorough Union man, and in for the war until all treason is thoroughly crushed out, was recently conducting a religious conference meeting, when a brother arose to speak, who, after alluding to his hopes and fears in a religious point of view, branched out in reference to the state of the country, saying that so great was his devotion to the Stars and Stripes that he had enlisted; and after a few further patriotic remarks, begged an interest in the prayers of the church, that he might be protected by Divine Providence on the battle-field, and that should he fall a victim to the bullets of the enemy he might be prepared for the change.

"Such a speech at any time would thrill with patriotic fervor the brave heart of our worthy minister, and he consequently spoke a few words of encouragement to the hero. When the wife of the enlisting brother volunteered her experience, in the course of which, alluding to her husband's enlistment, she expressed a willingness to give him up, even unto death, in the service of his country.

"In a few moments after the meeting came to an end, when the minister, all anxiety for the welfare of the patriot volunteer, proceeded to make some inquiries in reference to his regiment, commencing with the very natural question as to its name and number, when he received the startling reply,

"'I've joined the *Home Guard*!'"

WE cheerfully comply with the request of our Canadian correspondent to publish the following story, giving printers and proof-readers special charge to "follow copy."

A sketch in Canada West

In the winter of 1859 three men left The village of Consecors and bent their Course to a place among the hills known As tongamougue a place where game of All kinds abounded the first days travel Brout them to a place called marmaria And about twelve miles from there is a Small Log inn kep by one wells where We stop to git some refreshment he ware A great lover of whisky fear of wolves And indians this is description enough For the present— Calling at his inn We concluded to have an in side warmer We ask them if tha had eny Brandy and Tha sead No tha sead that tha had nothing But Whisky and our pilot walter Davies sead Let us have some ont we each took a Gool whisky blazer and started with the Intention of reaching our camping ground That nite but nite fall came upon us Befor we reach it we came to an old Indian hut and J II Barrenger proPosed to stop there that nite we bilt Up a fire and prepared Super and sat About the fire injoying our selves Sudently we ware a roused By a Tremendious howling and clark being Unacquainted with such

terrifying howls He rose upon his feet and Look over our Little hut and exclaimed Lord our Heavenly father we will be eat up as shure as the Devil And Davies sead take down your head or by the Holy ste Kevin them tanel varments will Scalp You just as shure as you live I dont Like this place that you and Barrenger has got me into oh if I could Onley see my wif once more befor I die oh my Lord And in an instant Barrenger mounted the hut And Exclaimed daveis follow me no suner Sead then don we both Leveld our rifles and Fired and two of the black cuses fell with Savage growls and while we ware ingaged in So doing Clark ware down in the hut a praying For his Lord to deliver him from His enemies says Barrenger you fool Your gun is more service to you then your Praying just now but still he cep on praying for mercy on a poor sinner seventy Miles from home and Eighty miles from eny place And oh Lord what will i do to be saved from the Teeth of thes varments we remained In that position till the brake of day and then The tanel warments disappeared from our site Among the hills in the forest and wen we went Out in the morning we found five dead and Two wounded unable to follow the rest of the Wolves and wen we told Clark that tha ware Gon he shouted for joy that his good Lord had cep Him through that pillowless nite we prepared our breakfast and eat it and then started For our camping ground which ware about Twelve miles further in the forest we reached Our camping place about three o'clock that day And as it warg to Late to hunt eny that arter noon We built up a fire and prepared super and sat About enjoying our selves and Barrenger proposed That daveis should sing a song to our merement And then retire to our Bed and being fatigued and Wanting of sleep we heard nothing that nite no Doupt it was owing to our sleeping so sound Early next morning we aros and clark prepared our breakfast and wen we had eat our breakfast We sat off togather to hunt and wen we Ware out of site of the camp Davies proposed that we should separte now Barrenger sead Davies you go this way and Clark you go right up this this holler and about a quarter of a mile there is a small stream running Where deere often goes to drink and no doupt you will see some on em then we each Took our way and about ten minutes After we heard the sharp report of clark Rifle and daveis noing that he ware a Stranger in the forest he made amediate Hast towards him and wen within about one hundred yards of him he stop seaing that He had shot a larg Buck the Ball went in one eye and out of the other which made him Unable to sea Clark dropped his rifle and Being a very powerful man he sprang and Caught the Buck by his large antlers and Was about to plung his durk knife in his Throught wen the buck made a dash at him and threw him beneath his feet and clark Being spry and active he Recovered his feet Again and with a strong and determined hand still hung on his heavy antlers and in the struggle he Misfortunatly Lost his knife and still he hung on For Life and death and in struglin around he recovered His knife again and triping him with a sudent Jurk he seach him to the ground and in a moment He Conquered his enemy and Davies stood with the Intention of going to his assistance if it ware required As Clark being a very strong and powerful man that no help ware neaded and we had No more trouble after that we shot ten deer But always made shure pop we remained In the forest four days and then made our Way for home.

"I HAVE a little five-year old girl, who said something decidedly smart a short time ago; it is this: One evening I had been singing to her some snatches from negro songs for her amusement, among the rest I sang, from Bowerly Girls:

"I danced with a girl with a hole in her stocking,
With a hole in her stocking,
The prettiest girl in the room."

"The next evening, as she was undressing for bed, I heard her call out to her older sister: 'Annie,

Annie! I am the prettiest girl in the room—I have got a hole in my stocking!' A logical conclusion."

SOUTH CAROLINA has some smart boys. A lady in Charleston writes to the Drawer, and says:

"Charlie was not forthcoming at the breakfast hour. His parents, missing the little fellow at their social meal, inquired of the servants if he had been seen since the dressing-bell had been rung.

"'Yes, Sir—yes, ma'am,' said Pete; 'he riz very early; and he told me if he was axed for to say that he musn't be expected to breakfast, 'cause he had a 'pointment to fight another boy!'"

A CALIFORNIAN writes:

"Some cute things occasionally happen here. Every Californian is aware that our State Government levies a direct monthly tax on all foreign miners working in our gold mines, which gives employment to numerous collectors. The Chinese swarm throughout the mines in nearly all the cañons and ravines of the State. They are notorious for skulking into the mountains and chaparral while the collector is making his rounds. They can only be taken by stratagem or surprise, so anxious are they to shirk their taxes. Some three years since, on one of the tributaries of Feather River, the Chinamen got wind of the near approach of the *tax man* (as they call him), and a stampede immediately ensued. A shrewd (but untutored) digger Indian happening to be on the ground, and being acquainted with some of the head Celestials, proposed to show them a cave where they could hide secure from the search of the tax man, provided they would pay him five dollars. The offer was immediately accepted. The Indian showed them all into the cave, and received his five dollars. 'Now,' says the Indian, 'me go watch the tax man; when he gone me come tell you.' The shrewd rascal immediately came down, found the collector, and proposed, for the sum of five dollars, to show him where there were one hundred Chinamen safely coralled. The bargain was closed. The collector was shown to the mouth of the cave, and the Indian received his cash. The poor Chinamen found that they had been betrayed, and submitted with good grace to pay an exit fee of four dollars each, and receive their tax receipts for one month."

A COUPLE of Long Island stories come to the Drawer from Lynn, Massachusetts:

Forty years ago there lived in the village of Sag Harbor an aged couple, who had a son, Sam. Sam was a trifle underwitted originally, and a good deal demented latterly, and had come to be a burden to his parents. The mother was very deaf, and when "Father" came into the house one morning early, and announced that the *old cow* was dead, she didn't hear correctly. "Dead!—poor Sam! Well, he's better off, I dare say!" "The old cow, mother! the old cow!"—in a louder tone. "Poor Sam! Well, we must be reconciled, father!" "I say, mother [at the top of his voice], *the old cow is dead?*" "The old cow dead! Good Lord! what are we going to do?"

In the same town there lived an old farmer, known for twenty miles around by the title of Uncle Josh, who was noted for adding to all his important observations—"to all intents and purposes." He owned an old black horse, whose style it was to be very steady ordinarily, but on one occasion, when

about a mile from home, with Uncle Josh on his back, he took a notion to run away. Uncle Josh was terribly frightened, and as he went through the village Jehu-like, he was yelling all the way, "Gone, gone, gone! to all intents and purposes!" The villagers ran out of their houses to see what the uproar meant, and all heard the same exclamation, "Gone, gone, gone! to all intents and purposes!" At length the old horse arrived home, and stopping suddenly at the gate, sent his master over his head half a rod into the front yard. As Uncle Josh landed on his back he groaned out, loud enough to be heard by several neighbors, "*Dead! dead! to all intents and purposes!*"

"IN Natick, Massachusetts," says a new correspondent, "we have a witty and clever manufacturer, whose business often takes him into the country some twenty or thirty miles, and he always stops out there at Thompson's tavern to get his dinner. Now our Natick man, Copeland, is a great eater, and Thompson keeps a nice country tavern, and charges a quarter for dinner. But Copeland put away under his vest so many chickens and fixings that after a while Thompson got scared, and spoke to him about it. 'You see,' said he, when Copeland came to pay for his dinner, 'you see my regular charge is only a quarter; but you eat more than any two or three men I ever saw, and I think I must have about fifty cents from you to make it right.'

"Copeland took it quietly, paid the money, and said: 'Yes, I know I eat a good deal; but the fact is, I have to put myself on a low diet two or three days before I come here, where I have to eat your miserable stuff.'

"They were about square then, and Thompson never charged him but a quarter after that."

AN old correspondent from Texas sends us another specimen of legal proceedings in that State:

A couple of years ago, he says, I attended the Fall term of the District Court in one of the extreme frontier counties in this State. After the Court had been organized, and some civil suits disposed of, the Criminal Docket was taken up. The first case was that of "The State of Texas *versus* Jonathan Bowers." The defendant was one of those backwoodsmen who always live on the frontier, no matter how rapidly it may advance. He had set up a "grocery" without troubling the County Court for a license.

Now the law makes it a penal offense to sell "intoxicating liquors in quantities less than one quart" without a license. Jonathan was accordingly indicted for "selling one pint of intoxicating liquor," against the peace and dignity of the State," and he employed Colonel N—— to defend him. The counsel moved to quash the indictment on the ground that "the Court did not *judicially* know that one pint was less than one quart." The Judge, after deep deliberation, was proceeding to sustain the motion, and quash the indictment, when he was interrupted by the District Attorney:

"If your Honor pleases, allow me to make a suggestion. The 'Standard of Weights and Measures' is adopted by *law*; and therefore your Honor does know *judicially* that one pint is less than one quart."

"That is so," decided the Judge, after due deliberation. "The indictment is good."

"Will your Honor hold one moment," said the defendant's counsel. "The indictment is bad in another point. My client is charged with selling one pint of *intoxicating* liquor. Now, I submit,

your Honor can not know *judicially* that the liquor was *intoxicating*. And on this ground I move that the indictment be quashed."

This seemed to the Judge to be unanswerable; the indictment was quashed, and Jonathan was turned loose, to his great joy. The Court having been adjourned, he approached his counsel:

"Look hyar, Colonel, you're the smartest man in Ameriky!"

"I don't know about that, Jonathan. How do you make it out?"

"Yes, you are, Colonel. I've traveled all the way from the Alabam, and here's the fust place I've seed where it's 'sputed that a pint isn't less nor a quart. Darn me, I wouldn't a thort you could make the Judge b'leve it warn't. And look hyar, Colonel, what does *toxicatin* mean?"

"It means any thing that will make a person drunk."

"I thort so. Well, darn that fool of a Judge; if he'd only take a pint of my red-eye he'd find out if 'twas toxicatin. I ain't mean enough to put so much water in my licker that a feller can't get drunk on't!"

JOSEPH MILLER mentions an Irishman who enlisted in the Seventy-Fifth Regiment so as to be near his brother, who was in the Seventy-Fourth.

BROWN was speaking of Joe H—— to a friend one day, and said of him, "Joe is a first-rate fellow, but it must be confessed he has his failings. I am sorry it is so, but I can not tell a lie for any man. I love Joe, but I love truth more."

"My dear Brown," said Joe, who overheard the remark, "I never thought you would prefer a perfect stranger to an old acquaintance."

TAKING up a new dictionary the other day, we were amused at the disposition made of a word very easily defined: "LOVER, *see* LUNATIC."

As long ago as when King Solomon lived, or David, we forget which, there were men who darkened counsel by words without knowledge. And ever since there have been men who make a simple thing unintelligible by trying to define it. Like the Rev. Dr. Stratton, who was addressing a school, and said he would give them a summary of the subject they had been studying. The teacher asked him to explain the word *summary* to the children; whereupon he said: "I will explain to you, my dear children, what is meant by *summary*—it is an *abbreviated synopsis* of any thing."

THE great Dr. Johnson, who made *the* dictionary, was great for great words. One day Boswell was saying that it was no easy matter to write a fable, and make every animal talk in character. Johnson challenged the truth of the remark, and said it was just as easy as to write any thing else. Boswell instanced the fable of the little fishes who saw birds fly over their heads, and said "the skill consisted in making them talk like little fishes, but if Dr. Johnson were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales!"

NOAH WEBSTER was a great dictionary-maker, and a fine specimen of his aptness in using hard words to expound easy ones has been often cited: "A BOIL," he says, "is a circumscribed subcutaneous inflammation, characterized by a pointed pustule."

lar tumor, and suppurating with a central core; a peruncus."

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH was an eminent lawyer and judge; but a man of gigantic mind, accustomed to deal with the greatest subjects, and incapable of reducing his visual focus. "If he had to write on pepper," said Sydney Smith, "he would say, 'Pepper may philosophically be described as a dusty and highly-pulverized seed of an Oriental fruit, an article rather of condiment than diet, which, dispersed lightly over the surface of food, with no other rule than the caprice of the consumer, communicates pleasure rather than affords nutrition, and by adding a tropical flavor to the gross and succulent viands of the north, approximates the different regions of the earth, explains the objects of commerce, and justifies the industry of man.'"

WHERE words are of doubtful meaning, some pains must be taken to set forth the different senses in which they may be employed. The Bishop of Oxford ought to have sent a dictionary with his circular when he asked the church-wardens, "Does the conversation and the carriage of your minister become the gospel?" For one of the wardens replied, "I have not recently had any conversation with him, and he does not keep a carriage."

Nor very far from Central New Jersey lived two young lawyers, Archy Brown and Tom Hall. Both were fond of dropping in at Mr. Smith's of an evening and spending an hour or two with his only daughter, Mary. One evening when Brown and Miss Mary had discussed almost every topic, Brown suddenly, and with his sweetest tones, struck out as follows:

"Do you think, Mary, you could leave your father and mother, your pleasant home here, with all its ease and comforts, and go to the Far West with a young lawyer, who has but little besides his profession to depend upon, and with him find out a new home, which it should be your joint duty to beautify and make delightful like this?"

Dropping her head softly on his shoulder, she answered, "I think I could, Archy."

"Well," said he, in a changed tone, and straightening himself up, "there's Tom Hall is going West, and wants to get a wife. I'll just mention it to him."

THIS is a good article: just try it. A Philadelphia brother writes to us, and says, in his friendly letter:

"As you seem not inclined to refuse a joke where the brethren are concerned, I have felt moved to communicate an occurrence which took place not long since in one of our Methodist churches in this city.

"The question on the tapis, at a business meeting of some of the official members of the church, was to find a suitable man to fill a vacancy in the Board of Trustees. A gentleman in business as a wholesale grocer was named by a member present as a very suitable man for the place; but his nomination was vehemently opposed by another brother, who was very zealous in the temperance cause, on the ground that in the way of his business he sold liquor. And appealing to Brother A——, one of the oldest members present, who, from his solid and clerical look, was called 'the Bishop,' he said, 'What do you say, Brother A——?'

"'Ah!' said Brother A——, looking very grave,

drawing up his cane with a view to emphasize and give point to what he had to say, 'that is not the worst of it' [solemn shake of the head], 'that is not the worst of it!'

"'Why, Brother A——,' said the others, crowding round and looking for some astounding developments, 'what else is there?'

"'Why,' said Brother A——, bringing down his cane with a rap, 'he don't keep a good article—I've tried it!'

WE are indebted to a new contributor for a new and admirable anecdote of the great Daniel, which was related to him by the distinguished statesman himself:

Some twenty years ago, or thereabouts, Daniel Webster, who was an expert in the piscatory art, sauntered forth of a morning toward a creek, not far distant from his house, where he expected to find a boat, in which he intended to cross to the opposite bank, and from thence he was to set out with his lines in quest of trout. As he reached the creek he perceived that the boat was missing. While hesitating whether to stay where he was or to wade, he discovered an old man seated on the bank looking very disconsolate, and who questioned him as to the possible means of reaching the other side without a boat.

"Do as I do, old man," said Daniel.

"How is that?" queried the aged gentleman.

"Take off your boots and wade; I am going to do so." And suiting the action to the word, he at once set about taking off his boots.

"But I can not wade," continued, in a doleful tone, the old man; "I am too old."

"Well, then, my boy!"—cheerily responded Mr. Webster—"Well, then, jump upon my back, and I will carry you over."

The old man's face brightened, and he at once assented to being carried "a pic-a-back." When they arrived safely at the opposite bank, he said to his obliging friend,

"Well, when I get home, I shall have it to tell how a fine Boston gentleman carried me over a creek on his back. I declare I think it's good enough to tell to Daniel Webster himself."

"Then tell it to me, my good man."

TO THE MADONNA DELLA SEDIA.

Oh! holy Mother, mild!
Calm Virgin, bending o'er thy sinless one—
The pure, the undefiled—
God's stainless Son!

Sweet Mary! pardon me
That, while in worship here I seem to pray
On lowly bended knee,
My thoughts will stray.

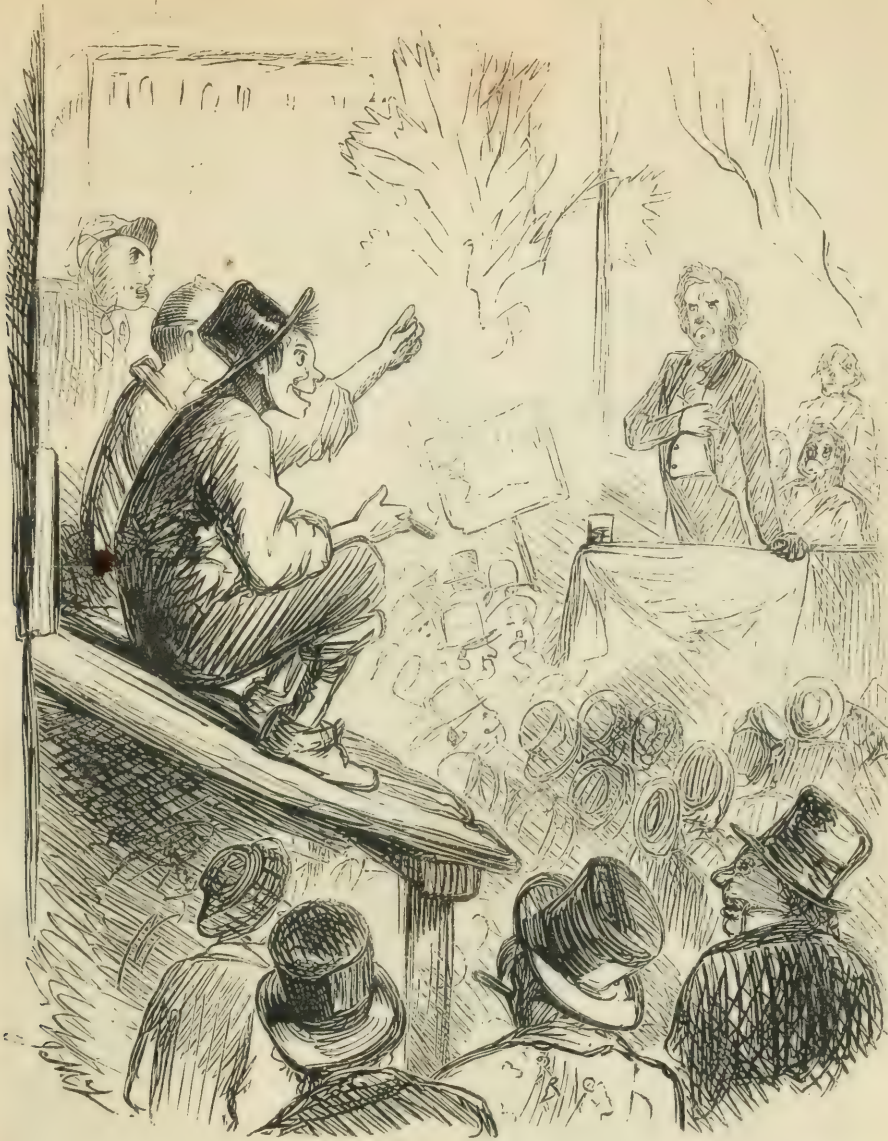
When gazing on thy child—
His golden hair, dark eyes, and lips apart
With infancy's glad smile—
Love fills my heart.

Not that he came to bless,
And guide our wandering souls from earth to Heaven
And on this wilderness
Shine, light God-given!

Ah, Mother! do not frown,
Nor veil those eyes serene from my rapt sight!
But, pitying, look down
From thy pure height!

For, 'tis that in his eye,
His lips, white brow, and cheek press'd close to thee,
Round which the soft curls lie,
My babe I see!

JENNIE.



"OUR city," writes a patriotic correspondent, "you must know, is a great place for Union people, Union speeches, Union flag-raising, etc. The boys are even more vociferous in cheering for the Union than their parents, and when the 'stars and stripes' are to be unfurled to the breeze, specimens of Young America may always be seen honoring the occasion with their presence. Lately, at one of these gatherings, where, with the above described concourse, were assembled the stanch Union men of our city, one among the latter class was chosen to address the assembly. Accordingly, he arose upon the platform, and amidst the deep silence of the audience began, 'slowly, but surely,' as follows:

"'Countrymen! — friends! — fellow-citizens! — why are we here assembled this evening?"

"Scarcely had this question been put to the listening crowd when an impatient juvenile patriot, indignant at the very thought that the man selected to address the people should be ignorant of the reason why they had there assembled, answered, in a drawling, whining, but perfectly audible voice,

"'To raise that flag, ye big fool ye!"

"This information was applauded by a general laugh; and I can assure you the orator asked no more such provoking questions during that address."

"Who in Mississippi has not heard of the good, yet wonderfully eccentric Rev. Mr. L——? His preaching is unique, yet strangely simple and useful. As

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a specimen of his style we give the following. The first time we ever saw him was at a quarterly meeting in — County. When we drove up he was preaching on the subject of pride: "You don't know how far pride will lead folks. Listen, and I'll tell you. When I was a young man I traveled one of the circuits contiguous to the sea-shore. The people didn't wear fine silks and calicoes like they do now. No, they thought themselves very fine if they could get calico to wear on Sunday; but the people were just as vain in calico as some are now in silk. It is not the stuff we wear that makes the sin; 'tis the degree of homage we pay to it. In that circuit there was an old woman. Her wealth consisted in a spot of land, a churn, and a cow. But she got proud. Oh ho! Yes; and she thought she must have a calico frock to hear the young man in next Sunday. And so to get it she sold her cow and bought it. Ah ha! Bought a frock? Yes, and bless God, while she was making it she saw the churn, and she said to herself that she'd have no use for the churn without the cow; so she sold the churn, and with the money bought a bonnet. And, bless God, when I went to church next day who should come in, big as life, but Mrs. — with the cow on her back and the churn on her head!"

SENATOR TAPPAN, of Ohio, had an infinite amount of dry, terse humor that was wont to convulse the hearers with laughter. With a single remark he

sometimes annihilated his opponent. To make the effect more complete, it seemed to well up and flow out without an effort. He was engaged in a case at court, which was managed on the opposite side by two lawyers, one of whom was a young, vain, florid fledgeling, dressed as an exquisite, who always had his cane and pet dog with him. After Tappan had concluded his argument he sat down in a large arm-chair, rested his head on his hand, closed his eyes, and soon seemed asleep. Florid followed in his inflated style of speech. Growing warm as he progressed, and referring to Tappan's argument, his language was rather personal, and his gesticulation violent and pointed. Bringing down his arm, with

his finger extended, directly toward the sleeping giant, he vaped at him a moment, when the dog, attracted by the loud and seemingly angry words of his master, and seeing the extended finger directed to the Senator, rushed at him with furious barking. Tappan, without the movement of a muscle of his face, and without raising his head, waved his hand to both master and dog, and in his blandest manner said, "One at a time, gentlemen, if you please; one at a time!" The effect may easily be imagined. The whole house burst into laughter, in which bench and bar joined, and the labored effort of the young counsel was dead beyond the possibility of a resurrection.



"You could not be in camp here long without knowing Duffy—every body knows him. He is the Drawer of our troop, and makes half the fun we have. One day some of his comrades were talking about the punishment of deserters.

"Any man that deserts will be shot," said one.

"Shot, will he?" said Duffy. "Then, be-gorra, I'll never desert widout orders; an' then I won't be shot, sure."

"THE day that brought the last *Harper* to our house was a bright one, and although at that particular time there was another 'Richmond in the field.'

"Still 'dear old picturesque *Harper*'—as our little

girl calls it, since the cuts were added to the Drawer—drew the crowd. But I was going to relate a conversation I overheard in the New York and Erie Railroad cars, where they have hanging berths for passengers. Two children, a boy and girl, evidently twins, were attentively examining the card in the sleeping car, which reads thus—'No Berths Secured till Paid for.' The little girl did not understand the matter, and her brother explained it in this manner: 'Why, ye see, Fan, some folks are mean, and try to get along without pay, and the hooks that hold up the berths are so fixed that, if a man don't pay, as fast as he gets in he rolls out; but if he pays, then the berth is secured. Don't ye see?'

"Fanny 'saw.'"



"PERHAPS some of your 'traveled' readers, who have both read of and seen the celebrated *Portland Vase*, in the British Museum, which was 'bought in' by one of the members of the Portland family for the moderate sum of something over one thousand pounds sterling, will see just where the laugh comes in while perusing the following:

"A lady who had seen the original vase was looking over the ornamental department of a large crockery establishment in the city of Buffalo, and seeing an imitation of it, inquired the price, remarking, 'I see that it is an *imitation* of the Portland Vase.' 'Yes,' said the clerk; 'the *real* thing comes very high!'"

"BEING a constant reader of your excellent Magazine, and seeing but few contributions to the Editor's Drawer from this City of Churches, we would add our mite, that your many readers may be edified by the knowledge that the smart children are not all out West, but that the East contains a few:

"Know then that we have in our possession a bright, black-eyed little girl of two and a half years, who has a decided literary taste. A few days ago her mother took her in the parlor. The little one sat a few moments looking around, as if selecting something to amuse herself with; refusing her playthings, and casting her eyes on a volume on the centre-table, she said, with all gravity, 'Mamma, may I have *John Milton* to read?'"

HERE is an old-time letter that reads as if it might have been written in our day:

"GERMAN FLATTS, August 2, 1776.

"SIR,—You are to proceed with all convenient speed to Fort Stanwix. As soon after your arrival as you conveniently can, you are to send down Captain Paterson and Corporal Ross to this place, together with such witnesses, if any there be at Fort Stanwix, who can give any information to a general court-martial respecting the effects said to be taken out of the house of Sir John Johnson, at Johnstown. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble Servant,

"PH. SCHUYLER."

A CLERICAL correspondent says:

"A short time ago, while making parochial visits, I was conversing with a friend concerning a gentleman who was a few months before bereft of his wife, the mother of a little boy whom she had left. Little Jeannie Watts, not five years old, was an attentive and apparently very interested listener, for she had undoubtedly heard our conversation. At length she said, 'Oh, little Georgie is going to have a new mother!'"

"'Oh no,' said the mother of Jeannie, 'Georgie's mother is dead! how can he have another?'"

"Jeannie hesitated for a moment, not a little puzzled; and, as if struck by a new thought abundant for the solution of the difficulty, with eyes gleaming with satisfaction, she exclaimed, 'Oh, well, the new one will be a *stair-mother*!'"



THE following boarding-school anecdote comes from Tennessee:

"Monsieur D——, our French teacher, is small of stature, but has a temper that will count 'nineteen to the dozen.' One day, owing to the carelessness or stupidity of his pupils, he became very irate, and after giving them a seething lecture, concluded his exordium with these impressive words:

"'Young Ladees, I am in earnest! [Here an emphatic stamp of the foot marked a sforzando movement.] I tell you I sall be a LION to this class! but, my dear—[with a bland bow to Carrie P——, who had proved the exception that marked the general rule of dullness]—my dear, I sall be like a *nut-ton* to you!'

"*Exit* Monsieur D—— and his class in 'various moods of mind.'"

"Or late Vermont seems to be neglected in the Drawer; but that does not signify that *all* the good things have been told which have happened in that land of patriotism and Morgan horses: and as an evidence of the fact, here is my contribution. As the parties are living, I will designate them by initials:

"A minister of the Universalist denomination was on trial, before a council convened for the purpose, for unministerial conduct. These councils were com-

posed of ministers and lay members; and when any church failed to appoint a delegation, it was the custom to invite any member happening to be present from that church to a seat in the council. The offending brother took advantage of this custom to secure the services of the eminent lawyer F——. The case was opened by Parson S——, who was more severe, perhaps, than the circumstances seemed to justify. When he had concluded, Squire F—— arose and said, that inasmuch as the brother had admitted his fault, and expressed penitence, it was their 'duty as Christians to apply the parable of the Prodigal Son and receive him back.' Parson S—— replied, 'This case is not exactly parallel; for if I remember rightly (and here he looked Squire F—— full in the face) the Prodigal Son didn't take a lawyer along with him to plead his case.' 'But,' retorted the Squire, 'in another point it is parallel, for it does appear that the Prodigal had a brother there who wouldn't receive him.'"

A WESTERN lawyer writes to the Drawer: "On my slate I found written to-day the following:

"'Yu welle by im de Geschewerer offese att tu okloke.'

"Lest your readers may not know what was meant, I would say that I have a German client who meant to say, 'You will be in the Squire's office at two o'clock.'"



"BEFORE the war began, and when our busy streets were blockaded by merchandise, I was walking along the levee with a friend. In front of us was a large mass of dry-goods, distended by an enormous hoop frame, swaying from side to side, occupying and sweeping the whole available space along the sidewalk.

"A tall countryman was coming in the opposite direction. As he approached the moving mass he evidently was embarrassed as to how he should get by it—who has not been? However, he watched his opportunity, and seeing a small clear space on one side made a dash for it, but when he put his foot on it it wasn't there. Instead, he stepped upon a mass of the moving drapery. There was a lady inside of it, and of course it brought her up '*all stannin'*'—nothing tore—and as she straightened up she exclaimed, energetically,

"'Well, one thing is certain—there is no politeness in this town!'

"'No, *mom*,' was the emphatic reply, as he marched off, '*not for animals that drags their tails on the ground!*'"

MR. M——, of Moline, Illinois, has been a kind of a preacher for several years. He at length got the notion that it was wrong to make any preparation for his sermon, believing that his duty required that he should trust to the inspiration of the moment.

One Sunday, when he was to preach at Moline, he walked into the pulpit and opened the Bible, as was his custom, at random. He happened to open at the first chapter of Matthew, and began to read, and read the second verse as follows: "Abraham forgot Isaac; and Isaac forgot Jacob; and Jacob forgot Judas and his brethren."

The old man seemed somewhat puzzled to find any application for this Scripture, but at length started ahead. "My friends," said he, "this passage of Scripture is meant to teach us the shortness of human memory, and it does seem to me that them old patreacks was mighty forgitfull."

A BOSTONIAN writes to the Drawer:

"The Rev. Dr. —, of our city, was to supply the pulpit of the Rev. Orville Dewey, whilom of your city. Taking the Sound boat on Saturday night, he did not arrive at the pier, in consequence of a dense fog, until long after the bells had ceased to call the people to church. He immediately jumped into a cab and drove with all haste to the church, jumped out, whispered to the sexton to pay the driver, and walked with ministerial dignity up the aisle. When about to ascend the steps of the pulpit a hand was laid on his shoulder, and you may judge his surprise on turning to behold cabby with outstretched hand for his fare! This must be true, for he told it himself."

WE take the following, just as it stands, word for word, letter for letter, from a Georgia newspaper :

TO THE PUBLIC.

WE ARE VERY SORY to learn that there is a base calumnious report, and slanderous relative to T. MORE HARMON, Prof. of practical Penmanship, and there has been some very harsh and unjust strictures passed relative to the said T. MORE HARMON as regards his reputation, and we take occasion to say to the Public, that we are truly sorry to have to say, that, there are many for the want of firm stability, and social sobriety, could assert such base unfounded calumnious reports without cause or foundation relative to said T. MORE HARMON, Prof. of practical Penmanship, for we think Prof. HARMON, is a gentleman of high talent and sound veracity, and worthy of the office that he occupies, and gives general satisfaction.

MANY CITIZENS.

I take great pleasure in eulogising the citizens by way of commendation, relative to T. MORE HARMON, per-se. In advance of the charges in relation to me per-se, as being confined in the walls of prison or common Jail of the county of Milton in the town of Alpharetta, for debt, of which it is a town and county, that I never possessed an opportunity of visiting in all the days of my life. I, also, take occasion to specify to the respectable citizens of the surrounding country, that these reports madam rumor, indulges a desire, at my expense, that I was married to a lady in the neighborhood of Alpharetta; this is without foundation in truth.

Now throwing off my reserve, and extricating myself from this catastropheous incumbent report and critical position, as being presumed by my competitors, or false reporters, I emphatically state to the PUBLIC that these slanderous and calumnious reports are false in the highest degree. I take the occasion to say by way of remark, that not by any means do I presume to avail myself, so far as my capacity and stability is concerned, to predict for the character or capacity of said lady, for I have never formed any acquaintance with said lady in my life, but, I entertain the most pleasant thoughts to said lady, not doubting in the least but what she is a lady of refinement and respectability, and sufficiently worthy of the address or respect of any gentleman, but, my whole desire is to substantiate a fact that it is a fathomless unfounded presumption palmed off upon me per-se. Although I respect the feminine gender, in every instance, and desire to treat them with gentility, but, I only publish these things in self defense, as a just perusal derogatory to my character, that the truth might forever stand.

N. B. Whereas, to all whom it may concern, permit me to say to you, by way of reference as regards my character and reputation, just refer to the respectable citizens of Oglethorpe, and Elbert counties, where I have been born and raised from my earliest infancy up to the present period, and hear the conclusive sentiment of the respectable citizens of the above specified counties, now in short conclusion, I leave the subject discretionary with the most fastidious to inspect or locate.

T. MORE HARMON.



"OUR own 'Topsy' was playing with the little daughter when a poor, emaciated beggar-boy stopped and asked for food. 'Lillie, run up stairs and tell

you' mam there's a little boy down yere wants some-thin' to eat; poo' little feller! *looks like he didn't had nothin' to eat sin' he was bo'n!*'"

Fashions for February.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—MORNING NEGLIGÉE.



FIGURE 2.—ZOUAVE JACKET.

THE elegant design for a MORNING NEGLIGÉE is designed for merino, of which any favorite hue may be employed. Our illustration is for one in mouse-color. The ornament is wrought in needle-work upon the corners, with corded and braided *passanteries*. It is warmly quilted. The *gilet* may be independent, or, as in our illustration, may have the fronts inserted.

THE ZOUAVE JACKET is made of fine crimson flannel, with *bouillonnées* of wide silk ribbon, edged with silk braids, or, if preferred, with beads or bugles. Zouave Jackets are now much in favor, and any fancy in relation to their form or material may be safely indulged. Apropos of beads, we have seen a collar of white pearl beads, worn over an azurline blue robe. For a morning undress it was very becoming. Ladies may thus, from their own resources, add a very desirable article to their toilet.

THE CAP which we give is *en suite* with the morning toilet. It is composed of sea-green watered ribbon and silk, with a white bead at each reticulation, ornamented with a shell and sprays of seaweed.



FIGURE 3.—CAP.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXLII.—MARCH, 1862.—VOL. XXIV.



TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE great question which, for the third of a century, has agitated all the courts of Europe is, "What shall be done with Turkey?" The most momentous of national issues is dependent upon the solution of this problem. It is one of the greatest marvels of history that a

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band of half-civilized robbers, rushing like wolves from the steppes of northern Asia, should have subjected to their sway the most cultivated and intellectual nations of the globe; and, bidding defiance to all the powers of Europe, should have been able to capture the finest countries of the Old World, to intrench themselves upon the classic soil of Greece, and, with insult and scorn, to trample the cross of Christ and the institutions of Christianity beneath their feet.

About the middle of the sixth century a tribe of Scythian Tartars, from the banks of the Irtysh, commenced their depredations. Rapidly they subjugated and absorbed other tribes. In the course of a few ages they overran all of Egypt and all of Asia Minor, and established the most energetic and bloody military despotism earth has ever known. Early in the fourteenth century these semi-barbarians could rally beneath their banners a far more powerful army than any nation in Christendom could raise.

The Turks now resolved to bring all Europe under their sway, and all Europe was appalled by the menace. They took possession of the Hellespont and the Bosphorus, crossed the Straits, and with blood-dripping cimeters overran Greece. Mercilessly the Christians were massacred—the boys and the girls only being reserved as slaves, to be trained in the Moslem faith and to serve in the harems and the armies.

In April, 1453, Mohammed II., with a land army of 300,000 men and a fleet of 600 vessels, laid siege to Constantinople. For fifty-three days the storm of war beat, without cessation, upon the doomed city; and then the Turks, rushing through the breaches, sword in hand, in a few hours cut down 60,000 of the helpless inhabitants. In this terrific drama scenes were enacted too harrowing for recital, and which could not have been exceeded by an army of fiends newly arrived from Pandemonium.

Thus fell the Greek empire. The crescent was unfurled proudly from the domes of Constantinople, Athens, and Corinth; and throughout the whole of the Peloponnesus the head of the Christian was crushed by the heel of the Turk. The conqueror, Mohammed II., boasting that he would feed his horse from the altar of St. Peter's, in Rome, crossed the Adriatic to the shores of Italy, took Otranto, and intrenching his army there, prepared, by the energies of fire and sword, to bring the whole of the Italian peninsula into subjection to his sway. The sudden death of this stern conqueror rescued Italy from the menace, and gave a brief respite to the remainder of Christendom.

Soon again the war was renewed. For two centuries wave after wave of Moslem invasion rolled up the Danube; and the plains of Transylvania and Hungary were but a constant battle-field, where Christian and Turk met in deadly strife. About the year 1560 the Turks, then in possession of a large part of Hungary, collected an immense army at Belgrade, and commenced their march for the assault of Vienna. It was green and leafy June, and the banks of

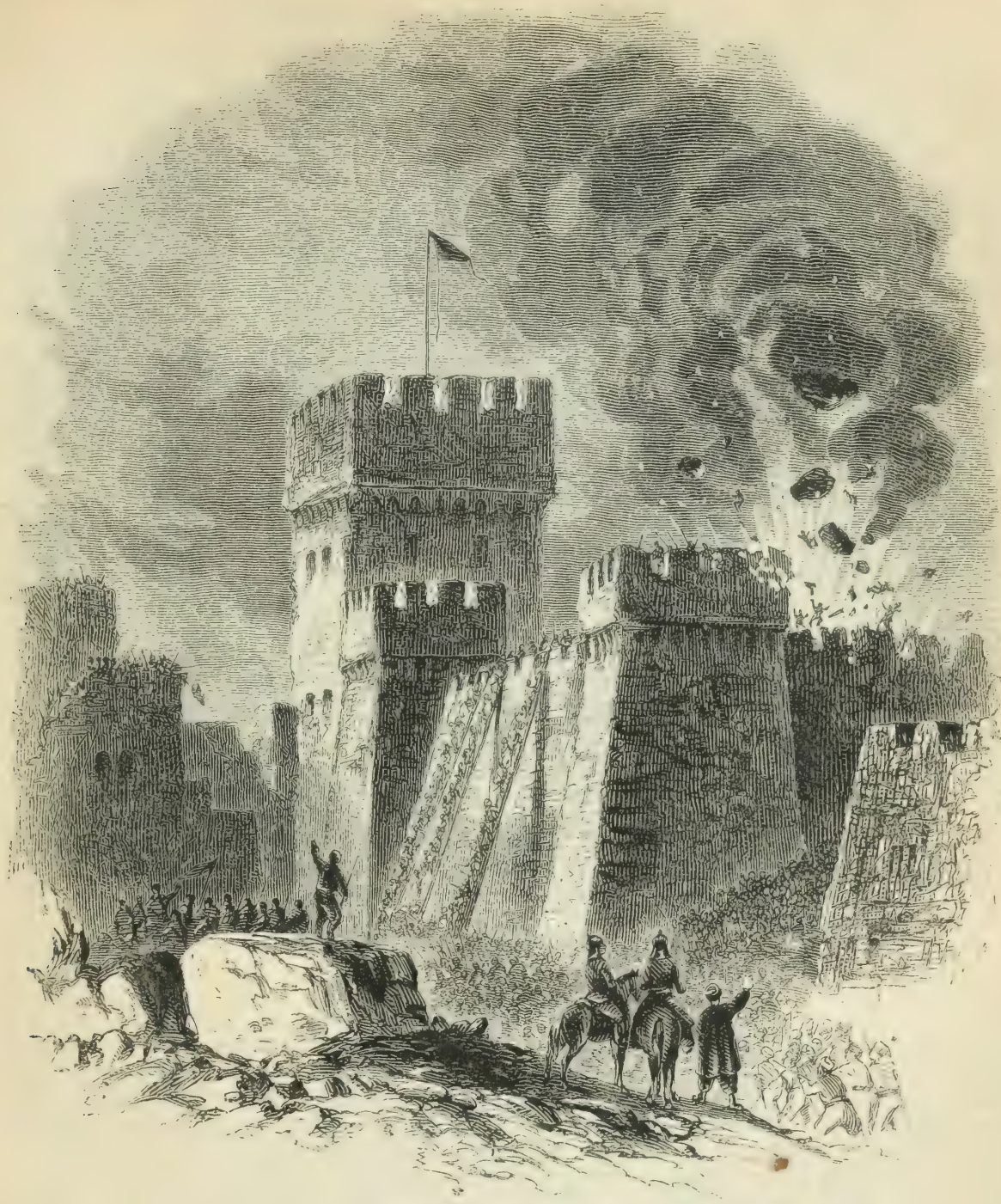
the Danube, luxuriant in their summer foliage, were decorated with unsurpassing loveliness. For many days the turbaned and bannered host, beneath sunny skies and through flowery fields, sauntered along, encountering no foe. War seemed but the pastime of a gala day. Silken banners embroidered with gold floated on the breeze. Arabian chargers, gorgeously caparisoned, proudly pranced beneath their riders cased in glittering steel. Music from multitudinous bands enlivened the march. A fleet of barges, decorated in the highest style of Oriental art, covered the stream, impelled by sails when the wind favored, and urged by rowers when the wind was adverse.

Each night the tents were spread upon the river's banks, and a city for more than a hundred thousand inhabitants rose as by magic, with its grassy streets, and squares, and thronging population brilliant with all the regalia of war. As a fairy vision the city rose in the rays of the declining sun. As a phantasy of night it disappeared in the earliest dawn of the morning, and the dazzling host pressed on.

But the demon of war, though with music and acclaim, always leads his legions to the black day of storm and woe. The Turks had ascended the Danube about 150 miles, when they came to Zigeth, a small island which occupied the centre of the stream and effectually commanded both banks. Here the Austrians had erected an almost impregnable fortress; and now the songs of the march were doomed to sink away into the wail of death. The Turks could not advance a mile until this fortress was battered down. But the heroic commander, Zrini, and his whole garrison had taken an oath upon the cross that they would surrender the fortress only with their lives.

Week after week, by day and by night, the tempest of war thundered and surged around these ramparts. The besieged having guns in battery to sweep all approaches, mowed down their assailants with awful carnage. But gradually bastion after bastion was crumbled by the tremendous cannonade; and the fortress, utterly demolished, presented but the aspect of a craggy pile of rocks. The Turks, reckless of life, rushed over the smouldering ruins, covering them like a swarm of bees. They had apparently cut down every survivor of the garrison, and were just raising the shout of victory, when there was an earthquake roar, and an explosion almost as appalling as the archangel's trump.

Zrini, true to his oath, torch in hand, had descended to the subterranean vaults and fired the magazine, where tons of powder were stored. The whole citadel—men, horses, artillery, and rocks—were thrown into the air, and fell a commingled mass of ruin, fire, and blood. Thus the hour of victory became to the Turks the hour of utter and hopeless defeat. Having lost their leader and a large portion of their army in the strife and the terrific final explosion, they commenced a precipitate retreat, with broken, bleeding battalions, to recruit their resources for another campaign.



THE DEMOLITION OF ZIGETH.

For many years after the repulse at Zigeth the conflict continued to rage between Moslem and Christian with varying success. At length the Turks, with an army of two hundred thousand men, were again ascending the Danube, encountering no force which could for a day arrest their progress. Universal terror seized the inhabitants throughout the populous valley, and precipitately they abandoned their homes. As the cruel host, their cimeters dripping with blood, approached Vienna, the Emperor Leopold, with the royal family, fled at midnight, and thousands of the inhabitants followed, terror stricken, after them. All the roads leading west and north from the city were crowded with these fugitives.

It was on a sunny morning in July when the banners of the advance-guard of the Turks were first discerned from the steeples of the Austrian

metropolis. Like an inundation the mighty host came surging on, and sweeping around the city, invested it on all sides. The fierce cannonade was speedily commenced.

The Emperor had fled to Poland for aid. Zobieski, the Polish King, a man of marvelous energy, placed himself at the head of his highly-disciplined army of sixty thousand men, hastened by forced marches to Vienna, and fell upon the beleaguering host with such fury that the army of the Grand-Vizier, having lost a fourth of its number, turned and fled. The rout was so entire that the whole of the Turkish encampment, with all its treasures of Oriental opulence, was abandoned to the victors. Zobieski pursued the fugitives down the Danube league after league, pelting them with bullets, balls, and shells, until they found refuge behind the walls of Belgrade.



SAOKING THE CAMP.

Another century of incessant bloodshed passed away as the Crescent and the Cross were arrayed against each other in deadly fields of strife which can not be counted. The Turks, strongly fortified at Belgrade, issued from their ramparts at pleasure. Austria prepared an expedition for the recovery of that fortress. Prince Eugene, with an army of sixty thousand men, suddenly appeared before the walls and commenced the siege. The Sultan sent two hundred thousand men for the relief of the garrison. The Turks, however, not venturing to attack a warrior so renowned as Eugene, intrenched themselves in a semicircle on the heights outside of the besieger's camp, thus encircling him, as it were, in a net.

One of the most marvelous events of war ensued. Eugene prepared, with that genius which has given him world-wide renown, to attack the hosts whose batteries were menacing his rear. Twenty thousand of his troops were detached to hold the garrison of Belgrade in check, and to repulse any sallies. With the remaining forty thousand, the enemy then outnumbering him five to one, he made ready for the assault in a midnight surprise.

The favoring hour came. The sun sank in clouds at the close of a stormy day, and Egyptian darkness enveloped the armies. The glimmer of innumerable camp-fires alone pointed out the position of the foe. To each brigade, battalion, regiment, and division the Prince minutely assigned its duty, that there might be no confusion. As the bells of the beleaguered city tolled the hour of midnight, three bombs, simultaneously discharged, put the whole Austrian army in rapid but silent motion. Speedily they traversed the space between the two camps, and in dense columns rushed over the ramparts of the foe. Cannon, musketry, bayonets, swords, cavalry, all were employed amidst the thunderings and the lightnings of that midnight storm of war.

The Turks, thus suddenly aroused from sleep, amazed, bewildered, terrified, fought for a short time with maniacal fury, often pouring volleys of bullets into the bosoms of their friends, and with bloody cimeters smiting indiscriminately upon the right hand and the left, until, in the midst of a scene of darkness and confusion which no imagination can conceive, they broke and fled. Two hundred thousand men, with cries of terror, rage, and despair, were rushing they

knew not whither, smiting each other, trampled upon by squadrons of their own cavalry frenzied with the panic, while from carefully-selected points the infantry and artillery of Prince Eugene were showering upon their ranks a storm of bullets and cannon-balls. The morning succeeding this dreadful night dawned upon a field red with blood and covered with the mangled bodies of the dead. The Turkish army was destroyed, and their camp, with all its treasures, fell into the hands of the conquerors. From this defeat the Turks never recovered to make any decisive aggressive movement, and from this hour commenced their slow decline.

Such, in brief, was the origin of the Turkish empire in Europe, with its encroachments and its repulses. Only two hundred years ago Bus-bequius, the Austrian Ambassador at the Ottoman Porte, wrote to the Emperor Ferdinand II. :

“When I compare the power of the Turks with our own, I confess the consideration fills me with anxiety and dismay, and a strong conviction forces itself upon my mind that we can not long resist the destruction which awaits us. They possess immense wealth, strength unbroken, a perfect knowledge of the art of war, patience under every difficulty, union, order, frugality, and a constant state of preparation. On our



MAP OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

side there are exhausted finances and universal luxury. Our national spirit is broken by repeated defeats. Mutinous soldiers, mercenary officers, licentiousness, intemperance, and a total contempt of military discipline fill up the dismal catalogue. Is it possible to doubt how such an unequal conflict must terminate? The enemy's forces being at present directed against Persia only *suspends* our fate. After subduing that Power, the all-conquering Mussulman will rush with undivided strength and overwhelm at once Europe as well as Germany."

Such were the fears of all thinking men two hundred years ago. The Turks had overrun all Western Asia, had obtained a firm foothold in Europe, and the danger was appalling that all Europe was to be swept by their bloody march.

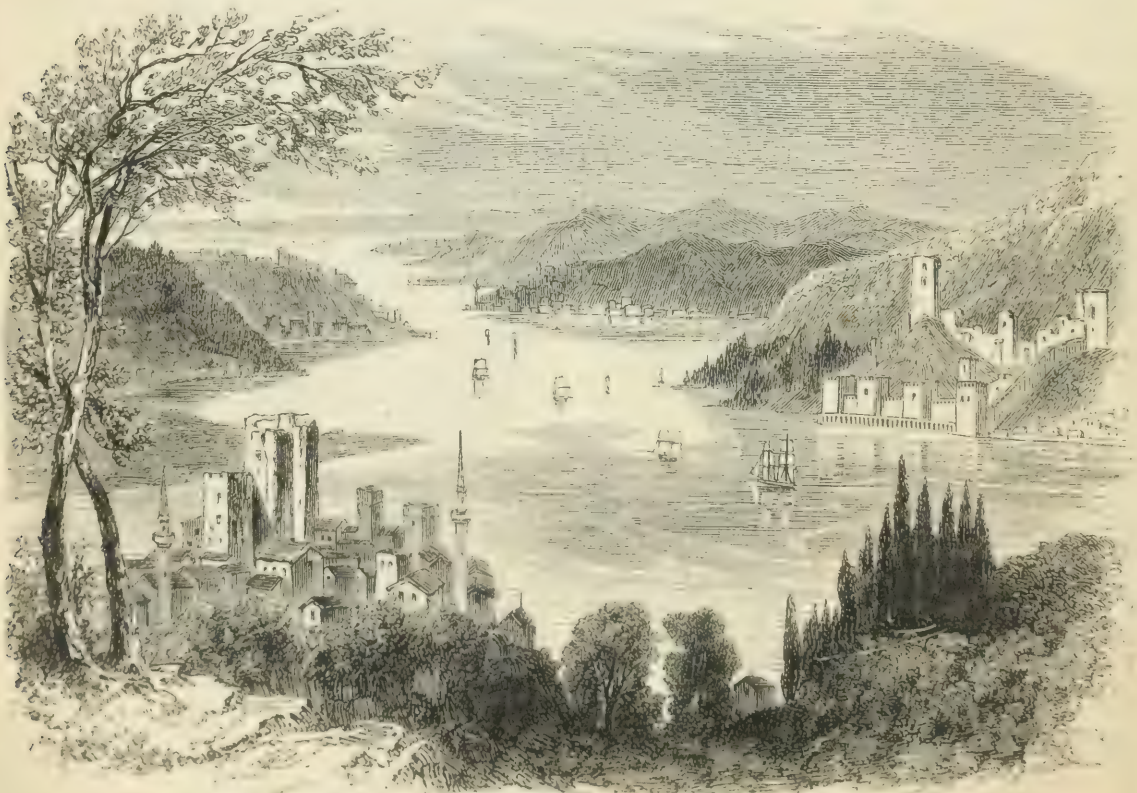
But another gigantic empire gradually arose in the north of Europe, which began to press resistlessly down upon the Turkish frontiers. It was a leading object in the ambition of Peter the Great of Russia to secure a maritime port for his majestic realms. He at first attempted to establish a naval *dépôt* at the mouth of the Don, on the Sea of Azof. But the jealous Turk attacked him, battered down his fortresses, and drove him back into his northern wilds. Thus foiled, the Czar reared St. Petersburg on the marshes of the Baltic, where, for five months of the year, the harbor is blocked up with ice. Upon the accession of Anna to the throne of Russia, about one hundred and thirty years ago, she revived the original project of Peter the Great, and entering into an alliance with Austria, attacked the Turks, drove them from the shores of the Sea of Azof, and took possession of the whole of the Crimea.

Let us take a brief retrospect of that gigantic

northern power which now threatens the very existence of Turkey, and whose growing greatness excites the alarm of all Europe. The Czar of Russia has nearly ninety millions of the human family subject to his sway. With a standing army of a million of men, two hundred thousand of whom are cavalry, he possesses power unequalled in many respects by that of any kingdom on the globe. In the late bloody struggle at Sevastopol all the energies of England, France, and Turkey were expended against Russia alone, and yet it was long doubtful whose banners would prove victorious.

The territory of Russia now comprises about one-seventh of the habitable globe, extending from the Baltic Sea across the whole breadth of Europe and of Asia to Behring's Straits, and from the eternal ices of the north pole almost down to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. For many years this gigantic power has been advancing on the march of her "manifest destiny" with strides which have not been surpassed even on this side of the Atlantic. Poland was to Russia what Mexico is to us. Russia coveted it. Without any hypocritical attempt to justify the deed, the Czar, with the unblushing effrontery of a highway robber, poured into the doomed kingdom his resistless armies. With the rush of the tornado they swept Poland, and after a brief struggle a population of twenty millions were brought into subjection to the Czar.

On the eastern shores of the Black Sea lies Circassia, a region of wild crags and gloomy ravines, the cradle of the Caucasian race, where for ages an indomitable people had bid defiance to all foes. Russia, having annexed all the territory on the eastern and northern shores of the Euxine, led her armies into the defiles of



THE BOSPHORUS.



CONFLICT IN THE CAUCASUS.

the Caucasus. For ten years a Russian force of one hundred thousand men were kept there in almost incessant battle. The brave Circassians, struggling for independence, cut up army after army of the invaders, but still fresh hordes were poured into the doomed country, and now the Russian flag floats from almost every pinnacle among those mountain ranges. Russian fortresses frown over every defile, and Circassia is fettered hand and foot. The Russian flag now girdles the Euxine Sea, and, notwithstanding the recent check at Sevastopol, Russia is resistlessly pressing on toward Constantinople, the great object of her ambition.

A glance at the geography of that region will show how vital to Russia is the possession of Constantinople. The straits which connect the Mediterranean with the Marmora, called the Dardanelles or the Hellespont, are about thirty miles long, occasionally expanding into a width of five miles, and again contracting into a narrow channel less than half a mile across. At the mouth of these straits, as they enter the Mediterranean, are four strong Turkish forts, two on the European and two on the Asiatic side. These forts, called the Dardanelles, are said to

be armed with guns of the largest calibre of any in the world.

Through the serpentine navigation of these straits, with fortresses frowning upon every headland, one ascends to the Sea of Marmora, a vast inland body of water, one hundred and eighty miles in length, and sixty in breadth. Crossing this sea to the northern shore, you enter the beautiful straits of the Bosphorus. Just at the mouth of the straits, upon the western shore, sits enthroned upon the hills, in peerless beauty, the imperial city of Constantine, with its majestic domes, arrowy minarets, and palaces of snow-white marble.

The straits of the Bosphorus, which connect the Marmora with the Black Sea, are but fifteen miles long, and of an average width of but about one-fourth of a mile. In natural scenery and artistic embellishment this is probably by far the most beautiful reach of water upon the globe. It is the uncontradicted testimony of all tourists that the scenery of the Bosphorus, in its highly-cultivated shores, in the fairy-like beauty of its architecture, in the transparency of its atmosphere, in the picturesque attire of the multitudes gathered from all the nations of the East

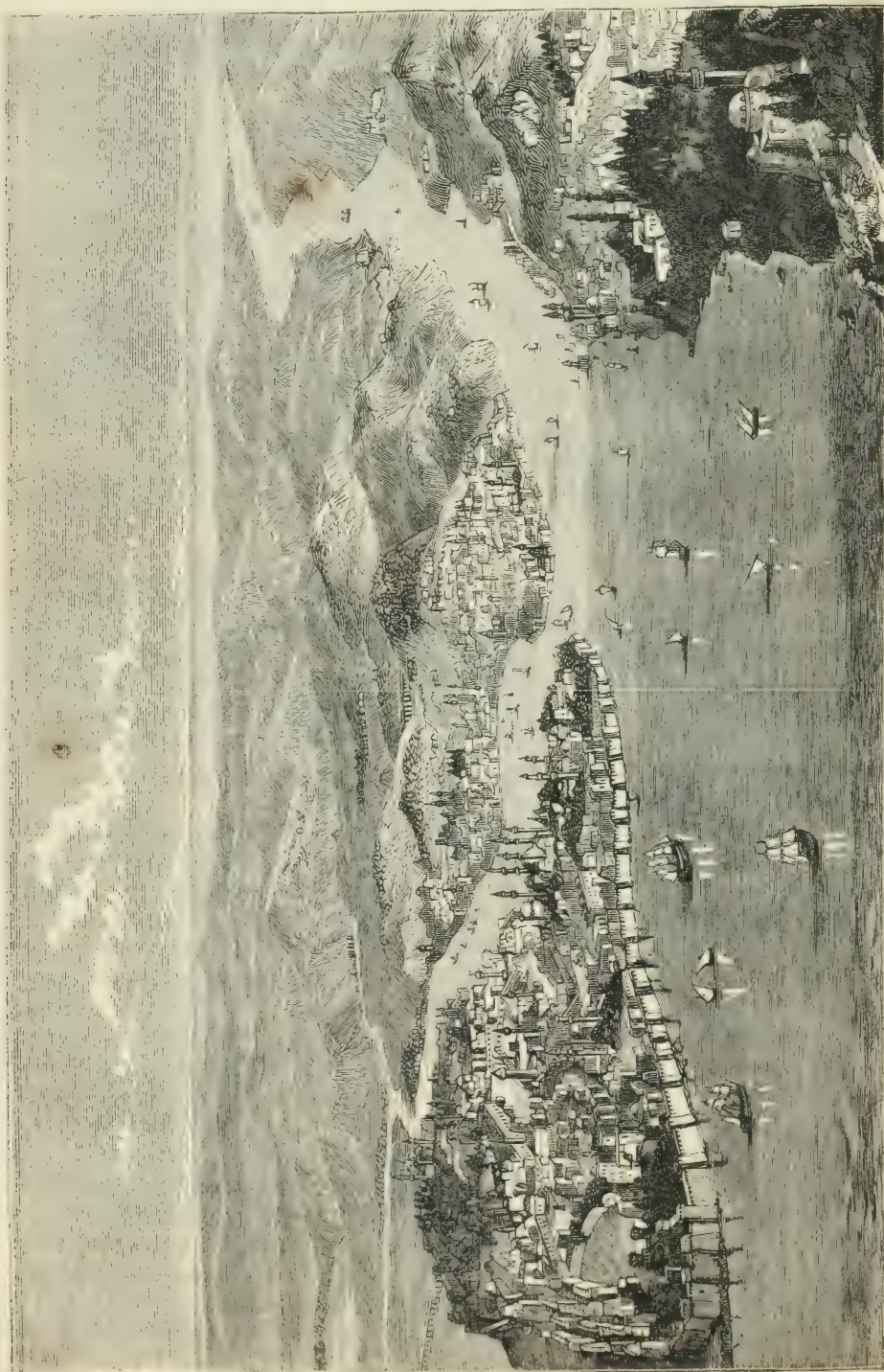
and of the West, in the air of mystery which envelops latticed windows and secluded harems, in the variety of water-craft which crowds the straits, from the mammoth ship of war to the fragile and gayly-bannered caïque, which like a bubble skims the wave, in all these combinations of picturesque beauty the Bosphorus stands pre-eminent and unrivaled.

Opposite to Constantinople, on the Asiatic shore, is situated the rural city of Scutari, embowered in the foliage of the cypress-trees. Scutari is to Constantinople what Brooklyn is to New York. An arm of the sea, wide and deep, reaches around the northern portion of the imperial city as with an affectionate embrace, thus constituting one of the finest harbors in the world. This tranquil bay is appropriately called the Golden Horn, and there flows into it, wind-

ing down from the distant interior, a rivulet whose lovely banks, often expanding into delightful meadows, have received the name of the Valley of Sweet Waters.

Until within a few years no ambassador from any of the Christian powers was permitted to dwell in the Moslem city, his presence being deemed a pollution. The residence of all such was assigned to the little suburb of Pera, on the opposite side of the Golden Horn—which suburb, on that account, was called by the insolent Turk the "Swine's Quarter."

Passing through the Bosphorus, a distance of fifteen miles, there expands before you the Euxine or Black Sea. This inland ocean, with but this one narrow outlet, receives into its bosom the Danube, the Dneister, the Don, and the Cuban. These majestic streams roll their floods



VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

through uncounted leagues of Russian territory, opening these wide realms to the commerce of the world, through the Bosphorus, the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles. On the northern shore of the Black Sea, at the southern extremity of the great peninsula of the Crimea, is situated Sevastopol, the principal naval dépôt of the Russian empire. This world-renowned fortress is about three hundred miles from the entrance of the Bosphorus.

This brief sketch reveals the infinite importance to Russia of the possession of Constantinople and its straits. Through these straits lies Russia's only pathway to the commerce of the world. A proud and powerful nation, containing three times the population of the United States, is shut up in its northern wilds, with no passage-way of its own for maritime intercourse with the rest of mankind except for a few months in the year. Russia touches the Baltic only far away amidst the ices of the north, where winter rears its impassable barriers for five months of every year. Not a Russian ship can pass by Constantinople into the Mediterranean without striking its flag in homage to the crescent of the Turk. And at any moment, upon any sudden freak, the Ottoman Porte can close her impregnable gates, so that no ship can enter or leave. Thus, unless Russia can secure a gate-way through the Dardanelles, she seems to be shut up to barbarism.

Although we of the United States have thousands of leagues of Atlantic coast, fringed with magnificent harbors, opening all oceans to our ships, still it causes us great uneasiness to have even the island of Cuba in the hands of a foreign power, lest, in case of war, our commerce through the Gulf should be embarrassed. And we are ready to spend millions of money, and to deluge the whole continent in blood, rather than have any other flag than the stars and the stripes float over the mouths of the Mississippi. Were the Atlantic States to become an independent confederacy, and were the great Northwest organized into one powerful nation of ninety millions of people, how long would they be willing that a few millions of degenerate Spaniards or Mexicans should hold the mouths of the Mississippi, their only outlet to the world, or that any other flag than their own should float over its fortresses? Yet such is now the condition of Russia. She can not send a boat-load of corn into the Mediterranean without bowing her flag to all the Turkish forts which frown along her pathway.

It is but about thirty years since the Greeks rose in the desperate attempt to throw off the yoke of the Ottoman. The sympathies of the world were with them. Alexander Ypsilanti, who first unfurled the banner of revolt, had been an officer in the Russian army. He assured the Greeks that the Czar Nicholas had secretly pledged his word to aid them in their struggle for emancipation. The ferocity of the Turk was signally displayed in this conflict. Contemplate for a moment the massacre of Scio.

This island was one of the largest and most beautiful of the Grecian Archipelago. It was the home of a refined and cultivated people, enriched by commerce. Its chief city, sheltered by a beautiful and spacious harbor, held twenty thousand inhabitants, while a population of more than one hundred thousand were clustered in the villages which were spread over its hills and vales. The ladies of the island were renowned through Europe for their beauty. Many of its wealthy families had traveled extensively on the Continent, and had mingled with the polished circles of Brussels, Berlin, and Paris. Above all the other islands of the East Scio was famed for its intelligent and fascinating society. Schools flourished. The college of Scio attracted students from a distance; and music was almost a universal accomplishment. The tourist, exploring the beautiful island, was ever charmed with the tones of the voice, blending with the harp or the guitar, in harmony which evidenced the highest artistic skill.

The young men of Scio eagerly joined in the struggle to emancipate themselves from the thrall-dom of the Turk. Sultan Mahmoud resolved upon vengeance which should make Scio a warning to all Greece. He issued a proclamation to the desperadoes of the Bosphorus, declaring that the inhabitants of Scio were outlawed, and that they all, male and female, old and young, were to be surrendered to the vengeance of the adventurers who would embark for their destruction.

Moslem hate combined with semi-barbaric depravity to raise the ferocity of fanaticism to its highest pitch. All the lewd fellows of the baser sort, who crowded the dens of Constantinople, or who prowled about the shores of the Bosphorus, rushed to join the enterprise. All were welcome—the more beastly and demoniac the better. An army of fifteen thousand men was thus collected, who in character were as near to demons as earth has ever furnished. As the fleet dropped down the bay on its dreadful mission salvos of artillery from all the fortresses which lined the shores of Europe and Asia uttered the Moslem benedictions.

It was a lovely afternoon in the month of April, 1822, when the fleet anchored in the defenseless bay, and vomited upon the doomed island its murderous hordes. The scene which ensued no imagination can conceive. A general massacre, with all the concomitants of cruelty and lust, swept the island for six days and nights, and then nothing remained but a blackened, bloody, smouldering pile of ruins. Forty thousand perished by the sword, bullet, or in the flames, and many were put to death after having first experienced the most horrible tortures.

Forty-one thousand of the youth of both sexes were reserved to be sold as slaves. The young men from the university, refined in manners and of cultured minds, were consigned to hopeless bondage. The young ladies, torn from the parlors of their opulent parents—ladies who had visited in the polished circles of London and of Paris—became the property of the most ferocious



THE SLAVE-MARKET.

and licentious outcasts of the human race. For weeks and months they were exposed in the slave shambles, through all the marts of the Ottoman empire. The beautiful maidens found a ready sale to replenish the harems of the Turk. As slave labor is not profitable in Turkey, the market was quite drugged with the young men, and they were disposed of at prices so low that even the poor could purchase.

European travelers frequently met in the slave shambles young ladies offered for sale to whom they had previously been introduced in the saloons of their wealthy parents, in the mansions of Scio. They had to endure the agony of seeing them dragged away by the brutal Turk, for the haughty Mohammedan would allow no "Christian dog" to rescue a captive.

When the fleet returned to Constantinople, having perpetrated its fiendish mission, the whole city was assembled to witness its entrance into the Golden Horn. As the ships rounded a point of land which brought them in view of the royal seraglio, a salute was fired from ship and shore, whose echoes reverberated along the hills of Europe and of Asia. As the smoke cleared

away hundreds of Greeks were seen hanging by the neck to the bowsprits and every yard-arm, struggling in the agonies of death. These were the trophies of barbarian triumph. In view of them the shores of the Bosphorus were shaken by the explosions of artillery and by the shout of the million of inhabitants who thronged the streets of Constantinople, Pera, and Scutari.

The sympathies of the *people* all over Christendom were with the Greeks. But the governments, for various reasons, had declined to interfere. It was well understood that the Grecian insurrection was incited by Russia, as one of the incipient steps by which the Czar hoped to weaken Turkey, so as to enable him to advance his battalions to long-coveted Constantinople. Thus while the *people*, regardless of the complications of diplomacy, were in sympathy with the struggling Greeks, the *governments* both of England and France regarded the independence of Greece with apprehension, and secretly wished for the triumph of the Turk.

But the shriek which arose from the massacre of Scio pierced the ear of Europe. Christian humanity could no longer endure such outrages.

The wave of popular indignation swept so resistlessly along that it surged even into parliamentary halls and regal courts. The combined fleet of England and France, almost by accident, encountered the Turkish fleet in the bay of Navarino. A spark fired the train, and a storm of war ensued of but two hours' continuance, during which the Turkish fleet was annihilated. But no sooner was the deed performed than it was regretted. In a moment of generous passion England and France had crippled the energies of the Turk, and had thus facilitated the advance of the armies of the Czar.

The battle of Navarino secured the emancipation of Greece, and humbled the Turk as, for five hundred years, he had not been humbled before. Since that day the crescent has been rapidly on the wane. The battlements of Ottoman power are now every where dilapidated and crumbling. Turkey, so long the terror of Europe, can no longer stand alone. It now exists only by sufferance. As the eternal glaciers of the Alps press down into the vale of Chamouni with a power which nothing earthly can obstruct, so is gigantic Russia crowding down through the passes of the Balkan upon the plains of Turkey, and the doom of the turbaned Turk is sealed. Russia has her manifest destiny as well as the United States.

There are four great nations who seem now disposed to quarter the globe between them. Russia has already one-seventh of our habitable planet in her own possession. She needs but Sweden and Norway, which are already virtual-

ly her own, and Turkey in Europe and Turkey in Asia to complete her full share. France is pushing her conquests over Northern Africa, and with diplomatic skill which never sleeps is caressing the provinces of Syria, and the weak and restless realms of Southern Europe. England, while uttering her roar of defiance upon every ocean and every continent, is taking possession of all the nations who roam the plains of southern and internal Asia. She removes her landmarks at her own pleasure, and in her graspings is more insatiate than was ever Rome under the Cæsars. The United States, though embarrassed for the moment by her internal troubles, is not behind the other great powers in her ambition. With her Monroe doctrine she may perhaps be contented with the two continents of North and South America, provided that Cuba and her sisters of the Caribbean Sea, and some of the most valuable groups of the Pacific ocean, may be added to her share.

The jealousy of the leading nations in regard to their mutual encroachments is amusingly illustrated in an interview not long ago between Senator Douglas and the British ambassador, Sir Henry Bulwer. England, who is every year adding boundless realms of Asia to her kingdom, watches with pious solicitude and zeal over Central America, lest the United States should seize some of those tropical acres. In the Clayton-Bulwer treaty an article was inserted by the British Government, binding alike both England and America not to colonize, annex, or exercise any dominion over any portion of Central Amer-



THE RETURN FROM SOIO.

ica. Sir Henry argued that the pledge was fair, as it was reciprocal, England asking no more than she was ready herself to grant.

"To test your principle," said the shrewd Senator, "I would propose an amendment of simply two words. Let the article read, 'Neither England nor the United States will ever occupy or colonize any part of Central America or Asia.'"

The British minister exclaimed, in surprise, "But you have no colonies in Asia!"

"True," replied the United States Senator; "neither have you any colonies in Central America."

"But," rejoined Sir Henry, "you can never establish your government over there in Asia."

"No," Senator Douglas replied; "neither do we intend that you shall ever establish your government over here in Central America."

It is so essential to the advancing civilization of Russia that she should have a maritime port which will give her access to commerce, that it is not easy for us to withhold our sympathy from her in her endeavor to open a gate-way to and from her vast territory through the Dardanelles. When England, France, and Turkey combined

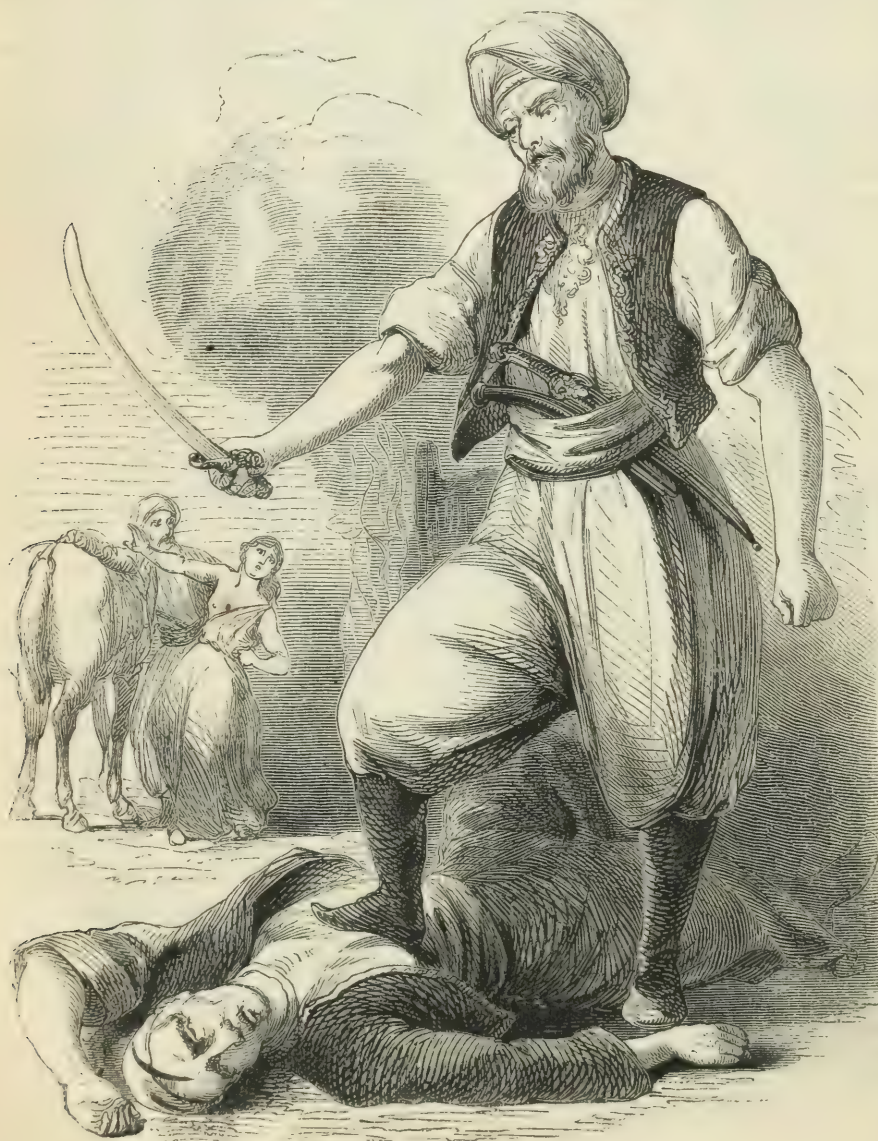
to batter down Sevastopol and burn the Russian fleet, that Russia might still be barred up in her northern wilds by 'Turkish forts, there was an instinct in the American heart which caused our sympathies to flow in favor of Russia, notwithstanding all the eloquent pleadings of the French and English press.

When we recall to mind the march of the Turk across the Hellespont, the siege and the sack of Constantinople, the massacre of hundreds of thousands of Christians, the blazing cities, the shrieks of maidens, the despair of young men dragged into slavery—when we recall to mind what Moslem insolence has been for five hundred years—the barbarism with which the Turk has deformed the beautiful shores of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, the gloomy seraglio, the bloody cimeter, the annihilation of literature, science, and art, and the reign of a superstition marvelous in its powers of degradation and cruelty, we can not deeply regret the advances of a Christian power, gradually reclaiming that soil where apostles preached and where Christianity was once enthroned without a rival.

Neither can the Russian Government be troubled with any formidable scruples of con-

science to prevent it from reclaiming that beautiful region, once the home of the Christian, which the Turk has so ruthlessly and bloodily invaded. What title-deed to the city of Constantine can the Turk show? The annals of war can tell no tale more deeply fraught with crime, outrage, and misery, than the rush of the barbaric Turk into Christian Greece. He came a merciless robber, with gory hands, burning, plundering, destroying. Fathers and mothers were butchered. Christian maidens were dragged shrieking to his harem. Christian boys were compelled to adopt the Moslem faith, and then were compelled to fight the Moslem battles. For centuries has the Christian thus been trampled beneath the heel of his oppressor, suffering every conceivable indignity.

But whatever may be our desires, the doom of the Ottoman Porte is sealed. Mohammedan-



THE TITLE-DEED OF THE TURK.

ism is dying, and the effects of the dead man must be transferred to others. Russia, France, and England are the natural heirs, and it is to be expected that they will quarrel over the division of the immense property. France may perhaps be contented with the isles of the Mediterranean, Syria, and Egypt; England, with a loud roar against Russia and France for their wicked spirit of encroachment, will clutch at vast provinces in Asia; Russia will assuredly claim and secure her portion along the shores of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, annexing to her realms the imperial city of Constantine. The waning crescent will soon set, and the cross will rise, a glorious constellation, over the minarets of the seraglio. The carnage of Sevastopol has but postponed the day.

The progress of the world is onward, and onward in the line of the Christian faith. The Emperor Alexander II. is probably as conscientious a monarch as now sits upon a European throne. He was born to the inheritance he holds, and, notwithstanding the opposition of his nobles, he is doing every thing in his power to promote the liberty and the moral and intellectual elevation of all the people of his wide realms. There is life in Russia, and her growth adds to the industry, the commerce, and the wealth of the world.

The lazy Turk, lounging upon the cushions of the seraglio, stupefied with tobacco and opium, knowing no joys but those of a mere animal existence, with a religion whose doctrines deaden the intellect and paralyze the energies, is worse than a drone in the human hive. The interests of humanity demand the termination of his sway. The Emperor Alexander is introducing the most salutary reforms throughout his realms. He has already emancipated twenty millions of enslaved serfs, notwithstanding the most desperate opposition of his nobles. He is rapidly introducing education, is removing trammels from the pulpit and the press, and is importing, through the majestic floods of the Dneiper, the Dneister, the Don, and the Cuban, the arts and improvements of more enlightened realms. It can hardly prove otherwise than a blessing to the world that the ancient sceptre of Constantine should pass from Mahmoud the Moslem to Alexander the Christian.

A SUMMER REMINISCENCE.

I HEAR no more the locust beat
His shrill loud drum through all the day;
I miss the mingled odors sweet
Of clover and of scented hay.

No more I hear the smothered song
From hedges guarded thick with thorn:
The days grow brief, the nights are long,
The light comes like a ghost at morn.

I sit before my fire alone,
And idly dream of all the past:
I think of moments that are flown—
Alas! they were too sweet to last.

The warmth that fill'd the languid noons—
The purple waves of trembling haze—
The liquid light of silver moons—
The summer sunset's golden blaze.

I feel the soft winds fan my cheek,
I hear them murmur through the rye;
I see the milky clouds that seek
Some nameless harbor in the sky.

The stile beside the spreading pine,
The pleasant fields beyond the grove,
The lawn where, underneath the vine,
She sang the song I used to love.

The path along the windy beach,
That leaves the shadowy linden-tree,
And goes by sandy capes that reach
Their shining arms to clasp the sea.

I view them all—I tread once more
In meadow grasses cool and deep;
I walk beside the sounding shore,
I climb again the wooded steep.

Oh happy hours of pure delight!
Sweet moments drowned in wells of bliss!
Oh halcyon days so calm and bright—
Each morn and evening seem'd to kiss!

And that whereon I saw her first,
While angling in the noisy brook,
When through the tangled wood she burst;
In one small hand a glove and book,

As with the other, dimpled, white,
She held the slender boughs aside;
While through the leaves the yellow light
Like golden water seem'd to glide,

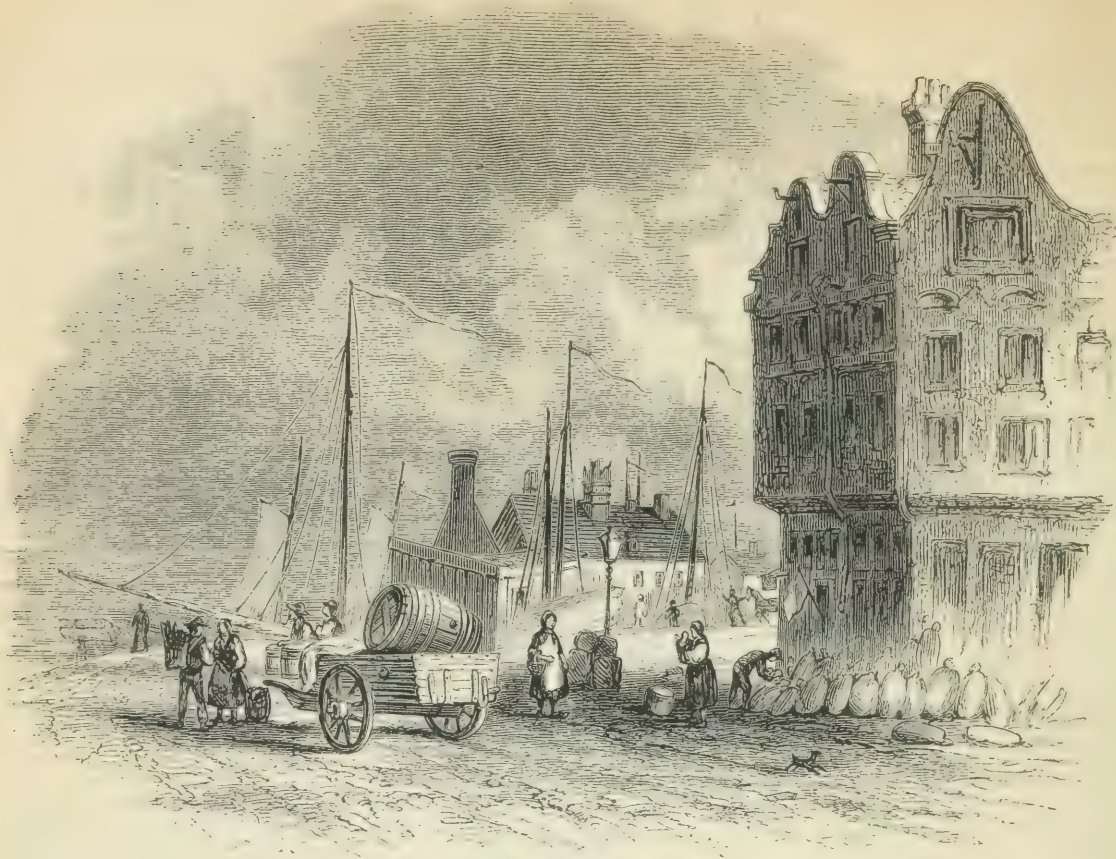
And broke in ripples on her neck,
And played like fire around her hat,
And slid adown her form to fleck
The moss-grown rock on which I sat.

She standing rapt in sweet surprise,
And seeming doubtful if to turn;
Her novel, as I raised my eyes,
Dropped down amid the tall green fern.

This day and that—the one so bright,
The other like a thing forlorn;
To-morrow, and the early light
Will shine upon her marriage morn.

For when the mellow autumn flushed
The thickets where the chestnut fell,
And in the vales the maple blushed,
Another came who knew her well,

Who sat with her below the pine,
And with her through the meadow moved,
And underneath the purpling vine
She sang to him the song I loved.



VIEW IN AMSTERDAM.

HOW THE DUTCH ARE TAKING HOLLAND.

“THE Dutch have taken Holland,” was the good old news often brought by voyaging friends in those good old times before telegraphs, and railroads, and ocean steamers provided, at all times and at all places, new news for the mind’s consumption. “The Dutch have taken Holland” was a response so grotesquely true, that it half appeased the desire for an increased knowledge of the outer world which begat the question, “What’s the news?” “The Dutch have taken Holland” never grew old in comicality, never lost its semblance of truth, never called for a second query.

Had the phrase been changed to that of *The Dutch are taking Holland*, it would have been emphatically a true one for the last thousand years, and likely to remain true for thousands of years to come. The Dutch are taking Holland, but it is by such slow and solemn degrees as the coral mite is building a mountain in the midst of the sea; by such quiet perseverance as the dripping stream is changing granite rocks to sea-side sand. The Dutch are taking Holland, and no other people on earth are provided by nature with that sturdy continuity which enables them to gather solid and fruitful earth, inch by inch, from a roaring, thundering, stormy, encroaching sea. No other people but the Dutch are just fitted by nature to pump, and rake, and shovel a fine productive country out of a cold, sour, reedy marsh.

Along the greater length of the western coast a line of low sand-hills serves to partially sep-

arate the main sea from the Hollow-land, which is somewhat lower in surface; and wherever that line of hills subsides, then the work of the dyke-builders continues the separation which the natural wall only half accomplished. Vast lines of earth-banks, from twenty to forty feet in height, and from twenty to a hundred feet in thickness, generally faced on the sea-side with massive walls of brick and stone, have been raked together and maintained at an incomparable cost of labor and watchfulness. Huge dams have been swung across the mouths of rivers to govern the level of their variable waters; and from those dams, which are often the nuclei of great cities, more lines of earth-walls, of all heights below a hundred feet, and of all widths less than a quarter of a mile, stretch away along up each bank of each river, creek, and bayou, and shut them into bounds; give docks and ways to shipping, roads and canals to travelers, forts of defense to cities; give broad fertile plains to an agricultural people; give fruitful happy homes to three millions of intelligent Hollow-landers. Centuries of unremitting care have hardened these main dykes into the most substantial parts of the country; but where it is all so spongy, and so constantly drenched by a moist climate, they will never acquire that solidity which will leave them above the need of attention. The oldest and firmest of the great lines of dykes must still maintain great piles of willow boughs ready for instant application to any opening crevasse; and must still maintain their lines of

watchmen—watchmen who can not at all times echo the salutation that one receives from the peasants of the country, nor the cry which one still hears from the night-patrol of the old Dutch cities, "All's well!" A sudden rush of wind piling the waters to an extraordinary height over some low or softened portion of the separating wall startles a whole country from its quiet.

As in Constantinople the first alarm of fire calls the water-carriers and spare police, the second the proprietors and officers of State, and the third the Sultan himself to the scene of disaster, so in Holland continued rush of water admits of no idle spectators, but calls every hand capable of wielding a spade or bearing a bundle of rushes to aid in preventing devastation worse than conflagration. Sometimes the sea has proved ungovernable in its caprice, has swept over and retained what was before inhabited country. At other times it has just as capriciously retired from the bounds so carefully built up for its government, and left rich flats of mud to grow up into cheese-producing districts where its waves formerly bore luggers of the produce of other countries. All these sea changes are carefully noted, and assisted or guarded against, as far as possible, by artificial means. Shifting of the sands, or the mud-bars, or the vegetable growth at the bottom of the sea, turns a current against the base of a dyke. If the change seems temporary, a net-work of willow boughs is woven along the face of the dyke for rods or for miles, as the case may seem to demand; rows of stakes are driven in every direction through that network, and basket breakwaters jut at frequent intervals into the aggressive stream. If the aggression is likely to prove permanent and powerful, then strong piles take the places of the slender stakes, and heavy stone and brick walls rise where the willow ones seemed insufficient. If, on the contrary, the water appears inclined to recede instead of advancing, and if the retrocession appears desirable, then Dutch patience and ingenuity assist the rising earth by every mode they can invent. Rows of willow stakes, patches of basket-work, bits of low wall, coax deposits of sand and mud, and the appearance of vegetation. Whenever the reeds begin to appear they are turned to account. The finer patches are cut and cured for the thatching of houses, mills, out-buildings, piles of drying bricks and turf, and for exportation to England. The coarser ones are bound in bundles, the size of a man's body, to assist in the laying of dykes, for the straightening the currents of streams, for retaining in bounds the mud gathered from the bottoms of the canals for manure, and for rotting into a dressing for the land already tilled. Sometimes bars make across the mouths of inlets or bays and leave shallow ponds or lakes of water neither fresh nor so salt as sea-water, to be slowly filled up to tillable height by growth and decay of vegetable matter, or to be dyked and drained as Haarlem Lake was drained a few years ago.

Fifteen years ago, in the southern part of the

province of North Holland, there was forty-five thousand acres of first-rate mud aching to be turned into Dutch cheeses for foreign markets, but which was smothered out of useful existence by just as many acres of brackish water twelve feet deep. About the same time there were divers Dutch fingers itching to feel of the guilders that forty-five thousand acres of rich meadows and pastures would produce; and fifteen years ago Government set about relieving that aching and itching.

There was a broad high dyke around it to keep this Haarlemmer Meer in position, which was kept up by certain companies who hold certain chartered privileges for draining the lands of the surrounding country and exacting pay for the same. Even the Government might not interfere with the privileges of these companies, and they objected to any movement of the waters of the lake which might prove detrimental to their interests. The Government erected three steam-mills for the Rhinlanders' use; thus removing the first obstacle to the drying up of Haarlem Lake. The first mill was built at Spaarndam, and lifted water out of canals that came down by the sides of the lake, into the Y Zee, a height of three feet, at the rate of sixteen thousand cubic yards a minute, and commenced the removal of a sheet of water sixteen miles long, eight miles wide, and twelve feet deep.

The next operations were, to open and securely dyke a canal a hundred feet wide all around outside of the lake dyke, to connect that canal with the smaller canals, into which 350 wind-mills—yes, 350, that's the number—lifted water from the different levels around the lake, and to connect it with the sluices that let into the Y Zee and into the Hollands Yssel, a bayou of the Rhine. They next set at work, at different points on the margin of the lake, three steam-mills of 500-horse power each, that work twenty-eight pumps, lifting altogether 56,000 gallons at a stroke, or 336,000 gallons a minute, fifteen feet high; and Haarlemmer Meer began rapidly to change to Haarlemmer Meer *Polder*, or, as one of the lake-men elegantly translated it, "*Haarlemmer Meer coom dhry*." As the dry land began to appear, the huge stacks of willow boughs bound in bundles, that had been gathered from all parts of the country, began to be laid in long rows up through the middle and at the different crossings of the lake, and the mud was scooped up and thrown over and between these rows to form banks for canals and to lay roads upon. After a layer of mud came another layer of willow boughs, then another layer of mud, and so on; and after the banks had hardened sufficiently to retain it, came gravel from the German rivers to spread over them, until fifty miles of broad deep canal and a hundred miles of passable roads separated Haarlem Lake Polder into a dozen great divisions. Then those dozen divisions were subdivided by such smaller canals in different directions as the levels seemed to demand, and Haarlem Lake was ready for sale just as the great marshes over in Jersey, the Monte-

zuma marshes, the St. Clair marshes, the Saginaw, the Kankakee, and a thousand other great marshes all over our country will be got ready for sale at some future day.

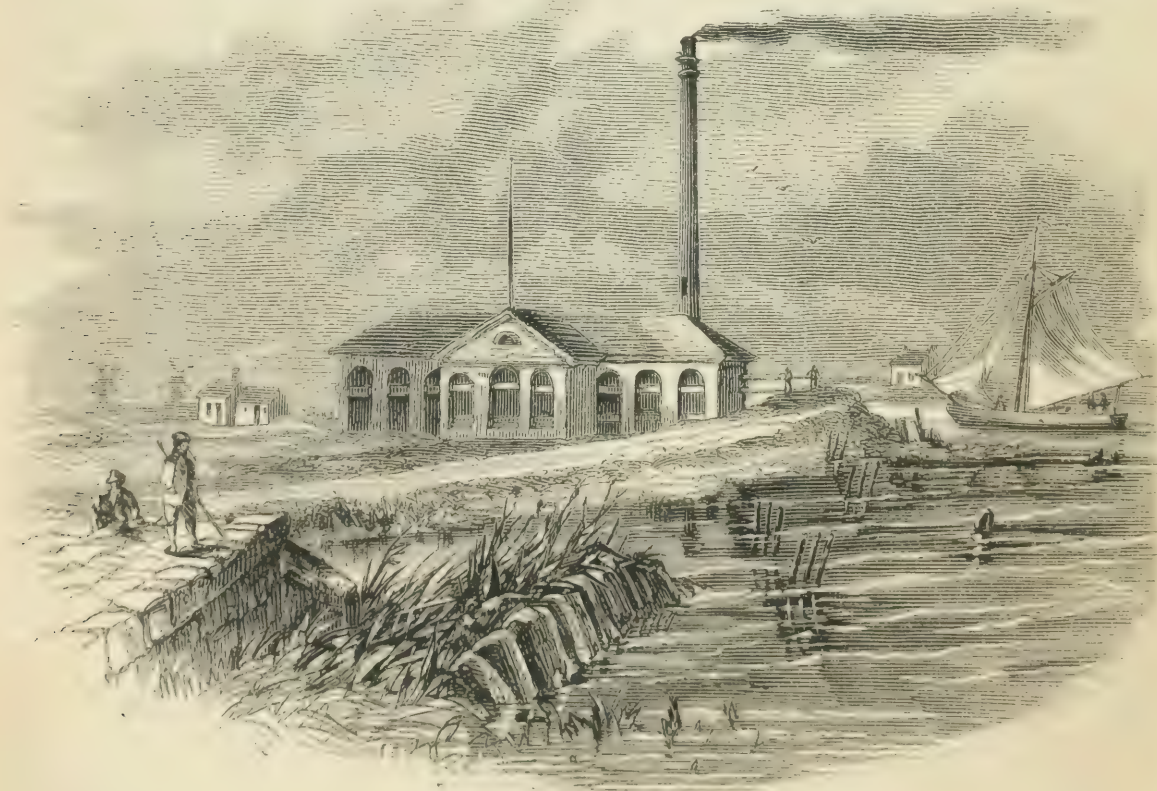
The land was sold at from eighty to two hundred dollars an acre, and small houses and large barns began to spring up around its edges, just as they rise on the edges of one of our prairies out West. Eight years ago the last mill was set at work at Halfweg, and handed over to the Rhinlanders as the finishing stroke of the drainage so far as the Government was concerned. It was a mill of a hundred-horse power, engines built under English direction at Amsterdam, which lift, with paddle-wheels, nine hundred cubic yards of water per minute, from the canal that encircles the Polder, into a sluice from the Y Zee (a branch of the Zuider or Southern Zee), a height of three feet.

But there was still much to be done to bring the juicy soil into profitable use. Only such plants as would flourish in mud could be grown for several years; canals were too shallow and dykes too low to answer the purposes for which they were intended; roads and bridges were to be made; large cisterns for rain-water were to be laid; and, worse than all the rest, there was a leaden stratum of fever and ague overlying all the region, which no steam-mill yet invented could pump away, but which was to be worked off by Dutch patience and quinine. Fortunately there was much of the bottom of the lake that would dry into excellent fuel, and thus furnish an immediate article of commerce, as well as protect the people from the severities of their northern climate; fortunately, too, the great iron water-pipe, running from Haarlem to Am-

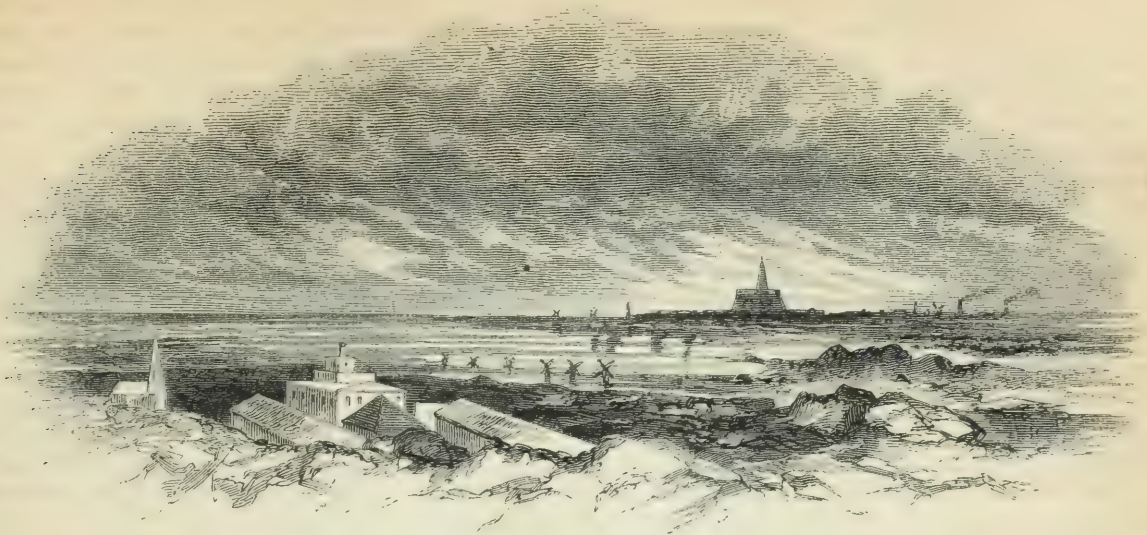
sterdam, passed by Halfweg, and provided for an emergency in that direction; fortunately again, the drying soil, increasing crops, and decreasing agues, kept the people hopeful, until now their plain is dotted over with farm-buildings, groves of young trees, herds of cattle, and beginning to exhibit all the signs of a thrifty young growth.

After all their plain shall have fairly settled down into a cheese-making district, after the dykes shall have hardened so as to be arched and paved with the small bricks of the country, after the willows shall have grown up and been cropped of their branches and recropped into ugly gnarled stubs, after scows on the canals shall raise up white stone posts along the tow-paths, Haarlemmer Meer Polder will still be singular in Holland for its lack of the most pointed feature of Dutch landscape, the wind-mill.

Looking back thirty years to when I was a school-boy at the old yellow Academy on Pompey Hill, remembering with what veneration I used to look up the shingled sides of the old wooden giant who bleached his long arms above all that high region, remembering with what stealthy awe I climbed alone over its shattered cogged wheels and its dilapidated shafts to look out at the high open window, still retaining as half truth the ghost stories connected with that mysterious old tower, I can not even yet bring my eyes to look upon a wind-mill as so much ordinary wood and thatch; nor, as I now glance from my Zaandam window down a line of two hundred giants swinging their brawny arms in the December breeze, each one busy in some occupation that shall give sustenance to the swarms of pigmies about their feet; can I bring



WATER-MILL AT HALFWEG.



OVER MEERENBURGH TO OLD HAARLEM.

my mind to consider them as possessing the ordinary stolidity of wood and rushes; but I set out to sketch one's portrait with the same feeling of respect that I should prepare for a sitting of some great dignitary or savant. Posted along the great dykes, they work so cheaply that the smallest farmer may employ them to lift the water off his little meadow; cheap in their construction, the weak-handed mechanic may set one up to saw his timber or to beat his iron; powerful and untiring in movement, the largest manufacturer may employ them to forge his plates or grind his oil-seed. Those mills that are built for lifting water alone are almost as much parts of the dykes as the dykes themselves, are under the direction of "mill-captains," who signal their subalterns to move on by hoisting a lantern to their peaks during the night, or the national colors by day; and all are managed by societies formed after the mode of our insurance companies, whose existence date back for hundreds of years, and whose rights are guarded in the strictest manner by the laws and by the popular opinion of the whole country. A boy digging a hole in the top or sides of a dyke to set his kermis candle in would be arrested and imprisoned; a man setting a row of posts to hang his nets on would be imprisoned and fined; and maliciously or recklessly opening a way for the water, though that way were only so large as the smoke-way of a pipe-stem, would be punished with death.

Two hundred years ago, the De Witts, the Schermerhorns, the Ten Eycks, the Van Zandts, the Langerfelts, the Van Winkles, and the Tromps—fathers and cousins of the men who dug our Erie canal and opened the way to Western immigration—formed one of those societies who set up a line of wind-mills around the Beemster Lake and pumped it into "Polder." It was twenty miles around, and twenty-five feet deep; and the basin is now full of the most independent De Witts, and Schermerhorns, and Langerfelts, and Van Winkles, that exist outside of Yankeeland, who are busily raising up

other De Witts, Schermerhorns, Langerfelts, and Van Winkles, to dig other canals and open other ways of emigration in countries where the broad German accent and the rich Irish brogue are as yet rare or unknown. Proprietors of from thirty to a hundred acres of the rich lake bottoms, that are but lightly taxed and that call for no manure or fencing; cursed by no primogeniture law to draw those lands under the control of a few lordly owners; born with sufficient spirit of commercial enterprise to attract the uneasy surplusage to other countries, the remaining ones gently strip the heifers that distill the oil essential for lubricating their machinery, dreamily watch the wool and mutton rounding out the forms of their bouncing wethers, laugh and grow fat from July to January, then take a new hold of the jollities of life for the balance of the twelvemonth.

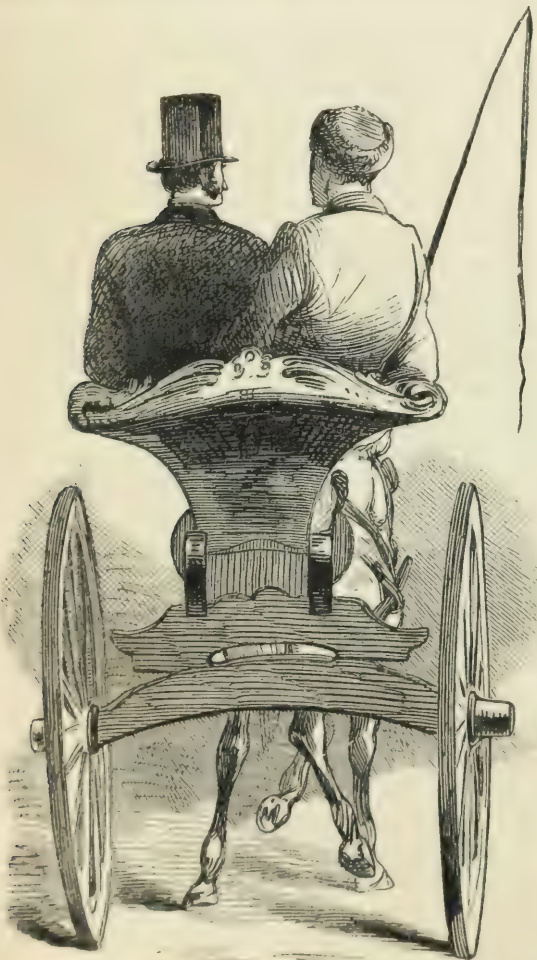
One would not think of twenty-five feet of altitude making much difference in the habits and manners of a people or appearance of a country, but it does in this instance. Cold blasting sea winds sweep over the main land of the country, cutting away the delicate herbage that sometimes dodges into existence; and except here and there a clump of ash or willows, half sheltering and half sheltered by a farmer's buildings or a compact village, the main level is a broad plain of grass and water, each struggling for supremacy, and the difference of a few inches of level between the two is only maintained by almost constant action of the long-armed pumpers. But a forty-foot wall of earth on the west side, and a thirty-foot one on the east, so shelters a broad rim of the Polder as allows the growth of groves and orchards, and, aided by the extra rich soil and the twenty-five feet altitude, makes the Beemster an oasis in the midst of a desert of grass. Though the tops of the trees, bare long after the bases are leafed in the spring, again bare a month earlier in the fall, and always bowing to the eastward, show which way the wind blows; yet that they exist at all, and are clothed for their main height, is evidence that the climate is milder than outside the basin.

The Pennsylvania Dutchman who, when his wife died, declared that he would rather have lost every cow on the place, was no kin to Beemster Dutchmen, or he would have placed a different estimate on his horned stock from what all that came to—Beemster farmers giving their cows preference over every thing else mortal. They are never overworked or underfed, as the wives and children sometimes are; they never lack blankets to keep them warm, nor shades to keep them cool; the warmest, best-built, and best-kept portion of the house is set apart for their winter habitation; their food is prepared with strict attention to their tastes; attendants sleep in their apartments to see that no harm comes to them by night; milkers are regularly roused to their duties at three o'clock in the morning, and during the day a door is generally open from their halls to the rooms inhabited by the biped members of the family. Apart from these odorous prosaics, the Beemster cheesemaker is rather a poetic being than otherwise. He excessively admires the Hogarthian line of beauty, as exhibited over the arched neck and down the glossy back of his lively Dutch cob; tasty little kiosks, at the meeting of the waters, play at Oriental shelter during the brief but bright summer that visits his grounds; crocuses mark the coming of spring-time; dahlias drop their looped ribbons among the snow flakes of au-

tumn; canaries sing in his windows, swans and young cygnets sail over his canals; orchards, and osiers, and gardens, and bowers distinctly mark the difference between his home and the main level that surrounds him where all is grass, grass, grass, or water.

Further on, north, just where the channel through which ships from Amsterdam issue into the open North Sea—just at what may be considered the head (if so flat an establishment may be said to have a head) of Holland—there rises a sloping sea-wall laid mostly of prismatic basaltic blocks, similar to those of the Giant's Causeway, brought from Norway, of a hundred feet in width to the top of a dyke which rises twenty-five feet above ordinary high-water mark, and is from a hundred to three hundred feet in thickness. Just at the point of the headland where this great dyke, which extends way down the coast across the Schardam, the Edam, the Monnikendam, the Nieuwendam, the Zaandam, the Spaarndam, the Amsteldam, and a hundred other *dams*; around all the nooks and corners of all the bays and inlets of the Y Sea, the great Southern Sea, the Lower Sea, away up the North Sea into Hanover; just where this great dyke meets the line of low sand hills known as "the Downs," that reach (except one break, which is triple dyked) down the west coast to the mouths of the Rhine; just there rises another form of dyke, and for another purpose than shutting out the waters. The first line is semicircular, is faced up with bricks to a thickness of from five to ten feet, and is surmounted by a row of great black guns looking out over the channel known in our maritime reports as Texel. Back of the semicircular dyke is a broad deep canal that surrounds other semicircular dykes, and some of the dykes take the forms of stars, and of round forts, and of zigzags, and of parallels, and of scarps and counterscarps; and some of them cover bomb-proof galleries for soldiers and magazines of ammunition and arms and provisions; and they surround barracks and stables and workshops, and form altogether the Helder Fort. And from the Helder a covered way extends a mile down the west coast to a star fort which surrounds the light-house; another dyke covers a way down midland to another collection of squares and zigzags at the back of the port known as Nieuwe Diep (newly dipped), and still another is to cover a way to another fort now building at the head of the port; and all these zigzags and circles form just such obstructions to the movements of outsiders as General Todleben raised up in front of the English, French, Sardinian, and Turkish forces at Sebastopol.

Securely lodged behind and under such earth-banks, soldiers may smoke their pipes in quiet so long as attacking parties see fit to plunge their shots and shells into the thick-roofed shelters; and it is only by such ingenious and persistent assaults as carried the Redan and Malakoff that many such works are to be carried in our time. There are some differences, however, in the Se-



NORTH HOLLAND GIG.



HELDER.

bastopol comparison, in favor of Hollandish fortifications. Those were surrounded by mud only, over which soldiers could pass without bridges; these are almost always bounded by broad deep waters: those were to be maintained against powers holding unlimited means of transportation, by soldiers whose sources of subsistence were far in the interior of an almost impassable country; these are all in the midst of a densely populated country, that is always fruitful, and that has secure and extraordinary means of conveyance: finally, those were defended by a soldiery acting like so much clock-work, but like so much clock-work extensively deranged by the derangement of a single piece; while Dutch soldiers have always proved themselves like tenpins, the smaller the number standing the more difficult it is to knock them down. Though Holland is thickly dotted and lined with such embankments, yet her Government is never idle. Though the chief cities are surrounded, the ports are flanked, and though great guns peer over the

dirt walls of small villages in every direction, making it the most difficult country in the world to attack, yet the Government is never idle; this year the Helder, next year the Texel Island, and next year Vlieland are marked for important additional works; while at the mouths of the Scheldt, and at the villages up about the southern frontiers, there is always something going quietly on to make Holland stronger for war.

Singular uses have been made of her singular position and her dykes, in time of Holland's extremities, as in 1574, when Leyden was besieged by the Spaniards. Leyden was one of the most beautiful and most important cities of Holland. Was surrounded by a beautiful country, and scores of interesting and thriving villages. She had been besieged from the last of October, 1573, till the 21st of March, 1574; had been relieved from that siege till the 26th of May; but had neglected to strengthen her works, replenish her magazines, and reinforce her garrison in that



GATE-WAY AT WESP.

mean time. Her soldiers were irregulars, her provisions the fragments of her former stores, her outside assistance was weakened by defeat; but she defied, in the proudest terms, the foreign soldiers who sought to plunder her homes and change her religion. Her people echoed the words of their prince—the Prince of Orange: “While there is a man left alive in our country we shall fight for our religion and our liberty.”

The last of June every one was placed on short allowance of food, and the strictest economy observed by all. The last of July saw the last of their ordinary provisions; and dogs, cats, rats, old leather, and leaves of trees became the luxuries of the times. Thousands bowed their heads to the dire necessity, and starved without murmuring. Infants expired in the endeavor to draw nourishment from milkless breasts; mothers died clinging in silent agony to their breathless babes. Old men slept in quiet after a horrid closing dream of life; young braves howled their last breath in defiance of the inhu-

man foe. Whole families hugged each other in admiration of their spirit of resistance to oppression, and died; strong men, still strong enough from their former strength to mount the ramparts, hurled back the taunts of their bitter enemies: “You call us eaters of dogs and cats, and so we are; and so long as you hear the dogs howl and the cats waul within our walls, you may know that the city resists. And when *they* are all perished, when *we* only are left, rest assured that each one of us will eat his left arm to sustain his right in strength to defend our wives, our liberty, and our religion against the foreign despot. God, in his wrath, has left us to destruction and refuses us all succor; but we shall always defend ourselves against *you*. And when the last hour shall come, with our own hands we will apply the torch to our dwellings, and all—men, women, and children—will perish in the flames rather than see you profane our hearths and sacrifice our liberties.”

But the great North Sea came, and brought on



ADOLPH VAN GELDER.

its bosom relief for the famishing city. The dykes had been broken, the sluices had been opened, and a brave little fleet, manned by such as were inured to privation, self-denial, and wounds, rendered desperately savage by the indignities to which powerful invaders had subjected their countrymen, and who were sworn to neither give nor accept of quarter, sailed in across the country and assisted the rising waters to drive the Spaniards to higher grounds.

Thus each dyke, and each canal all over the country, has its story of public or private prowess, or wrong connected therewith, just as each Rhine castle and each Austrian prison has its legend of glory or shame. Shall I give an example of family record to balance the one of public history recited above? I accept one suggested by the name of one of our prominent citizens.*

Adolph, only son of Arnold van Gelder, Duke of Gelderland, was bad by nature and bad by instruction of a wicked mother. In 1465, when he was twenty-eight years old, he concluded that his father had reigned Duke as long as he ought, and that it was time for him to take his turn at the head of the Duchy: so he arranged with some ruffians to assist him; coaxed his father to allow the ice to remain unbroken in the canal on one side of the castle, so that the ladies might skate; then at midnight of the coldest night of the year he tore the old Duke from his bed, made a rope fast around his body, the other end fast to his own saddle-bow, and thus led and dragged him five leagues over the ice to Buren. He detained him a prisoner at Buren six years, when both were summoned to appear before the council of Charles the Rash, Duke of Burgogne. It was recommended that the father retain the title of Duke and an annuity of 6000 florins till his death: but the hopeful son answered that he would rather see his father thrown into a well, and be himself thrown in afterward, than consent to such terms; that his father had been Duke forty-four years, and it was high time he was turned out. Adolph was excommunicated by the Pope; was imprisoned; was liberated at thirty-nine by revolutionists who wanted his assistance in their wars; marched to Tournay; was murdered, embalmed, and buried there. Ninety years after his burial his body was exhumed, was found perfectly preserved, was thrown about and spit upon for days by the people of Tournay, then disappeared—the last of his line that reigned over that province.

Writing the full history of the canals and dykes of Holland would be to write also the history of every Holland farm and farmer since Bataves began to raise mud dams around their reed huts among the mouths of the Rhine a hundred years before the beginning of the Christian era.

* Martin Van Buren. Maarten is, and has been for centuries, a popular Christian name in Gelderland, one of the provinces which form the kingdom of Holland; and it was formerly customary to adopt the name of the place of residence, or the occupation of the master, as the name of the family.

The Batave was the noblest of savages. He loved the solitude of the marsh and the forest; he inhabited the sea as much as the land; he was as free as the wild-fowl that frequented his haunts; he was a constant friend and a ferocious enemy; he was a broad-browed, broad-shouldered, strong-limbed, white-skinned, blue-eyed man, who loved one wife and worshiped one God. His race was driven, by a succession of extraordinary tides, from their island homes to move southwardly among tribes of strangers; became enveloped among the armies of Rome; lost by civilization many of their noblest characteristics; grew to be the most reliable soldiers of the Empire; held the balance of power between rival candidates for Emperor, and lost their identity as a tribe; but as you walk through the streets of Trastevere, among the known descendants of the captains of the Roman Empire, your friend, the tracer of races, will point you to a blue-eyed woman, a yellow-haired child, or a red-bearded man, and say, "There goes Batavian blood!" Just so, as you wander among the earth-walls of Zeeland and South Holland, your antiquarian comrade will lead you to the top of some ridge now far inland, and quietly inform you that "that's Batavian dyke." The same antiquarian, a little farther south, would show you the Druse canals and the Roman roadways; would point out the different changes of maps caused by overflows of dykes; would tell you of the great flood of 1421, when two hundred villages were inundated, their stocks destroyed, their inhabitants drowned or driven into penniless exile, when the whole country of the Lower Rhine was devastated and depopulated; or, showing on the map the islands of Texel, Vlieland, Schelling, Ameland, Schiermonnik-Oog, Rottam, Borkum—showing by the map that those islands were once parts of the main land, continuations of the Downs that were isolated by the great floods of the thirteenth century—he would describe those floods that swallowed up thousands of villages and their inhabitants, and spread the great stormy Zuider Zee over what was before rich, prosperous, and productive country, such as Noord Holland and Friesland now are—he would talk to you about the terrible disaster of 1570, when the great dyke to the southward of Amsterdam was broken, and a hundred thousand persons swept out of existence—when great sea-waves swept over the whole of Holland and Friesland from Rotterdam to Groningen, leveling cities and forests and dykes and towns, and driving fleets of ships among the ruins of the shores, a swaying, surging mass of devastation.

He would tell you, too, how the indomitable perseverance of the old Teutons and Frisons scarcely allowed those vast floods, which so narrowed their territories and diminished their numbers, to interrupt their advancement in national prosperity. He would tell you that their agriculture was most valuable; that their fisheries were of enormous advantage, both as means of acquiring trade and as school for seamen;

that their manufactures were acceptable to all the world; and that their commerce extended to every port. He would tell you that they had adopted the Christian religion; and though it was such Christianity as led them to break men's bones over wheels, tear their flesh with pincers, roast them raw with hot irons, then bind them hand and foot, and lay them among swarms of bees to be stung to death, that it was such Christian religion as led them to inventions like turning a vase of rats and earth over a man's body, dropping coals of fire upon the earth, and leaving no escape for the infuriated beasts but to eat their way into the man's entrails; that they glorified God in a thousand ways so much more frenzied than these that the English language declines to describe them; yet that they had adopted the Christian religion nevertheless, and that its superiority over fatalism was all the while leading them out of the revolting accidents and incidents of barbarous times of wars of sects into an appreciation of the value of good works and good-will toward all men.

Urged by his religion to be patient under affliction, the pious Hollander continued to reconquer and refortify that which winds and waves and envious neighbors abstracted from time to time from his possession; he continued to scoop the mud into ridges, to face the ridges with stone, and cover them with bricks, and set trees on their borders; continued to drive piles in the marshes, set cities on the piles, and sail ships to the cities; continued to catch herrings for the south, to bring spices for the north, weave

woolens for the east, and print books for the world.

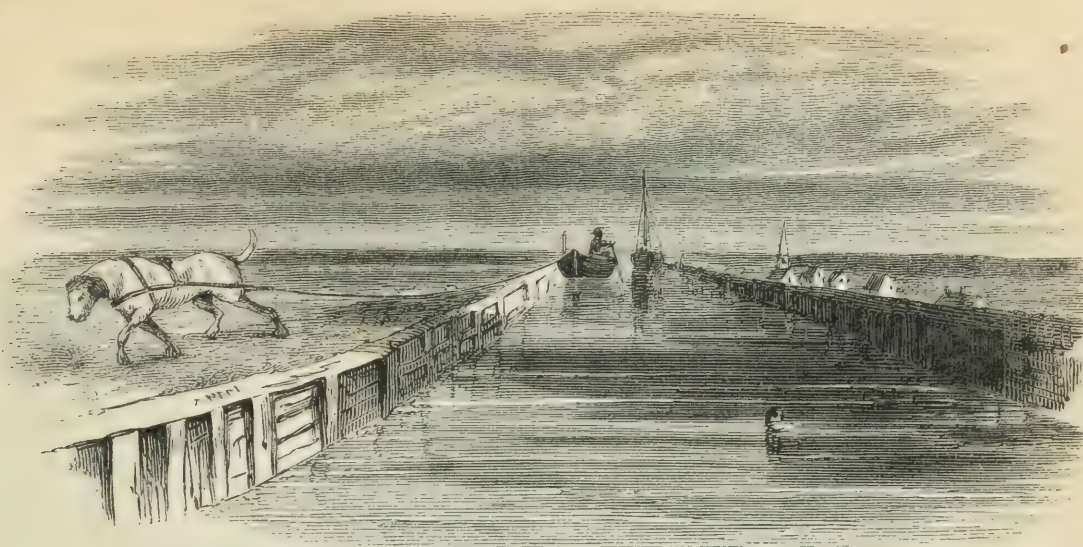
The little spongy state, of three millions of people, was almost always at war—sometimes with Germany, for eighty years with Spain, sometimes with England, sometimes with France, and sometimes with both together; was sometimes republic, sometimes kingdom, sometimes hybrid of both, but always gathering more dirt to the dykes, doubling the lines that were in danger, making them more substantial fences and roads and homes, until no other system of public improvement, except it may be our own thirty thousand miles of railroads over ranges of mountains, across rapid broad rivers, along shaky morasses, can at all compare with it in points of importance and utility. Talk of the Pyramids of Egypt as monuments of man's skill and industry! Mere warts, pimples on the surface of the country which once belonged to them, and to which they now belong; neither useful nor ornamental—exhibiting neither great skill nor great goodness in their design or execution. Talk of the Chinese wall as a monument to be admired! Broad, indelible mark of the imbecility of the three hundred millions of people who built it; but a single line, of no more work to the mile than some single lines of dykes, that never answered even the ignoble purpose for which it was built, while these are a perfect network over the whole country they preserve. Create three hundred millions of Dutchmen,* and, instead of building walls to protect themselves against Tartars, they would wipe every encroaching Tartar off the face of the foot-stool. Create three hundred millions of Dutchmen, and they would teach every Chinaman of the Celestial Empire to live on Dutch bread and cheese at three stivers (a stiver is two cents) a sandwich. Create three hundred millions of Dutchmen, and they would bring home the Chinese wall, lay it into a dam across the Straits of Gibraltar, and pump the Mediterranean down the throat of Vesuvius.

The lines for the streets and walls of cities alone would outmeasure the Chinese abortion. Look at Amsterdam, with its crescents and crossings. A whole city, as large as Cincinnati, on piles and dykes of most elaborate and costly description; connected by a hundred and fifty costly bridges—costly to build and costly to keep. And look at the cost of continuing such a commercial city, where every thing, like the ground on which the leaning towers of Pisa and the leaning towers of Bologna are built, yields to the pressure of any considerable weight. Fortunately the bricks and mortar seem capable of sympathizing with their creators—seem to have a kind of India-rubber-like elastic tenacity that holds them together hundreds of years after they



LEANING TOWER AT DELFT.

* I follow the custom of my countrymen in speaking of Hollanders as Dutchmen, knowing all the while that it is a misnomer which Hollanders are excusable in resenting—as they and Dutchmen have not for centuries inhabited the same countries, been subject to the same laws, spoken the same language, or adopted the same habits.



A SMALL TEAM.

first appear ready to tumble in mass among the canals they lean over. For hundreds of years whole streets of tall houses in the old cities have nodded their heads so near together that their jutting griffons and gorgons have almost lapped each other's grim jaws; but there they grin, just as fierce to view and just as harmless to touch as centuries ago. And the garrets and chambers of the tall leaning houses are still the safe deposits for merchandise, secure from damp, and just as harmless toward the people as five hundred years ago. The church-tower at Delft, where William the Taciturn was shot, leaned so much five hundred years ago that the pastor did

not dare to walk in its shadow; but it still supports a bell of 18,000 pounds weight, which calls for the force of twelve men to ring.

Holland is so eminently commercial from necessity. The greater part of the country is destitute of fuel, stone, minerals, and the ground is too wet to raise grain or fruits; consequently, every thing that is consumed except fish, meats, wool, cheese, and cabbages, must be brought from other countries; and as those five staples are produced in extraordinary profusion there remain large quantities for exportation. There is almost always business for the never-ending variety of boats and ships that spread their broad



A BIG TEAM.



A FULL TEAM.

sails over every pasture and meadow of Dyke-land. Sailing when the wind is fair, towing when it is foul, they visit almost every house in the eleven united provinces. Immense numbers of the middle-sized craft, such as do the marketing and provide fuel for the farmers, are permanently inhabited by the families of their owners, and are thus rendered so economical and convenient as to shut off railroad competition. The whole kingdom of Holland, or, more properly speaking, the kingdom of *Netherlands*, has but little more railroad than the city of Philadelphia, and both passenger and freight boats continue to ply the same as when rails were unknown. First-class passengers pay the little packet-boats the same fares that third-class ones pay the railroad, and, remembering that two-thirds of the railway passengers are third class, it will be easier to understand that deducting thirty or forty per cent. calls a large traffic to the second class of the boats. Great numbers of Jew peddlers and adventurers are constantly going about like roaring lions seeking whom they may cheat. Washer-women, vegetable women, fish-women, and various and divers other sorts of women, are constantly on the move with baskets or wheelbarrows gathering and distributing all sorts of wares and productions, and it is cheaper for them to ride, wherever the packet-boats run, than to walk. Women or boys, beginning with a basket, or with two baskets and a neck-yoke, to distribute vegetables or fish in the villages, economize until able to own a dog and cart or boat, or both cart and boat, and consider themselves

well to do for this life. A family who are rich enough to possess a boat roomy for their joint existence, with that of a few tons of cargo, follow the business of freighting wherever change of season calls for change of route, but always continue "at home" in their migratory habitation. Of a November morning the statistician may count a hundred of these family residences coming into Amsterdam laden with cabbages alone, and at the same hour may count another hundred laden with peat, sailing out of the harbor like a flock of water-fowl for the North Holland lakes and canals. In the spring the same restless birds will flap their red wings before the doors of Gelderland farmers to exchange low-country fabrics for up-country products. Through the long quiet summers, when no other occupation would offer, the transport of woods and stone fills up the interim.

The crust of Hollowland soil is generally so thin, and so slackly bound down to the balance of the world, that a tree can not rise to any considerable height before the north wind upturns it, together with a large patch of soil; and the dykes are the only spaces where timber can be grown. But as the dykes are also roads and fences, and sites for houses and mills and villages, they are not sufficient to supply lumber for the vast lines of curbing for canals and lakes which are being constantly devoured by myriads of worms, nor can they answer the demand for the countless piles for buildings, some idea of which can be formed by reading that the king's palace at Amsterdam stands on thirteen thousand six hun-

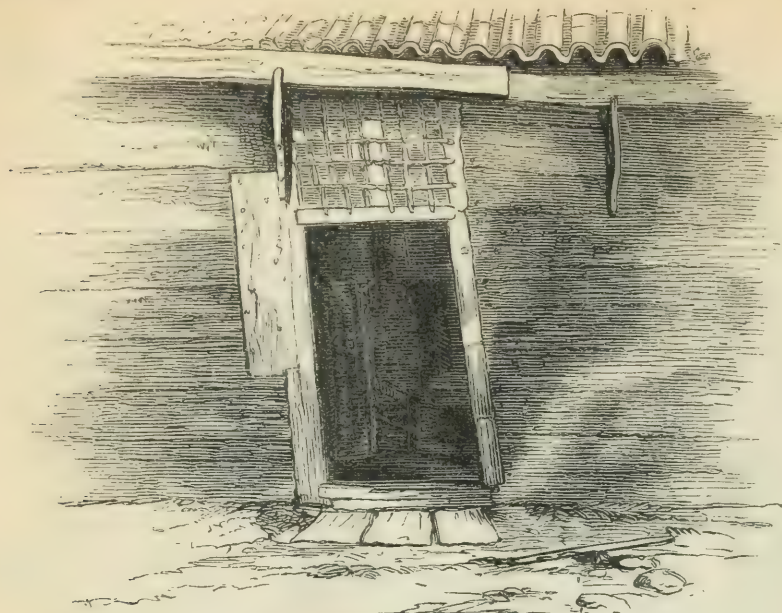


SKATERS.

dred and fifty-nine, and the Exchange on thirty-four thousand piles, and that whole cities must be braced up after the same manner.

Only when mid-winter seals up the avenues of intercourse are the nomads stationary; but even then only heavy kinds of commerce wait for the warmer atmosphere, as boat-sails are easy to rig upon sleighs, and help to push light freights across plains of ice. The spirits of the people seem to go up as the mercury in the thermometer falls, and the canals, still tracks of travel, change their appearance from sluggish, indolence-breeding routes for drudges to the gayest of sprightly promenades. Skates drop from the rafters of garrets, spring from the bottoms of chests, slide from out-o'-the-way corners of cupboards, seem like seventeen-year locusts to rise out of the ground, or to have been the inseparable companions of half the people of the colder parts of Holland; and on a clear, bracing morning business and pleasure mingle so freely and rapidly upon glare ice that the steadiest devotee could scarcely decide which it was he followed. A tour on skates among these people would be one of the most agreeable and instruct-

ive that the world offers to an American traveler. Skimming over the ice in company with all classes of people, high and low, rich and poor, old and young, at a time when all are wanting to be polite and communicative, would add rapidly to his stock of knowledge, and fill his time so full of novelty as to leave no room for ennui. Parties of pleasure, ladies and gentlemen, would hail his coming as likely to add to their delight by giving them opportunity of dividing with him that which they already enjoyed. The poor woman, resting from her load of marketing, would meekly ask him to assist in lifting her heavy sack of potatoes or basket of butter on to her head for another start, and he would be a churl indeed, and unworthy the name American, if, possessing the requisite strength, he passed by on the other side, or if he assisted without feeling himself a better man for doing so. Young ladies, ruddy with health and exhilarating exercise, would accept his company while he treated them respectfully without inquiring whether he came from Fifth Avenue or Wall Street, or from Gooseville Four Corners. Trains of boys on little sleds, "spikers" too poor to buy skates, would



DOOR-WAY OF PETER'S HOUSE.

race with him, and cheer the same whether they lost or won. The poor persons who clear the ways on the ice, and who keep the booths for hot coffee, would accept an occasional half cent with an earnest "God speed!" that would really lighten his tiring footsteps; Dutch smiles and hot coffee would await his coming at the village "Logement;" and as he dropped the skirts of the figured cotton canopy around the six-by-three box of goose feathers, woolen blankets, and American-man, Momus would slide his mellowest cloud before the day's panorama without entirely effacing its sparkling scenes from his view.

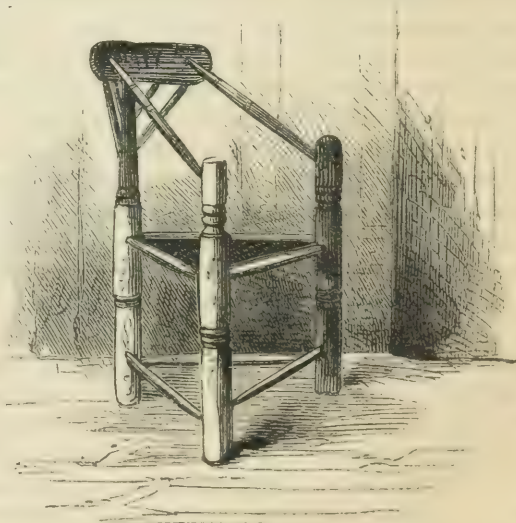
I say that Holland is so commercial from necessity. Rich cargoes from her East India colonies and from Japan find their way up the mouths of the Meuse to Rotterdam, or are towed by steamers through the crooked channel of the Zuider Zee to Amsterdam, or else by horses through the great North Holland canal to the same entrepôt, and from there are distributed among the gentry of Belgium, Switzerland, and Germany, in exchange for such necessities of life as her own soil refuses to supply. Italy is to-day so beggarly simply because all the necessities of life are procured with little labor in each one of her own provinces; the spur of destitution is not there to urge her people to activity and development. Austria is bankrupt, not because she lacks sources of wealth, but because she is shut from intercourse with other parts of the world; and Peter the Great deserved the affix to his name, if for no other reason than that he so audaciously occupied and improved the Russian channel of commerce.

While among the Zaandam mills I could not, if I would, refrain from taking a look in at the door-way of the old cabin of Peter the Great; and I am now wishing that I could write the history of the extraordinary voluntary exile of that extraordinary man. How much more instructive and interesting a plain undoctored story of that Zaandam residence would be than the long, scho-

lastic biographies usually attached to the names surnamed the Great. Stories of the little friendships he formed with his neighbors of the little green wooden houses posted about on piles in the heart of Vaterland; stories of the little quarrels with his fellow ship-builders, who swung their axes more expertly than himself; stories of his little love-makings as he hied Dutch lasses over Zaanstroom ice, would be perfect keys to the motives which induced him to accept the great Menchikoff for his minister, Suwarrow for his general, and Catharine for his empress. A plain unvarnished history of the caprices that led to, and the incidents that occurred during

that sojourn of 1697, would assist us more to judge correctly of his right to be written "Great" than all the paid-for eulogies of his later existence. Certain it is that he accomplished the professed object of his mission—acquired information; and that he made a quick use of that information while building up a great capital in the midst of such swamps and marshes as surrounded him in Vaterland. His old house here has been rehoused by a substantial brick building, and with its increasing importance as a shrine for travelers calls up recollections of another old house that is now more grandly housed, more reverently attended, and more richly endowed; but who shall say how soon the increasing respect for the great Russian reformer, and Garibaldian revolutions in Catholic States, shall cleave off the character of sanctity from the Holy House of Loretto, and attach it to this residence of a former head of the growing Greek branch!

But as not one American in a hundred ever before heard of the Holy House of Loretto, and as I have a traveler's fondness for digressing from the main subject of my story, I will tell



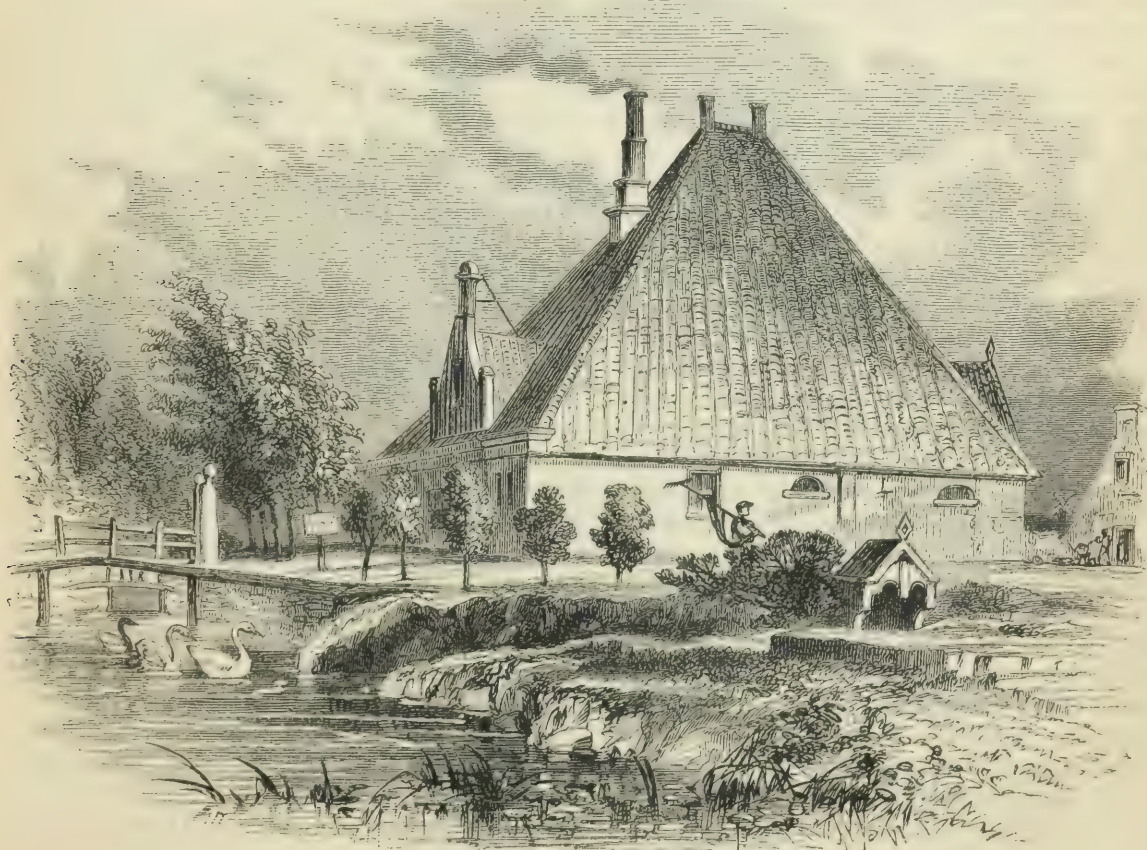
PETER'S CHAIR.

some of them what I remember about it. It is a little old brick house of two rooms and two outside doors, that stands twelve miles south of Ancona in Italy, in a magnificent church that was built for its honor and protection, at the top of a large hill not far from the Adriatic Sea. It professes to be the house in which Christ resided eight years at Nazareth; professes to have been moved by angels from Nazareth to a place of greater safety in Hungary. After centuries of quiet sojourn in Hungary troublous times urged another migration, and the same angels came one night and took the Holy House into Dalmatia. After five hundred or a thousand years of genteel seclusion there, some heathenish Dalmatians kicked up a row in its neighborhood, and the angels saw fit to take it again a journeying. Traveling always by night, it was at last set down in its present position, when it became the owner of a large tract of rich land, a village of houses for thousands of people, and two black-faced images dressed in white satin, pointed all over with large diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. One honest-looking peasant was going, by short steps on his knees, round and round the little old house, reverently kissing the door stones each time he passed (I noticed that the door stones appeared quite new), until the knees of his breeches were all worn away, and his own seemed calloused by his penitential promenade.

Czar Peter's house (*Saint Peter's house*, the boy-guides of Zaandam call it) contains, in the first and main room, the oak table and three chairs, his own handiwork, just as he left them

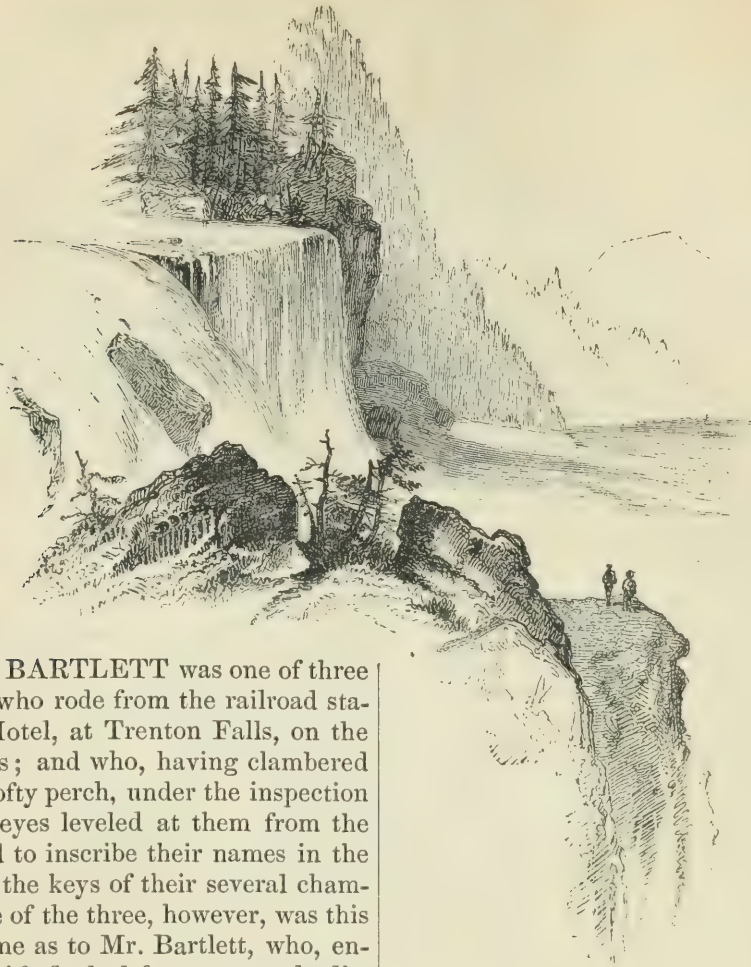
a hundred and sixty odd years ago; little cupboard-like doors open into his bed box, and at the foot of the bed a low door leads into the other room of his cabin. Except where the portraits of himself and Catharine hang, the walls of that room are literally covered with the names of visitors, written in pencil, and, as usual, an American has occupied the most prominent place. Over the middle of the door-way, on a level with the eyes of a six-foot man, where the light strikes strongest, a Yankee has immortalized his name.

"Returning to our muttons," as the Frenchman has it, there is one sort of evil which dyke-builders can not insure against; and I am winding off this paper in sight of the spires and high gables of sixteen villages sticking out of thirty feet of water and ice. The beginning of the current year (1861) was excessively cold; much snow has fallen; the ice running in "the Waal," a main bayou of the Rhine, dammed, and at three o'clock on the morning of the 7th the alarm-bells of the Bommel Polder warned the inhabitants to fly from the coming waters. Sixteen villages are inundated, twelve persons are missing; a single dyke protects for the present the city of Bommel. People are securing their property as best they may; bands of workmen and soldiers are watching and strengthening the lines; engineers and adjutants are on the move day and night; officers from the King's household are examining the locks and waste weirs throughout the whole region, and all Holland dreads the coming thaw.



NORTH HOLLAND FARM-HOUSE.

THE CHIROPODIST: A STORY OF THE WATERING-PLACES. I.—TRENTON FALLS.



MR. HENRY BARTLETT was one of three gentlemen who rode from the railroad station to Moore's Hotel, at Trenton Falls, on the top of an omnibus; and who, having clambered down from that lofty perch, under the inspection of forty pairs of eyes leveled at them from the balcony, hastened to inscribe their names in the book, and secure the keys of their several chambers. To no one of the three, however, was this privacy so welcome as to Mr. Bartlett, who, entering his room with flushed face, nervously dismissed the servant, locked the door, and dropped into a chair with a pant of relief. Our business being entirely with him, we shall at once dismiss his two companions—whom, indeed, we have only introduced as accessories to the principal figure—and, taking our invisible seats in the opposite chair, proceed to a contemplation of his person.

Age—four, perhaps five and twenty—certainly not more; height, five feet nine inches, with well-developed breast and shoulders; limbs, whose firm, ample muscle betrays itself through the straight lines of his light summer costume, and hands and feet of agreeable shape; complexion fair, with a skin of feminine fineness and transparency, whereon the uncontrollable blood writes his emotions so palpably that he who runs may read; eyes of a clear, honest blue, but so shy of meeting a steady gaze that few know how beautiful they really are; mouth full and sensitive, and of so rich and dewy a red that we can not help wishing he were a woman that we might be pardoned for kissing it; forehead broad, and rather low; hair—but here we hesitate, for his enemies would certainly call it red. Indeed, in some lights it *is* red, but its prevailing tint is brown, with a bronze lustre on the curls. As he sits thus, unconscious of our observation, he is certainly handsome, in spite of a haunting air of timidity which weakens the expression of

features not weak in themselves. On further observation, we are inclined to believe that he has not achieved that easy poise of self-possession which, in men of becoming modesty, is the result of more or less social experience. He belongs, evidently, to that class of awkward, honest, warm-hearted, and sensitive natures whom all men like, and some women.

Mr. Bartlett's reflections, after his arrival, were—we have good reason to know—after this fashion: "When will I cease to be a fool? Why couldn't I stare back at all those people on the balcony as coolly as the two fellows who sat beside me? Why couldn't I get down without missing the step and grazing my shin on the wheel? Why should I walk into the house with my head down, and a million of cold little needles pricking my back, because men and women, and not sheep, were looking at me? I have at least an average body, as men go—an average intellect, too, I think; yet every day I see spindly, brainless squirts [Mr. Bartlett would not have used this epithet in conversation, but it certainly passed through his mind] put me to shame by their self-possession. The women think me a fool because I have not the courage to be natural and unembarrassed, and I carry the consciousness of the fact about me whenever I meet them. Come, come: this will never do. I am a man, and I ought to possess the ordinary res-

olution of a man. Now, here's a chance to turn over a new leaf. Nobody knows me; no one will notice me particularly; and whether I fail or succeed, the experiment will never be brought forward to my confusion hereafter."

Full of a sudden courage he sprang to his feet, and carefully adjusted his toilet for the tea-table, whistling cheerfully all the while. At the sound of the gong he descended the staircase, and approached the dining-room with head erect, meeting the gaze of the other guests with a steadiness which resembled defiance. He was surprised to find how mechanical and transitory were the glances he encountered. As Mr. Bartlett's friend, I should not like to assert that in his efforts to appear self-possessed he approached the bounds of effrontery; but I have my own private suspicions about the matter. At the table a lively conversation was carried on, and he was able to take many stealthy observations of the ladies without being noticed. To his shame I must confess that he had never been seriously in love, though it was a condition he most earnestly desired. Attracted toward women by the instinct of his nature, and repelled by his awkward embarrassment, there seemed little chance that he would ever attain it. On this particular occasion, however, he cast his eyes around with the air of a sultan scanning his slaves before throwing the handkerchief to the chosen one. The female guests—old, young, married, single, ill-favored or beautiful—were subjected to the review. It is impossible to describe Mr. Bartlett's satisfaction with himself.

We had passed over twenty-nine of the thirty-five ladies present without experiencing any special emotion; but at the thirtieth he was suddenly attacked by a recurrence of his habitual timidity. He fixed his eyes upon his toast, painfully conscious by the warmth of his ears that he was blushing violently, and actually drank a third cup of tea (one more than his usual allowance) before he became sufficiently composed to look up again. Really there was no cause for confusion. Her face was turned away, so that even the profile was not wholly visible; but the exquisite line of the forehead and cheek, bent inward at the angle of the unseen eye, and melting into the sweep of the neck and shoulder, were the surest possible prophecies of beauty. Her chestnut hair, rippled at the temples, was gathered into a heavy, shining knot at the back of her head, and inwoven with the varnished, heart-shaped leaves of the smilax. More than this Mr. Bartlett did not dare to notice.

During the evening he flitted restlessly about the rooms, intent on an object which he thus explained to himself: "I should like to see whether her front face corresponds to the outline of her cheek. I am alone; it is too late to visit the Falls, and a whim of this sort will help me to pass the time." But the lady belonged, apparently, to a numerous party, who took possession of one end of the balcony and sat in the moonlight, in such a position that he

could not see her features with distinctness. The face was a pure oval, in a frame-work of superb hair, and the glossy leaves of smilax glittered like silver in the moonlight whenever she chanced to turn her head. There were songs, and she sang—"Scenes that are brightest," or something of the kind, suggested by the influences of the night. Her voice was clear and sweet, without much strength—one of those voices which seem to be made for singing to one ear alone. "Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me," thought Mr. Bartlett. [He had just been reading the "Idyls of the King."] He slipped off to bed, saying to himself: "A little more courage, and I may be able to make her acquaintance."

In the morning he set out to make the tour of the Falls. Entering the glen from below, he slowly crept up the black shelves of rock, under and around the rush of the amber waters. The naiads of Trenton, waving their scarfs of rainbow brede, tossed their foam fringes in his face: above, the dryads of the pine and beech looked down from their seats on the brink of the overhanging walls. Mr. Bartlett was neither a poet nor a painter, nor was it necessary; but his temperament (as you may know from his skin and the color of his hair) was joyous and excitable, and he felt a degree of delight that made him forget his own self. I fancy there are no embarrassing conventionalisms at the bottom of the earth—wherever that may be—and the glen at Trenton is two hundred feet on the way thither. Our friend enjoyed to the full this partial release, and was surprised to find that he could assist several married ladies to climb the slippery steps at the High Fall without consciously blushing.

How it came to pass he never could rightly tell, but certain it is that, on lifting his eyes after a long contemplation of the shifting slides of fretted amber, he found himself alone in the glen—with the exception of a young lady who sat on the rocks a few paces distant. At the first glance he thought it was a child, for the slight form was habited in a Bloomer dress, and a broad hat shaded the graceful head. The wide trowsers were gathered around her ankles, and a pair of the prettiest feet he had ever seen dangled in the edge of the swift stream. She was idly plucking up tufts of grass from the crevices of the rock, and tossing them in the mouth of the cataract, and her face was partly turned toward him. It was the fair unknown of the evening before! There was no mistaking the lovely cheek and the rippled chestnut hair.

Mr. Bartlett felt—as he afterward expressed himself—a warm, sweet shudder run through all his veins. Alone with that lovely creature, below the outside surface of the earth! "Oh, if I could but speak to her! Her dress shows that she can lay aside the soulless forms of society in such a place as this: why not I? There's Larkin, and Kirkland, and lots of fellows I know, wouldn't hesitate a moment. But what shall

I say? 'The scenery's very fine?' Pshaw! But the first sentence is the only difficulty—the rest will come of itself. What if I address her boldly as an old acquaintance, and then apologize for my mistake? Upon my word, a good idea! So natural and possible!"

Having determined upon this plan, he immediately put it into action before the resolve had time to cool. His step was firm and his bearing was sufficiently confident as he approached her; but when she lifted her long lashes, disclosing a pair of large, limpid, hazel eyes, which regarded him, unabashed, with the transient curiosity one bestows upon a stranger, his face, I am sure, betrayed the humbug of the thing. The lady, however, not anticipating what followed, could scarcely have remarked it.

Raising his hat as he reached a corner of the rock upon which she sat, he said, in a voice so curiously balanced between his enforced boldness and his reflected surprise thereat, that he hardly recognized it as his own:

"How do you, Miss Lawrence?"

The lady looked at him wonderingly—steady, child-like eyes, that frankly and innocently peered his face, as if seeking for some trace of a forgotten acquaintance. Mr. Bartlett could not withdraw his, although he knew that his face was getting redder and his respiration more unsteady every moment. He stammered forth:

"Miss Lawrence, of South Carolina, I believe."

"You are mistaken, Sir," said the lady, with the least shade of coldness in her voice, but it fell upon Mr. Bartlett like the wind from an iceberg—"I am not Miss Lawrence."

"I—I beg your pardon," he answered, somewhat confusedly. "You resemble her; I expected to meet her here. Will you please tell her I inquired for her? Here's my card!" Therewith he thrust both hands into his vest pockets, extracted a card from one of them, and laid it hastily upon the rock beside her.

"Bertha! Bertha!" rang through the glen, above the roar of the waterfall. The remainder of the party which the young lady had preceded now came into view descending toward her.

"Good-day, Miss Lawrence!" said Mr. Bartlett, again lifting his hat, and retracing his steps. For his life he could not have passed her and run the gauntlet of the faces of her friends upon the narrow path. Every soul of them would have instantly seen what a fool he was. Moreover, he had achieved enough for one day. The soldier who storms a perilous breach and finds himself alive on the inside of it could not be more astonished than he. "I blundered awfully," he thought; "but, after all, it's the only way to learn."

"Who's your friend, Bertha?" asked her brother, Dick Morris, the avant-guard of the party. "I never saw the fellow before."

"If you had not frightened him by your sudden appearance," said she, "you might have discovered. A Southerner, I suppose, though he don't look like one. He addressed me as Miss Lawrence, of South Carolina, and after-

ward left me his card, to be given to her. What shall I do with it?"

"Ha! the card will tell us who he is," said Dick, picking it up. He instantly burst into a roar of laughter. "Ha! ha! This comes of wearing a Bloomer, Bertha! Though I must say it's by no means complimentary to your little feet. Who'd suspect *you* of having corns?"

"Dick, what *do* you mean?"

"Ha! ha! no doubt I came at the nick of time to prevent him from pulling off your shoes."

"DICK!"

Therewith she impatiently jerked the card from her brother's hand. It was large, thick, handsomely glazed, and contained the following inscription:

PROFESSOR HURLBUT,
CHIROPODIST

TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, AND THE NOBILITY
OF GREAT BRITAIN.

"Incredible!" she exclaimed. "So young, and embarrassed in his manners; how could he ever have taken hold of the Queen's foot?"

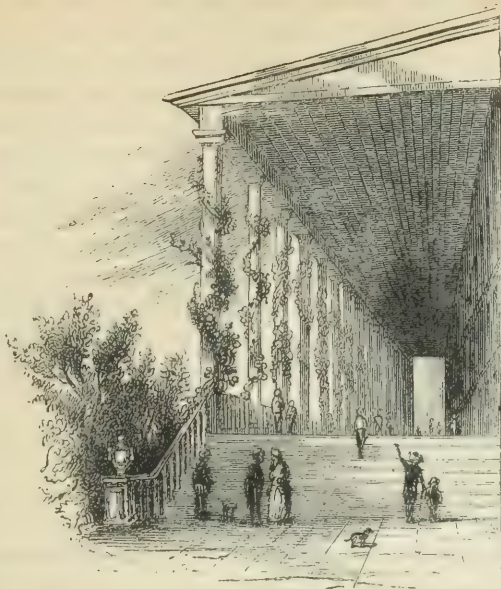
"Embarrassed indeed!" said Dick. "I think he has a very cool way of procuring patients. But, faith, he's chosen a romantic operating-room. After climbing down these rocks the corns naturally begin to twinge, and here's the Professor on hand. Behold the march of civilization!"

Bertha did not fall into her brother's vein of badinage, as usual. She was vexed that the fresh, manly face and blue eyes into which she had looked belonged to a charlatan, and vexed at herself for being vexed thereat. It was not so easy, however, to dismiss Professor Hurlbut from her mind, for Dick had related the incident to the others of the party, with his own embellishments, and numberless were the jokes to which it gave rise throughout the day.

Meantime Mr. Bartlett, in happy ignorance of the worst blunder he had ever made, returned to the hotel. The day previous, at Utica, he had been annoyed by an itinerant extractor of corns, suppressor of bunions, and regulator of irregular nails, whose proffered card he had put into his pocket in order to get rid of the man. It was *this* card which he had presented to Miss Morris as his own. On reaching the hotel he easily ascertained her real name and place of residence, with the additional fact that the party were to leave for Saratoga on the morrow. It occurred to him also that Saratoga, in the height of the season, would be well worth a visit.

In the evening he again happened to meet the lady on the stairs. He retreated into a corner of the landing, to make room for her ample skirts, and, catching a glance of curious interest from her hazel eyes, ventured to say: "Good-evening, Miss Law-ris!" suddenly correcting her name in the middle. Bertha, in spite of the womanly dignity which she could very well summon to her aid, could not suppress a fragment of gay laughter, in which the supposed Professor joined. A slight inclination of the lovely head acknowledged his salutation.

II.—SARATOGA.



THE next morning Miss Bertha Morris left, with her party, for Saratoga; and after allowing a day to intervene, in order to avoid the appearance of design, Mr. Henry Bartlett followed. He did not admit to himself in the least that this movement was prompted by love; but he was aware of an intense desire to make her acquaintance. The earnestness which this desire infused into his nature gave him courage; the man within him was beginning to wake and stir; and a boyhood of character, prolonged beyond the usual date, was dropping rapidly into the irrecoverable conditions of the past.

It chanced that they both took quarters in the same hotel; and great was Bertha's astonishment, on her first morning visit to the Congress Spring, to find Professor Hurlbut quietly quaffing his third glass. He looked so much like a gentleman; he was really so fresh and rosy, so genuinely masculine in comparison with the *blasé* youths she was accustomed to see, that, forgetting his occupation, she acknowledged his bow with a cordiality which provoked herself the moment afterward. Mr. Bartlett was so much encouraged by this recognition that he ventured to walk beside her on their return to the hotel. She, having in the impulsive frankness and forgetfulness of her nature returned his greeting, felt bound to suffer the temporary companionship, embarrassing though it was. Fortunately none of her friends were in sight, nor was it probable that they knew the chiropodist in any case. She would be rid of him at the hotel door, and would take good care to avoid him in the future.

"How delightful it is here!" said Mr. Bartlett, thinking more of his present position than of Saratoga in general.

An inclination of the head was her only reply.

"This is my first visit," he added; "and I can not conceive of a summer society gayer or more inspiring."

"I have no doubt you will find it a very favorable place for your business," said Bertha, maliciously recalling him to his occupation, as she thought.

"Oh, I hope so!" exclaimed the innocent Bartlett. For was not his only business in Saratoga the endeavor to make her acquaintance? And was he not already in a fair way to be successful?

"Disgusting!" thought Bertha, as she suddenly turned and sprang up the steps in front of the ladies' drawing-room. "He thinks of nothing but his horrid corn-plaster, or whatever it is! I really believe he suspects that I need his services. That such a man should be so brazen a charlatan—it is monstrous!"

Such thoughts were not an auspicious commencement for the day, and Bertha's friends remarked that she was not in her sunniest mood. She was very careful, however, not to speak of her meeting with the chiropodist; there would have been no end to her brother's banter. She was also vexed that she could not forget his honest blue eyes, and the full, splendid curves of his mouth. Indignation, she supposed, was her predominant emotion; but, in reality, there was a strong under-feeling of admiration, had she been aware of it.

After dinner Mr. Bartlett, occupying the post of observation at his window (room No. 1346, seventh story), saw the Morris party—Bertha among them—enter a carriage and drive away in the direction of the Lake. Half an hour later, properly attired, he mounted a handsome roan at the door of a livery-stable, and set off in the same direction. He was an accomplished rider, his legs being somewhat shorter than was required by due proportion, owing to which circumstance he appeared taller on horseback than afoot. Like all horsemen, he was thoroughly self-possessed when in the saddle; and could he but have ridden into drawing-rooms and dining-rooms, would have felt no trace of his customary timidity.

Bertha noticed his figure afar off, approaching the carriage on a rapid trot, but made no remark. Dick, who had a quick eye for good points both in man and beast, exclaimed, "By Jove! there's a fine pair of them! Look at the action of that roan! See how the fellow rises at the right moment without leaving his saddle! no jumping or bumping there!" Mr. Bartlett came on at a staving pace, lifting his hat to the ladies with perfect grace as he passed. He would have blushed could he have felt a single ripple of the wave of admiration which flowed after him. Bertha alone was silent, more than ever provoked and disgusted that such a gallant outward embodiment of manhood should be connected with such disagreeable associations! Had he been any thing but a chiropodist! A singular feeling of shame, for his sake, prevented her from betraying his personality to her friends; and it came to pass that they innocent-

ly defended the very charlatan whom they had so ridiculed in the glen at Trenton from *her* half-disparaging observations.

After all, she thought, the man may be honest in his profession, which he may look upon as simply that of a physician. A pain in the toe is probably as troublesome as a pain in the head; and why should not one be cured as well as the other? A dentist, I am sure, is a very respectable person; and, for my part, I would as soon operate on a corny toe as a carious tooth. [I would not have you suppose, ladies, that Miss Morris made use of such horrid expressions in her conversation: I am only putting her thoughts into my own words.] Still, the conclusion to which she invariably arrived was, "I wish he were any thing else!"

That evening there was a hop at the hotel. The Morriszes were enthusiastic dancers—even the widow, Bertha's mother, not disdaining a quadrille. Mr. Bartlett, in an elegant evening dress, his eyes sparkling with new light, was there also. In the course of the day he had encountered a Boston cousin, Miss Jane Heath, a tall, dashing girl, some two or three years older than himself. She was one of the few women with whom he felt entirely at ease. There was an honest, cousinly affection between them; and he always felt relieved, in society, when supported by her presence.

"Now, Harry," said Jane, as they entered the room, "remember, the first schottish belongs to me. After that, I'll prove my disinterestedness by finding you partners."

As he led her upon the floor his eyes dropped in encountering those of Bertha Morris, whose floating tulle was just settling itself to rest as she whirled out of the ranks. Poor Bertha! had she been alone she could have cried. He danced as well as he rode—the splendid, mean fellow! the handsome, horrid—chiropodist! Well, it was all outward varnish, no doubt. If it was true that he had relieved the nobility of Great Britain of their corns, he must have acquired something of the elegances of their society. But such ease and grace in dancing could not be picked up by mere imitation—it was a born gift. Even her brother Dick, who was looked upon as the highest result of fashionable education in such matters, was not surer or lighter of foot.

An hour later Bertha, who had withdrawn from the dancers and was refreshing herself with the mild night air at an open window, found herself temporarily separated from her friends. Mr. Bartlett had evidently been watching for such an opportunity, for he presently disengaged himself from the crowd and approached her.

"You are fond of dancing, Miss Morris?" said he.

"Ye-es," she answered, hesitatingly, divided between her determination to repel his effrontery and her inability to do so. She turned partly away, and gazed steadily into the moonshine.

Mr. Bartlett, however, was not to be discour-

aged. "Still, even the most agreeable exercise will fatigue at last," he remarked.

"Oh," said Bertha, rather sharply, suspecting a professional meaning in his words, "my feet are perfectly sound, I assure you, Sir!"

It is not to be denied that he was a little surprised at the earnestness of an assertion which, in a playful tone, would not have seemed out of place. "I think you proved that at Trenton Falls," he rejoined; "but will you grant me the pleasure of another test during the next quadrille?"

"No further test is necessary, Sir. I presume you have patients enough already!" And having uttered these words as coolly as her indignation allowed, Bertha moved away from the window.

"Patience?" said Mr. Bartlett to himself, wholly misapprehending her meaning; "yes, I shall have patience while there is a chance to hope. But why did she speak of patience? Women, I have heard, are natural diplomatists, and have a thousand indirect ways of saying things which they do not wish to speak outright. Could she mean to test the sincerity of my wish to know her. It is not to be expected that a stranger, so awkwardly introduced, should be received without hesitation—mistrust, perhaps. No, no, I must persevere; she would despise me if I did not understand her meaning."

The following days were cold and rainy. There was an end of the gay out-door life which offered him so many chances of meeting Miss Morris, and the fleeting glimpses he caught of her in the great dining-hall or the passage leading to the ladies' parlor were simply tantalizing. I have no doubt there was a mute appeal in his eyes which must have troubled the young lady's conscience; for she avoided meeting his gaze. The knowledge of his presence made her uneasy: there was an atmosphere about the hotel which she would willingly have escaped. She walked with the consciousness of an eye every where following her, and, in spite of herself, furtively sought for it. We, who are aware of her mystification, may be amused at it; but imagine yourselves in the same situation, ladies, and you will appreciate its horrors!

No, this was not longer to be endured, and so, after five or six days at Saratoga, the party suddenly left for Niagara. Bertha, an only daughter, was a petted child, and might have had her own way much oftener than was really the case. The principal use she made of her privilege was to follow the bent of a remarkably free, joyous, and confiding nature. She was just unconventional enough to preserve an individuality, and thereby distinguish herself from thousands of girls who seem to have been cut out by a single pattern. The sphere within which true womanhood moves is much wider than most women suspect. To the frank, honest, and pure nature, what are called "the bounds of propriety" are its natural horizon-ring, moving with it, and inclosing it every where without restraining its freedom.

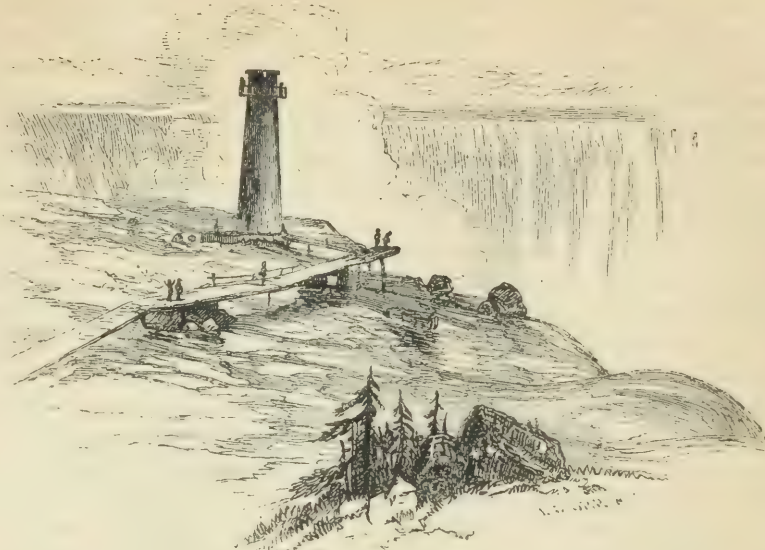
III.—NIAGARA.

WE shall not be surprised to find that shortly after Miss Morris's departure Room No. 1346 in the Catatanational Hotel had another tenant. Mr. Bartlett followed, as a matter of course. He began, nevertheless, to feel very much like a fool, and—as he afterward confessed—spent most of the time between Utica and the Suspension Bridge in deliberating whether he should seek or avoid an interview. As if such discussions with one's self ever amounted to any thing!

Ascertaining the lady's presence, he decided to devote his first day to Niagara, trusting the rest to chance. In fact, he could not have done a more sensible thing, for there is a Special Chance appointed for such cases. The forenoon was not over before he experienced its operations. Bertha, cloaked and cowed in Indian-rubber, stood on the hurricane deck of the *Maid of the Mist*, as the venturesome little steamer approached the corner of the Horse-Shoe Fall. Looking up through blinding spray at the shimmer of emerald and dazzling silver against the sky, she crept near a broad-shouldered figure to shelter herself from the stormy gusts of the Fall. Suddenly the boat wheeled, at the very edge of the tremendous sheet, and swirled away from the vortex with a heave which threw her off her feet. She did not fall, however; for strong arms caught her waist and steadied her until the motion subsided.

Through the rush of the spray and the roar of the Fall she indistinctly heard a voice apologizing for the unceremonious way in which the arms had seized her. She did not speak—fearful, in fact, of having her mouth filled with water—but frankly gave the gentleman her hand. The monkish figure bowed low over the wet fingers, and respectfully withdrew. As the mist cleared away she encountered familiar eyes. Was it possible? The Chiropodist!

This discovery gave Bertha no little uneasiness. A subtle instinct told her that he had followed on her account, in spite of her cornless feet. Perhaps he had left a lucrative practice at Saratoga—and why? There was but one answer to the question, and she blushed painfully as she admitted its possibility. What was to be done? She would tell her brother; but no—young men are so rash and violent. Avoid him? That was difficult and embarrassing. Ignore him? Yes, as much as possible, and, if necessary, frankly tell him that she could not accept his acquaintance. On the whole, this course seemed best, though an involuntary sympathy with her victim made her wish that it were all over.



In the afternoon Mrs. Morris, as usual, took her summer siesta; Dick had found a friend, and was whirling somewhere behind a pair of fast horses; and, finally, Bertha, bored by the society in the ladies' parlor, took her hat and a book and walked over to Goat Island. She made the circuit of its forests and flashing water views, and finally selected a shady seat on its western side, whence she could look out on the foamy stairs of the Rapids. The unnecessary book lay in her lap; a more wonderful than any printed volume lay open before her.

Who shall dare to interpret the day-dream of a maiden? Soothed by the mellow roar of the waters, fascinated by the momentary leaps of spray from the fluted, shell-shaped hollows of the descending waves, and freshened by the wind that blew from the cool Canadian shore, she nursed her wild weeds of fancy till they blossomed into brighter than garden-flowers. Meanwhile a thunder-cloud rose, dark and swift, in the west. The menaces of its coming were unheard, and Bertha was first recalled to consciousness by the sudden blast of cold wind that precedes the rain.

When she looked up, the gray depth of storm already arched high over the Canadian woods, and big drops began to rap on the shingly bank below her. A little further down was a summer-house—open to the west, it is true, but it offered the only chance of shelter within view. She had barely reached it before a heavy peal of thunder shattered the bolts of the rain, and it rushed down in an overwhelming flood. Mounted on the bench and crouched in the least exposed corner, she was endeavoring, with but partial success, to shelter herself from the driving flood, when a man, coming from the opposite end of the island, rushed up at full speed.

"Here," he panted, "Miss Morris, take this umbrella! I saw you at a distance, and made haste to reach you. I hope you're not wet." The spacious umbrella was instantly clapped over her, and the inevitable Chiropodist placed himself in front to steady it, fully exposed to the rain.

Bertha was not proof against this gallant self-sacrifice. In the surprise of the storm—the roar of which, mingled with that of the Fall, made a continuous awful peal—the companionship of any human being was a relief, and she felt grateful for Professor Hurlbut's arrival. Chiropodist though he was, he must not suffer for her sake.

"Here!" said she, lifting the umbrella, "it will shelter us both. Quick! I insist upon it:" seeing that he hesitated.

There was really no time for parley, for every drop pierced him to the skin, and the next moment found him planted before her, interposing a double shield. His tender anxiety for her sake quite softened Bertha. How ungrateful she had been!

"This is the second time I am obliged to you to-day, Sir," said she. "I am sorry that I have unintentionally given you trouble."

"Oh, Miss Morris," cried the delighted Bartlett, "don't mention it! It's nothing; I am quite amphibious, you know."

"You might be now in a place of shelter but for me," she answered, penitently.

"I'd rather be here than any where else!" he exclaimed, in a burst of candor which quite overleaped the barrier of self-possession and came down on the other side. "If you would allow me to be your friend, Miss Morris—if you would permit me to—to speak with you now and then; if—if—" Here he paused, not knowing precisely what more to say, yet feeling that he had already said enough to make his meaning clear.

Bertha was cruelly embarrassed, but only for a moment. Professor Hurlbut had at least been frank and honest in his avowal—she felt his sincerity through and through—and he deserved equal honesty at her hands.

"I am your debtor," said she, in an uncertain voice; "and you have a right to expect gratitude, at least, from me. I can not, therefore, refuse your acquaintance, though, as you know, your—your occupation would be considered objectionable by many persons."

"My occupation!"

"Your profession, then. I must candidly confess that I have a prejudice—a foolish one, perhaps, against it."

"My profession!" cried the astounded Bartlett; "why, I have none!"

"Well—it is scarcely to be called a 'profession,' but it is always liable to the charge of charlatanism: pardon me the word. And it may be ridiculed in so many ways. I wish, for your sake—for I believe you to be capable of better things—that you would adopt some other business."

Mr. Bartlett's amazement was now beyond all bounds. "Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "Miss Morris, what do you mean?"

Starting up from the bench as he uttered these words he jostled Bertha's book from her hand. The leaves parted in falling, and a large card, escaping from between them, fluttered down upon the floor. He picked it up and restored it to her, with the book.

"There!" she answered, giving the card back again, "there is what I mean! Must I give you your own card in order to acquaint you with your own business?"

Mr. Bartlett looked at it for a second in blank amazement; then, like a flash of lightning, the whole course of the misunderstanding flashed across his mind. He burst—I am ashamed to say—into a tremendous paroxysm of mingled tears and laughter: were he not so strong and masculine a man, I should say, "hysterics." In vain he struggled to find words. At every attempt a fresh convulsion of laughter seized him, and tears, mingled with rain, flowed down his cheeks.

Bertha began to be alarmed at this strange and unexpected convulsion. "Professor Hurlbut!" said she, "what is the matter?"

"Professor Hurlbut!" he repeated, in a faint, scarcely audible scream; then, striving to suppress his uncontrollable fit of delight and comical surprise, he sank upon the bench at her feet, shaking from head to foot with the effort.

"A-a-ah!" he at last panted forth, as if heaving an atlas-load from his heart, and stood erect before her. With his face still flushed and eyes sparkling he was as handsome an embodiment of youth and life as one could wish to see. In two words he explained to her the mistake, on learning which Bertha blushed deeply, saying: "How could I ever have supposed it!" And then, reflecting upon the inferences which could be drawn from such an expression, became suddenly shy and silent.

Of course she accepted Mr. Bartlett's escort to the hotel when the rain was over, and was presented to the agonized mother, who hailed him as a deliverer of her daughter from untold dangers, and privately remarked, afterward, to the latter: "Upon my word, a very nice young man, my dear!" Dick's commendation was no less emphatic though differently expressed: "A good fellow! well made in the shoulders and flanks: fine action, but wants a little training!"

By this time, ladies, you have probably guessed the conclusion. My story would neither be agreeable nor true (I am relating facts) if they were not married, and did not have two children, and live happy ever after. Married they were, in the course of time, and happy they also are, for I visit them now and then.

One thing I had nearly forgotten. When Mrs. Bartlett chooses to tease her husband in that playful way so delightful to married lovers, she invariably calls him "Professor Hurlbut," while he retorts with "Miss Lawrence, of South Carolina." Moreover, in Mrs. B.'s confidential little boudoir, over her work-stand, hangs a neatly-framed card, whereon you may read:

PROFESSOR HURLBUT,
CHIROPODIST

TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, AND THE NOBILITY
OF GREAT BRITAIN.

And that is all I have to say.

CURED.

SOME people will be "shocked" at this story. But as they are the very people whom such a sensation and such a story will be apt to benefit, I ask them still to read it.

I was talking with a gentleman of an unusually *gestural* turn. In the course of our converse he advanced the singularly original theory, pointing with emphasis to the organ in question, that "The eye—the eye—is the index of the"—bang! This latter word was not a vocal utterance but a spirited stroke upon a part of his organism so remote from where I was accustomed to locate the spiritual essence that I involuntarily inquired "stomach?"

The youth's classic features instantly and indignantly assumed "love's proper hue," and I in my embarrassment glancing my "indexes" across the parlor, met two others mournfully, troubledly blue.

I turned with a bitter courage to my conversationist. "Was I so far out after all?" inquired I. "Look at Mr. Larue's eyes; would they have that fashion of expression if he hadn't the dyspepsia so dreadfully?"

Whether my gallant's reply was specially pertinent or no I can not tell, for I do not remember it; and after that evening, like Bunyan's pilgrim, he "passed on his way, and I saw him no more."

Not so Gilbert Larue. There were few days of that visit of mine at Mrs. Dunleith's which did not find his tall figure en-easy-chair in her parlor.

Always, barring the first greeting and a few subsequent conversational lightnings, with a *distrained* air, with an oppressed sort of expression as if some weight were settling down over his young manhood, crushing out high ambition, careless cheer, and gay romance all at one steady sweep.

It was not mental dullness—not a bit of it. The gentlemen admitted "there was no better lawyer in town than Larue when he really shook off his lethargy long enough to show it out." The ladies found no margin to dispute it, for in dialogue no one went deeper or with better success into the causes of things than Mr. Larue. But whence, even in our fair presence, this frequent wan abstraction, this air of one forever groping mentally after a chief good lost out of life?

"Mrs. Dunleith!" cried I, struck specially one day soon after my arrival by Larue's slow step and melancholy face as he passed the window in the street, "what *can* ail Gilbert Larue?"

It was with no slight shock my ear included the laconic syllable,

"Dyspepsia."

"Can it be possible then, Mrs. Dunleith, that the effect upon the face and bearing, caused by total loss of earthly friends and prosperity, can be produced by mere stomach-ache?"

She laughed a little. "In Mr. Larue's case it certainly seems to have had that effect, helped

on more than probably by tireless devotion to that meerschaum you have noticed he carries—in what is probably its true position in all respects—next his heart."

"And I have been taking Larue for one of humanity's porcelain type, no less mentally than we see he is physically; and here you tell me he is no less a sensualist than the poor wretch whose crimson face and uncertain gate tells the story in words one can run and read, the difference being only in the form of the vice."

"My dear, I tell you no such thing; for pity's sake don't talk so: hear me put the case. Larue came here some years ago for the study and practice of his profession, and the mind he brought to bear on it was a better mind than you will find in three-fourths of his race; but like many such minds, too apt to consider the abstract to the neglect of things immediate. He has lodged from the first at the Marion—you know how unctuously the season's luxuries are served up there. Such a diet, coupled with constant office application, would give St. Paul himself dyspepsia. Larue ought to have exercised more, I grant you, but to a young man who has his fortune all to make, horse hire or keeping does not present itself feasibly; there was no gymnasium, no special question then as now on the subject of physical exercise. Added to this I fancy Larue prided himself on indifference to 'trifles,' as he and other good people mistakenly call them. Unluckily, too, one of his favorite theories has been the independence of 'mind to matter'—I wonder if it ever strikes him how ill his own case supports that same theory? I do not doubt that for years back he has partaken freely of every palatable dish set before him, asking no questions, if not for 'conscience' sake then for that of pride. Taking all this together, was it not the easiest thing in the world for this gentleman to wake up some day and find drear dyspepsia in full possession? Smoking, they say, drives off 'blues,' dulls bodily aches, and pleasantly stuns a man generally; no wonder Larue took kindly to it—that affection once commenced grows apace. And so it has chanced, and not wonderfully I think, that Gilbert Larue, of fine character and full faculties, should be dulled and saddened as he is."

"But why the mischief doesn't he diet and leave off smoking?"

"Why don't every body leave off pet vices? Because they can't or won't see that they are such. Mr. Larue doubtless has a dim consciousness that rich food and steady smoking are not entirely the thing; but he would be very angry if one were to hint that he exceeded in these things, and was less a man for it. But I see he likes you very well so far; then why not some day say to him, kindly, 'Friend Larue, you are ruining this fine mind of yours by your neglect of health's most obvious laws—by rich food, scant exercise, and steady poisoning with tobacco?'"

"The idea! I never *could* do it. I don't believe in young ladies caudling the gentlemen,

even if they could forgive them for it; which, believe me, they never do."

"Certainly not; and it stands just so with all Larue's other friends. None of them will tell him the wholesome truth, which never fails to wound even if it would do any good, which I don't believe."

"Well, Mrs. Dunleith, what do you imagine the end of it will be?"

The kind lady fell into a deeper thoughtfulness than had held her heretofore.

"I am afraid, unless some change takes place in his present walk, total failure of health will result; and thus his loss to a society and profession which, under other circumstances, you will believe he would have rarely adorned."

"What would marrying do for him?"

A flicker of a smile passed my hostess's face as to say, "Ah, the young ladies' one resort;" but she replied,

"Not much, I fear, unless his wife possessed an influence as well as ingenuity passing most women. Had he been rightly married six years ago he might have been a different man: as it is, I fear it is too late."

Our dialogue was interrupted by its object. He coming in to close the day with a quiet game of chess, instead, thought I, of taking a brisk walk or ride out of town.

As I sat with him at our learned game I found the romance heretofore circling round his graceful melancholy evaporating wonderfully. I did not think, as I had done only yesterday, "Poor man! 'some secret sorrow of the soul;' but, 'something he's eaten for dinner!'"

Mrs. Dunleith invited him to remain to tea—and he did so; finding it hard, he said, to leave homes like hers for the lonesome room at the hotel he had tired of so thoroughly.

I suppose Mrs. Dunleith thought one more supper would give no serious impetus to the finale she had depicted as her guest came through the gate. At all events the tea-table was laden, as usual, with every appliance to tempt the temperate and overthrow the resolves of the most remorseful dyspeptic; which Mr. Larue did not appear by any means, as he partook of the strong coffee, hot cakes, tarts, and edibles of a like nature, pleasant for the invalid taste, but specially hateful for its digestion. We had fallen into that leisure incident to the near completion of a meal. The cake salver had been passed, the gentleman choosing a slice of plum-cake, heavy and black with richness. He had scarcely diminished it when the hostess making some observation, he turned his face and attention toward her. The thought struck me that I might take two ounces of misanthropy from friend Larue's evening—so, with blushing face and mouse-movement, I leaned forward and drew the incipient night-mare from the side of his plate and hid it in my napkin unperceived.

But the conversation over, he cast about for his cake, and, after a slightly surprised survey of plate and environs, seemed to conclude he had eaten it; though that did not prevent his

acceptance of a second piece as Mrs. Dunleith offered it.

As for me, I was never less in love with a man in my whole life.

He seemed in deep waters a good part of the evening, and dear Dora Allen sitting by him, and noting his bleak aspect, tried all her little arts to make him gay; even letting her pretty hand rest unnecessarily (for *that* purpose) on his as she gave him a sweet flower from the vase on the table.

The cloud lifted a moment then, I believe, but it was of a weight and texture no amount of smile sunshine could serve to disperse: only, in fact—digestion.

As Mr. Larue, not at all in love but liking my new face and cheerful talk well, slowly came and went, how I did long to sit down beside him, look right into his eyes and tell him all about himself! Like "Miss Prissy" in the "Minister's Wooing," I never could bear to leave undone what "seemed to want doing." But great as the need was in this case, I knew that neither I nor any other young lady could perform the operation with success. A winged angel could scarcely have argued the matter so ethentially that it would not have vexed him keenly. No doubt he would have been disgusted by the earnestness with which modern genius presses the truth of the affinity of physical condition with spiritual. With him mind was one thing, and body another: alike independent and unassimilated.

What was to be done in the case of friend Larue? For the life of me I could not tell. Why should I, you ask, not loving this man, take so special an interest in him as to trouble myself about him, and think him over so constantly. I did not take a *special* interest in him. I knew several gentlemen whom I liked quite as well; and had any of them been under Larue's day incubus, I should probably, like the heroine quoted, felt as if I must "do something." Conceited to the brim, you say. Well, so far as consists in thinking myself as capable as any other wholly well and happy person, for an active share in the world's general work, I was conceited, and am so to-day.

Father's letter, coming after I had been at Mrs. Dunleith's about three weeks, was not considerate of mental states; for it said, "Come home, puss, the day after to-morrow, without fail. Your mother can't spare you a day longer. She has had Dorcas Linshingle in to tea three times since you went, and I only staved off a fourth by promising to recall you."

Dorcas Linshingle was a stringent, blue-looking, not young maiden. A special aversion of father's, and not wholly admired by mother, who must have been lonesome enough to have invited her even in our country neighborhood; for we live upon our "place," fifteen miles from the large town I was visiting.

I packed up forthwith, and Larue's hand in a parting shake, and his eyes, more melancholy than usual, in what I saw was a really reluctant

farewell. He assured me of his intention of making us a speedy visit; his father and mine were old friends. I was pleased, yet not specially flattered; he was a great visitor among the ladies, though no carpet knight. And really I do not think his physical state would have admitted a love fit had he been mentally ever so willing.

So I went home; and whether the country solitude favored the reflection or no, it is certain I woke up daily thinking of Mr. Larue. I even dreamed of him; a voice seemed to drone over me—"Mr. Larue, Mr. Larue—what can you do for Mr. Larue?"

One morning, at breakfast, father glanced at the early autumn sunshine as it lay in bright spears upon the carpet, and said to mother—"Molly, this makes me think of your old White Mountain project: this would be splendid weather to go, though."

"It would, indeed," said mother, with a little sigh; "but the obstacles are just as many this year as ever."

"What were they?" asked I. "Oh, I know. Impossibility of shutting up a farm-house, and no one hereabouts you could be willing to leave in total charge."

At this last the dream-question found solution.

"Oh, father! there is your old friend's son, poor Gilbert Larue, half dead with dyspepsia: he would be delighted to come, and I am sure it would do him good."

Father has a very keen pair of "indexes," and he brought the disconcerting organs to bear full upon me. I did not blench, of course, for Mr. Larue lodged in my conscience, not my heart, and was becoming so troublesome a guest, I believe I should have "taken a disliking" to the whole subject if this relief had not come. Father removed his eyes satisfied—he knew me.

"Well," said he, placidly, "if Larue is perfectly willing to mew himself up here for six or eight weeks, we will send for Dorcas Linshingle and Aunt Bessy Lamwell to do the proprieties in our places and withdraw forthwith."

So that day's mail carried Larue's invitation and came the next day with his acceptance. Business, he said, was not so pressing at that season but it could be prosecuted in the country with an occasional return for a day.

Thus a very few breakfasts after that one of arrangement found father and mother, two as young old folks and ardent scenery lovers as the land can furnish, *en route* to explore one of its *chefs-d'œuvre*.

A few hours later of the same day found Larue on the way to his rustication—those few intervening hours, spent alone getting the house to rights—for neither Aunt Bessy nor Miss Linshingle had arrived yet—were full and pressed down with schemes for the improvement of Mr. Larue. Going about with a housekeepery sense of power and absoluteness, I wrought out—helped vastly by said sense—a plan, somewhat *castle de espagne-like*, yet if things went well not at all unfeasible.

Nothing less than to put my guest on short commons during the whole term of his visit. Short commons! Do these words express twelve dinner-courses and six kinds of dessert? That was not my interpretation.

Two o'clock brought the virgin Linshingle, awful in the stock costume of the race. Why describe it? why enumerate the unpliant dress and curls, the worsted mits, etc.? They passed into history long before my quill pin-feathered and grew; nay, before the very fingers that now wield it. Dorcas, of course, had her good points—and the word is descriptive—they were points.

After an hour of not lax conversation I met the blonde nose of Aunt Bessy Lamwell in a greeting salute.

Looking at her you might see why it was well to add the Linshingle to the *duenna force*. Aunt Bessy was what the doctors call "lymphatic"—a little white petite pin-cushion woman; no single sharp angle in her whole nature against which an offender might be galled. A tall fellow, with black eyes, once upon a time, with the minister's consent, bore off the little pin-cushion, yet never put this specimen of the article to its legitimate use.

Nothing in him so sharp but it rounded off softly before touching her. Even the cimeter eyes had a trick of growing liquid as they fell on this little woman; but the time came when, past all change, they lay sealed under a coffin-lid, and Aunt Bessy stood in the world alone, yet less without protection than any one I ever saw. I never knew a churl so curt, or an arm so rough, that she did not have their kindest and gentlest. And was it not Aunt Bessy's "mission" to evoke things like these?

My final guest arrived a little before tea-time in excellent spirits, for him, but with little red rims around the blue eyes—"been smoking all the way," was my inner comment.

"Well, friends, what will you have for tea?" inquired I, rising at length. The ladies, of course, would take "any thing," that being the stereotype reply at such times—knowing, as they all do, how predestinate every article is on company occasions. Larue "was sure nothing could fail of being ambrosia here." "Even Graham biscuits?" asked I, laughingly; to which he responded, rather too resignedly, "Amen."

They were the staple of the meal at any rate, abetted by apple-sauce, stewed peaches, the plainest of ginger-cake, and the mildest of tea. All these, arranged to immense advantage on spotless linen, served in china and silver.

I don't know what Larue thought of my initial supper; but yet, I think I do. Not from any sign of his, for he might have been surfeiting on veritable ambrosia so far as outward indication went—you see Mr. Larue was a gentleman.

After tea I went to help Hepzibah with the milk. The ladies went *tête-à-tête* by themselves, and I was provokingly apprised of my third guest's whereabouts by an odor filtering through the vine over his chamber-window—that eternal meerschaum! I had nearly forgotten it, and

now it well-nigh upset my scheme for the owner's reclamation.

I hated tobacco; I had never in a single instance seen it blessed to its user; and I *knew* that no man, whatever his other habits might be, could be well who smoked so many hours out of his life as Gilbert Larue. "Smokin', I do say for it," commented my democratic and privileged handmaid, as her olfactories were in like manner smitten, "one o' the onwholesomest tricks a man can have. I calc'late that's what makes this one look so saller, and yaller, moon-shiny. No young man o' his age orter have that lonesome look out o' his eyes."

"A plainer diet would take that away, I fancy."

"Vittles, you mean," said Hepzibah, reflectively; "laud I couldn't think before why you was up to havin' such an awful slim supper: but if you want vittles got that way all along I'm agreeable; I'm free to confess I never did care much for these greasy fixins some set so much store by."

Breakfast was like unto supper. Boiled, not fried chicken, ditto potatoes, coffee just strong enough to be recognized as such, together with Graham the ubiquitous. As Larue tasted the beverage the fancy struck me that, had he been at his usual seat at the Marion, he would have replaced that cup on the waiter with an expression strong in just the degree he found the coffee weak, and would have declined "bran bread" irrevocably.

At breakfast we fell into discussion of things culinary—Aunt Bessy, thinking perhaps my housewifely laurels were fading, remembered some old pastry success of mine, and begged me to repeat it. Larue, too, "would be delighted to test my proficiency."

I was vexed; that pastry was precisely one I should have preferred not to set before this guest. However, in due time I went into the kitchen, donned my white apron, rolled up my sleeves, and took out the moulding-board to prepare, thought I, a whole afternoon's melancholy for Mr. Larue. No, I wouldn't do it.

"Hepzibah, where is the sugar?"

"There, in the cubbard, in one o' them bowls."

There were two bowls, and tasting the contents of one I found it salt. I took it down, made and filled a pie-plate with a pastry at whose richness even a well-ordered stomach might have shrieked, then melted butter, squeezed lemons, and qualified the whole with sugar.

Dinner came on daintily served. A not too fat roast, into whose gravy flour and water entered generously, excellent vegetables, and Graham!

My dyspeptic unconsciously brightened as dessert appeared. It was a splendid pie. I sliced it liberally and sent it round. The gentleman forked off the preliminary triangle and put it in his mouth. It was really curious to see his face change from placid satisfaction to hesitation first, then absolute disgust; it was an effort, indeed, to swallow that morsel.

Meanwhile Aunt Bessy had undergone a simi-

lar experiment, and hers was the privilege of speech.

"Why, dear, what's the matter of this pie?"

"Isn't it right?" asked I, blunting the wedge of the article I had furnished myself. I gave Larue credit for resolution.

"What, indeed!" cried I, in the last surprise, of course.

"Hepzibah!"

"Wa'al," inquired the handmaid, putting her head in at the door.

"What was in that other bowl in the closet?"

She reflected. "My blessed! you hain't ben and seasoned those pies with salt?"

"But I have, though," said I, in the provoked-est accents I could assume. "'Take the mess away for pity's sake!'"

A nice farina pudding replaced the pastry failure, and I should have been highly satisfied so far with my plan but for that pipe and those cigars.

Larue did not smoke them in my presence and face, as social usage might have allowed; and he was not at all aware of my aversion to the things. But in his room, where writing kept him several hours a day, it was puff, puff, without respite; and at length emerging, sober and slow-stepped, with red rimmed eyes, I almost hated him.

I had a physician friend in town—one of those men who carry a whole heraldry in every motion—a gentleman by "nature and God's grace;" but married. I wrote to him:

"Doctor, have you any liquid or substance with which the bowl of a pipe being rubbed, or a cigar being dipped, will give the smoker sufficient nausea to make him eschew the vice for the time?"

The answer came in the shape of a box containing a little bottle of some colorless liquid, and the rather singular prescription:

"Persevere my dear, and I'll wager you'll succeed."

I put the water-like liquid in my drawer to await its hour, thinking how simple a shape great forces in nature will take. Thus, a little white powder one can blow away with a breath has ample power to drive forth beyond recall the fairest soul that ever looked out of dear eyes!

It was two miles to the post-office, and Jabez Mearns, our man of all work, was busy, though. Had he been at perfect liberty, I should have contrived for Mr. Larue to go, for the sake of the blue-dispelling fog, on horseback. We had two good and sufficiently elegant steeds, and Jabez, leading them up with true Yankee reluctance, took occasion to inquire "how I s'posed the work o' the farm was to be kerried on with the hosses kitin' out pleasin' every day o' the week?"

"Jabez," inquired I, with an understanding smile, "does it take two horses saddled and bridled to lay a piece of stone wall?"

I "had" my curt servitor there. I had heard father give Jabez directions concerning a long-neglected job of this kind, which he had told him he should certainly expect to see up on his

return. I saw Jabez inclined to procrastinate. He often expressed himself to the effect that "Ef there was one yethly piece of drudgin' he hated wuss than another that was layin' stun into wall."

Every day found us on our way to the post-office. The two miles there and back seldom proving sufficient, we explored many a tree-lined "fork" and turning; I with all my usual cheerfulness, Larue infected with some share of the same, but often, as of old, *distrained* and sad. I never felt offended at these moods. I knew their cause, and that a queen's presence could not have checked them.

But often, as we rode, walked, or sat, I thought of the old anti-platonism of the impossibility of two youth being constantly together without love; and thought how morally improbable it seemed that I should even fancy myself in that position as regarded friend Larue, though I had no "affair" present or prospective that I knew of, and was any thing but unimpressible.

The meerscham, I soon observed, was never separated from its owner. No matter what coat he wore, the silver and ebony tube was always to be seen in its breast-pocket. Its owner would have opened his eyes, indeed, had he dreamed of the schemes I revolved to get possession thereof without his knowledge.

But one fortunate day the hapless Jabez led up the steeds for our ride, and as we stood by the gate preparing to mount, I observed my guest's coat had caught on a projecting nail. My first thought was to release it to prevent the rent which must ensue as he stepped forward to mount—my next to let it rip, which it did generously.

"How unlucky, Mr. Larue! Some of us will mend it for you; but pray hasten to change it, for we haven't a second to lose. I am afraid the mail will be closed as it is, and I wouldn't have this letter miss it for any thing."

With true gallantry the gentleman sped, and I turned to Jabez: "You need not come up from the lot to put out the horses when we come back. Mr. Larue will do it to-day."

To my great relief this gentleman returned pipeless, and after the pleasantest of rides, in high spirits we reached the gate once more, where, of course, no Jabez.

"The excellent Mearns must be absorbed in his bulwarks. Will it be too much trouble for you to unsaddle the horses, or shall they stand till he comes up?"

"By no means." And he remounted his horse and led mine away, and I flew straight to the "prophet's chamber," blushing *riantly*, I own, as I crossed its threshold. But there over a chair hung the torn coat, and safe in its pocket the pipe half full of embers, which I quickly emptied, and poured in a little stream from the bottle, wetting the bowl thoroughly, and letting it run out the neck. It dried in at once, and putting back the embers I replaced the pipe as before, and was leaving the room when I spied a box of cigars peeping from under a newspaper. Here was a job! With nervous fingers I emptied the

bottle into an empty soap-saucer on the wash-stand, and dipped the tip of every cigar therein. I had barely replaced them when I heard my guest in the lower hall coming pipeward already. I had barely time to escape and enter *my* sanctum when he reached his own, where presently I heard the scrape of a match, and knew the solace had begun.

Scarcely such in this case, for he came down to dinner dreadfully pale, and Aunt Bessy instantly inquired if he were not ill.

"Quite well now, thank you, though I did have a slight attack of something, I don't know what, about an hour ago."

"Indeed! Mustn't it have been palpitation of the heart caused by riding? My poor dear used to suffer that way."

"I think not," replied he, and, with little inclination to pursue the discourse, betook himself to Graham and apple-sauce.

After dinner he went into the porch and proceeded to light a cigar. I had a view of proceedings from the parlor window, and presently saw him fling away the cigar, lean his head upon his hand, looking white and wretched, and finally go up to his room, whence he did not emerge until evening.

The Linshingle, sitting columnar, save the motion of the finger-ends below the mits stiffly knitting, probably put her own construction on my conduct that afternoon, for I was unquestionably very fidgety, slightly remorseful, though I argued my right to do what I had done by the old rule. How could I, seeing my neighbor off the track, refuse to do unto him as, etc., even though it made him a little uncomfortable at first?

Readers in tobacco serfhood will readily appreciate my hero's condition. Mewed up in the country, and the grand stay of pipe and cigars all by some diablerie unsmokable.

Mr. Larue was miserable that week: there is no denying it. No doubt a hundred times he wished himself back in town, though he would have died by inches before retreating from his social contract a day before honorably released.

Day after day passed, and for a reason easily imagined I was glad no business demanded a day in town.

We continued the daily ride till a long spell of rainy, sad-colored weather put a stop to the resource. Yet I was not to be discouraged. To the infinite disgust of Mr. Mearns, I invaded that temple of his priesthood, the great barn, choosing the open space between the mows for the theatre of action; and, spite of Jabez's strong disapprobation, lugged thither every rope, chain, and clothes-line on the premises, and there, with the active (as I contrived to make it) assistance of Mr. Larue and the presence and countenance of the ladies—of Aunt Bessy at least—we constructed a very primitive gymnasium. I hunted up a treatise on the subject, and put myself and guest through a course I should never have undertaken solus. We swung from ropes tied to beams. With as many horseshoes as we could hold in each hand for "dumb bells," we charged,

and chassed, backward, forward, sideways—we ran and stamped, and, best of all, laughed incalculably.

As in the case of Mr. Mearns, the forces in Miss Dorcas's virgin bosom did not all speak approval. Once, having directed my pupil to the "mast-head," and preparing to at least try to follow him, the Linshingle gave sepulchral vent to the dread query,

"What would your ma say?"

"Hurrah, I hope," replied I, pressing on and seating myself upon the "cross beam" for the first time in life.

For three weeks my régime went on without a hitch or relapse of a single day. I never wrought or thought so hard in my life as in these three weeks; for, after all, lion's share as I have given myself in the vital forces, I was guiding one stronger by every right of nature than myself—guiding him, too, for the sheer reason that he did not see it so. How if he found it out?

He seemed in no danger, for he talked of the wonders the "country air" was working; and I expressed my pleasure, though secretly agreeing with Dame Partington as to the impossibility of folks thriving, like "cammomiles," exclusively on "country air."

We had many delightful indoor hours, sitting all of us in the pleasant parlor, in chill weather, round an open fire-place, whose wood flame with its flexible flicker varied like our moods.

Larue and I played chess, and talked and read aloud by turns. Aunt Bessy's "socks for the soldiers" grew apace as she placidly watched or listened. Dorcas, too, sat and knitted. I do not know what she thought of. She did not understand chess, not many books, nor all our talk about them, I feared. Her tree of life had never gained that bent in its twighood. And you, dear, bright friend who read, will forgive me if I say that a life like hers, with its narrow round of intellection never broadened or beautified by husband or child's dear love, has in it a deeper pathos, a truer call for sympathy, than yours or mine will ever have.

I own I selected a good deal of our reading with a purpose. I wanted certain books to teach friend Larue truths not for me to voice successfully. He took down a volume one day, saying, "Here is the 'Sage of Concord,' or, rather, his misnomered book, the 'Conduct of Life;' let us follow a few of his pyrotechnics."

So we read of "fate," of "power," of "wealth," of "beauty;" but beginning the chapter on "Worship," I said, "Not that, please, don't read it."

"Are you afraid of it?" asked he, smiling a little.

"Indeed I am not: when one has a personal experience of the *truth* of the things here set at naught the subtlest argument falls harmless. But I can not bear to hear a friend of mine deny the Lord that bought him, though it be only in voicing unapproved another's words."

"You are right," said he; "nor do I wish to do it. Beautiful and true as are many of Em-

erson's thoughts, the 'Trail of the Serpent' is over them all. Though I suppose it takes a Christian to see it so."

"There is his contemporary, Holmes: how are you pleased with his views?" inquired I.

"It has seemed to me," replied he, "that Holmes believes in Christianity not through any special willingness, but because he can not help it. And even then tries, in a measure, to disentangle us from moral obligation by giving such great importance to circumstance—almost declaring, substantially, that there are multitudes who have neither innate consciousness of right and wrong, or the power to choose the former. It would be folly, of course, to deny the force of inherited predisposition; but I think he lays too much stress upon it in connection with morality."

"Then you will not be likely to agree with those who ascribe the same spiritual importance to bodily health or disease?"

"I believe that proposition still less."

"Is not that because you have not argued the matter? Now, for instance, I suppose you know some articles of diet are lighter, more digestible, as well as more wholesome than others. Also what these articles are."

"I suppose I do, in a general way."

"Can you recall no evening—in church, let us say—when words went to rouse your soul's readiest response and best aspiration fell upon dulled ears and a mind which seemed pressed with leaden weights, while it should have soared and sang?"

"Unfortunately I can."

"Well, what had mine host been serving for dinner?"

He laughed a little, reddened a good deal, yet reflected, as I hoped, on the gastronomical fault which had so surely led to the devotional one.

"I do remember, certainly, and shall have to admit the force of your argument."

This was all the conversation we ever had on this subject, and slight as this was I was afraid it would flash upon him how fully I was putting the theory in practice as regarded himself.

Only once more during his stay the matter was brought forward by me, and that quite unconscious of his hearing. I thought him at work in his chamber, and was reading to the ladies by their request. It was an essay, a sort of lecture to *moral* people, and not the class on whom that style of effort is more frequently bestowed. It spoke of the great delicacy of the human organism—how susceptible of disrepair, how difficult of restoration; proceeding to show how easily a person to whom the idea of vice or excess would be terrible can, by little neglects of exercise and diet—little indulgences in things not sinful but unwholesome—reduce the physical condition to that of the real debauchee: thus not only defeating earthly pleasure and success, but possibly hindering and even insuring the failure of the soul in its heavenward ascent.

I paused at length, and having done so heard, for the first time, the step of my guest pacing thoughtfully in the shady back-parlor in full

hearing of the words, and, I hoped, like conviction of their truth.

Well, why lengthen the story of those six quiet weeks? I will come to the seventh, and last, and have done.

It would surprise one who has no experience of the change two months can make in an invalid's physique, to see their effect on Mr. Larue.

Hepzibah was quite correct in her complacent affirmation, that he "looked twice as rugged and as fair-complexioned again as he did when he came—why, his very whiskers seemed to curl tighter, and when he was the least bit tickled his eyes would shine as merry and handsome as a new button!"

Yes, it was but plain my guest was rising to a new physical life—would he continue? Would the old Gilbert Larue, sad of face and slow of step, come back with town life, or would he emerge into the life alert, firm-handed, and pleasant-faced of the new Gilbert Larue?

What made the eyes into whose sadness I had looked so coolly thrill me thus with their gay brightness now?

Why had common speech and casual contact the same effect? Could I be falling in love with my patient? Oh, wise Plato!

Father and mother wrote the day they were

coming home. Larue went that day also. And I wonder if the parting guest I sped was any the less dear than those whose coming I welcomed?

What earthly reason had my heart to pulse so highly for a whole week every day at that hour which brought Jabez with the daily mail? Could it be in hope rather than expectancy of the white packet the end of that period brought? The sample I must give you ran:

"Dear, the long and short of it is I love you—how much, I wish I could tell you. I must have been rather an old young man, I believe; for I really thought all capacity for such feeling had gone out of my heart. I must confess to you a fact of which you have no idea [had I not?], I suppose—viz., that I came to your house a grim, self-indulgent dyspeptic, though I hardly saw it so at the time. Those two, all too speedy, months [the first tobaccoless week included, I presume!] opened to me no less a new love than a new life. Dear, neither can be perfect, nay, nor live at all without you. You will not deny alike my necessity and joy, nor forbid me hope permission to claim them both in you?"

What would you have done, dear friend, had it been you? Would you have refused the life-shelter of a strong arm, or the steady sunshine of a great love, albeit you had cured their possessor of dyspepsia?

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER XLI.

HOW CAN I SAVE HIM?

"I WILL not consent to live with you while such deeds as these are being done." Such were the last words which Mrs. Furnival spoke as she walked out of her own drawing-room, leaving her husband still seated in his arm-chair.

What was he to do? Those who would hang by the letter of the law in such matters may say that he should have rung the bell, sent for his wife, explained to her that obedience was a necessary duty on her part, and have finished by making her understand that she must and would continue to live wherever he chose that she should live. There be those who say that if a man be any thing of a man he can always insure obedience in his own household. He has the power of the purse and the power of the law; and if, having these, he goes to the wall, it must be because he is a poor creature. Those who so say have probably never tried the position.

Mr. Furnival did not wish to send for his wife, because by doing so he would have laid bare his sore before his servants. He could not follow her, because he knew that he should not find her alone in her room. Nor did he wish for any further parley, because he knew that she would speak loud, and probably sob—nay, very possibly proceed to a fainting fit. And, moreover, he much doubted whether he would

have the power to keep her in the house if it should be her pleasure to leave it. And then what should he do? The doing of something in such a catastrophe, was, he thought, indispensable.

Was ever a man so ill-treated? Was ever jealousy so groundless? Here was a woman, with whom he was on the point of quarreling, who was engaged to be married to another man, whom for months past he had only seen as a client; and on her account he was to be told by his wife that she would not consent to live with him! Yes; it was quite indispensable that he should do something.

At last he went to bed, and slept upon it; not sharing the marital couch, but occupying his own dressing-room. In the morning, however, as he sat down to his solitary breakfast, he was as far as ever from having made up his mind what that something should be. A message was brought to him by an elderly female servant with a grave face—the elderly servant who had lived with them since their poorer days—saying that "Missus would not come down to breakfast this morning." There was no love sent, no excuse as to illness, no semblance of a peaceable reason, assumed even to deceive the servant. It was clear to Mr. Furnival that the servant was intended to know all about it. "And Miss Biggs says, Sir, that if you please you're not to wait for her."

"Very well, that'll do," said Mr. Furnival, who had not the slightest intention of waiting for Miss Biggs; and then he sat himself down to eat his bacon, and bethink himself what step he would take with this recreant and troublesome spouse.

While he was thus employed the post came. The bulk of his letters as a matter of course went to his chambers; but there were those among his correspondents who wrote to him at Harley Street. To-day he received three or four letters, but our concern will be with one only. This one bore the Hamworth post-mark, and he opened it the first, knowing that it came from Lady Mason. It was as follows:

"Private.

"THE CLEEVE, 23d January, 18—.

"MY DEAR MR. FURNIVAL,—I am so very sorry that I did not see you to-day! Indeed, your leaving without seeing me has made me unhappy, for I can not but think that it shows that you are displeased. Under these circumstances I must write to you and explain to you how that came to pass which Sir Peregrine told you. I have not let him know that I am writing to you, and I think for his sake that I had better not. But he is so good, and has shown to me such nobleness and affection, that I can hardly bring myself to have any secret from him.

"You may conceive what was my surprise when I first understood that he wished to make me his wife. It is hardly six months since I thought that I was almost exceeding my station in visiting at his house. Then by degrees I began to be received as a friend, and at last I found myself treated with the warmest love. But still I had no thought of this, and I knew that it was because of my great trouble that Sir Peregrine and Mrs. Orme were so good to me.

"When he sent for me into his library and told me what he wished, I could not refuse him any thing. I promised obedience to him as though I were a child; and in this way I found myself engaged to be his wife. When he told me that he would have it so, how could I refuse him, knowing as I do all that he has done for me, and thinking of it as I do every minute? As for loving him, of course I love him. Who that knows him does not love him? He is made to be loved. No one is so good and so noble as he. But of love of that sort I had never dreamed. Ah me, no!—a woman burdened as I am does not think of love.

"He told me that he would have it so, and I said that I would obey him; and he tried to prove to me that in this dreadful trial it would be better for me. But I would not wish it on that account. He has done enough for me without my causing him such injury. When I argued it with him, trying to say that others would not like it, he declared that Mrs. Orme would be well pleased, and, indeed, so she told me afterward herself. And thus I yielded to him, and agreed that I would be his wife. But I was not happy, thinking that I should injure him; and I promised only because I could not deny him.

"But the day before yesterday young Mr. Orme, his grandson, came to me and told me that such a marriage would be very wrong. And I do believe him. He said that old family friends would look down upon his grandfather and ridicule him if he were to make this marriage. And I can see that it would be so. I would not have such injury come upon him for the gain of all the world to myself. So I have made up my mind to tell him that it can not be, even though I should anger him. And I fear that it will anger him, for he loves to have his own way—especially in doing good; and he thinks that our marriage would rescue me altogether from the danger of this trial.

"So I have made up my mind to tell him, but I have not found courage to do it yet; and I do wish, dear Mr. Furnival, that I might see you first. I fear that I may have lost your friendship by what has already been done.

If so, what will become of me? When I heard that you had gone without asking for me, my heart sank within me. I have two friends whom I so dearly love, and I would fain do as both direct me, if that may be possible. And now I propose to go up to London to-morrow, and to be at your chambers about one o'clock. I have told Sir Peregrine and Mrs. Orme that I am going; but he is too noble-minded to ask questions now that he thinks I may feel myself constrained to tell him. So I will call in Lincoln's Inn at one o'clock, and I trust that if possible you will see me. I am greatly in want of your advice, for in truth I hardly know what to do.

"Pray believe me to be always your attached friend,

"MARY MASON."

There was hardly a word—I believe not a word in that letter that was not true. Her acceptance of Sir Peregrine had been given exactly in the manner and for the reasons there explained; and since she had accepted him she had been sorry for having done so, exactly in the way now described. She was quite willing to give up her husband if it was thought best—but she was not willing to give up her friend. She was not willing to give up either friend, and her great anxiety was so to turn her conduct that she might keep them both.

Mr. Furnival was gratified as he read the letter—gratified in spite of his present frame of mind. Of course he would see her—and of course, as he himself well knew, would take her again into favor. But he must insist on her carrying out her purpose of abandoning the marriage project. If, arising from this abandonment, there should be any coolness on the part of Sir Peregrine, Mr. Furnival would not regret it. Mr. Furnival did not feel quite sure whether in the conduct of this case he was not somewhat hampered by the—energetic zeal of Sir Peregrine's line of defense.

When he had finished the perusal of his letter and the consideration which it required, he put it carefully into his breast coat pocket, envelope and all. What might not happen if he left that envelope about in that house? And then he took it out again, and observed upon the cover the Hamworth post-mark, very clear. Post-marks nowadays are very clear, and every body may know whence a letter comes. His letters had been brought to him by the butler; but was it not probable that that ancient female servant might have seen them first, and have conveyed to her mistress intelligence as to this post-mark? If so—; and Mr. Furnival almost felt himself to be guilty as he thought of it.

While he was putting on his great-coat in the hall, the butler assisting him, the ancient female servant came to him again. There was a look about her face which told of war, and declared her to be, if not the chief lieutenant of his wife, at any rate her color-sergeant. Martha Biggs no doubt was chief lieutenant. "Missus desires me to ask," said she, with her grim face and austere voice, "whether you will be pleased to dine at home to-day?" And yet the grim, austere woman could be affectionate and almost motherly in her ministrations to him when things were going well, and had eaten his salt and bro-

ken his bread for more than twenty years. All this was very hard! "Because," continued the woman, "missus says she thinks she shall be out this evening herself."

"Where is she going?"

"Missus didn't tell me, Sir."

He almost determined to go up stairs and call upon her to tell him what she was going to do, but he remembered that if he did it would surely make a row in the house. Miss Biggs would put her head out of some adjacent door and scream, "Oh laws!" and he would have to descend his own stairs with the consciousness that all his household were regarding him as a brute. So he gave up that project. "No," he said, "I shall not dine at home;" and then he went his way.

"Missus is very aggravating," said the butler, as soon as the door was closed.

"You don't know what cause she has, Spooner," said the housekeeper, very solemnly.

"Is it at his age? I believe it's all nonsense, I do—feminine fancies, and vagaries of the weaker sex."

"Yes, I dare say; that's what you men always say. But if he don't look out he'll find missus 'll be too much for him. What 'd he do if she were to go away from him?"

"Do?—why live twice as jolly. It would only be the first rumpus of the thing."

I am afraid that there was some truth in what Spooner said. It is the first rumpus of the thing, or rather the fear of that, which keeps together many a couple.

At one o'clock there came a timid female rap at Mr. Furnival's chamber door, and the juvenile clerk gave admittance to Lady Mason. Crabwitz, since the affair of that mission down at Hamworth, had so far carried a point of his, that a junior satellite was now permanently installed; and for the future the indignity of opening doors, and "just stepping out" into Chancery Lane, would not await him. Lady Mason was dressed all in black—but this was usual with her when she left home. To-day, however, there was about her something blacker and more sombre than usual. The veil which she wore was thick, and completely hid her face; and her voice, as she asked for Mr. Furnival, was low and plaintive. But, nevertheless, she had by no means laid aside the charm of womanhood; or it might be more just to say that the charm of womanhood had not laid aside her. There was that in her figure, step, and gait of going which compelled men to turn round and look at her. We all know that she had a son some two or three and twenty years of age, and that she had not been quite a girl when she married. But notwithstanding this, she was yet young; and though she made no effort—no apparent effort—to maintain the power and influence which beauty gives, yet she did maintain it.

He came forward and took her by the hand with all his old affectionate regard, and, muttering some words of ordinary salutation, led her to a chair. It may be that she muttered some-

thing also, but if so the sound was too low to reach his ears. She sat down where he placed her, and as she put her hand on the table near her arm, he saw that she was trembling.

"I got your letter this morning," he said, by way of beginning the conversation.

"Yes," she said; and then, finding that it was not possible that he should hear her through her veil, she raised it. She was very pale, and there was a look of painful care, almost of agony, round her mouth. He had never seen her look so pale—but he said to himself at the same time that he had never seen her look so beautiful.

"And to tell you the truth, Lady Mason, I was very glad to get it. You and I had better speak openly to each other about this—had we not?"

"Oh yes," she said. And then there was a struggle within her not to tremble—a struggle that was only too evident. She was aware of this, and took her hand off the table.

"I vexed you because I did not see you at The Cleeve the other day."

"Because I thought that you were angry with me."

"And I was so."

"Oh, Mr. Furnival!"

"Wait a moment, Lady Mason. I was angry—or rather sorry and vexed to hear of that which I did not approve. But your letter has removed that feeling. I can now understand the manner in which this engagement was forced upon you; and I understand also—do I not?—that the engagement will not be carried out?"

She did not answer him immediately, and he began to fear that she repented of her purpose. "Because," said he, "under no other circumstances could I—"

"Stop, Mr. Furnival. Pray do not be severe with me." And she looked at him with eyes which would almost have melted his wife—and which he was quite unable to withstand. Had it been her wish, she might have made him promise to stand by her, even though she had persisted in her engagement.

"No, no; I will not be severe."

"I do not wish to marry him," she went on to say. "I have resolved to tell him so. That was what I said in my letter."

"Yes, yes."

"I do not wish to marry him. I would not bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave—no, not to save myself from—" And then, as she thought of that from which she desired to save herself, she trembled again, and was silent.

"It would create in men's minds such a strong impression against you, were you to marry him at this moment!"

"It is of him I am thinking—of him and Lucius. Mr. Furnival, they might do their worst with me, if it were not for that thought. My boy!" And then she rose from her chair, and stood upright before him, as though she were going to do or say some terrible thing. He still kept his chair, for he was startled, and hardly

knew what he would be about. That last exclamation had come from her almost with a shriek, and now her bosom was heaving as though her heart would burst with the violence of her sobbing. "I will go," she said. "I had better go." And she hurried away toward the door.

"No, no; do not go yet." And he rose to stop her, but she was quite passive. "I do not know why you should be so much moved now." But he did know. He did understand the very essence and core of her feelings—as probably may the reader also. But it was impossible that he should allow her to leave him in her present state.

She sat down again, and leaning both her arms upon the table, hid her face within her hands. He was now standing, and for the moment did not speak to her. Indeed he could not bring himself to break the silence, for he saw her tears, and could still hear the violence of her sobs. And then she was the first to speak. "If it were not for him," she said, raising her head, "I could bear it all. What will he do? what will he do?"

"You mean," said Mr. Furnival, speaking very slowly, "if the—verdict—should go against us."

"It will go against us," she said. "Will it not?—tell me the truth. You are so clever, you must know. Tell me how it will go. Is there any thing I can do to save him?" And she took hold of his arm with both her hands, and looked up eagerly—oh, with such terrible eagerness!—into his face.

Would it not have been natural now that he should have asked her to tell him the truth? And yet he did not dare to ask her. He thought that he knew it. He felt sure—almost sure, that he could look into her very heart, and read there the whole of her secret. But still there was a doubt—enough of doubt to make him wish to ask the question. Nevertheless he did not ask it.

"Mr. Furnival," she said; and as she spoke there was a hardness came over the soft lines of her feminine face; a look of courage which amounted almost to ferocity, a look which at the moment recalled to his mind, as though it were but yesterday, the attitude and countenance she had borne as she stood in the witness-box at that other trial, now so many years since—that attitude and countenance which had impressed the whole court with so high an idea of her courage. "Mr. Furnival, weak as I am, I could bear to die here on the spot—now—if I could only save him from this agony. It is not for myself I suffer." And then the terrible idea occurred to him that she might attempt to compass her escape by death. But he did not know her. That would have been no escape for her son.

"And you too think that I must not marry him?" she said, putting up her hands to her brows as though to collect her thoughts.

"No; certainly not, Lady Mason."

"No, no. It would be wrong. But, Mr.

Furnival, I am so driven that I know not how I should act. What if I should lose my mind?" And as she looked at him there was that about her eyes which did tell him that such an ending might be possible.

"Do not speak in such a way," he said.

"No, I will not. I know that it is wrong. I will go down there, and tell him that it must not—must not be so. But I may stay at The Cleeve—may I not?"

"Oh, certainly—if he wishes it—after your understanding with him."

"Ah; he may turn me out, may he not? And they are so kind to me, so gentle and so good. And Lucius is so stern. But I will go back. Sternness will perhaps be better for me now than love and kindness."

In spite of every thing, in the teeth of his almost certain conviction of her guilt, he would now, even now, have asked her to come to his own house, and have begged her to remain there till the trial was over—if only he had had the power to do so. What would it be to him what the world might say, if she should be proved guilty? Why should not he have been mistaken as well as others? And he had an idea that if he could get her into his own hands he might still bring her through triumphantly—with assistance from Solomon Aram and Chaffanbrass. He was strongly convinced of her guilt, but by no means strongly convinced that her guilt could be proved. But then he had no house at the present moment that he could call his own. His Kitty, the Kitty of whom he still sometimes thought with affection—that Kitty whose soft motherly heart would have melted at such a story of a woman's sorrows, if only it had been rightly approached—that Kitty was now vehemently hostile, hostile both to him and to this very woman for whom he would have asked her care.

"May God help me!" said the poor woman. "I do not know where else to turn for aid. Well; I may go now, then. And, indeed, why should I take up your time further?"

But before she did go Mr. Furnival gave her much counsel. He did not ask as to her guilt, but he did give her that advice which he would have thought most expedient had her guilt been declared and owned. He told her that very much would depend on her maintaining her present position and standing; that she was so to carry herself as not to let people think that she was doubtful about the trial; and that above all things she was to maintain a composed and steadfast manner before her son. As to the Ormes, he bade her not to think of leaving The Cleeve, unless she found that her remaining there would be disagreeable to Sir Peregrine after her explanation with him. That she was to decline the marriage engagement he was very positive; on that subject there was to be no doubt.

And then she went; and as she passed down the dark passage into the new square by the old gate of the Chancellor's court, she met a stout

lady. The stout lady eyed her savagely, but was not quite sure as to her identity. Lady Mason in her trouble passed the stout lady without taking any notice of her.

CHAPTER XLII.

JOHN KENNEBY GOES TO HAMWORTH.

WHEN John Kenneby dined with his sister and brother-in-law on Christmas-day he agreed, at the joint advice of the whole party there assembled, that he would go down and see Mr. Dockwrath at Hamworth, in accordance with the invitation received from that gentleman—his enemy, Dockwrath, who had carried off Miriam Usbech, for whom John Kenneby still sighed—in a gentle easy manner indeed—but still sighed as though it were an affair but of yesterday. But though he had so agreed, and though he had never stirred from that resolve, he by no means did it immediately. He was a slow man, whose life had offered him but little excitement; and the little which came to him was husbanded well and made to go a long way. He thought about this journey for nearly a month before he took it, often going to his sister and discussing it with her, and once or twice seeing the great Moulder himself. At last he fixed a day and did go down to Hamworth.

He had, moreover, been invited to the offices of Messrs. Round and Crook, and that visit also was as yet unpaid. A clerk from the house in Bedford Row had found him out at Hubbles and Grease's, and had discovered that he would be forthcoming as a witness. On the special subject of his evidence not much had then passed, the clerk having had no discretion given him to sift the matter. But Kenneby had promised to go to Bedford Row, merely stipulating for a day at some little distance of time. That day was now near at hand; but he was to see Dockwrath first, and hence it occurred that he now made his journey to Hamworth.

But another member of that Christmas party at Great St. Helen's had not been so slow in carrying out his little project. Mr. Kantwise had at once made up his mind that it would be as well that he should see Dockwrath. It would not suit him to incur the expense of a journey to Hamworth, even with the additional view of extracting payment for that set of metallic furniture; but he wrote to the attorney telling him that he should be in London in the way of trade on such and such a day, and that he had tidings of importance to give with reference to the great Orley Farm case. Dockwrath did see him, and the result was that Mr. Kantwise got his money, fourteen eleven—at least he got fourteen seven six, and had a very hard fight for the three odd half-crowns—and Dockwrath learned that John Kenneby, if duly used, would give evidence on his side of the question.

And then Kenneby did go down to Hamworth. He had not seen Miriam Usbech since

the days of her marriage. He had remained hanging about the neighborhood long enough to feast his eyes with the agony of looking at the bride, and then he had torn himself away. Circumstances since that had carried him one way and Miriam another, and they had never met. Time had changed him very little, and what change time had made was perhaps for the better. He hesitated less when he spoke, he was less straggling and undecided in his appearance, and had about him more of manhood than in former days. But poor Miriam had certainly not been altered for the better by years and circumstances as far as outward appearance went.

Kenneby as he walked up from the station to the house—and from old remembrances he knew well where the house stood—gave up his mind entirely to the thought of seeing Miriam, and in his memories of old love passages almost forgot the actual business which now brought him to the place. To him it seemed as though he was going to meet the same Miriam he had left—the Miriam to whom in former days he had hardly ventured to speak of love, and to whom he must not now venture so to speak at all. He almost blushed as he remembered that he would have to take her hand.

There are men of this sort, men slow in their thoughts but very keen in their memories; men who will look for the glance of a certain bright eye from a window-pane, though years have rolled on since last they saw it—since last they passed that window. Such men will bethink themselves, after an interval of weeks, how they might have brought up wit to their use and improved an occasion which chance had given them. But when the bright eyes do glance, such men pass by abashed; and when the occasion offers, their wit is never at hand. Nevertheless they are not the least happy of mankind, these never-readies; they do not pick up sudden prizes, but they hold fast by such good things as the ordinary run of life bestows upon them. There was a lady even now, a friend of Mrs. Moulder, ready to bestow herself and her fortune on John Kenneby—a larger fortune than Miriam had possessed, and one which would not now probably be neutralized by so large a family as poor Miriam had bestowed upon her husband.

How would Miriam meet him? It was of this he thought as he approached the door. Of course he must call her Mrs. Dockwrath, though the other name was so often on his tongue. He had made up his mind, for the last week past, that he would call at the private door of the house, passing by the door of the office. Otherwise the chances were that he would not see Miriam at all. His enemy, Dockwrath, would be sure to keep him from her presence. Dockwrath had ever been inordinately jealous. But when he came to the office-door he hardly had the courage to pass on to that of the private dwelling. His heart beat too quickly, and the idea of seeing Miriam was almost too much for him. But, nevertheless, he did carry out his plan, and did knock at the door of the house.



JOHN KENNEBY AND MRS. DOOKWRATH.

And it was opened by Miriam herself. He knew her instantly in spite of all the change. He knew her, but the whole course of his feelings were altered at the moment, and his blood was made to run the other way. And she knew him too. "La, John," she said, "who'd have thought of seeing you?" And she shifted

the baby, whom she carried, from one arm to the other as she gave him her hand in token of welcome.

"It is a long time since we met," he said. He felt hardly any temptation now to call her Miriam. Indeed it would have seemed altogether in opposition to the common order of

things to do so. She was no longer Miriam, but the maternal Dockwrath; the mother of that long string of dirty children whom he saw gathered in the passage behind her. He had known as a fact that she had all the children, but the fact had not made the proper impression on his mind till he had seen them.

"A long time! 'Deed then it is. Why we've hardly seen each other since you used to be a courting of me; have we? But, my! John; why haven't you got a wife for yourself these many years? But come in. I'm glad to see every bit of you, so I am; though I've hardly a place to put you to sit down in." And then she opened a door and took him into a little sitting-room on the left hand side of the passage.

His feeling of intense enmity to Dockwrath was beginning to wear away, and one of modified friendship for the whole family was supervening. It was much better that it should be so. He could not understand before how Dockwrath had had the heart to write to him and call him John, but now he did understand it. He felt that he could himself be friendly with Dockwrath now, and forgive him all the injury; he felt also that it would not go so much against the grain with him to marry that friend as to whom his sister would so often solicit him.

"I think you may venture to sit down upon them," said Miriam, "though I can't say that I have ever tried myself." This speech referred to the chairs with which her room was supplied, and which Kenneby seemed to regard with suspicion.

"They are very nice I'm sure," said he, "but I don't think I ever saw any like them."

"Nor nobody else either. But don't you tell him so;" and she nodded with her head to the side of the house on which the office stood. "I had as nice a set of mahoganys as ever a woman could want, and bought with my own money too, John; but he's took them away to furnish some of his lodgings opposite, and put them things here in their place. Don't, Sam; you'll have 'em all twisted about nohows in no time if you go to use 'em in that way."

"I wants to see the pictur' on the table," said Sam.

"Drat the picture," said Mrs. Dockwrath. "It was hard, wasn't it, John, to see my own mahoganys, as I had rubbed with my own hands till they was ever so bright, and as was bought with my own money too, took away and them things brought here? Sam, if you twist that round any more I'll box your ears. One can't hear one's self speak with the noise."

"They don't seem to be very useful," said Kenneby.

"Useful! They're got up for cheaterly; that's what they're got up for. And that Dockwrath should be took in with 'em—he that's so sharp at every thing—that's what surprises me. But laws, John, it isn't the sharp ones that gets the best off. You was never sharp, but you're as smirk and smooth as though you came out of a

bandbox. I am glad to see you, John, so I am." And she put her apron up to her eyes and wiped away a tear.

"Is Mr. Dockwrath at home?" said John.

"Sam, run round and see if your father's in the office. He'll be home to dinner, I know. Molly, do be quiet with your sister. I never see such a girl as you are for bothering. You didn't come down about business, did you, John?" And then Kenneby explained to her that he had been summoned by Dockwrath as to the matter of this Orley Farm trial. While he was doing so, Sam returned to say that his father had stepped out, but would be back in half an hour, and Mrs. Dockwrath, finding it impossible to make use of her company sitting-room, took her old lover into the family apartment which they all ordinarily occupied.

"You can sit down there at any rate without it all crunching under you, up to nothing." And she emptied for him as she spoke the seat of an old well-worn horse-hair bottomed arm-chair. "As to them tin things I wouldn't trust myself on one of them; and so I told him, angry as it made him. But now about poor Lady Mason—. Sam and Molly, you go into the garden, there's good children. They is so ready with their ears, John; and he contrives to get every thing out of 'em. Now do tell me about this."

Kenneby could not help thinking that the love match between Miriam and her husband had not turned out in all respects well, and I fear that he derived from the thought a certain feeling of consolation. "He" was spoken about in a manner that did not betoken unfeeling love and perfect confidence. Perhaps Miriam was at this moment thinking that she might have done better with her youth and her money! She was thinking of nothing of the kind. Her mind was one that dwelt on the present, not on the past. She was unhappy about her furniture, unhappy about the frocks of those four younger children, unhappy that the loaves of bread went faster and faster every day, very unhappy now at the savageness with which her husband prosecuted his anger against Lady Mason. But it did not occur to her to be unhappy because she had not become Mrs. Kenneby.

Mrs. Dockwrath had more to tell in the matter than had Kenneby, and when the elder of the children who were at home had been disposed of she was not slow to tell it. "Isn't it dreadful, John, to think that they should come against her now, and the will all settled as it was twenty year ago? But you won't say any thing against her; will you now, John? She was always a good friend to you; wasn't she? Though it wasn't much use; was it?" It was thus that she referred to the business before them, and to the love passages of her early youth at the same time.

"It's a very dreadful affair," said Kenneby, very solemnly; "and the more I think of it the more dreadful it becomes."

"But you won't say any thing against her;

will you? You won't go over to his side; eh, John?"

"I don't know much about sides," said he.

"He'll get himself into trouble with it; I know he will. I do so wish you'd tell him, for he can't hurt you if you stand up to him. If I speak—Lord bless you, I don't dare to call my soul my own for a week afterward."

"Is he so very—"

"Oh, dreadful, John! He's bid me never speak a word to her. But for all that I used till she went away down to The Cleeve yonder. And what do you think they say now? And I do believe it too. They say that Sir Peregrine is going to make her his lady. If he does that it stands to reason that Dockwrath and Joseph Mason will get the worst of it. I'm sure I hope they will; only he'll be twice as hard if he don't make money by it in some way."

"Will he, now?"

"Indeed he will. You never knew any thing like him for hardness if things go wrong a while. I know he's got lots of money, because he's always buying up bits of houses; besides, what has he done with mine? but yet sometimes you'd hardly think he'd let me have bread enough for the children—and as for clothes—!" Poor Miriam! It seemed that her husband shared with her but few of the spoils or triumphs of his profession.

Tidings now came in from the office that Dockwrath was there. "You'll come round and eat a bit of dinner with us?" said she, hesitatingly. He felt that she hesitated, and hesitated himself in his reply. "He must say something in the way of asking you, you know, and then say you'll come. His manner's nothing to you, you know. Do, now. It does me good to look at you, John; it does indeed." And then, without making any promise, he left her and went round to the office.

Kenneby had made up his mind, talking over the matter with Moulder and his sister, that he would be very reserved in any communication which he might make to Dockwrath as to his possible evidence at the coming trial; but nevertheless when Dockwrath had got him into his office, the attorney made him give a succinct account of every thing he knew, taking down his deposition in a regular manner. "And now if you'll just sign that," Dockwrath said to him when he had done.

"I don't know about signing," said Kenneby. "A man should never write his own name unless he knows why."

"You must sign your own deposition;" and the attorney frowned at him and looked savage. "What would a judge say to you in court if you had made such a statement as this, affecting the character of a woman like Lady Mason, and then had refused to sign it? You'd never be able to hold up your head again."

"Wouldn't I?" said Kenneby, gloomily; and he did sign it. This was a great triumph to Dockwrath. Mat Round had succeeded in get-

ting the deposition of Bridget Bolster, but he had got that of John Kenneby.

"And now," said Dockwrath, "I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll go to the Blue Posts—you remember the Blue Posts?—and I'll stand a beef-steak and a glass of brandy-and-water. I suppose you'll go back to London by the 3 P.M. train. We shall have lots of time."

Kenneby said that he should go back by the 3 P.M. train, but he declined, with considerable hesitation, the beef-steak and brandy-and-water. After what had passed between him and Miriam he could not go to the Blue Posts with her husband.

"Nonsense, man," said Dockwrath. "You must dine somewhere."

But Kenneby said that he should dine in London. He always preferred dining late. Besides, it was a long time since he had been at Hamworth, and he was desirous of taking a walk that he might renew his associations.

"Associations!" said Dockwrath, with a sneer. According to his ideas a man could have no pleasant associations with a place unless he had made money there or been in some way successful. Now John Kenneby had enjoyed no success at Hamworth. "Well, then, if you prefer associations to the Blue Posts I'll say good-by to you. I don't understand it myself. We shall see each other at the trial, you know." Kenneby, with a sigh, said that he supposed they should.

"Are you going into the house," said Dockwrath, "to see her again?" and he indicated with his head the side on which his wife was, as she before had indicated his side.

"Well, yes; I think I'll say good-by."

"Don't be talking to her about this affair. She understands nothing about it, and every thing goes up to that woman at Orley Farm." And so they parted.

"And he wanted you to go to the Blue Posts, did he?" said Miriam, when she heard of the proposition. "It's like him. If there is to be any money spent it's any where but at home."

"But I ain't going," said John.

"He'll go before the day's out, though he mayn't get his dinner there. And he'll be ever so free when he's there. He'll stand brandy-and-water to half Hamworth when he thinks he can get any thing by it; but if you'll believe me, John, though I've all the fag of the house on me, and all them children, I can't get a pint of beer—not regular—betwixt breakfast and bedtime." Poor Miriam! Why had she not taken advice when she was younger? John Kenneby would have given her what beer was good for her quite regularly.

Then he went out and took his walk, sauntering away to the gate of Orley Farm, and looking up the avenue. He ventured up some way, and there at a distance before him he saw Lucius Mason walking up and down, from the house toward the road and back again, swinging a heavy stick in his hand, with his hat pressed down over his brows. Kenneby had no desire

to speak to him ; so he returned to the gate, and thence went back to the station, escaping the town by a side lane ; and in this way he got back to London without holding further communication with the people of Hamworth.

CHAPTER XLIII.

JOHN KENNEBY'S COURTSHIP.

"SHE'S as sweet a temper, John, as ever stirred a lump of sugar in her tea," said Mrs. Moulder to her brother, as they sat together over the fire in Great St. Helen's on that same evening—after his return from Hamworth. "That she is—and so Smiley always found her. 'She's always the same,' Smiley said to me many a day. And what can a man want more than that?"

"That's quite true," said John.

"And then as to her habits—I never knew her take a drop too much since first I set eyes on her, and that's nigh twenty years ago. She likes things comfortable ; and why shouldn't she, with two hundred a year of her own coming out of the Kingsland Road brick-fields ? As for dress, her things is beautiful, and she is the woman that takes care of 'em ! Why, I remember an Irish tabinet as Smiley gave her when first that venture in the brick-fields came up money ; if that tabinet is as much as turned yet, why I'll eat it. And then, the best of it is, she'll have you to-morrow. Indeed she will ; or to-night, if you'll ask her. Goodness gracious ! if there ain't Moulder !" And the excellent wife jumped up from her seat, poked the fire, emptied the most comfortable arm-chair, and hurried out to the landing at the top of the stairs. Presently the noise of a loudly-wheezing pair of lungs was heard, and the commercial traveler, enveloped from head to foot in coats and comforters, made his appearance. He had just returned from a journey, and having deposited his parcels and packages at the house of business of Hubbles and Grease, in Houndsditch, had now returned to the bosom of his family. It was a way he had, not to let his wife know exactly the period of his return. Whether he thought that by so doing he might keep her always on the alert and ready for marital inspection, or whether he disliked to tie himself down by the obligation of a fixed time for his return, Mrs. Moulder had never made herself quite sure. But on neither view of the subject did she admire this practice of her lord. She had on many occasions pointed out to him how much more snug she could make him if he would only let her know when he was coming. But he had never taken the hint, and in these latter days she had ceased to give it.

"Why, I'm uncommon cold," he said, in answer to his wife's inquiries after his welfare. "And so would you be too, if you'd come up from Leeds since you'd had your dinner. What, John, are you there ? The two of you are mak-

ing yourself snug enough, I suppose, with something hot?"

"Not a drop he's had yet since he's been in the house," said Mrs. Moulder. "And he's hardly as much as darkened the door since you left it." And Mrs. Moulder added, with some little hesitation in her voice, "Mrs. Smiley is coming in to-night, Moulder."

"The d—l she is ! There's always something of that kind when I gets home tired out, and wants to be comfortable. I mean to have my supper to myself, as I likes it, if all the Mother Smileys in London choose to come the way. What on earth is she coming here for this time of night?"

"Why, Moulder, you know."

"No ; I don't know. I only know this, that when a man's used up with business he don't want to have any of that nonsense under his nose."

"If you mean me—" began John Kenneby.

"I don't mean you ; of course not ; and I don't mean any body. Here, take my coats, will you ? and let me have a pair of slippers. If Mrs. Smiley thinks that I'm going to change my pants, or put myself about for her—"

"Laws, Moulder, she don't expect that !"

"She won't get it, any way. Here's John dressed up as if he was going to a box in the theatre. And you—why should you be going to expense, and knocking out things that costs money, because Mother Smiley's coming ? I'll Smiley her !"

"Now, Moulder—" But Mrs. Moulder knew that it was of no use speaking to him at the present moment. Her task should be this—to feed and cosset him if possible into good-humor before her guest should arrive. Her praises of Mrs. Smiley had been very fairly true. But nevertheless she was a lady who had a mind and voice of her own, as any lady has a right to possess who draws in her own right two hundred a year out of a brick-field in the Kingsland Road. Such a one knows that she is above being snubbed, and Mrs. Smiley knew this of herself as well as any lady ; and if Moulder, in his wrath, should call her Mother Smiley, or give her to understand that he regarded her as an old woman, that lady would probably walk herself off in great dudgeon—herself and her share in the brick-field. To tell the truth, Mrs. Smiley required that considerable deference should be paid to her.

Mrs. Moulder knew well what was her husband's present ailment. He had dined as early as one, and on his journey up from Leeds to London had refreshed himself with drink only. That last glass of brandy which he had taken at the Peterborough station had made him cross. If she could get him to swallow some hot food before Mrs. Smiley came, all might yet be well.

"And what's it to be, M. ?" she said in her most insinuating voice ; "there's a lovely chop down stairs, and there's nothing so quick as that."

"Chop!" he said, and it was all he did say at the moment.

"There's a 'am in beautiful cut," she went on, showing by the urgency of her voice how anxious she was on the subject.

For the moment he did not answer her at all, but sat facing the fire, and running his fat fingers through his uncombed hair. "Mrs. Smiley!" he said; "I remember when she was kitchen-maid at old Pott's."

"She ain't nobody's kitchen-maid now," said Mrs. Moulder, almost prepared to be angry in the defense of her friend.

"And I never could make out when it was that Smiley married her—that is, if he ever did."

"Now, Moulder, that's shocking of you. Of course he married her. She and I is nearly an age as possible, though I think she is a year over me. She says not, and it ain't nothing to me. But I remember the wedding as if it was yesterday. You and I had never set eyes on each other then, M." This last she added in a plaintive tone, hoping to soften him.

"Are you going to keep me here all night without any thing?" he then said. "Let me have some whisky—hot, with—and don't stand there looking at nothing."

"But you'll take some solids with it, Moulder? Why, it stands to reason you'll be famished."

"Do as you're bid, will you, and give me the whisky. Are you going to tell me when I'm to eat and when I'm to drink, like a child?" This he said in that tone of voice which made Mrs. Moulder know that he meant to be obeyed; and though she was sure that he would make himself drunk, she was compelled to minister to his desires. She got the whisky and hot water, the lemon and sugar, and set the things beside him; and then she retired to the sofa. John Kenneby the while sat perfectly silent looking on. Perhaps he was considering whether he would be able to emulate the domestic management of Dockwrath or of Moulder when he should have taken to himself Mrs. Smiley and the Kingsland brick-field.

"If you've a mind to help yourself, John, I suppose you'll do it," said Moulder.

"None for me just at present, thank'ee," said Kenneby.

"I suppose you wouldn't swallow nothing less than wine in them togs?" said the other, raising his glass to his lips. "Well, here's better luck, and I'm blessed if it's not wanting. I'm pretty well tired of this go, and so I mean to let 'em know pretty plainly."

All this was understood by Mrs. Moulder, who knew that it only signified that her husband was half tipsy, and that in all probability he would be whole tipsy before long. There was no help for it. Were she to remonstrate with him in his present mood he would very probably fling the bottle at her head. Indeed, remonstrances were never of avail with him. So she sat herself down, thinking how she would

run down when she heard Mrs. Smiley's step, and beg that lady to postpone her visit. Indeed it would be well to send John to convey her home again.

Moulder swallowed his glass of hot toddy fast, and then mixed another. His eyes were very bloodshot, and he sat staring at the fire. His hands were thrust into his pockets between the periods of his drinking, and he no longer spoke to any one. "I'm — if I stand it," he growled forth, addressing himself. "I've stood it a — deal too long." And then he finished the second glass. There was a sort of understanding on the part of his wife that such interjections as these referred to Hubbles and Grease, and indicated a painfully advanced state of drink. There was one hope; the double heat, that of the fire and of the whisky, might make him sleep; and if so, he would be safe for two or three hours.

"I'm blessed if I do, and that's all," said Moulder, grasping the whisky-bottle for the third time. His wife sat behind him, very anxious, but not daring to interfere. "It's going over the table, M.," she then said.

"D—— the table!" he answered; and then his head fell forward on his breast, and he was fast asleep with the bottle in his hand.

"Put your hand to it, John," said Mrs. Moulder in a whisper. But John hesitated. The lion might rouse himself if his prey were touched.

"He'll let it go easy if you put your hand to it. He's safe enough now. There. If we could only get him back from the fire a little, or his face 'll be burned off of him."

"But you wouldn't move him?"

"Well, yes; we'll try. I've done it before, and he's never stirred. Come here, just behind. The casters is good, I know. Laws! ain't he heavy?" And then they slowly dragged him back. He grunted out some half-pronounced threat as they moved him: but he did not stir, and his wife knew that she was again mistress of the room for the next two hours. It was true that he snored horribly, but then she was used to that.

"You won't let her come up, will you?" said John.

"Why not? She knows what men is as well I do. Smiley wasn't that way often, I believe; but he was awful when he was. He wouldn't sleep it off, quite innocent, like that; but would break every thing about the place, and then cry like a child after it. Now Moulder's got none of that about him. The worst of it is, how am I ever to get him into bed when he wakes?"

While the anticipation of this great trouble was still on her mind, the ring at the bell was heard, and John Kenneby went down to the outer door that he might pay to Mrs. Smiley the attention of waiting upon her up stairs. And up stairs she came, bristling with silk—the identical Irish tabinet, perhaps, which had never been turned—and conscious of the business which had brought her.

"What—Moulder's asleep is he?" she said,

as she entered the room. "I suppose that's as good as a pair of gloves, any way."

"He ain't just very well," said Mrs. Moulder, winking at her friend; "he's tired after a long journey."

"Oh—h! ah—h!" said Mrs. Smiley, looking down upon the sleeping beauty, and understanding every thing at a glance. "It's uncommon bad for him, you know, because he's so given to flesh."

"It's as much fatigue as any thing," said the wife.

"Yes, I dare say;" and Mrs. Smiley shook her head. "If he fatigues himself so much as that often he'll soon be off the hooks."

Much was undoubtedly to be borne from two hundred a year in a brick-field, especially when that two hundred a year was coming so very near home; but there is an amount of impertinent familiarity which must be put down even in two hundred a year. "I've known worse cases than him, my dear; and that ended worse."

"Oh, I dare say. But you're mistook if you mean Smiley. It was 'sepilus as took him off, as every body knows."

"Well, my dear, I'm sure I'm not going to say any thing against that. And now, John, do help her off with her bonnet and shawl, while I get the tea-things."

Mrs. Smiley was a firm set, healthy-looking woman of—about forty. She had large, dark, glassy eyes, which were bright without sparkling. Her cheeks were very red, having a fixed settled color that never altered with circumstances. Her black wiry hair was ended in short crisp curls, which sat close to her head. It almost collected like a wig, but the hair was in truth her own. Her mouth was small, and her lips thin, and they gave to her face a look of sharpness that was not quite agreeable. Nevertheless she was not a bad-looking woman, and with such advantages as two hundred a year and the wardrobe which Mrs. Moulder had described, was no doubt entitled to look for a second husband.

"Well, Mr. Kenneby, and how do you find yourself this cold weather? Dear, how he do snore; don't he?"

"Yes," said Kenneby, very thoughtfully, "he does rather." He was thinking of Miriam Usbech as she was twenty years ago, and of Mrs. Smiley as she appeared at present. Not that he felt inclined to grumble at the lot prepared for him, but that he would like to take a few more years to think about it.

And then they sat down to tea. The lovely chops which Moulder had despised, and the ham in beautiful cut which had failed to tempt him, now met with due appreciation. Mrs. Smiley, though she had never been known to take a drop too much, did like to have things comfortable; and on this occasion she made an excellent meal, with a large pocket-handkerchief of Moulder's—brought in for the occasion—stretched across the broad expanse of the Irish tabinet. "We sha'n't

wake him, shall we?" said she, as she took her last bit of muffin.

"Not till he wakes natural, of hisself," said Mrs. Moulder. "When he's worked it off he'll rouse himself, and I shall have to get him to bed."

"He'll be a bit patchy then, won't he?"

"Well, just for a while of course he will," said Mrs. Moulder. "But there's worse than him. To-morrow morning, maybe, he'll be just as sweet as sweet. It don't hang about him, sullen like. That's what I hate, when it hangs about 'em." Then the tea-things were taken away, Mrs. Smiley in her familiarity assisting in the removal, and—in spite of the example now before them—some more sugar, and some more spirits, and some more hot water were put upon the table. "Well, I don't mind just the least taste in life, Mrs. Moulder, as we're quite between friends; and I'm sure you'll want it to-night to keep yourself up." Mrs. Moulder would have answered these last words with some severity had she not felt that good-humor now might be of great value to her brother.

"Well, John, and what is it you've got to say to her!" said Mrs. Moulder, as she put down her empty glass. Between friends who understood each other so well, and at their time of life, what was the use of ceremony?

"La, Mrs. Moulder, what should he have got to say? Nothing I'm sure as I'd think of listening to."

"You try her, John."

"Not but what I've the greatest respect in life for Mr. Kenneby, and always did have. If you must have any thing to do with men, I've always said, recommend me to them as is quiet and steady, and hasn't got too much of the gab; a quiet man is the man for me any day."

"Well, John?" said Mrs. Moulder.

"Now, Mrs. Moulder, can't you keep yourself to yourself, and we shall do very well. Laws, how he do snore! When his head goes bobbling that way I do so fear he'll have a fit."

"No he won't; he's coming to, all right. Well, John?"

"I'm sure I shall be very happy," said John, "if she likes it. She says that she respects me, and I'm sure I've a great respect for her. I always had—even when Mr. Smiley was alive."

"It's very good of you to say so," said she; not speaking, however, as though she were quite satisfied. What was the use of his remembering Smiley just at present!

"Enough's enough between friends any day," said Mrs. Moulder. "So give her your hand, John."

"I think it'll be right to say one thing first," said Kenneby, with a solemn and deliberate tone.

"And what's that?" said Mrs. Smiley eagerly.

"In such a matter as this," continued Kenneby, "where the hearts are concerned—"

"You didn't say any thing about hearts yet," said Mrs. Smiley, with some measure of approbation in her voice.

"Didn't I?" said Kenneby. "Then it was an omission on my part, and I beg leave to apologize. But what I was going to say is this: when the hearts are concerned, every thing should be honest and above-board."

"Oh, of course," said Mrs. Moulder; "and I'm sure she don't suspect nothing else."

"You'd better let him go on," said Mrs. Smiley.

"My heart has not been free from woman's lovely image."

"And isn't free now, is it, John?" said Mrs. Moulder.

"I've had my object, and though she's been another's, still I've kept her image on my heart."

"But it ain't there any longer, John? He's speaking of twenty years ago, Mrs. Smiley."

"It's quite beautiful to hear him," said Mrs. Smiley. "Go on, Mr. Kenneby."

"The years are gone by as though they was nothing, and still I've had her image on my heart. I've seen her to-day."

"Her gentleman's still alive, ain't he?" asked Mrs. Smiley.

"And likely to live," said Mrs. Moulder.

"I've seen her to-day," Kenneby continued; "and now the Adriatic's free to wed another."

Neither of the ladies present exactly understood the force of the quotation; but as it contained an appropriate reference to marriage, and apparently to a second marriage, it was taken by both of them in good part. He was considered to have made his offer, and Mrs. Smiley thereupon formally accepted him. "He's spoke quite handsome, I'm sure," said Mrs. Smiley to his sister; "and I don't know that any woman has a right to expect more. As to the brick-fields—" And then there was a slight reference to business, with which it will not be necessary that the readers of this story should embarrass themselves.

Soon after that Mr. Kenneby saw Mrs. Smiley home in a cab, and poor Mrs. Moulder sat by her lord till he roused himself from his sleep. Let us hope that her troubles with him were as little vexatious as possible; and console ourselves with the reflection that at twelve o'clock the next morning, after the second bottle of soda and brandy, he was "as sweet as sweet."

CHAPTER XLIV.

SHOWING HOW LADY MASON COULD BE VERY NOBLE.

LADY MASON returned to The Cleeve after her visit to Mr. Furnival's chambers, and nobody asked her why she had been to London or whom she had seen. Nothing could be more gracious than the deference which was shown to her, and the perfect freedom of action which was accorded to her. On that very day Lady Staveley had called at The Cleeve, explaining to Sir Peregrine and Mrs. Orme that her visit was made expressly to Lady Mason. "I should

have called at Orley Farm, of course," said Lady Staveley, "only that I hear that Lady Mason is likely to prolong her visit with you. I must trust to you Mrs. Orme to make all that understood." Sir Peregrine took upon himself to say that it all should be understood, and then drawing Lady Staveley aside, told her of his own intended marriage. "I can not but be aware," he said, "that I have no business to trouble you with an affair that is so exclusively our own; but I have a wish, which perhaps you may understand, that there should be no secret about it. I think it better, for her sake, that it should be known. If the connection can be of any service to her, she should reap that benefit now, when some people are treating her name with a barbarity which I believe to be almost unparalleled in this country." In answer to this Lady Staveley was of course obliged to congratulate him, and she did so with the best grace in her power; but it was not easy to say much that was cordial, and as she drove back with Mrs. Arbuthnot to Noningsby the words which were said between them as to Lady Mason were not so kindly meant toward that lady as their remarks on their journey to The Cleeve.

Lady Staveley had hoped—though she had hardly expressed her hope even to herself, and certainly had not spoken of it to any one else—that she might have been able to say a word or two to Mrs. Orme about young Peregrine, a word or two that would have shown her own good feeling toward the young man—her own regard, and almost affection for him, even though this might have been done without any mention of Madeline's name. She might have learned in this way whether young Orme had made known at home what had been his hopes and what his disappointments, and might have formed some opinion whether or no he would renew his suit. She would not have been the first to mention her daughter's name; but if Mrs. Orme should speak of it, then the subject would be free for her, and she could let it be known that the heir of the Cleeve should at any rate have her sanction and good-will. What happiness could be so great for her as that of having a daughter so settled, within eight miles of her? And then it was not only that a marriage between her daughter and Peregrine Orme would be an event so fortunate, but also that those feelings with reference to Felix Graham were so unfortunate! That young heart, she thought, could not as yet be heavy laden, and it might be possible that the whole affair should be made to run in the proper course—if only it could be done at once. But now, that tale which Sir Peregrine had told her respecting himself and Lady Mason had made it quite impossible that any thing should be said on the other subject. And then again, if it was decreed that the Noningsby family and the family of The Cleeve should be connected, would not such a marriage as this between the baronet and Lady Mason be very injurious? So that Lady Staveley was not quite happy as she returned to her own house.

Lady Staveley's message, however, for Lady Mason was given with all its full force. Sir Peregrine had felt grateful for what had been done, and Mrs. Orme, in talking of it, made quite the most of it. Civility from the Staveleys to the Ormes would not, in the ordinary course of things, be accounted of any special value. The two families might, and naturally would, know each other on intimate terms. But the Ormes would as a matter of course stand the highest in general estimation. Now, however, the Ormes had to bear up Lady Mason with them. Sir Peregrine had so willed it, and Mrs. Orme had not for a moment thought of contesting the wish of one whose wishes she had never contested. No words were spoken on the subject; but still with both of them there was a feeling that Lady Staveley's countenance and open friendship would be of value. When it had come to this with Sir Peregrine Orme, he was already disgraced in his own estimation—already disgraced, although he declared to himself a thousand times that he was only doing his duty as a gentleman.

On that evening Lady Mason said no word of her new purpose. She had pledged herself both to Peregrine Orme and to Mr. Furnival. To both she had made a distinct promise that she would break off her engagement, and she knew well that the deed should be done at once. But how was she to do it? With what words was she to tell him that she had changed her mind and would not take the hand that he had offered to her? She feared to be a moment alone with Peregrine lest he should tax her with the non-fulfillment of her promise. But in truth Peregrine at the present moment was thinking more of another matter. It had almost come home to him that his grandfather's marriage might facilitate his own; and though he still was far from reconciling himself to the connection with Lady Mason, he was almost disposed to put up with it.

On the following day, at about noon, a chariot with a pair of post-horses was brought up to the door of The Cleeve at a very fast pace, and the two ladies soon afterward learned that Lord Alston was closeted with Sir Peregrine. Lord Alston was one of Sir Peregrine's oldest friends. He was a man senior both in age and standing to the baronet; and, moreover, he was a friend who came but seldom to The Cleeve, although his friendship was close and intimate. Nothing was said between Mrs. Orme and Lady Mason, but each dreaded that Lord Alston had come to remonstrate about the marriage. And so in truth he had. The two old men were together for about an hour, and then Lord Alston took his departure without asking for or seeing any other one of the family. Lord Alston had remonstrated about the marriage, using at last very strong language to dissuade the baronet from a step which he thought so unfortunate; but he had remonstrated altogether in vain. Every word he had used was not only fruitless but injurious; for Sir Peregrine was a man

whom it was very difficult to rescue by opposition, though no man might be more easily led by assumed acquiescence.

"Orme, my dear fellow," said his lordship, toward the end of the interview, "it is my duty, as an old friend, to tell you this."

"Then, Lord Alston, you have done your duty."

"Not while a hope remains that I may prevent this marriage."

"There is ground for no such hope on your part; and permit me to say that the expression of such a hope to me is greatly wanting in courtesy."

"You and I," continued Lord Alston, without apparent attention to the last words which Sir Peregrine had spoken, "have nearly come to the end of our tether here. Our careers have been run; and I think I may say as regards both, but I may certainly say as regards you, that they have been so run that we have not disgraced those who preceded us. Our dearest hopes should be that our names may never be held as a reproach by those who come after us."

"With God's blessing I will do nothing to disgrace my family."

"But, Orme, you and I can not act as may those whose names in the world are altogether unnoticed. I know that you are doing this from a feeling of charity to that lady."

"I am doing it, Lord Alston, because it so pleases me."

"But your first charity is due to your grandson. Suppose that he was making an offer of his hand to the daughter of some nobleman—as he is so well entitled to do—how would it affect his hopes if it were known that you at the time had married a lady whose misfortune made it necessary that she should stand at the bar in a criminal court?"

"Lord Alston," said Sir Peregrine, rising from his chair, "I trust that my grandson may never rest his hopes on any woman whose heart could be hardened against him by such a thought as that."

"But what if she should be guilty?" said Lord Alston.

"Permit me to say," said Sir Peregrine, still standing, and standing now bolt upright, as though his years did not weigh on him a feather, "that this conversation has gone far enough. There are some surmises to which I can not listen, even from Lord Alston."

Then his lordship shrugged his shoulders, declared that in speaking as he had spoken he had endeavored to do a friendly duty by an old friend—certainly the oldest, and almost the dearest friend he had—and so he took his leave. The wheels of the chariot were heard grating over the gravel, as he was carried away from the door at a gallop, and the two ladies looked into each other's faces, saying nothing. Sir Peregrine was not seen from that time till dinner; but when he did come into the drawing-room his manner to Lady Mason was, if possible, more gracious and more affectionate than ever.

"So Lord Alston was here to-day," Peregrine said to his mother that night before he went to bed.

"Yes, he was here."

"It was about this marriage, mother, as sure as I am standing here."

"I don't think Lord Alston would interfere about that, Perry."

"Wouldn't he? He would interfere about any thing he did not like; that is, as far as the pluck of it goes. Of course he can't like it. Who can?"

"Perry, your grandfather likes it; and surely he has a right to please himself."

"I don't know about that. You might say the same thing if he wanted to kill all the foxes about the place, or do any other outlandish thing. Of course he might kill them, as far as the law goes, but where would he be afterward? She hasn't said any thing to him, has she?"

"I think not."

"Nor to you?"

"No; she has not spoken to me—not about that."

"She promised me positively that she would break it off."

"You must not be hard on her, Perry."

Just as these words were spoken there came a low knock at Mrs. Orme's dressing-room door. This room, in which Mrs. Orme was wont to sit for an hour or so every night before she went to bed, was the scene of all the meetings of affection which took place between the mother and the son. It was a pretty little apartment, opening from Mrs. Orme's bedroom, which had at one time been the exclusive property of Peregrine's father. But by degrees it had altogether assumed feminine attributes; had been furnished with soft chairs, a sofa, and a lady's table; and though called by the name of Mrs. Orme's dressing-room, was in fact a separate sitting-room devoted to her exclusive use. Sir Peregrine would not for worlds have entered it without sending up his name beforehand, and this he did on only very rare occasions. But Lady Mason had of late been admitted here, and Mrs. Orme now knew that it was her knock.

"Open the door, Perry," she said; "it is Lady Mason." He did open the door, and Lady Mason entered.

"Oh, Mr. Orme, I did not know that you were here."

"I am just off. Good-night, mother!"

"But I am disturbing you."

"No, we had done;" and he stooped down and kissed his mother. "Good-night, Lady Mason. Hadn't I better put some coals on for you, or the fire will be out?" He did put on the coals, and then he went his way.

Lady Mason while he was doing this had sat down on the sofa, close to Mrs. Orme; but when the door was closed Mrs. Orme was the first to speak. "Well, dear," she said, putting her hand caressingly on the other's arm. "I am inclined to think that had there been no one whom Mrs. Orme was bound to consult but herself, she would have wished that this marriage should

have gone on. To her it would have been altogether pleasant to have had Lady Mason ever with her in the house; and she had none of those fears as to future family retrospections respecting which Lord Alston had spoken with so much knowledge of the world. As it was, her manner was so caressing and affectionate to her guest that she did much more to promote Sir Peregrine's wishes than to oppose them. "Well, dear," she said, with her sweetest smile.

"I am so sorry that I have driven your son away."

"He was going. Besides, it would make no matter; he would stay here all night sometimes if I didn't drive him away myself. He comes here and writes his letters at the most unconscionable hours, and uses up all my note-paper in telling some horse-keeper what is to be done with his mare."

"Ah, how happy you must be to have him!"

"Well, I suppose I am," she said, as a tear came into her eyes. "We are so hard to please. I am all anxiety now that he should be married; and if he were married, then I suppose I should grumble because I did not see so much of him. He would be more settled if he would marry, I think. For myself I approve of early marriages for young men." And then she thought of her own husband whom she had loved so well and lost so soon. And so they sat silent for a while, each thinking of her own lot in life.

"But I must not keep you up all night," said Lady Mason.

"Oh, I do so like you to be here," said the other. Then again she took hold of her arm, and the two women kissed each other.

"But, Edith," said the other, "I came in here to-night with a purpose. I have something that I wish to say to you. Can you listen to me?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Orme; "surely."

"Has your son been talking to you about—about what was said between him and me the other day? I am sure he has, for I know he tells you every thing—as he ought to do."

"Yes, he did speak to me," said Mrs. Orme, almost trembling with anxiety.

"I am so glad, for now it will be easier for me to tell you. And since that I have seen Mr. Furnival, and he says the same. I tell you because you are so good and so loving to me. I will keep nothing from you; but you must not tell Sir Peregrine that I talked to Mr. Furnival about this."

Mrs. Orme gave the required promise, hardly thinking at the moment whether or no she would be guilty of any treason against Sir Peregrine in doing so.

"I think I should have said nothing to him, though he is so very old a friend, had not Mr. Orme—"

"You mean Peregrine?"

"Yes; had not he been so—so earnest about it. He told me that if I married Sir Peregrine I should be doing a cruel injury to him—to his grandfather."

"He should not have said that."

"Yes, Edith—if he thinks it. He told me that I should be turning all his friends against him. So I promised him that I would speak to Sir Peregrine, and break it off if it be possible."

"He told me that."

"And then I spoke to Mr. Furnival, and he told me that I should be blamed by all the world if I were to marry him. I can not tell you all he said, but he said this: that if—if—"

"If what, dear?"

"If in the court they should say—"

"Say what?"

"Say that I did this thing—then Sir Peregrine would be crushed, and would die with a broken heart."

"But they can not say that; it is impossible. You do not think it possible that they can do so?" And then again she took hold of Lady Mason's arm, and looked up anxiously into her face. She looked up anxiously, not suspecting any thing, not for a moment presuming it possible that such a verdict could be justly given, but in order that she might see how far the fear of a fate so horrible was operating on her friend. Lady Mason's face was pale and woe-worn, but not more so than was now customary with her.

"One can not say what may be possible," she answered, slowly. "I suppose they would not go on with it if they did not think they had some chance of success."

"You mean as to the property?"

"Yes; as to the property."

"But why should they not try that, if they must try it, without dragging you there?"

"Ah, I do not understand; or, at least, I can not explain it. Mr. Furnival says that it must be so; and therefore I shall tell Sir Peregrine to-morrow that all this must be given up." And then they sat together silently, holding each other by the hand.

"Good-night, Edith," Lady Mason said at last, getting up from her seat.

"Good-night, dearest."

"You will let me be your friend still, will you not?" said Lady Mason.

"My friend! Oh yes; always my friend. Why should this interfere between you and me?"

"But he will be very angry—at least I fear that he will. Not that—not that he will have any thing to regret. But the very strength of his generosity and nobleness will make him angry. He will be indignant because I do not let him make this sacrifice for me. And then—and then—I fear I must leave this house."

"Oh no, not that; I will speak to him. He will do any thing for me."

"It will be better perhaps that I should go. People will think that I am estranged from Lucius. But if I go, you will come to me? He will let you do that—will he not?"

And then there were warm, close promises given, and embraces interchanged. The women did love each other with a hearty, true love, and each longed that they might be left together.

And yet how different they were, and how different had been their lives!

The prominent thought in Lady Mason's mind as she returned to her own room was this—that Mrs. Orme had said no word to dissuade her from the line of conduct which she had proposed to herself. Mrs. Orme had never spoken against the marriage as Peregrine had spoken, and Mr. Furnival. Her heart had not been stern enough to allow her to do that. But was it not clear that her opinion was the same as theirs? Lady Mason acknowledged to herself that it was clear, and acknowledged to herself also that no one was in favor of the marriage. "I will do it immediately after breakfast," she said to herself. And then she sat down—and sat through the half the night thinking of it.

Mrs. Orme, when she was left alone, almost rebuked herself in that she had said no word of counsel against the undertaking which Lady Mason proposed for herself. For Mr. Furnival and his opinion she did not care much. Indeed, she would have been angry with Lady Mason for speaking to Mr. Furnival on the subject, were it not that her pity was too deep to admit of any anger. That the truth must be established at the trial Mrs. Orme felt all but confident. When alone she would feel quite sure on this point, though a doubt would always creep in on her when Lady Mason was with her. But now, as she sat alone, she could not realize the idea that the fear of a verdict against her friend should offer any valid reason against the marriage. The valid reasons, if there were such, must be looked for elsewhere. And were these other reasons so strong in their validity? Sir Peregrine desired the marriage; and so did Lady Mason herself, as regarded her own individual wishes. Mrs. Orme was sure that this was so. And then for her own self, she—Sir Peregrine's daughter-in-law, the only lady concerned in the matter—she also would have liked it. But her son disliked it, and she had yielded so far to the wishes of her son. Well—was it not right that with her those wishes should be all but paramount? And thus she endeavored to satisfy her conscience as she retired to rest.

On the following morning the four assembled at breakfast. Lady Mason hardly spoke at all to any one. Mrs. Orme, who knew what was about to take place, was almost as silent; but Sir Peregrine had almost more to say than usual to his grandson. He was in good spirits, having firmly made up his mind on a certain point; and he showed this by telling Peregrine that he would ride with him immediately after breakfast. "What has made you so slack about your hunting during the last two or three days?" he asked.

"I shall hunt to-morrow?" said Peregrine.

"Then you can afford time to ride with me through the woods after breakfast." And so it would have been arranged had not Lady Mason immediately said that she hoped to be able to say a few words to Sir Peregrine in the library after breakfast. "*Place aux dames*," said he.



THE CONFESSION.

"Peregrine, the horses can wait." And so the matter was arranged while they were still sitting over their toast.

Peregrine, as this was said, had looked at his mother, but she had not ventured to take her eyes for a moment from the tea-pot. Then he had looked at Lady Mason, and saw that she

was, as it were, going through a fashion of eating her breakfast. In order to break the absolute silence of the room he muttered something about the weather, and then his grandfather, with the same object, answered him. After that no words were spoken till Sir Peregrine, rising from his chair, declared that he was ready.

He got up and opened the door for his guest, and then hurrying across the hall, opened the library door for her also, holding it till she had passed in. Then he took her left hand in his, and passing his right arm round her waist, asked her if any thing disturbed her.

"Oh yes," she said, "yes; there is much that disturbs me. I have done very wrong."

"How done wrong, Mary?" She could not recollect that he had called her Mary before, and the sound she thought was very sweet—was very sweet, although she was over forty, and he over seventy years of age.

"I have done very wrong, and I have now come here that I may undo it. Dear Sir Peregrine, you must not be angry with me."

"I do not think that I shall be angry with you; but what is it, dearest?"

But she did not know how to find words to declare her purpose. It was comparatively an easy task to tell Mrs. Orme that she had made up her mind not to marry Sir Peregrine, but it was by no means easy to tell the baronet himself. And now she stood there leaning over the fire-place, with his arm round her waist—as it behooved her to stand no longer, seeing the resolution to which she had come. But still she did not speak.

"Well, Mary, what is it? I know there is something on your mind or you would not have summoned me in here. Is it about the trial? Have you seen Mr. Furnival again?"

"No, it is not about the trial," she said, avoiding the other question.

"What is it then?"

"Sir Peregrine, it is impossible that we should be married." And thus she brought forth her tidings, as it were at a gasp, speaking at the moment with a voice that was almost indicative of anger.

"And why not?" said he, releasing her from his arm and looking at her.

"It can not be," she said.

"And why not, Lady Mason?"

"It can not be," she said again, speaking with more emphasis, and with a stronger tone.

"And is that all that you intend to tell me? Have I done any thing that has offended you?"

"Offended me! No. I do not think that would be possible. The offense is on the other side—"

"Then, my dear—"

"But listen to me now. It can not be. I know that it is wrong. Every thing tells me that such a marriage on your part would be a sacrifice—a terrible sacrifice. You would be throwing away your great rank—"

"No," shouted Sir Peregrine; "not though I married a kitchen-maid, instead of a lady who in social life is my equal."

"Ah no; I should not have said rank. You can not lose that; but your station in the world, the respect of all around you, the—the—the—"

"Who has been telling you all this?"

"I have wanted no one to tell me. Thinking of it has told it me all. My own heart,

which is full of gratitude and love for you, has told me."

"You have not seen Lord Alston?"

"Lord Alston! oh no."

"Has Peregrine been speaking to you?"

"Peregrine!"

"Yes; Peregrine, my grandson."

"He has spoken to me."

"Telling you to say this to me. Then he is an ungrateful boy—a very ungrateful boy. I would have done any thing to guard him from wrong in this matter."

"Ah; now I see the evil that I have done. Why did I ever come into the house to make quarrels between you?"

"There shall be no quarrel. I will forgive him even that if you will be guided by me. And, dearest Mary, you must be guided by me now. This matter has gone too far for you to go back—unless, indeed, you will say that personally you have an aversion to the marriage."

"Oh no, no; it is not that," she said, eagerly. She could not help saying it with eagerness. She could not inflict the wound on his feelings which her silence would then have given.

"Under those circumstances I have a right to say that the marriage must go on."

"No; no."

"But I say it must. Sit down, Mary." And she did sit down, while he stood leaning over her and thus spoke. "You speak of sacrificing me. I am an old man with not many more years before me. If I did sacrifice what little is left to me of life with the object of befriending one whom I really love, there would be no more in it than what a man might do, and still feel that the balance was on the right side. But here there will be no sacrifice. My life will be happier, and so will Edith's. And so indeed will that boy's, if he did but know it. For the world's talk, which will last some month or two, I care nothing. This I will confess, that if I were prompted to this only by my own inclination, only by love for you"—and as he spoke he held out his hand to her, and she could not refuse him hers—"in such a case I should doubt and hesitate and probably keep aloof from such a step. But it is not so. In doing this I shall gratify my own heart, and also serve you in your great troubles. Believe me, I have thought of that."

"I know you have, Sir Peregrine, and therefore it can not be."

"But therefore it shall be. The world knows it now, and were we to be separated after what has passed, the world would say that I—I had thought you guilty of this crime."

"I must bear all that." And now she stood before him, not looking him in the face, but with her face turned down toward the ground, and speaking hardly above her breath.

"By Heavens, no! not while I can stand by your side. Not while I have strength left to support you and thrust the lie down the throat of such a wretch as Joseph Mason. No, Mary, go back to Edith and tell her that you have tried

it, but that there is no escape for you." And then he smiled at her. His smile at times could be very pleasant!

But she did not smile as she answered him. "Sir Peregrine," she said; and she endeavored to raise her face to his but failed.

"Well, my love."

"Sir Peregrine, I am guilty."

"Guilty! Guilty of what?" he said, startled rather than instructed by her words.

"Guilty of all this with which they charge me." And then she threw herself at his feet, and wound her arms round his knees.

AN ORTHOPTERIAN DEFENSE.

"I will tell it softly;
You crickets shall not hear it."

NEITHER Juvenal nor Sir Walter Scott were Naturalists, or had the slightest peep into the hidden arcana of Nature. Neither of them saw any thing with eyes, either approximately or afar off; but both with a dim light beheld an Intelligence which, looking at it *inwardly*, and not *outwardly*, they considered, though an inexorable law of Providence, somewhat remarkable. Juvenal has nine lines* which Sir Walter Scott, as his friends term it, has "paraphrased:"

"Even the tiger fell and sullen bear
Their likeness and their lineage spare;
Man only mars kind Nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man."

If you will take the trouble to compare these two, you will wish many *translators* of the present day conveyed the meaning of an author's thoughts so emphatically. Many a bright and beautiful message, with wings multiplied by languages, would be borne to souls, leaving their wealth to germinate, which now come to us garbled and betinseled with the translator's constructions, rendering them unintelligible, if not positively injurious.

We will not discuss the facts that prove how fallacious both poets are which can be taken from every department of Natural History, but confine ourselves to the one through which we have been so long—and, I trust, pleasantly to you, as it has been to me—journeying together.

I think it is a conclusion little disputed among those possessing the faith of the Christian, that in all the evil permitted to reach His creatures by an All-seeing Father—be it spiritually, morally, or through the instrumentality of na-

ture—*good* is the meaning, and good is eventually the result, which we who only see, feel, and understand the present, view neither for our improvement nor benefit; but which, if analyzed in all its bearings, would be found working together for the good of the whole. Self is a shadow, comprehended alone by man, unknown in heaven or in the earth beneath. Man, to himself, is not only a microcosm but a macrocosm; and, unfortunately for himself, he is willing to look on every thing around with a light springing from within, and not from without; which light alone dispels the darkness on truth's troublous path.

If this result is reached in great evils, which eventually expand into benefits, how much more so is it discoverable in the agency of those thousand minute beings placed around us to watch and invigorate the earth by constant destruction and renovation; and which, in their turn, would become an evil if they were not sacrificed as food for another race, which in its turn becomes the basis of life in higher orders, until man is reached, the recipient of the result—the *good*!

Suppose, for instance, a plant—an exotic—transplanted from a strange region: climate and soil being agreeable it thrives, and multiplied, and spread in luxuriance around and about us; suppose now that its natural insects, consumers and destroyers, should not seek it or find it, nor follow man in this new cultivation. How soon this once beautiful or useful exotic would become distasteful to us—utterly abhorrent! With nothing but this one thing obtruding upon us, the fig-tree would become a upas for poison, and wheat give us flour bitter, unnourishing, hateful. Therefore, is this not a wise provision that a race should exist which has the power to keep superfluous productions from becoming positive injuries?

A great outcry is made at the destruction caused by locusts, by ants, by cut-worms, by wire-worms, and a dozen other supposed enemies. But what fields of withered, unpalatable grasses the country would become if not eaten clear of this exuberance, and allowed to be reinvigorated by a new growth! The earth would be uninhabitable for man in tropical climates if ants and termites did not take old timber and fallen trees under their especial protection. The ground would become so baked by the sun, so hardened by evaporation, that all vegetation would soon disappear if those restless, twisting, eating little denizens, cut-worms, wire-worms, and a vast variety of others, did not keep constantly at work tossing, rooting, burrowing amidst, opening Mother Nature's bosom to the genial influences of rain, vapor, and dew.

How idle, then—nay, how ungrateful—it is in us to complain that such a thing is "a nuisance," and another "a plague!" Let us look over, beyond the trouble, and we shall see a benefit coming—slowly, perhaps, but still progressing—toward us. Then, again, the good effects which these insects are performing for us may in time become, from over-increase or preponderance, a

* Satire xv. 163-171.—*Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem*, etc. Literally rendered: "The tigress of India maintains unbroken harmony with each tigress that ravens. Bears, savage to others, are yet at peace among themselves. But for man! he is not content with forging on the ruthless anvil the death-dealing steel! While his progenitors, those primeval smiths, that went to hammer out naught save rakes and hoes, and wearied out with mattocks and plow-shares, knew not the art of manufacturing swords. Here we behold a people whose brutal passion is not glutted with simple murder, but deem their fellows' breasts and arms and faces a kind of natural food."

decided torment—causing us to suffer, directly or indirectly, a thousand-fold more than the other evils would have entailed.

Here, then, we reach the balance of power: a race of insects which, because they perform the mission they are sent upon, are called “cowardly,” “cruel cannibals,” “using Heaven’s livery in the Devil’s service,” and the like. If they could absent themselves for a while, how soon these undeserved epithets would be changed into terms of devotion, and they would be hailed, as they really are, benefactors to their ungrateful and vituperative assailants! I think you will agree with me, when you close this article, that this is not a problematical case, propounded for adjudication, but that they are a decided countercheck, given to us by the Giver of all good, that his great law should be strictly fulfilled: that all things shall pass away, yet be renewed in constant rotation; and that nothing which He has made shall be lost.

I have a strange, a singularly odd company to place before you. If their natural habits have been little understood hitherto their appearance has been less appreciated. The beauty of this adaptativeness to the task to be performed is most wonderfully illustrated in this family; and if a sensation of the uncouth, the eccentric, lingers around them, it is all lost when we know them in the appreciation of the useful.

Look first at the *Mantis Religiosa Americana*—the “American Soothsayer.” We have here a personage famed in legendary lore; who is said to have conversed with saints and children; who mingles now in the worship of the Hottentots; who adds to the pleasure and amusements of the Chinese by exhibiting his pugilistic propensities; who is, among the Turks, considered worthy of religious honors; and who is famed for possessing magic powers of some kind wherever met with, at home or abroad. You will not wonder at it if you study attentively the quaint and weird creature’s face, free, and at liberty to follow her own fancy or instinct, or whatever you may call it. I am fearful that you will think I should be bordering on the marvelous if I should describe many scenes such as this personage and I have passed together; but I shall plead, in return, that you follow my example, and see whether you will not say more than I shall have space to do, by taking one or more as companions the coming season.

To obtain them in perfection at the North you can get your friends to look on the pine rail fences inclosing corn-fields any where south of New Jersey; or in the forks of the branches of the young pine, whose resin she enjoys amazingly, and send you the capsule of eggs; keep it in a warm, dry place, and in June, if the weather is fine, hundreds of these creatures will work their way from their odd-looking cradle. Out of this host you may succeed in raising five or ten, if you are very watchful. In the open air they would all come to maturity, but when in confinement the stronger devour the weaker. Feed them as freely as you can with flies, ants,

or aphides; any variety of insect will serve as food. They change their skins four times. At the last moulting they obtain their wings, and have reached the imago state. It will be, if a fine specimen, nearly three inches long from the mouth to the tip of the tail-pieces; and the wings will expand nearly the same. They are longer than this in Texas and Mexico. They will be of a soft, pale, silvery apple-green, all over the shades in white, except the eyes and hooks, which are very black. The abdomen is so transparent that its color varies with the food it has been devouring: dark, if the caterpillars were such; a light color if otherwise. After the last moulting tie a long thread or a silken string around the thorax where it joins the body; place her on the cornice of the window, or on the frame of a picture or mirror, and you will be troubled with no insects near you. But you must watch that she does not starve, by placing near her caterpillars, young grasshoppers, and the like. If you take a little pains you can soon approach her, and hold an insect or a piece of raw pigeon flesh, and she will come and take it.

“Queen Bess,” of famous memory, would alight on my shoulder and take all her food from me half a dozen times a day. When she omitted her visit I knew that she had been hunting on her own account. All night long she would keep watch and guard under the mosquito-net. The silk was fastened to the post of the bed; and woe betide an unfortunate mosquito who fancied for his supper a drop of claret. It was the drollest, the most laughter-moving sensation, to feel one of these trumpeters saluting your nose or forehead, and hear Queen Bess approaching with those long claws, creeping slowly, softly, nearer and nearer; to feel the fine prick of the lancet setting in for a tipple; then you would suppose a dozen fine needles had been suddenly drawn across the part; then, *presto!* Bess’s strong, sabre-like claws had the jolly trumpeter tucked into her capacious jaws before you could open your eyes to ascertain the state of affairs.

These creatures very seldom fly far, but walk in a most stately and dignified manner. Queen Bess could not bear to be overlooked or slighted; and so sure as she saw me bending over the magnifier with an insect, and I thought she was ten yards off, the insect would be incontinently snapped out of my fingers. Many a valuable specimen disappeared in this way. I learned to put her at these times in the sounding-board of an Æolian harp, which was generally placed in the window. Her majesty liked music of this kind amazingly; as the vibration was *felt* though not heard. I presume she fancied she was serenaded by the singing leaves of the forest. I knew she would have remained there spell-bound until driven forth by hunger, if I did not remove her when I was not afraid of her company.

As I have begun my “experiences,” I will go through with them and confess that I was obliged from circumstances to attach more than accident to her prophetic capacity—her fortune-tell-

ing. I have not a grain of superstition to contend against in other matters, having so much reverence for the Creator of all things that I certainly have no fear of any thing earthly or spiritually conveyed to the senses. But I was taught by the saddest teacher, Experience, that whenever Queen Bess's refusal went unheeded I was the sufferer. The first time I ever tried it was to determine a vacillating presentiment I felt about trying a new horse whose reputation was far from good. I placed Queen Bess before me, held up my finger:

"Attention! Queen Bess, would you advise me to try that horse?"

She was standing on her hind-legs, her antennæ erect, wings wide spread. I repeated the question. Antennæ fell; wings folded; and down she went, gradually, until her head and long thorax were buried beneath her front-legs. I took her advice, and did not venture. Two days later the horse threw his rider and killed him.

Here was the turning-point. Was I to allow such folly to master me, if French girls do take a mantis to the junction of three roads, and ask her on which their lover will come, and watch the insect turning and examining each road with her weird sibyl head? If French girls commit such follies, should I, a staid American woman, follow their example—putting my faith in the caprices of an insect? Pshaw! I was above such folly. So the next time Queen Bess was consulted a more decided refusal was given; but I disregarded her warning, and most sorely did I repent it. Again she would approve, by standing more erect, if possible, spreading and closing her wings; then all was sunshine with me. So it went for many months. Many others have had the same experience, if they will confess it honestly. I learned to obey the hidden head more carefully than any other, I am sorry to say; and I never, in one single instance, knew her to refuse her opinion; and I never knew it to be wrong in whatever way she announced it.

But, sad to relate, Queen Bess disappeared very suddenly. No searching could bring her fate to light. She had not been tied for some time; and I supposed, of course, that the ungrateful thing had taken her departure for green fields and loving trees, and I thought I rejoiced in being my own mistress once more. Some months after, in changing the bed appurtenances, her majesty's remains were found. She had been caught by her feet and front claws in some silk fringe, from which she could not extricate herself, and had starved to death—miserable fate for so much intelligence and fame as she enjoyed!

Youngsters try their future expectations by making a mimic chariot, ballasting it with small pebbles, shot, or any thing—(it is astonishing what weight she will carry)—and harnessing her in with silk. Upon being freighted she rises immediately, as if to try the weight; if too heavy she will not fly. Lighten the chariot,

and she will soar away to a tree or a field; then her owner is to be a lucky boy. If she will not go at all, or only a short distance, and soon come down, misfortune is to be his doom. But whether there is or is not any prophetic power exhibited she has the fame of it, and in every country where she is known is valued on its account. I never heard a refusal to grant "a something odd about her doings" by any one who has been seriously inclined to keep her company.

The *Mantis Religiosa* of Southern Europe, Asia, and Africa corresponds in every particular, as far as I can trace, with ours, except that they are represented without the tail appendages, which are not mentioned by authors who treat of them, and the shanks of the fore-legs are not so broad. The first discrepancy, I think, must be an oversight in the design, and the last is not sufficient to constitute another genus; so I simply have added *Americana* by way of distinction.

They are found during summer every where south and southwest of New Jersey. The male is not quite two inches long, and is very inferior in size and appearance to the female. There are varieties of brown and gray colors. This proceeds from climate, food, and other changes. They are strictly carnivorous, and invaluable to the planters and farmers, consuming an immense number of insects. They are very harmless, innocent, and patient, and should not be exposed to so much abuse for performing their mission so valiantly. I wish many of us could say that our duties were all as honestly and faithfully performed.

They have a countercheck constantly attending in the shape of a pretty Ichneumon fly, which deposits an egg in each of hers by inserting her ovipositor through the gummy matter of the capsule when fresh. If the fly is inattentive, or not at hand, the capsule soon hardens, and the mantises are safe. You will generally find the mother insect watching near the capsule for a day or more after finishing it. The commencement of this capsule is a singular arrangement, as the gummy material proceeds from food digested in her body. It is used, as the eggs are being deposited, according to the quantity required. She chooses the location for her capsule, stations herself near it, and commences exuding this gummy matter. She takes a portion in her jaws, and walks gradually away with it, drawing it out finer and finer, until it will allow no more expansion. She now pauses, still holding the end of the string of gum in her mouth. In this position she will remain for hours—what is apparently a piece of spun glass leading from her mouth to the spot of gum where the capsule is to be commenced. Often this breaks, and days will elapse before the capsule will be begun. But if it retains its continuity, on the succeeding day her work of maternity is begun. We may presume this must be for the purpose of ascertaining the strength of the gum to withstand atmospheric changes the entire winter, and to resist the Ichneumon

fly. Some of the capsules are very rough, and badly finished; others resemble knots or twists on the branches; others, again, are left half finished, as if the gum had failed—which is likely the case, from the food required not being attainable. But we must leave this famed personage for one more humble.

The *Phasma Fragilis Americana*—"Fragile American Phasma," or, familiarly, "Walking-stick"—is a singular creature to look at; and unless in motion you would take it to be a twiggy stick. It is of a very dark brown, with lines of black, like old wood. It is believed to be entirely herbivorous; but I have fed them, found in Connecticut, for weeks at a time, on aphides. They are represented as biting off the tops of buds, eating holes in leaves, and destroying bean and corn crops in the Middle States. The few I have seen here appeared to me to be eating the vegetable matter for the sake of the insect deposit found on it. Eggs and larvæ had been placed wherever they had performed the most mischief. I know that they will live and thrive—but not so well—on fruits and sallads. They are very lazy, quiet, inoffensive creatures, appearing so dry, so attenuated, and stick-like, that you would hardly be able to allow them much space for usefulness. But I have been told by farmers that they were glad to see the black barebones—they always somehow had good crops. So their good must be done by stealth, and for it they are very much misunderstood by many. You will find their capsules glued upon blades of grass or other plants—roundish black and white spots of gum. The eggs are small, and not very numerous.

Sometimes they make their appearance in certain places in myriads, and then disappear again for years. The cause has as yet eluded investigation. As soon as they are dead they drop to pieces. It is said that they have the power of renewing their limbs if broken off. This is erroneous. They moult four times, but have not even a rudiment of a wing. The only difference perceptible after the last moulting is, all the segments of the body are very distinctly separated. The young have the appearance of those dot-and-line figures in which our artist used to revel some years ago.

The *Spectrum Betulla*—"Birch-Tree Spectrum"—is the *S. Femoratum* of Say. Its habits are strictly herbivorous, living in forests on the highest birch-trees. They were numerous some years ago at the Falls of Niagara, and a specimen was found in a garden at Montreal. Their habits and economy are the same, but we perceive none of the mute intelligence in these as we find in the *Mantis*, although so closely related. They are of the color of dead leaves—a dingy brown, with a slight streak down the back. They generally go in pairs. The female is longer, but not so stout as the male. She has two small wedges folded together as an ovipositor, and the capsule appears precisely like two rough pieces of bark bent into shape. Rough as it appears it is compact, impervious to water, and

full of eggs, which in time will produce its share of such beauties.

Spectrum Palmeus—"Palmetto Spectrum." I do not feel assured that this is the *Spectrum Bevitatum* of Say, though there is certainly very small difference. It is only found far south; I have never seen it north of the Carolinas. It is a brighter insect than the two preceding; more active and genial in its movements. They are found in crowds upon the far-famed palmetto-tree, their principal food being the outside leaves of its bud, or "cabbage," as it is called, of which they partake so freely that often, if you lift one up suddenly, the gummy substance, or digested food, will ooze out around the segments. It has a most peculiar pungent smell at first; but as you familiarize yourself to it it becomes highly aromatic, like the breezes of a pine-forest strongly spiced. This odor is very peculiar, and you will never forget it when once you have inhaled it. Much as she loves this tree she does not, strange to say, deposit her capsule on it. I presume she has instinct to know that the males will always be found near this location; and she likewise knows their carnivorous propensities; so she wanders off to some large-leaved tree—such as the magnolia—and there deposits her eggs just at the stem of the leaf, in a light-brown many-ribbed capsule. Then stretching herself near by on the leaf she awaits her destiny, whether it comes by the sharp bill of the woodpecker or the flash-like tongue of the pretty green lizard. They are of an orange-brown color, shaded very dark at the edges and segments, with a very dark band running down the back. The males are so different in appearance, so small in comparison, that you would suppose them to be different insects. They are always found in pairs until the female is ready to commence her capsule, when she departs slyly; consequently the males in time will more than outnumber the females in company. "The green-eyed monster, Jealousy," now intrudes himself, and a grand *mêlée* takes place, when many are killed and wounded. Often the females can be seen dispatching the remainder of the other unhappy sex—their services being no longer required. When they have newly changed their last skin, and are fresh, they resemble long drops of gold reposing over the leaves of this quaint, historical tree.

Next I shall present a most rare, singular, shy class of insects. If you are not told where it is probable you may find them, you may never come across one during your lifetime. They may be termed the "Mantis of the air," as the other is of the earth. The *Mantispa* is certainly our large friend in miniature. There has been some hesitancy among entomologists in which family they should be placed; many preferring to locate them among the Neuroptera. As the insect's principal characteristic should designate its class—which in this instance pronounces the close affinity between the Mantis and Mantispa in the construction of their front legs—I consider the latter a sub-genus of the former. The

palpi of the maxillæ have five joints; there are five joints in the tarsi, or feet; the antennæ are filiform.

The Neuropterous insects are, with a very few exceptions, inhabitants of the water in their larva state; whereas the Mantispæ belong distinctly to the trunks of trees in their early stages, and are the denizens of the air in the imago state. They are more numerous than collectors think, and do an infinity of good, which is unappreciated because unknown. They moult, as the others do, four times. At first they are found on the lower branches of the most secluded trees, hunting very rapidly down the trunk. You would overlook them a dozen times, taking them for large ants; for many of them never gain their brilliant colors until at the last moulting, with their wings. As they grow older they descend more rarely; at last attain their wings; and if you can take them at all now, it must be immediately after a heavy blow and a fall of rain, when they have been beaten down from the tops of the trees. Unfortunately for collectors their food—the small processionary and social caterpillars called “canker-worms”—is so abundant that there is no necessity for their descending very low in quest of food.

The *Mantispa Denarius*—“Ten-toothed Mantispa”—is found as far north as New York, if the season is very warm and dry, and can be taken almost any summer on large trees in and near Philadelphia. The most favorable time is to watch for them on the trunks of trees, before they attain their wings, and feed them during their transformation. Place them separately, or the stronger will devour the weaker. Feed them on flies, young caterpillars, and the like, and you will be well repaid by seeing evolve an odd-looking, eccentric, most useful creature. Some are very brilliant in colors; others again are dark and sombre; and some have the body of one color and the wings of another. I have a specimen which has no color but brown and black on it, except the claws and antennæ, which are yellow. This is rather difficult to obtain or raise. The best classification, I think, for them into sub-genera is through the number of teeth intervening between the top and the lower hook of the front claws. This one has ten; another specimen, so exact that I supposed it merely a variety, and put it by as such, upon further examination I found had but three large teeth intervening, and one more joint in the antennæ, which proved that it was not the same insect. The capsule is simply three little brown knobs placed one the top of another. The young come out all at the same puncture at the extreme end. The eggs are not very numerous, and are deposited in a glutinous stuff, soft inside, which hardens exteriorly, so that you can with difficulty puncture it with a pen-knife.

The *Mantispa Aureus*—“Golden Mantispa”—is a most brilliant creature. It is shaded in the brightest of golden yellow. The stripe down the back is a very dark green, dotted with gold.

The antennæ, legs, and eyes are the same, scintillating burnished gold at every turn. The wings, where the bands are the darkest, are yellow, the spaces between merely shaded from the effulgence of the whole. Their food is the larvæ of all moths belonging to the willow family of trees; and they are consequently found where these trees abound near running streams. The larvæ are nearly black, with yellow feet, and can be seen often in June and July, running up and down the trees in the Middle and Southern States. The capsule is only a long pod-like affair, laid lengthwise in the fork of a branch.

The *Mantispa Gulosus*—“Gluttonous Mantispa”—I could decide on no name more descriptive of this insect than this. It could devour more gnats and flies than I dare tell you. Those long-legged crane-flies would disappear very magically before it. They must be an invaluable insect. The larvæ were found hidden away between the grains of some wheat ears. Only one came to perfection, and it was impossible to get food for more than one. The last moulting took place in August, and it came out with a bluish-black body, brown wings, red eyes, and yellowish legs, with brown lines intersecting them. Subsequently a number of capsules were found on the joints of the long cane-grass of the Southern swamp, from which issued in June the same larvæ; but I could not feed them. It would have taken the time of three persons to have supplied them with food. I liberated the whole colony in the garden, and doubtless they did me good service. This variety has been found as far north as New Jersey, when the season is long and dry.

I must reserve space for the justification of an insect that the whole world seems to have united together to misappreciate and misrepresent.

The *Forficula Auricularia*—“The Ear-wig”—is accused of such bad taste as to enter persons' ears and seek an entrance to the brains—which doubtless were not there to find. She would be soon convinced, if she was silly enough to make the attempt, that Mirabeau's assertion, “the Impossible did not exist,” was, like many other fallacies, very possible, as in this instance. There is no intruding beyond the drum of the human ear. I will not therefore attempt to refute an *impossibility*. Then again, suppose she does eat a few holes in your melon skins, she was doing you great service when those holes were being made. There had been deposited eggs of some other insect which would have allowed you no melons at all. When the Scotchman feasted for the first time on a dish of prawns, the horny head, long-spined rostrum, legs, and antennæ all disappeared between those splendid grinders with which his race is usually so greatly favored. Seeing the terrified look of his host, he innocently exclaimed, “Ech Sirs! dinna be fashed—it's as weel to eat banes and a'!” So Mrs. Ear-wig makes assurance doubly sure by taking a bit of melon with the eggs. Again, when you find her with her head buried deep in pinks, lilies, and other flowers, nothing but those dan-

gerous-looking forceps flourishing in the air, when she nips them she consumes hosts of young larvæ and eggs which the next year would have left you neither leaf nor flower. As for soiling or staining flowers she has no power to do it if she would. Her own eggs are peculiarly free from mucus of any kind. Like many other persons in this world, she is accused of accomplishing more than Nature has given her the capacity to perform. I think the ear-wig a decidedly useful insect. In a melon-bed under glass, where never a melon-vine could even get into flower or leaf, a female ear-wig was placed, and was protected from molestation. The next season there were flower, leaf, and fruit in abundance; but Mrs. Ear-wig had been selecting her bite here and there all over them, and leaves had holes punctured in them, and other marks of disfigurement; these were of her doings. The next season these were fewer, and in time the melon-bed became unexceptionable; but she and her numerous progeny, having emptied their larder, disappeared. They are fond of fruit and flowers, and may be fed solely on them; but they thrive better on the eggs and very minute larvæ of other insects. I have brought several to perfection on aphides alone.

The ear-wig has the reputation of sitting on her eggs to incubate them as do birds. De Geer, Frisch, and others affirm this as a fact. It may be so; but I am one who likes to ascertain the reason for certain acts. In the first place, she has no *heat* in her body—there are no atmospheric changes evolving in the body of an insect; so how could she incubate? The eggs, moreover, are so soft that she would crush them with her weight. She is at times the most restless of insects. Seized with a kind of frenzy, those nippers opening and shutting wildly at every thing, her wings are never expanded unless she is very much terrified. Then again she is very narrow, and her abdomen could not cover six of her eggs placed in a row; while her nest generally occupies the space of the size of a half dollar. A nest now before me was in the end of a brick; the other part was elevated on two small blocks, and pushed together so as to allow only a ray of light through a crack to penetrate the abode. If you placed your eyes on a level with the ground you could observe all her manoeuvres under the piece of brick supported by the blocks. First act was to gnaw away the brick until a sort of cavity was formed under the overshelving edge. This was the work of several days. Those pincers then at the end of her tail crushed up the brick into very fine dust, which was neatly spread in this cavity. A ridge was now pushed up by her legs on the outside of this bed of fine dust. An opening like a gate was left, through which she forced her head only when watching. This was the work of several days more. The sand was next turned all over as if plowed up, and then made very level again. And now she commenced dropping her eggs, here and there, day after day, until she had deposited the last. She then rested for a day or

so, and went at times after food. In about a week's time the eggs were all taken up—first by the jaws, then by the forceps at the tail—and systematically arranged. Every day they were examined, and turned over every third day. At this time there were always some which were separated from the rest, and they disappeared. She must have eaten them, for some reasons known only to herself. These had always small black spots over them.

So this business progressed for thirty-three days, to the middle of July, when the larvæ came out simultaneously. They resembled small white lice more than any thing else; brisk, active, running over and around her as soon as hatched. Certainly they could not be called "grubs." She had them around her wherever she went; they evidently could not feed themselves. Early in the morning she would lead them all off up the stalk of a tall lily, and down into the calyx; and she would hide away near by. There was plenty of food here in the dew and pollen for a regiment of such creatures. This continued five weeks, the family always returning at stated intervals to the nest under the brick; and if the weather was rainy or dark the mother would not allow her brood to stir out of doors. In time they reached their third moulting, and would ramble away now and then, but always returned to the nest. At last the time approached for their last change. A few days previous to this these ungrateful creatures devoured the good mother, obtained their wings, and went out into the world to seek their fortunes separately. The old homestead was taken possession of by a field cricket, whose merry progeny made its roof ring with their merriment.

It is said that ear-wigs have six moultings. I could discover but the usual four, and see no reason why they should differ so essentially from others of their family. The ear-wig is about an inch long, of a blackish-brown color; the thorax is lead-colored, except in the centre, which is the color of the body. The wing-covers are of a dark brown, and unless examined would exhibit no translucency at all. The under wings are very pretty and large: it is wonderful how they can be hid away under those wing-covers, nothing seen except their tips. They fold first like a fan, then are doubled crosswise about the centre, then another fold below this. No small effort to get them expanded is required, we should think. They are very prismatic when the light falls on them; and no doubt the shape of the wing when expanded, resembling that of the human ear, gave rise to the name of "Ear-wig" among all nations; "*Perce-oreille*" in French, "*Ohrwurm*" in German, and so on. We have several varieties in this country, but they have attracted very little attention hitherto, as their depredations have been insignificant. A pretty spotted variety is found in Louisiana on the sugar plantations. Their most preferable abode is in damp, warm places, under stones in walls and brick-work. They are very timid, harmless, ill-treated, misunderstood, much-abused

insects, for whom I henceforth bespeak your liberality and charity, feeling most assured—and I hope you will agree with me—that the Useful is ever the Beautiful.

A DRAWN GAME.

I.

JUDGE CALTHORPE, of Calthorpeville, drew down his eyebrows into a letter V, and looked at me steadily with a searching smile. You would have thought I was the witness of the opposite counsel standing my cross-examination; but no, I was Judge Calthorpe's son.

"I think I heard you use the word 'Nature?'" said the Judge, presently.

"I did use the word, Sir."

"Repeat the sentence in which it occurred, if you please."

"I said that I was by nature a mathematician; that nature pointed out engineering or architecture as my proper career; and that nature revolted against my assuming a profession like the clerical, for which I had neither fitness nor desire."

"Hm. A young man who uses a word thrice in one sentence is to be supposed fully acquainted with its force. You may define the expression for me, John."

At the age of sixteen we do not find it easy to define. We take words at the value of their face, not knowing, until a later period, how delicately language and commercial paper vibrate above or below par. I was no broker in the common currency of speech, and embodying the idea in a more respectful form, told my father so.

"Well, Sir! I will tell you what Nature is. Nature is evil. Nature is disease. Nature is wrong in every form, askew, awry, depraved. At your mother's knee you learned your hymns; have you forgotten them?"

"We are by *Nature* all *unclean*,
And all our works are *guilt*."

That's what Nature is. Nature makes men lie—"they all go astray as soon as they are born" doing it. Nature makes men murderers—"hateful and hating one another." Nature makes them unfilial—"disobedient to parents." She would make *you* an ungrateful son if she could. Perhaps she *can*; but—"

The Judge's brows relaxed from that analytic smile which had been cutting into my boy-preferences with such merciless logic, and became smooth as the sea always is while a typhoon is blowing. Force in abundance, but no visible swell. I had learned to know that calmness well, though I could not define Nature.

I said not a word. I was aware he would speak by-and-by. At last the utterance came.

"You have now before you the opportunities for a liberal education. Next week Hinnom College opens. Its president was my classmate. There you will have every facility for preparing yourself to enter the noblest of careers. Latin and Greek are taught in Hinnom College by the first professors in our land.

Your favorite mathematics are not slighted. The Oriental professor, whom I know intimately, will give you private instructions in Hebrew. By this very morning's post I received a letter from him offering you board in his family during your entire college course. At the end of the four years in Hinnom you may enter the Theological Seminary on a footing unknown to the ordinary candidate for orders. You may pass out from the Seminary into a work—a glory—such as angels themselves might be proud of—are proud of, indeed—for it is *their* work.

"On the other hand, Frank Snedecker, the coach-builder, wants a boy to learn his trade. I heard him ask the postmaster where he could find a good one, as I stood at the delivery this morning. *You may be that boy.* These two courses are open to you. *And these alone.*"

I heard my father with a dim sense of his meaning—of its being some one else than he who spoke, some one else who was spoken to than I. I was habitually too quick-tempered; perhaps that was the reason I did not answer him directly. I could not command my voice at all. It lay in cottony husks at the bottom of my throat. But I burned to the roots of my hair; clenched my fists and trembled. It was well I could not speak. A boy with my immense pride and shallower passion would have blurted out, on the spur of the moment, something strong enough to make my father relentless forever. But then, again, perhaps such a boy could not have had such a father.

I waited for minutes; and meanwhile, he, not observing me at all, pursued the tenor of his own undisturbed thought. Just as I had controlled my voice sufficiently to begin framing a reply, that thought of his came round its cycle to the old subject. For the first time since a dear aunt of mine was buried I saw his lip quiver, and he spoke even tenderly, saying:

"And *I*, with my white head, may sit below you in the slip, and hear *you* preach!"

The picture of me—Judge Calthorpe's son—the head of Arlington Academy Geometry class; the darling of a mother, whose affection for her last born had made luxury a necessity to me; *me*—John Calthorpe in every relation of life—standing at a vice with my coarse blue sleeves rolled to the shoulder, a paper cap on my head, shaving a spoke with grimy, knotted fingers, while a coarse voice, in bad grammar, called me peremptorily to hurry—was just then sliding panoramically past my eyes. So vivid that I had a curse on my boy-lips. So vivid that I would not have heard my father's curse, had he caught mine and answered it back. But not so vivid that this rare tenderness of the Judge, my father, failed to dissipate it like mist, and instantly there melted to his love a response which he could not have burned from me by his wrath.

Those trembling lips of his said:

"And *I*, with my white head, may sit below you in the slip and hear *you* preach."

I answered, gently,

"Yes, father; *you shall.*"

I know now that I committed a sin. At the time I did not know it. I simply felt a self-abasement, a sinking in my own self-respect, which I translated into the idea of self-sacrifice, which I even praised my own heart for as an offering of my whole bright future on the altar of filial duty. And that duty then seemed to me the highest duty. I thought dimly of those who had given up houses and lands for the sake of the ministry. Those others who had abandoned even father and mother to go where God had called them, were quite forgotten by me. And to a boy of sixteen, who looks only on those duties which are plainly tangible and conventional, how could the fact that God calls his engineers to engineering quite as loudly as he calls his clergymen to preaching forcibly present itself at such a moment? So then, being as I was, perhaps my sin was less. But a sin still. At the very instant that I submitted my own clear perception of constitutional fitness to my father's iron will, the atmosphere within my soul began to be indistinctly troubled with the first vibrations of a voice that for years grew stronger and plainer, that at last said, unmistakably,

"*John Calthorpe! You are not in John Calthorpe's place!*"

The very next day I set out for Hinnom College. I passed my examination creditably. I ordered my trunks to the whitewashed room at the head of the last flight of three precipitous stairs. I took my first dinner at the table of Professor Sansamon—sitting down resolutely in the seat where I was to board, under the calm gaze of the Oriental Literature eye, for the next four years. And afterward, when I saw the Engineering Department file one by one into its recitation-room—when through the wide-opened door I beheld the black-board covered with problems from that Analytic Geometry which I longed for as the Howadji thirsts for the palm-trees and the well—do you fancy or not that I felt a struggle tearing me as I sauntered into the room next door, where Professor Jones was about giving his lecture on the Greek Particles?

Well, if I did, no trace of it was sent home in my first letter. With the Greeks I became as a Greek. In Rome—represented by Room No. 6 and the Satires of Juvenal—I did as the Romans did. And when I wrote to my father I told him the course seemed likely to prove pleasant.

For I did not hate him for his sternness. I could not bear the thought of shaking such a wiry purpose as his with the pangs it would have to suffer if I communicated my weak, momentary misgivings.

He lived in a day when a man might do what he would with his own, and his children were his own to a degree unknown in our time. My eldest brother had been trained to the practice of the paternal law, because Judge Calthorpe had decided, before his birth, upon making the first son a lawyer. The next child was a mere unavailable girl—what could be done with her? She played on the piano, learned French, and crotcheted slippers for the Judge's domestic feet,

to be donned when they had exchanged the tribunal floor for the fender. The Judge found that unavailable girl a bitter pill; but took it, bowing to the will of fate, and waited calmly for the next boy. He came, and was made a merchant. He was *born* a merchant, according to the schedule of Judge Calthorpe. In process of time I entered the world. If I had come two years earlier I had been the merchant. But No. 3 (always allowing that he turned out Christianly) was to be the clergyman of the family. I was therefore the clergyman from the first hour I saw daylight. For our family, like a railroad, had its time-table. As on the iron thoroughfare No. 1 is a luggage train, No. 2 express, No. 3 accommodation, so on the thoroughfare of flesh and blood Judge Calthorpe's first was legal, his second mercantile, his third clerical. If it escaped him that the Great Superintendent at the starting-point might have made other arrangements—might have dispatched into life the clergyman first, then the lawyer, then perhaps an engineer—he was, I hope, no more to blame for not reading the divine lettering on the new-comer than all his neighbors, who quite as signally failed to decipher the inscriptions on *their* consignments. Let us make the excuse we always make for ancestral mistakes—the excuse our children are already beginning to make for us—it was *a less enlightened day*, you know. Like Shem and Japhet I go reverently back a few years' paces, and throw over my father's error the blanket of an *incognito*. For I will not deceive you by pretending that his name was really Judge Calthorpe.

Let us pass over the four years of life from freshmanhip to graduation—the succeeding three, wherein I heard lectures on the important bearings of the Hiphil Conjugation applied to the verb *quátal*, and befouled the margin of a note-book, which ought to have chronicled the growth of the Church from Mosheim's preface to his finale, with diagrams analyzing the curve of our eloquent professor's left arm. In those days I was not a bad man. Not an unprincipled one. Not a slave to the great or petty vices of the young. I even contrived to arouse an enthusiasm for my destined profession which far surpassed that of many among my young brethren still more plainly "called;" and night and morning I fervently uttered the prayers my mother taught me. I hope I was at least a Christian. I tried to be.

Still I was a man without a purpose. A man with a *destination* only. *Sent*—not *going* to my end. And extinguish my old wishes as I might—put out of sight my old schemes—I could not replace them with new ones. The best I could do was to be passive—empty of all cares or expectations.

The day of my ordination came. My father had now begun to be a little deaf, and I secured him a place as near the chancel as possible. With his white head erect, his clear gray eyes warmed by a triumphant fire, he sat, as Jacob did, leaning on the top of his staff, his lips full

of solemn blessing, and never looked away from the altar till the ceremony was done. Beside him my dear, gentle mother, her nut-brown hair here and there silver-streaked, *her* eyes fuller of tenderness than of triumph, of tears than either, bent her head in the prayers, and tremulously uttered the responses. In the same slip sat my sister and my brothers, the lawyer and the merchant.

I knew they were all wrapped up in me, and in the solemnities of that hour, as one soul. I knew that the great hope of their lives was on the edge of realization. I knew that retreat was impossible to me, unless I broke the hearts that, in their sterner or milder fashions, had been cherishing me since I drew the first breath of life.

The last words of the Epistle died away. The Bishop began his examination of the candidates. The question came to me:

"Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration—to serve God for the promoting of His glory and the edifying of His people?"

Then, for the first time, that voice which had been indistinctly murmuring within me through all those seven years assumed palpable shape and roundness:

"Say *No*! John Calthorpe."

They tell me that I was deadly pale. It was modesty, a proper self-distrust, the people thought, that made me so. I was praised for my hesitation; I was esteemed above all my brethren as the man who held the highest notion of his vast responsibility. But could my heart have been thrown open then to their eye as it was to the eye of One! Could they have seen the fight going on within me between Truth and Casuistry! Could they have known how I trembled, thinking of the deadly sin which they commit who lie to God!

I looked through the dim, unreal shapes that seemed to flicker about the chancel from another world; I saw my father quite as pale as I, and waiting with held breath to hear my answer; my mother with her head bowed on the rail, not daring to hear it; my sister, my brothers, gazing at me fixedly. *I must speak!* Was I not moved by the Holy Ghost?—was not filial piety the form of one of His most powerful motions? Praying in a silent agony—"If this be perjury, O God forgive me!" I answered the Bishop:

"I trust so."

But another question. As if designedly to torture me—as if those earlier souls who built up the Rubric had caught prophetic glimpses of just such cases as mine—had resolved on one more effort to sift them out of their unbelonging place—yea, at any hazard of pain, were determined to save them from the crime of shutting their ears to God's voice—of an avowal in Heaven's sight that human pushing was Divine leading:

"Do you think that you are truly called, according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, and

according to the canons of this Church, to the ministry of the same?"

Before I replied, Renwick, the candidate on the left of me, pulled me by the sleeve, and whispered, "Answer! Are you ill? The Bishop wonders at you—see him look!"

Desperately I sealed my sin again. My tongue moved mechanically, my temples were wet, my eyes half blind, as I muttered,

"I think so."

After it was all over I passed out of that dreadful place, still feeling the touch of the Bishop's hands—not like the rest, in mild benediction—but as a dreadful weight of curses never to be shaken off. My father caught me in his arms, and, for the first time since I climbed upon his knee, kissed my cheek.

"God be with you in your great work!" said he, his lips trembling and his eyes filling. That was the dreadful burden of my soul! God *would* be with me! And I had done a thing which made me wish that He could withdraw into some unapproachable farness of the universe, never again to be with me, who had bid Him bear witness to my lie! My mother and sister fell upon my bosom, without words of any sort—with tears alone, that wet me as they fell. And those tears, so sweet to them, were a bitter, blighting dew to me! My brothers wrung both my hands, and called that the gladdest day of their lives!

But in a week I named all those feelings *morbid*. It is strange how persistence in one course makes the man over again. I had taken an irrevocable step, and in seven days looked back at the former John Calthorpe as a strange, unintelligible being, a creature of whims, whom I, grown quite sensible, had nothing to do with. The wife once a mother is never able to understand the feeling of the childless again. And I, who had passed through fearfuller pangs than maternity to beget the new John Calthorpe, utterly forgot that boyish soul which once pretended to know Heaven's biddings and forbiddings. Any body might be a minister, any body a mathematician, any body a merchant, any body a mechanic. Education—Will—those were the only elements to be considered in making the map of a life's direction. So I said; and I *did* think so *then*.

"Now, John," spoke my father one evening during the month of rest after the ordination, which I passed at home, "you have conquered *self*—you have become true to *Heaven*. I always knew you were able to be a minister. You were a Christian, I hoped; you were talented, I had no doubt. And having gained a victory over the childish fear of self-sacrifice, your Father in Heaven has surely a crown reserved for you. Having only done your duty, you do not *merit* it from *Him*; but from your earthly father you deserve at least a recognition of your obedience. I have only to use my influence that you may be called to the rectory of St. Matthias in the town of Seabrink. *I will* use it. The church is large; all your strength will be called

forth by the place; but I know you can sustain yourself there."

Ten days after I received the call to Seabrink. Within the next forty-eight hours I had accepted it, and was on my way thither.

II.

Seabrink, as its name indicates, is close on the ocean shore. There whale-ships fit out; thence they start; thither they return. Seabrink furnishes the hard hands that are to pull the ropes—the tearful eyes that strain to see those ropes dwindling to a spider's line against the far-off sky—the laughing faces and the eyes distilling a far pleasanter kind of moisture which welcome the ships home again. Seabrink is proud of her oil—or was. It is twenty years since I went to live there, and I have been absent from there ten. That is quite long enough for the rich gentlemen of the greasy fleet, who now have cottages at Bayshore, to forget that they ever knew any thing of the natural history of the whale beyond the information given by Mrs. Trimmer. But the captains, taking their "on shore"—the ship-owners, up to their necks in the lucrative wallow of oil-accounts—the tattooed sailors, handling their wives' broomsticks "to show how *whales* are won," and exhibiting carved teeth or right whalebone in the bosom of their families—all these, yes, and the littlest urchins, who were budding into coxswains or harpooners, felt a pride in Seabrink and its oil such as the Consuls felt in Rome.

The rector of St. Matthias had no sinecure. There were actual and possible widows to be comforted—widows with no dear grave to weep over save the broad, unmonumented sea. Fatherless ones to be clothed and schooled. Parishioners to visit socially in their houses—public-spiritedly in their counting-rooms—clerically at all times and places. I had plenty to do. That voice of my earlier life, with its inevitable question of fitness for the field, was stunned by the hammers of ship-carpenters, the yo-heave-o of the sailors, and the cry of longshoremen. I was in the place; I must do its duties.

At Seabrink there was no rectory proper. The last incumbent of St. Matthias had been a family man, and kept house in the town. I, being quite alone, did not care to burden myself with a bachelor menage, and took board in a private family.

My hostess was a sea-captain's widow. Her husband's ship, with every soul on board, had perished ten years before, striking a reef in the South Pacific. Mrs. Seacroft—a son aged nineteen, whom I warmed to from the beginning because his mother called him "Johnny," as mine did me—a daughter, whose name was Bessie, and whose years were seventeen—these three and myself made the household.

I was as comfortably situated as a reasonable man could ask to be. The front parlor, known in those latitudes as the "keeping-room," had been turned into a study for me. Its furniture, intellectual and material, were the gift of my

father. On either hand, as I entered, stood a handsome walnut case, containing theological works, old and new; opposite the door, and close by a window, with a cheerful outlook toward the sea, was my desk—that anvil where I was to hammer out my future sermons. And ease was not neglected. Luxurious lounges, arm-chairs, book-supporters for reading without manual labor—these, with countless other little conveniences, perfectly unobtrusive till they were wanted, and then so agreeable that they seemed the most prominent objects in the room, made my study quite a paradise.

I domiciliated myself in this room—well, with what sort of a feeling do you think? I can compare it to nothing save that of a young bride who has married for position, from esteem, and who enters the tapestried saloons of her unloved husband, glances at the massive burnished chandeliers, gazes long and wistfully at the copy of the Fornarina, who was loved and *did* love, hanging in the pier, and with dainty foot sinking into the velvety medallion carpet, saunters listlessly to the nearest ottoman, and throws herself down with a languid sense of meretricious hollowness in every thing, saying in her soul of souls,

"All this is *my price*."

Thus I looked at my handsome study. It was *my price* for being a minister. There were other men who would make better ministers for this town of Seabrink; there was an empty place among the great body of mathematicians, mechanicians, architects, engineers, which would be filled by some one else far less fit for it than I; and Heaven, as by a plain writing on my forehead, had told me to be the mathematician, the mechanician, the architect, the engineer. I had taken the place I ought not—I had left the place I should have filled. I was the minister. *This study*, and all that it meant of seclusion, rest, quiet, was *my price*.

I am ashamed to tell you how little I cared for all this revelation. Perhaps I ought not to be so ashamed, for it flashed upon me in an instant, and then was gone. Once more came back to me the old arguments—"filial duty"—"education the only direction of talent," etc., etc., etc.

At this moment how *I hate* that "*etc.*," for it means so many arguments of the devil.

Let me not pretend that I gave up the pursuit of mathematics. My mind was full of them. They obtruded themselves upon the discussion of St. Paul's finest invectives; they mingled unasked with the narrative of St. Matthew; they found improper room in the mild beseechings of St. John. They were a *madness* with me! Because I had *now* no right to make them my chief study—because *now* I could never become great through them.

I hid Mrs. Mary Somerville's translation of Laplace's "*Mécanique Céleste*" beneath two reams of sermon-paper in my desk. The hiding was absurd. At this moment I do not know what it was for. Nobody opened the desk but myself. If an intruder had found it, there was

nothing defamatory to the clerical character in a report that it had been found. And whenever I flagged in my sermon writing, I lifted the paper carefully, let the lid of the desk rest on my head, and read the problems of the universe by stealth.

But at evening, when worn out with the labors of the day, I had another, a most notable recreation. Johnny Seacroft played a fair game of chess. I began by inviting him into my study—of a winter night—once a week. If I had sent him a card to Almack's, supposing him an Englishman—to the Tuileries as a Frenchman—to the presence of the Tycoon, had he chanced to be a Japanese—I doubt whether he could have evinced more appreciation of the honor. He was clerk in the counting-house from which his father's ship used to sail. I was minister of his parish—a young man, but one who had seen the world and tasted the sweets of a liberal education—one who had already attained place and dignity. What immeasurable influence such a young man as I possess over such a young man as John Seacroft! How the more favored spirit is looked up to like a star! How is every motion of the higher youth noticed, recorded, remembered by the lower! When we think how much vaster power twenty-five has over nineteen than sixty or even eighty years possess with any of *his* juniors, we do not wonder that our elder brother was best known to the world as a *young man*.

I suppose that John Seacroft, on the spur of the moment, would have consented to die for me if asked. At any rate, he was overcome with humiliation the first time he found he had really checkmated me in chess, and was about making a confused promise never to do so again when I stopped him. "No, John, you shall come oftener, and let *me* beat *you*—let me teach you whatever I know also—and so we shall be even."

Chess being the very incarnation of mathematics—mathematical principles made aggressive and triumphant instead of lying passive to be attacked by school-boys—interested me abundantly.

Little by little increased the frequency of John Seacroft's visits to my room. Gradually the afternoon as well as the evening was absorbed into the vortex of the chess-fascination. At last we might be found playing in the morning. "It is only nine o'clock," he would say, "and the Messrs. Toughpenny always allow me half an hour for father's sake; let's stay and finish this game." I was *his* minister, and should have dismissed him to his post. But I was not *God's* minister, so I kept on playing.

I did not know it then, but the Messrs. Toughpenny grumbled a great deal at the remissness of the young man. He was advised, he was threatened, he was *cursed*; for the tongues of oil-men are not also oil necessarily. And one morning—while I was head and ears in a problem of the *Chess Monthly*, and my sermon for the confirmation just coming on the next Sunday lay half finished on my desk—John Sea-

croft, for the first time, burst in without knocking.

"I'm in hell!" said he, passionately, falling into the chair nearest me, and grasping the arms of mine with hands that shook as in a fever-fit."

"Why, John, what has happened?" I threw the chess-problem down; there was a greater problem before me.

"Happened? Ruin has happened! Disgrace, shame, despair have happened! My mother and sister are without the means of living. I have lost my clerkship!"

I felt a miserable sense of cold rebuke stealing over my heart like a fog. I thought that I caught a glimpse of the reasons for John's dismissal; I durst not ask him if I were right.

"Oh! this is *too* hard—*too* hard! I can't bear it! How can I tell mother? How can I tell Bess? It will kill them. The firm *were* well disposed to me. My father had been their friend for years. For his sake they would have given me every advantage. On my next birthday I should have been promoted. And—poor—poor mother—and Bessie—used to sit whole winter evenings talking around the fire about how I should get to be partner some day; and we'd still live together as we do now—and all be so comfortable—so happy. I can't bear it! I can't!"

John had continued in this way without minding my silence for several minutes, and now his voice failed him. He looked with an agonized wistfulness into my face, as if he would wring from me some little drop of the hope and help which were all drained dry in him. I must speak. I took him by the hand and tried to talk calmly.

"My dear boy, it is not as desperate as you think. Many a young man has fallen into these troubles only to rise again better and stronger. I shall go to the head of the firm and use all my influence with him to take you back. I think I can set the case before him in such a light that he will see the fairness of giving you one more chance."

"Don't believe it, Mr. Calthorpe! Toughpenny has a will like iron and a heart like ice. Since the day he began life as an errand-boy, brushing up offices, building fires, he was never one moment behind time. He can not understand carelessness—negligence is crime with him. And day after day *I* have been late at business. He has warned me many times before. I have had full notice of the way it would turn out, and I am a fool! This morning, as I entered the office, he looked coldly over his glasses, first at me, then at the clock. It was fifteen minutes after nine. I made a motion to open the gate and go into my desk; he put out his hand and bolted it. Then, without speaking a word, he motioned me to a stool outside the cashier's place. I sat down, without knowing where I was, and in two minutes more he handed me my due salary between the rails—paid up to last night.

"That is right, Sir, is it?" said he.

"I ran my eye over the bills, and answered, 'Yes.' If he had asked me whether it were right to kill me I would have said yes still. For I was hardly awake.

"Then, Sir, we are square on our final account.' He spoke coolly. 'I have no further need of you. You may go, Sir.'

"And I *know* he never will take me back. I tell you, Mr. Calthorpe, when I think of mother and Bess, *I am in hell!*"

"Don't say so, my boy. You're young to trouble yet, and it seems desperate to you. You'll live to laugh at this—it won't kill you—won't even hurt you—disagreeable as it is for the time. Have you said any thing about your dismissal to your mother and sister?"

"How could I—how can I tell them?"

"Don't. I will go out directly and find Mr. Toughpenny. I'll do my best with him to have you taken back. Perhaps he'll consent immediately. If he does, then your mother and Bessie need know nothing about the dismissal. If he refuses, why there are other places in the world besides Mr. Toughpenny's where a young man can get on in life, and we'll look around for them."

"But my mother, my sister, how will they live in the mean time?"

"Put yourself at no uneasiness, they have plenty of friends, and God is the father of the fatherless, the widow's judge."

"Well, Sir, for God's sake do your best! I am going out to a friend's. I can't meet mother and Bess till I know one way or the other. And I'll come around about dinner-time to hear the worst."

"The *best*, John, my boy!"

He looked at me doubtingly, tried to smile, and went out leaving me alone in my study.

I had spoken so bravely to the poor fellow. Really I must have done him some good. I congratulated, prided myself on it. I made not such a bad spiritual adviser after all.

I took up the chess-problem once more. White to play and mate in four moves. Hm—White Queen to Knight third; Black K. to Kt. fourth. Hm—yes, very good. Kt. to Q. B. third.

The next instant the book went spinning across the room. I rose and paced my study from corner to corner. I who had shut my eyes to God's light—I who had sold my soul for those chairs, that desk, that library, to a father's will—I who had dared to put forth my hand and grasp the ark like Uzzah—I without the priestly soul, with a soul plainly stamped by Heaven for other uses—I with that unfinished sermon on my port-folio—chess, Laplace, every thing but the ministry in my head, and blood on my hands! It was I who had ruined John Seacroft! I remembered the Judge's words, "God be with thee, my son!" He was with me, how horribly!

I put on my hat and gloves. In five minutes I was at the counting-room of the Messrs. Tough-

penny. For an hour more I was closeted with the senior partner. He heard me with gentlemanly deference, with an air of the old experienced man listening to the young and inexperienced one whose cloth entitles him to respect. Could I account for the remissness of the boy? I might, he thought, as I lived in the same house with him. I had fought down too many self-reprovings already in my life to blush as I evaded this question; but my soul was chill with a deathly shame when I said,

"The young man is young. He has no bad habits; does not drink or keep late hours. Growing years will make him feel more responsibility. Try him once more, and I will personally charge myself with his regularity of behavior."

Mr. Toughpenny bowed stiffly. He expressed by that bow much that he did not hint in words—to the effect that he had led a forty-years' business life, and was quite conversant with the doctrine of verbal warranties.

"Much as I would like to, my dear Sir, I can promise you nothing certainly," said he, calmly, after a moment's pause. "My brothers are to be consulted. I will confer with them and see that you have our conclusions—shall we say at six this evening?"

"That will be convenient to me, Sir. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Mr. Calthorpe." And the head of the firm bowed me politely out of the office parlor, returning before the green baize door flew shut again to as deep an immersion in his last ship's accounts as if we had not just been debating the whole future of a young life.

At noon John Seacroft came breathlessly to my study. Closing the door he whispered almost at my ear—for his poor mother, he seemed to feel, might hear her son's trouble even through the walls—

"Any news, Mr. Calthorpe?"

"I've been to see the firm, my dear boy. They received me very kindly, and promised to take the matter into consideration, giving me the decision to-night. Keep up your heart, my dear boy!"

John Seacroft's mouth twitched with pain, his great blue eyes grew feminine in their wet woefulness, he straightened himself up, commanded his voice, and said, gravely,

"I shall never be taken back again, Sir. *Never!*" Before I could answer him he was out of the room.

At dinner his place was vacant. Mrs. Seacroft, who loved him like her soul, and could not bear to miss him from her sight a moment during his leisure, looked anxiously at his vacant chair, and asked me if I knew where he was. Again I replied evasively, shunning the mention of a great misery. He said this morning that he was going to a friend's, I told her.

Bessie, a sweet, brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, whose whole life was in loving and being loved, was more roguishly vivacious than usual. I could not bear the sight of her. I rose hurriedly from my half finished dinner and returned to

the study. But carried thither *myself*, also the One whom my father had prayed might be always with me, and was wretched the rest of the afternoon.

At six o'clock a boy came to me from Mr. Toughpenny's. The short note he brought informed me that the firm, moved by my kind solicitations, had resolved to give John Seacroft one more chance. In my ecstasy I presented the boy with all my silver change. As soon as he was gone I danced around my study table like a madman. And then I went off to look up John Seacroft.

He was not in the house, his mother with a troubled look was waiting tea for him. I went out and took a walk through the principal streets of Seabrink, wandered along the wharves, looked in at the public library, which was one of his favorite resorts. He was visible nowhere.

Feeling certain that he had by this time reached home, for it was now forty minutes past our usual tea hour, I returned to the house. It was a golden afternoon of later May, full of the smell of honey-suckles and the shimmer of green leaves. The fresh grassy yard was striped with motley bars slanting through the pickets from the dropping sun. The whole air and life of all around me was so glad that I sprang up the steps to the porch three at a time, sure in my sympathetic cheerfulness of soul that I should see John Seacroft in the entry.

Instead his mother met me. The cloudy care had deepened on her forehead, her hand shook as it took mine wistfully, and asked below her breath, "Have you seen John?"

"No, not yet. Don't be alarmed. He will be in presently."

"Do you know what a fright I had just now? I went into his closet to put up the last basket of stockings I had just finished darning, and found that his valise, which always used to lie on the floor, was gone. I was so foolish as to suppose he had left us! My heart quite stopped beating. I haven't dared to look in his clothes-dress yet, but I suppose it's all right."

"Of course it is. You've been working too hard and are nervous."

Just then came a scream which I shall hear to my dying day. A piteous, despairing scream. The scream of a woman in irremediable pain and terror. Mrs. Seacroft turned to rush up stairs, but half-way Bessie met her. The blood was all gone from the girl's face—her very lips were white, her eyes dreamy. She held in her fingers a little fragment of white paper.

Mr. Seacroft snatched it from her and reached it down to me.

"Read it to me," said she, in a husky voice, and put one arm around Bessie while with the other she clasped the railing of the balusters.

I did not realize what I was doing as mechanically I went over it aloud:

"MY DARLING MOTHER AND SISTER"—so the scrap ran—"I have been dismissed from my clerkship. I have nothing left in this world to help you with but my hands. Disgraced, degraded, in a very hell of wretchedness, I

have resolved that the folly which ruined me shall not hurt you more than I can prevent. I have shipped on board the whaling vessel *Cumberland*, and when you read this will be at sea. You shall hear from me by the first ship we meet—at our next port any how. Pray for me—forgive me—love me always. Darling—darling ones. Your son and brother will never forget you.

"JOHN SEACROFT.

"P.S. I leave orders with Messrs. Forward and Sons, who own the *Cumberland*, to pay you my wages regularly. I have plenty of clothes for the three years which the voyage may take before I get back."

"Can't we stop the vessel?" asked Mrs. Seacroft, quietly.

"It sailed at three o'clock this afternoon. I saw the advertisement up this morning."

"I'm willing to pay for a steam-tug. Why can't one go after him—dear, sweet boy?" Mrs. Seacroft smiled saying this, as if some heavenly hope were dawning on her.

"I will go and see," I replied. Mrs. Seacroft sat down on the stairs and drew Bessie's head to her breast, as I put on my hat and went into the street again.

Arriving at the wharf, I found that a tug had taken out the *Cumberland*. The only tug in all the little harbor, with the exception of one which had been chartered for a coast voyage the day before. By this time the *Cumberland* was doubtless twenty miles beyond the Ogre Shoals—so they told me—in other words, fifty miles from Seabrink. Her tug would not be back till twelve that night; the wind was fair for the *Cumberland*; already she had every stitch set there could be no question, and when the little steamer returned catching her would be impossible.

I got back to the house how, and in what state of mind, God knows alone. They were still sitting on the stairs, motionless, where I left them. I told them all I had to tell, and Mrs. Seacroft answered:

"I shall never see him again. His father lies in the sea—there will *he* lie. I have feared it night and day these ten years. Now it has come true. O God—O God!"

Bessie alone spoke not a word, but with a face still white as marble, helped her mother up stairs, loosed her dress, and laid her on the bed.

III.

After the worst was known and no provision for it found possible, I shut myself in my study again. For two or three days' next succeeding Mrs. Seacroft's great trouble she remained in her room. Bessie staid with her; and we three never met save when I went up to that sorrowful bedchamber, trying to comfort the comfortless. For my part, I took all my meals in my study, waited on by the one elderly New England woman who did Mrs. Seacroft's heavier housework.

It was Tuesday when John went away. The remainder of that week I performed not one slightest clerical duty outside the house. On Friday evening Mrs. Seacroft came down to supper. For the first time in four years she wore a widow's cap. This Bessie afterward told me,

adding (as indeed I was able to see at the time), that it was no ostentatious act of grief, but an assumption of those associations of the last sorrow which had now been revived again.

After supper—a silent, wretched one it was—I went back to my study, and remembered that next Sunday was confirmation. My sermon—stopped in the midst of a sentence—lay just as it was when John first broke in at my door. What had I been doing that week? *Chess—chess!* The mathematical researches which should have been my life, my profession, which were now my recreation, my tempters, my sin, *they* were admirably attended to. An orderly solution of three problems—all ready for mailing to the monthly lying on my table—*stared me in the face!* I turned to the desk where my sermon lay and dipped my pen in the inkstand.

I could not think of the next word!

For the last week I had felt very strangely. In solving the chess problems I had wondered to notice the unusual clearness of my mind, at the very moment too when my head was so hot, my feet quite numb and icy, when every now and then an uncontrollable quick shivering came over me. I had remarked how much longer than formerly it took me to get warm after retiring to bed. I had once or twice seen the air grow quite dim, quite tremulous before me, as I sat thinking in my study chair. All these symptoms I had referred to the sympathy I felt with the two sad women—the pained affection I had borne the son.

But now, standing at my desk, I experienced a dizziness, a nausea, which would resolve itself into nothing like a contagion between the mind and body. I turned away from the poor, imperfect sermon, and sat down in my easy-chair.

The thoughts which rushed over me for the next hour who can chronicle? Not *I!* I seemed to review my whole life from the hour I promised my father to enter the ministry. That is the only statement I can give of them.

The last thing which I now remember is this short sentence: “*God have mercy on an accursed, perjured man!*” Whether I said them myself, or some other voice said them above me, is not now plain to me. And then in agony and dimness I lay stretched at full length on the study floor.

IV.

When I next awoke I was prostrate—unable to stir hand or foot. A great chess-board—vast as the mosaic pavement of some old cathedral—lay before me on a level with my face. I thought I was in pain; some one whom I did not see seemed saying that mournfully at my ear. But I did not *feel* it. I was engrossed in an illimitable calculation. At my feet stood a hideous, spectre-like man, but emotionless. In body spare almost to boniness; in face cold as a flint in mid-December: and he was playing with me, as in the ancient picture, *for my soul!*

White to play and mate in four moves. As I said, my hands were powerless, but the pieces on the board moved at my will. When I half-

determined to play a knight, that warrior rose and flickered undecidedly in air above the board. So with every other piece.

At last, after long and dreadful consideration, I concluded to play the bishop. It advanced three squares. My grizzly antagonist, without a word or look, shoved forward a pawn. I moved the bishop again. The pawn still followed him.

Then I perceived a curious fact about those pieces. The game and its conclusion was destined to lie between that bishop and that pawn. I looked through the future, and saw a fateful determinacy in this relation.

Still more I saw. The bishop, from being a mere gigantic mitre, carved in ivory, developed his shape into *myself*. His face, his body, his mien were mine. He wore the same clerical habiliments as I. He became my own personality as a hypocritical assumer of the ministerial garb and functions. I beheld his internal nature—and, oh how base! I loathed him—down to the dregs of my life I loathed him, though I had to play him.

Yet more. The pawn was not a spindle based upon a circle. No! *It was John Seacroft!* Like him in every lineament as he broke through my study-door that fatal Tuesday, saying, “*I am in hell!*”

If I took that pawn—and perhaps I might—he was lost. If I sacrificed my bishop I lost my soul. A long struggle followed this perception. As I went through it I am sure I heard a voice like my mother’s say at my ear, “*Ten minutes’ more such spasm will kill him!*” Another woman’s, too—a younger—answering, “*Yes!*” and joining with the first in bitter weeping. That last seemed a later voice, one less known, yet known still.

At length self-love, self-preservation, conquered. I was about to move the bishop—it might be for the decisive time—when a little white hand flitted before me, and the whole board, pieces and all, was swept away. The spectre cast on me a look of baffled malignity, and was gone from my feet. The great space around me suddenly grew dark.

When I saw again I was weaker, if possible, than before. The quilt of a bed—a white, snowy quilt—came too far over my chin, and I could not motion to have it tucked down. I probably looked the desire, for the same white hand I had seen before answered it by the necessary act. A sweet blue-eyed face beamed over me with an anxiety which, in my utter weakness, struck me like a great pain. I tried to speak, but my tongue would not move. Was I lying on my death-bed, carried to heaven by the angels? Ah, no! not *I*.

A voice called, “*Come quick! He is better!*” It was Bessie’s voice. And again I felt the pain of a too strong emotion, as in an instant Judge Calthorpe bent over my bedside, eying me with even womanly tenderness. Then my mother kissed me; then my sister; and at last my brothers clasped me silently by the one poor

gaunt hand which lay motionless upon the quilt.

A week passed before I could bear all which they had to tell me. That week is now such a memory as he must have who in heaven looks back upon his first few days among the blessed, when he was hardly able to bear the great joy—the bland, eternal, satisfying light—and so was surrounded by sweet woman-angels, who reassured him, smoothed his brow, hot in its first astonishment, and, little by little, led him up to the possibilities of his new life.

At length they told me every thing. I had been found in the study, quite senseless, in a fainting-fit from which no stimulus could arouse me. I was still breathing. That and my feeble, irregular pulse were all the signs left in me of existence.

Mrs. Seacroft and Bessie, aided by their stalwart Yankee woman, these three alone had carried me to my chamber. Then, calling in the doctor, they had got me to bed, had me prescribed for, and written to my family to come on immediately.

Father, mother, sister, brothers, were at the house in three days after. For two weeks I was quite delirious. My whole raving ran upon the subjects of chess, Laplace, mathematics in general, John Seacroft and my ruin of him, my ministry and its wickedness. At noon of the fourteenth day the doctor said that if I did not rally in three hours they must all prepare for the worst. Hearing this announcement my family had gone into an adjoining room, to pray together—with what broken speech was left them—for mercy on their youngest born. Bessie alone, her face pale as death, staid with the doctor by my bedside.

My fever mounted higher. My eyes assumed a fearful fixedness toward the foot of the bed. The doctor shook his head and sighed. Bessie Seacroft bent closer over me, and heard me whisper,

"Bishop—pawn—bishop—pawn!"

Of a sudden she put her hand to her forehead. After thinking a moment, she cried out, "It is that quilt that is killing him! Look, doctor, look!"

"How?" said the doctor, as his eye followed her finger.

"Don't you see? It is patch-work! His mind takes those white and red squares for a chess-board. He is playing a game on it; it is that which is wearing out his soul!"

"Perhaps," said the doctor again, somewhat doubtfully.

There was no "*perhaps*" with Bessie. She snatched the corner of the quilt and tore it from my bed. In three minutes more a smooth white counterpane had replaced it; and, with a gentle dew on my forehead, I slept like a child. *Here* was the hand I saw in the agony of that last move.

I was saved—the doctor owned it—and Bessie Seacroft had saved me!

For two days more I slumbered quietly. My breathing and my pulse became evener and

evener; my fever fell as the mercury falls before the crisp, fresh days of middle September. At last I woke, and looked for the first time intelligently into the nearest face. That face was Bessie's still. And then she called, and I heard her—knew her:

"Come quick! he is better!"

V.

I was able to rise. The softest arm-chair had been brought up from the study, and I sat in it with my feet on a cushion of crimson wool, which Bessie and sister Kate had been knitting for me together since the day I first looked up into their eyes and knew them.

I am twenty-four years old this day. It is just eight years since I sat in Judge Calthorpe's office, and heard him say,

"I, with my white head, may sit below you in the slip, and hear you preach."

His head is whiter still, and he sits beside me now. In the past eight years how many children have been made fatherless! In the flowing gratefulness of my fresh entrance into life I think of that, and am *so* glad to see him here still!

He is not so stern as he was eight years ago. So, after thinking over the matter for a while in my poor, weak head, I feel willing to tell him my heart, and begin:

"Father, there is something I want very much to say to you."

"John, there is something *I* want very much to say to *you*, and I wonder if it is not the same thing?"

"You speak first, then. Just now I feel better able to listen than talk—unless my voice is quite necessary."

"*You are not in your place in the ministry.*"

"My very thought!"

"Then perhaps I can say all that you would. I have sinned against you, my son! In that I did it ignorantly, God pardon me! I knew you were not a bad man—indeed, that you were a religious one. But I did not know that something far else was necessary to the making of a minister. Intellectual constitution—indomitable desire—spontaneousness. I thought the only obstacle that lay between you and the pulpit was an unmanly diffidence—a fear, perhaps, of the self-abnegation required by the office. I believed it my duty to overcome this for you—that some day you would be the happier, better man for my firmness. That firmness of mine was ignorance—obstinacy!"

"Father! Don't speak so!"

"Don't you interrupt me, Sir! Oh, my dear, let me shake up your pillow for you! Is your head all right? Well, now hear me while I go on. I have seen my error. I ask—you—to—*forgive me*—yes, to *forgive me* for it! I have a proposal to make you. I will offer you amends for my mistake as far as in me lies. I will support you—my means, thank God! are now ample for it—till you have completed your education for an engineership—a mathematical professorship—any thing you may feel fit for, and desire.

On the ground of ill-health—and you certainly need a year's relaxation—you may honorably leave your charge. And as honorably you may never come back to it. Does that meet your views?"

"Yes, Sir. God bless you—" My voice choked, and for five minutes I could not utter a syllable. This was too much to believe!

My father broke the pause.

"Is that all you wished to tell me?"

"Yes—no—well, not quite all. Do you know who saved me from dying?"

"I do. It was that noble girl—the daughter of your landlady."

"Yes, Sir—Bessie Seacroft. But for her I should never have talked with you again. There was something which I wished to speak of, connected with her. Perhaps, though, since you have been so kind as to hear a great deal from me already, I had better tell you that another time."

"No time so good as *now*. Go on, Sir."

"Well, Sir. While I was trying to be a minister I sometimes suffered miserably. Bessie Seacroft's face and voice, Bessie Seacroft's *soul*—for I think I saw that under her mere outside—came in to me every now and then, as odors of the yellow jasmine float in to the senses of monks, with their hair-cloth on, through the grates of tropical convents. I was miserable; yet I was happier for Bessie Seacroft. At that time I felt that *I had no right* to be happy, and deadened that sense of her within me from principle. Now I have an idea, through what you have told me, that it will not be wrong for me to be *entirely happy*; and that sense reawakes within me again. She saved me, and *I am sure that I love her!* Yet, if I leave the ministry, I shall be without a support for *her*; and I tell you there is a dreadful temptation to stay in the office for which I am not fitted that I may marry her. And now I *have* told you all."

"I will provide for both you and *your wife*," answered the Judge, with a solemn quietness which most people would probably have called impassive.

I was silent again for a long time. Before I could speak the door trembled under a light knock.

"Come in!" I spoke faintly.

Bessie Seacroft entered. And simultaneously the Judge rose.

"I must go and see your mother," said he. He gave me a peculiar look as he went out. I knew he was a man who could not bear to see a single moment unimproved.

"Sit down there, Bessie; Judge Calthorpe has left a nice chair for you."

"I had rather sit on the cushion," answered Bessie, "if I do not crowd your feet. It seems more natural for a girl to sit at her minister's foot-stool. Paul at the feet of Gamaliel, you know."

She laughed as she spoke, yet there was that in her face which told me Gamaliel never knew such a tribute from the Apostle to the Gentiles.

Not that she might be taught, but because she was happiest there, did she bend and sit down on that tuft of crimson.

"But suppose, Bessie, that I were not *your minister*, would you take that seat *then*?"

"It would hardly be proper," replied the girl, blushing clear to the ripples of her waving brown hair.

"I am not going to be your minister—not any minister at all—as soon as I get strong enough to be moved from here."

Bessie stood up and looked me blankly in the face.

"Yes, it is true. I have decided that it is not right for me to be a clergyman any more. I am not fitted for it—not called to it. Half the reason of my sickness was because I felt this. The other half, because John went away; and I remembered that I had not set him the example his minister ought to be able to. My father has promised to take care of me till I can do for myself in some other profession—something for which I am fitted by my love for mathematics. I shall be a mathematical professor, or an engineer. Bessie, I know that story of the quilt. *I was* playing a terrible chess-game. I will tell you of it by-and-by when I am stronger. You saved my life, Bessie Seacroft! Was it just as you would save the life of any man? Because I was your minister? Or *do you love me*? Could you love me even as an engineer, if I took you away into some Western wilderness where they were going to run a railroad?"

Bessie again grew pale as when she watched me; I feared she would faint, and felt how terrible it would be for me not to help her. I could not rise from my chair.

But no. Her true woman's soul rose within her, over her weakness, like a sun over the first mountain mist.

"*I would love you*," said she, gently, "*wherever you might go*."

VI.

I had been married three years. I was assistant to the chief engineer on a road which before long will bring to the great metropolis, the centre of wealth and need, the whole riches of the Western earth. Ever since our marriage Mrs. Seacroft had been living with Bessie and me.

Just at this particular moment, and it was now after midnight, we had neither of us seen her since eight o'clock, when she left the parlor of the hotel to put to bed our boy, John Calthorpe, Jun. Bessie had staid with me to read and knit while I finished the important business letters which I must write before retiring. For although I was on furlough from the road, there was no vacation in my correspondence. We were in Seabrink again—visiting, for the first time since our marriage, the port our poor brother had sailed from on his desperate voyage. At Rio he had written a letter to us. Evidently he was trying to be happy, and in spite of the dreary absence of home comforts, preserved the

strongest hope that his voyage would be a successful one. It was now quite time for his return. Messrs. Forward and Sons were expecting the *Cumberland* every day. To meet her and him we had returned to Seabrink. On the thought of her sailor-boy Mrs. Seacroft was now slumbering as on a rose-pillow.

The place recalled old associations. As I put the last flourish to my fifth letter I stopped, and after folding it, stuck my pen behind my ear.

"Do you know, wife dear," said I, "what my whole life makes me think of?"

"What, John?"

"The game of chess I was playing in the old house when you swept the patchwork board away."

"How so?"

"The great move I have made thus far has been to ruin brother John by my example. Then *you* played. You took me with yourself—with you, the queen—and, instead of ruining me as I deserved, made me winner for life. As yet, in the sight of God and Fate, I merit a defeat. *The game is still drawn.* Do you believe in compensation?"

"No, John, I do not."

"Don't you believe in the sinner getting his punishment, and the righteous his reward?"

"I believe the righteous will get his reward because he *loves* righteousness. The sinner, if he repents, and loves the right, too, will be forgiven the wrong he once did, and get the reward of his love. I believe in no blind, unreasoning compensation."

"Ah, dear! I have a fear sometimes. If the doctrine of compensation be true, what have I ever done to repay your magnanimity in loving me after all my sin? Hark! What an awful sound that bell has!"

"It is nothing but St. Matthias's clock striking one, and telling us to go to bed."

"It is the church where I used to preach, and its bell is a terrible remembrancer to me."

"You are nervous; you have written too long."

"Perhaps that is it. I feel a dreadful restlessness. There is something about the sound of a clock striking one after midnight that to me seems appalling beyond all description. Up there alone in the darkness with God and those spirits who are fabled to haunt belfries—all the men, women, and children who are its hearers in the daytime fast asleep fathoms below toward the pavement. Who hears it? An outcast lying on the stones—a thief—a suicide—the broken-hearted watcher at a dying bed—two or three belated workers in warm homes like us. Still it has something to say—'Klang!—ang—ang—ang!' The weird diminuendo dies away in ripples on the far-off shores of the pool of darkness, and who is the wiser for it? What does it mean? And why does it not say more? The suggestive reticency of that one stroke is what makes it terrible! Like a man turning over in the depth of his middle sleep and uttering one

deep groan. If his wife is awake to hear him, what a world of indistinct horror—foreshadowed, untold, perhaps *never to be told*—does that groan imply to her! That is the best description I can give you of the one stroke's power over me, uttering so little, yet necessarily knowing, meaning so much. Had I the making over of the world of tragedy, one o'clock, not midnight, should be the hour of bane and blessing!"

"You frighten me, husband. I have not heard you talk so since we feared for your life! Your eyes have such a strange, haggard, far-off look. You must not work so much—at least not at night."

At this moment the only other clock-tower in Seabrink—the tower of the old Puritan church—which, because it was the oldest in Seabrink, felt its right secure to regulate the time of day and night, keeping conservatively ten minutes behind the newer bell—solemnly gave forth its voice—One.

I shuddered. My wife caught my hand and looked at me with her blue eyes brimful of anxiety.

"Bessie," said I, "I seemed to understand that stroke. It said—'Go!'"

"Go *whither*, darling?"

"I do not know. The command was as clear as in my boyhood Judge Calthorpe's voice used to be to me. It was—I am sure it was—a premonition. Are you willing to go out and walk with me a little while? If this feeling of mine is a mere vagary, why, then, the fresh night air will cool my head and make me more disposed to sleep. But if it be something more—if it should prove to be an intimation with a purpose, perhaps we shall never forgive ourselves for not minding it."

Without a word of complaint Bessie laid down her knitting, put on her hat and cloak, and in five minutes more we were wandering through the streets of Seabrink. Aimlessly it must have seemed to her, almost so to me, indeed, yet we kept on.

Gradually the strong desire shaped itself in me to revisit the old scenes of my unworthy ministry. I would afflict myself with the penance of bitter memories, and sought, as the wont was of the stern old Romans with certain criminals of theirs, to crucify myself on the very scene of my guilt.

So, in the first place, I drew Bessie through the side street where we once had lived together to the house itself. Even in the darkness it seemed very much changed. The climbing vines that once wreathed the porch-pillars were gone. Weeds, too coarse and ragged for even the charitable starlight to soften them, grew up untroubled in the front-yard. There was a general air of desolation around the whole establishment which told us that the present inmates were not *women*—certainly not such women as used to live there.

I fixed my eyes on the window at the right of the front door. "*There I played chess!*" said I, bitterly. "*It was my study.*"

"And there, darling," said Bessie, pressing closer to my side, "I sat on the little crimson cushion and knew that you loved me!"

As we spoke these words we both came closer to the fence and gazed more earnestly.

"Was that a man?"

"I thought so, too," answered Bessie, trembling all over.

I drew as near to the window as I could without opening the gate—and—it was a man!

He stood on the porch, with my study-window flung wide open before him, and was looking in, while his palms, broadened under his weight, rested on the stone sill.

"Halloa!" cried I; "what are you doing there, Sir?"

He never answered a word, but running to the side of the porch jumped off among the neglected lilac bushes, and was out through a side gate before I could give the alarm. We saw him shoot like a deer down the silent, sombre street, and on Bessie's account, being unable to follow him, I ventured through the gate, shut the blinds of my old study, and having done this kindness to the stranger, again we wandered away.

"Was it a burglar do you think, John?"

"Very likely, dear. There is one good result of obeying the intimation."

The street was called "Wharf." Wharf Street led down to the harbor. We pursued it almost without a word till the sea was right before us, and we saw the stars go flickering, in long distorted silver lines, on the curve of its ripples. At the pier in front of us a great ship was moored. Its sails all furled, like dead men in white, lay motionless along the yards, and no sign of life, not even a sleepy watchman was visible on the deck from stern to stem.

But as we gazed, trying to descry the vessel's name and nature, a dark figure slunk out from behind the shadow of the mainmast. For a moment he wandered irresolutely about the waist, and then, as with a sudden impulse, walked straight to the side. The next instant with a leap he went over. I turned to Bessie and kissed her.

"That was what 'One o'clock' meant! darling," said I. "Don't be afraid for me. Stay here quietly. I am a good swimmer, you know. *I shall save that man.*"

I kicked off my boots, tore my coat and vest from me as if they had been paper. From the time I threw the vest into Bessie's arms there seemed hardly a second's interim before I was breasting the salt wash of the dock toward that one black bobbing, bubbling spot against the ship's water-line.

With a superhuman strength and fearlessness (God gave it me!) I had the man by the shoulders. I threw myself on my back, struck out with the sinews of my legs tense as iron, and crying into his ear, "*I'll kill you* if you try to get away from me!" drew him little by little up

to the steps which ascended the pier. As I lifted him on to the first oozy plank the stem of the vessel was straight above me. "*The Cumberland, of Seabrink!*"

We stood on the wharf. We three, I still gripping the saved man and Bessie.

She was the first to look close upon his face. And with a scream, "*My brother! my brother!*" she fell at our feet.

"You have killed her, John!" said I, fiercely.

"I have killed every body!" he answered, hoarsely. "I have broken my mother's heart. I have ruined myself. I am a dead man walking! I tried to put an end to that farce, and you wouldn't let me!"

"Your mother is *not* dead, John," I replied, still grasping him.

"*Not dead?*" he murmured, dreamily.

"No! at this moment she is sleeping in visions of your return. She is at the Seabrink Hotel, with Bessie and me."

John Seacroft sat down beside his unconscious sister and began crying, with great heavings of the breast, like a passionate child.

"I asked where she was gone. Nobody told me," said John, the moment he could command his voice. "I went to the house to-night, as soon as we were fastened in the pier. Every thing was changed. I knew instantly she was not there. *I could not bear it. I was in the same hell I went away in!* As a common sailor I left the port; as a common sailor I have returned. Promotion takes *years and years*. I bring you all nothing. What am I to you?"

"*You are our brother!*" said I, tremulously, and clasped him to my bosom.

Just then, while I dared for the first time to let go of John and was about to run for water, Bessie revived, thrust out her little hand to touch his neck, and murmured,

"Our brother! *brother!*"

SEQUEL.

Turn to the fifteenth chapter of Luke, if you do not know, if you have never seen in your own family, how a prodigal returns. So John Seacroft came back to his mother. So I, after my long punishment for his ruin, came back to her—to Bessie—to Heaven.

This day John Seacroft is my next in command on that famous Western Road. Both of us mathematicians have found our place at last. Both of us *run* also—for each of us sees a dear wife smiling at him, as in the sight of the white-haired old Judge, the gentle mothers, the brothers, the sister, he kisses a John, Jun., crowing on his knee.

And although the blind fate of compensation looks at me approvingly, and whispers to pride that I have saved John Seacroft as Bessie saved me, I know that in God's sight the work that beloved woman has wrought for my soul makes the relation between Bessie and me—as it is in all true marriage—still a *Drawn Game!*

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

January 20, 1862.

WITH the head of a drum for my desk, I sit on a Southern slope,
While the sunlight streaks the apples that hang in the orchard hard by,
And puzzle my brains over verses and many a marvelous trope,
And vainly seek inspiration from out the sky.

What can I tell you now that you have not known before?

How dearly I love you, Mary, and how hard the parting was;
And how bravely you kissed my lips when we stood at the open door,
And blessed me for going with heart and hand in the Cause.

Oh! sweet as a lily flushed with the red of the roses near

When beat by the hot, implacable sun above,
Was the hue of your angel face as tear after tear
Rose to your ivory eyelids and welled with love!

War is not quite so hard as you poor townspeople think;

We have plenty of food to eat, and a good warm blanket at night,
And now and then, you know, a quiet, moderate drink:

Which doesn't hurt us, dearest, and makes things right.

But the greatest blessing of all is the total want of care;

The happy, complete reliance of the carefully-guardianed child
Who has no thought for his dinner, and is given good clothes to wear,
And whose leisure moments are with innocent sports beguiled.

The drill of the soldier is pleasant if one works with a willing heart,

It is only the worthless fellow that grumbles at double-quick;

I like the ingenious manœuvres that constitute war an art,
And not even the cleaning of arms can make me sick.

One of the comrades five that sleep in the tent with me

Is a handsome, fair-faced boy, with curling sun-burned hair;

Like me, he has left a sweet-heart on the shore of the Northern sea,

And, like her I love, he says she also is good and fair.

So we talk of our girls at night when the other chaps are asleep—

Talk in the sacred whispers that are low with the choke of love—

And often when we are silent I think I can hear him weep,

And murmur her name in accents that croon like the nesting dove.

Then when we are out on picket, and the nights are calm and still,

When our beats lie close together, we pause and chatter the same;

And the weary hours pass swiftly, till over the distant hill

The sun comes up unclouded and fierce with flame.

The scene that I look on is lovely! The cotton-fields smooth and white,

With the bending negroes shelling the flocculent bursting pods,

And the quiet sentinels slowly pacing the neighboring height,

And now and then hidden by groups of the golden-rods.

Beautiful are the isles that mottle the slumberous bay;

Beautiful are the azure veins of the creeks;

Beautiful is the crimson that, far away,

Burns on the woods like the paint on an Indian's cheeks!

Beautiful are the thoughts of the time when— Hist!

What sound is that I hear? 'Tis the rifle's continuous crack!

The long roll beats to arms! I must not—can not be missed—

Dear love, I'll finish this letter when I come back.

January 30.

Don't be startled, my darling, at this handwriting not being mine:

I have been a little ill, and the comrade I spoke of before

Has kindly offered to take from my loving lips this line;

So he holds, as you see, the pen I can hold no more.

That was a skirmish that came as I wrote to you out on the hill;

We had sharp fighting a while, and I lost my arm—

There! don't cry, my darling!—it will not kill,

And other poor fellows there met greater harm.

I have my left arm still to fold you close to my heart,

All the strength of my lost one will pass into that, I know;

We will be soon together, never, never to part,

And to suffer thus for your country is bliss, not woe!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

FORTY-SIX years ago, Bryant published, in the *North American Review*, "Thanatopsis," which Christopher North says is alone sufficient "to establish the author's claim to the honors of genius." It was composed four years prior to its publication, when its author was scarcely nineteen years of age. From the date of its appearance Bryant has been before the public as a poet. "Wherever English poetry is read and loved," says Hillard, "his poems are known by heart. Among American poets his name stands, if not the very first, at least among two or three foremost. Some of his pieces are perhaps greater favorites with the reading public than any others written in the United States. His 'Thanatopsis,' for example, is universally regarded as admirable in conception and exquisite in execution. Its rich and solemn melody, its almost Miltonic rhythm, its majestic imagery, its grave and impressive moral, fill the mind, move the heart, and stamp themselves forever on the memory."

Nor were the poems that followed at all discreditable to the early genius of its author. The "Inscription for an Entrance into a Wood," written in 1813, and published in the *North American Review* in 1817; "The Waterfowl," published in 1818; and "The Ages," delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College—all exhibit high poetic excellence. The last, composed in the grand and flexible Spenserian stanza, is his longest and best sustained effort. This poem, with several others, most of which had already appeared in the *North American Review*, was published in 1821, forming a small volume of forty-four pages.

When Bryant contributed his early poems to the *North American*, that periodical had not attained to the grave dignity of a Review, which it has since assumed. It was rather a magazine—a large part of its contents being original articles. Its management was in the hands of a committee, for whom Richard H. Dana and Edward Tyrell Channing acted as editors. Dana was among the earliest to oppose the arbitrary dicta of Jeffrey, and to give to Wordsworth and Coleridge the position, since generally awarded, as men of genius and great poets. The views advanced by him found but little favor with the majority of the members of the committee, who relieved him from the position of chief-editor in order to bestow it upon one more conformable in criticism to the times. The selection fell upon Edward Everett.

Whether this change was attended with any personal animosity I am unable to say; but certain it is that a review of Dana's "Idle Man," prepared by Bryant, was rejected by the committee, although Willard Philips, the able author on the Law of Insurance, and the writer of a clever review of Bryant's poems, did what he could to procure its admission.

In 1827, Dana's "Buccaneer" appeared; and in the mean time the chief editorship of the

Review had passed into the hands of Mr. Sparks, who wrote to Bryant that the time for his revenge had arrived; and he gladly availed himself of the opportunity to do justice to his early literary friend. The sixteenth volume of the *Review* contains an able criticism on the "Idle Man" and the "Buccaneer," which, while it gives due credit to Dana, is at the same time one of the best specimens of Bryant's prose compositions.

Up to 1825 Bryant resided in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, chiefly engaged in the pursuit of law. At the invitation of Henry D. Sedgwick, who procured for him a position as editor of the *New York Review*, in conjunction with Henry J. Anderson, afterward Professor of Mathematics in Columbia College, he removed to New York and entered upon the occupation of an editor, which he has since, without intermission, continued to follow. At the house of Mr. Sedgwick Bryant was always a welcome visitor, and there became acquainted with many of the pleasantest people in the city. He here made the acquaintance of Halleck, at that time a very popular poet, and a great favorite in society. Halleck's welcome of Bryant to New York was very cordial, and the two have ever since continued warm friends.

"From what State are you?" said Mr. Sedgwick to Halleck, one day, when they were dining together in company with Bryant.

"From Connecticut," bluffly replied Halleck.

"I should never have dreamed it," responded Sedgwick (he was from New England himself). "I never met with a New Englander who had not the stamp of his nativity written upon him as plainly as the curse was impressed upon the brow of Cain."

When Bryant told this anecdote, I remarked that neither in appearance nor speech did he betray his New England origin. He replied that, in regard to the latter, he had taken great pains not only to avoid all provincialisms in conversation, but likewise to school his pronunciation so as to avoid all intonations peculiar to particular sections; as to the former, he could of course exercise no control.

I remarked, what is probably true, that the whole physiognomy is often changed in a thoughtful and studious man by his particular trains of thought, so that the portraits of such an one in early life bear scarce a trace of resemblance to those made in later years. This is especially the case in regard to those of Bryant, and on reflection he was disposed to admit the truthfulness of the remark.

At this time Cooper, who was just rising into popularity, lived in New York.

"Come to dine with me," said he, soon after Bryant became a resident in New York. "I live at No. 345 Greenwich Street."

"Put that down for me," said Bryant, "or I shall forget the place."

"Can't you remember three—four—five," replied Cooper, bluntly.

Bryant did remember "three—four—five,"

not only for the moment, but ever afterward. He dined with him according to appointment, and again met Halleck, who was the only additional guest at the table besides Cooper's immediate family.

New York was then not a large place, and its literary society was small, yet it numbered several who had already, or have since, achieved a world-wide fame. Among this little circle Gulian C. Verplanck was, by common consent, acknowledged as the leading spirit. He had shown himself to be a clever writer by two or three excellent addresses before the Historical Society, and something of a wit by a poetical satire called the "Bucktail Bards." He was, besides, a very excellent classical scholar, whose judgment was generally deferred to in case of any dispute, and withal a most genial companion. Upon the appearance of Bryant's "Ages," in 1821, Mr. Verplanck had contributed to the *New York American*, edited by Charles King, now President of Columbia College, a very complimentary review of it. His welcome of the author was not less cordial than his reception of the poem, and the two not only became warm friends but were associated in several literary enterprises. One of these was the "Literary Annual," in which they were joined by Robert C. Sands, who died in 1832. Among the productions of Sands was a poem entitled "Yamoyden," which contains a great number of excellent things, but by far its best portion is the proem, or introduction. Verplanck and Bryant conjointly edited the works of Sands after his death, as a fitting tribute to his memory.

In addition to the literary men above-named were Hillhouse, the poet, who at that time resided in New York, and Dunlap, who was both a painter and an author, although it must be confessed that his literary productions are rather heavy. Percival also, who then resided in New Haven, was in the habit of visiting New York, and, although eccentric, was far from being the solitary recluse he afterward became.

While Bryant edited the *New York Review* there appeared in its columns poems by Willis, who then lived at New Haven; metrical translations by Bancroft, who had at this period not turned his attention to historical composition; and the "Dying Raven," the first of Richard H. Dana's poetical contributions.

In 1825 was founded the Sketch Club, a social réunion of artists, and those having a taste for the Fine Arts, which has continued its existence to the present time. Among its original members Morse, Verplanck, Wier, Huntington, Ingraham, Wall, Durand, and Cummings are now living. Among those who have died are Iman, Verbruyck, Agate, and Cole. Bryant was a member of the club, and has, when in town, continued to meet with it since. He here formed the acquaintance of Cole, then in the first flush of his artistic power. Cole was at that time a bachelor, and lived with his father on Canal Street, then a fashionable part of the city and high up town. Morse had likewise his residence

in this street, and once told me how he very nearly became the cause of the death of De Witt Clinton at his own house. Morse had invited Clinton and two or three others to breakfast, and knowing his partiality for coffee, had prepared a very strong decoction, with his own hands, by the French process of infiltration, now quite common here, but at that time almost unknown. Clinton partook of it with great relish, and after complimenting Morse on the excellence of the coffee, requested a second cup, which he had scarcely swallowed before he was seized with a sense of oppression, near to fainting, and was removed from the breakfast-table to a sofa, where he slowly recovered. Not many years after he died suddenly from what was discovered to be a disease of the heart. There is no doubt but the acceleration of the heart's action, under the unusual stimulus, caused the sense of oppression, which, if carried slightly further, might have terminated in death.

One of the earliest meetings of the Sketch Club which Bryant attended was at Cole's house. The number of members at that time was some fifteen or twenty. It was the custom of the entertainer to give the artists at the moment a subject, upon which each tried his skill, while the mere amateurs watched the progress of the respective competitors. The intimacy between Bryant and Cole continued unabated until the death of the latter, when his early friend, in a handsomely written eulogy, paid a parting tribute to his memory.

Cole was of English birth, but came to this country while quite young. His youth was spent in Ohio, and he became a resident of New York about the period of his early manhood.

Trumbull, the painter of the four national pieces in the Rotunda of the Capitol, at Washington—one of which possessing, however, no mean merit, was facetiously styled by John Randolph the "shin piece"—was at the time a resident of New York, and the President of the Academy of Fine Arts. When he was shown some of the earliest of the sketches by Cole, he remarked, "This youth has accomplished without difficulty what I have all my life been trying to do."

"In the composition of his greatest pieces," said I, on one occasion when conversing with Bryant about him, "was Cole secluded or open to his friends?"

"When engaged in the conception of any important subject," replied Bryant, "he liked to be alone; but when the idea was fully developed in his own mind, he rather sought than avoided companionship. The conversation of his friends interposed no obstacle to his labors of the brush; and when he had no one to converse with, he frequently alternated his time with some book which he kept by him for the purpose, and which, by amusing him, he thought gave a more vigorous tone to his mind."

This somewhat surprised me, inasmuch as his favorite pupil, Church, frequently excluded him-

self for weeks together while engaged on some master-work.

I asked Bryant if Cole was rapid in his execution. "Very much so," replied Bryant; "but he had a motto, which he invariably put into execution, and by means of which he was enabled to get through a great deal of work—that was, 'Never allow a day to pass without painting.' This," continued Bryant, "was his inflexible rule, from which he never deviated when in health except on Sunday, for he was a religious man, and a strict member of the Episcopal Church."

Bryant sat to a number of the members of the Academy of Design and Sketch Club for his portrait. The one in the collection of the Academy is by Morse; that in the Historical Society's collection is by Gray; the one from which an engraving was made for the *Democratic Review* is by Inman.

"Do you imagine," said I, one day, "that you ever had any resemblance to Inman's portrait?"

"I never thought I had," replied Bryant; "and yet Inman was a clever artist."

I remarked that, in looking at that portrait, I could readily see the justice of Irving's criticism in his letter to Leslie, in which he wished him in his portrait to avoid the angles and turns with which a modern coat was shaped, which in a few years must give its wearer a singular if not a grotesque appearance; an opinion in which Bryant fully coincided.

A part of the duties of the Academy of Design is to foster a series of lectures on various subjects pertaining to Art, partly for the benefit of its members, and more particularly for the advantage of those who are studying Art as an occupation for life. Bryant, in the capacity of a lecturer, delivered before the Academy, in its early history, a course of lectures on Greek and Roman Mythology. His associations, it will be seen, more especially in the most impressible part of his life, were largely with artists, which, independent of his poetic temperament, must have developed a taste for the beautiful, as well as a critical judgment in regard to works of art.

"I suppose," said I once, before I had visited him at Cedarmere, "that you are surrounded by the choicest gems of art."

"On the contrary," replied he, "I have next to nothing either in books, paintings, or engravings." And yet he is an enthusiastic admirer of all. I never knew him to pass the enticing windows of Schaus or Goupil without stopping to look at the art treasures exhibited to the gaze of the passers-by. It thus, in the distribution of the gifts of Providence, not unfrequently happens that the student who has most need of books, or the lover of the Fine Arts most capable of appreciating them, either from necessity or choice is not the possessor of them. How wise the provision that established extensive libraries and galleries of art are, the writer, who is not in the condition to possess either the one or the other, can abundantly testify. I found, however, on

visiting Bryant, that he had greatly under-estimated his collection of pictures, which contains an original painting of Chapman's entitled "Temple of Peace." A landscape view of the Catskill by Durand, in which Bryant and Cole are introduced. A scene on the Passaic by Whitney, and an excellent copy of the "Madonna di Staffa," made by C. G. Thompson.

Cooper, soon after Bryant came to reside in New York, went abroad and spent several years—for the most part in France—before returning to his native land. He then selected Coopers-town as his residence, and was but an occasional visitor to the city; so that Bryant afterward saw but little of him: but their friendship always remained unaltered, and while the Press in general returned with scorn the anathemas which Cooper in a fit of spleen launched against it, the *Evening Post* remained as a simple spectator of the quarrel, and took part with neither of the combatants.

Bryant's association with the *Evening Post*, as its editor, began in 1827; since which time, with the exception of occasional periods of absence from the city, he has, either as its chief editor or as a contributor to its editorial columns, been in direct communication with its readers. "When he first undertook its management," says Mr. O'Sullivan, "it had taken no decided stand in the politics of the day. Its leanings, however, were toward the aristocratic party. Mr. Bryant soon infused into its columns some portion of his native originality and spirit. Its politics assumed a higher tone, its disquisitions on public measures became daily more pointed and stirring, and, finally, it declared with great boldness on what was considered the more liberal side. From that day to this (1842) it has taken a leading part in political controversies, and exerted a controlling influence over public opinion. In the fierce excitement kindled by General Jackson's attack on the United States Bank, in the hot debates on the tariff, the *Evening Post* never faltered in the assertion of the severest tenets of the Democratic creed."

In 1848 he associated Mr. John Bigelow, now United States Consul at Paris, with him in the editorial management of the paper, and soon after committed the management of its details to his charge, contenting himself with the contribution of a leader as inclination dictated or the necessities of the case demanded. In times, however, of high political excitement, or during the campaigns preceding presidential elections, he is never absent from his post, and those articles marked by the keenest satire and graceful irony are usually from his pen. In the mutations of parties of the last few years Bryant now finds himself opposed to his former companions in arms, and a supporter of an administration which rose into power upon the ruins of that party which he has spent his best years in sustaining.

That he is sincere in his convictions no one pretends to deny, and however much his former associates may lament the loss of so gifted an

advocate, none can attribute to him a change of political sentiment from motives of personal benefit or political power.

"You will permit me," remarked I to him, shortly after I formed his acquaintance, "to express my surprise that one whose thoughts are ever amidst green fields and budding flowers, and who has so keen and joyous an appreciation of the beauties of nature, should be content to immure himself in the dusky apartments of an editor, or mingle in the contemptible wrangles of party strife."

To this he made no direct reply, and the conversation turned upon party measures, in which I remarked that almost every line of separation between the old Whig and Democratic parties had been broken down, by the general adoption of those most stoutly contended for by the Democrats.

"You asked me," he said, "a short time since, what could induce me to remain in the midst of party struggles when a more tempting field awaited me, and you have already given my reply. Think you that the final triumph of political principles which long years have been spent in endeavoring to establish, frequently under the most disheartening circumstances, is not a sufficient reward for all my editorial toil?"

It may not be improper here to state that, independent of the political theories it endeavored to inculcate, as the necessity for free trade in contradistinction to a high tariff, the unconstitutionality of the Bank of the United States, the impropriety of the exorbitant issues of the State banks without power of limitation, and the advocacy of an independent Government Treasury, the *Post* was far in advance of its contemporaries in the advocacy of measures of public utility and advantage to the people at large. The sanitary affairs of the city were freely discussed, and all measures tending to promote public health earnestly advocated.

Upon Bryant's return from Europe, after his first visit, he was struck with the want of a large public park, and continued the advocacy of such a measure until its final adoption in the Central Park, which is at present so great an ornament, and is destined to become of such value to the city. Jones's Wood, which at that time seemed the most eligible site for such a park, first attracted Bryant's attention, and its claims were for a long time before the public until superseded by the grander and certainly more eligible plan developed in the Central Park.

While in Germany he had been struck with the advantages of the *kreutzer*, and on his return advocated the adoption of a mixed coin in place of the cumbersome copper cent still occasionally to be seen. The idea was ridiculed at the time as an attempt to introduce a debased coin, but Mr. Benton soon after introduced a bill in the Senate for a coin somewhat of the character suggested. It is not contended that these measures were the absolute offspring of the seeds thus sown, but that they directed public attention to them can not be doubted.

At "Cedarmere"—so named from the hedge of cedars that surrounds the little sheet of water in front of his residence—Bryant is seen to the best advantage, and to those who have had an opportunity of meeting him under his own roof he appears one of the pleasantest of companions. In person he is slight, and from long habit in leaning over the desk, and perhaps in part from an originally delicate constitution, is inclined to stoop, like one laboring from debility. His habits are regular, and he carries abstemiousness almost to a fault. While his breakfast-table is amply supplied with suitable provisions for his guests, he contents himself with a frugal dish of boiled Southern hominy and milk. He uses neither tea nor coffee, although he tacitly recommends them by presenting them to his guests.

"At what hour will you rise?" said he, on parting for the night.

I named seven o'clock.

"Very well," replied he, "I will awaken you myself."

"But are you up at that time?" inquired I.

"My practice is invariably to rise at or before six," responded he.

"Pray what do you do with yourself at such an unseasonable hour?" I asked, for the season was now approaching the New Year, and it was not daylight until some time after six.

"Oh," replied he, "I take my exercise with the dumb-bells."

"The dumb-bells!" interrogated I, with some astonishment, glancing inquiringly at his slight figure; "do you not think the exercise too violent for one of your temperament?"

"On the contrary," said he, "I derive the greatest benefit from their use. Whenever I intermit this exercise—which I seldom do—I am stupid and heavy; but when my lungs are freely expanded by an hour's exercise, my frame seems nerved for any task I may be called upon to perform."

"After all," I remarked, "my observation leads me to believe that persons of slender make are quite as free from disease, and are as likely to attain a good old age, as those apparently more robust; and as to a superfluity of flesh, I do not envy the possessor of it."

"Neither do I," replied Bryant. "I would infinitely prefer to carry a carpet-bag for half an hour, and then be relieved of the burden, than to be obliged to support its weight with every step I took."

Of late years Bryant has allowed his beard and hair, which are of almost silvery whiteness, to attain a considerable length. His flowing locks falling loosely on his shoulders, his bald forehead, and the indentations which a life of nearly seventy years have impressed upon his countenance, bestow upon him quite a patriarchal aspect. The pictures taken of him as he now appears are among the best, and of these the one from the pencil of Durand, in his parlor at "Cedarmere," is that which I prefer.

The residence at Cedarmere is a spacious

building, nearly surrounded by a wide veranda, constructed of lattice-work, which, in the season, is nearly concealed by clambering vines. The front of the house looks out upon the little sheet of water that lies clear and glassy at its feet, and commands a fine view of the head of the inlet and amphitheatre of hills that surrounds it, in the midst of which the village of "Roslyn," romantically situated around a cluster of small fresh-water lakes, and about one mile distant, is distinctly visible.

The dwelling at Cedarmere was erected by Richard Kirk, a thrifty Quaker, in 1787, and at that time was simply a large square structure, with capacious apartments and much to add to the comfort of its inmates, but little for display. Mr. Kirk at the same time built a substantial dyke between what is now the little lake at the feet of the mansion and the inlet, for the purpose of securing a water-power for a paper-mill which he built at its outlet. The paper-mill has long since disappeared, but the dyke, mossy and time-worn, and covered with a hedge of cedars of venerable age, together with the placid sheet of water it incloses, still remain fit ornaments to the hill-embowered residence of one whose sweetest poetry is that whose inspiration is gathered from the murmur of the gentle waterfall, the rustling of the forest leaves, and the music of the woodland songsters, that twitter amidst the dense foliage that nearly conceals it from the gaze of the passer-by.

Prior to its occupation by its present possessor it was owned by Mr. Moulton, author of a history of New York, who changed its Quaker simplicity by the erection of a portico with a heavy cornice and large square columns. The house, as thus altered, is tolerably well represented in the "Homes of American Authors," published in 1853. It has recently, however, undergone several changes at the hands of Bryant, so as to render it more conformable with his own taste. The heavy cornice and pillars have been removed, and their place is now occupied by a light lattice-work, which at the same time gives an increased amount of light to the dwelling and furnishes a nucleus around which the clambering vines are permitted to coil their graceful festoons. Deep bay windows likewise project from either front, breaking in upon the straight line formerly presented; and irregular outbuildings serve still more to take from it its former Quaker-like precision. The road too, which formerly ran along the side of the inlet, is carried in a sweeping curve over the hill-top, furnishing an uninterrupted slope from the house to the water-side, and affords an ample parterre for flowers and winding walks, and brings the grapery into full view from the porch.

A small-cottage near the house, recently embellished, and converted into a very pretty rural residence, is occupied by Mr. Cline, a very well educated and gentlemanly person, who has for some time exercised a supervisory care over the affairs at Cedarmere; and while relieving its possessor of the burden of its management, has be-

come a sort of necessity in the household. The relations between the major-domo and the poet are of the most agreeable and confidential kind. Each little detail about the farm management is discussed with the gravity and interest that those who reside in the country think due to such matters; but I opine that they usually terminate, as such discussions generally do, by the adoption of the ideas of the person having the management.

I visited Cedarmere with Bryant after he had been absent for some weeks, and was much impressed with the kindly manner in which each of the household was greeted by him, showing the pleasant relations subsisting between a kind employer and attached employés. The little incidents of country gossip told by Mr. Cline were listened to with an interest by Bryant that showed how deeply he was interested in the concerns of the neighborhood, and how keenly he participated in all their joys and sorrows; and yet he has the reputation of being a reserved if not an austere man.

Bryant's attachment to Cedarmere is real. When on his last European tour, in 1857, he caught a glimpse of the Atlantic, on the road between Bayonne and San Sebastian, he writes: "I can not describe the feeling awakened within me as I gazed on that great waste of waters, which in one of its inlets steeped the walls of my own garden, and to the murmur of which, on a distant shore, those I loved were doubtless at that moment slumbering."

He is fond of botany, and is especially attached to the study of trees. "There are," said he, pointing to the wood-covered summits that rose above the mansion, "some thirty different species of trees in that forest that I have already identified, and there are still others I have not yet classified."

Parke Godwin, his son-in-law and associate in the *Evening Post*, occupies a residence on a bald eminence overlooking the inlet, immediately adjoining that of Bryant. As we strolled through Mr. Godwin's grounds toward the beach by a straight pathway, I asked Bryant if this was the taste of Godwin. "No," he emphatically replied, "we both abhor straight lines. See how beautiful this pathway might be made by winding around yonder slope!"

Bryant is possessed of a very restive temperament, which frequently renders a change of scene almost a matter of necessity. He has gratified this penchant on five different occasions by visiting Europe. Once he traveled in the Holy Land, in Egypt, and Turkey. He has also visited Cuba, and likewise made long journeys through the United States. On his second visit to Europe and first to England, Edward Everett was the American Minister at the Court of St. James. Upon the arrival of Bryant in London he gave him a breakfast, at which Tom Moore, Kenyon, and Rogers were present. The only American guest besides Bryant at the table was Charles Augustus Davis, the author of the "Jack Downing Letters."

Upon leaving the house Rogers accompanied Bryant, and asked him to what part of the town he intended to go. Bryant replied, to St. James's Street.

"Come with me, then," said Rogers, "and I will show you the nearest way to St. James's Street."

On their way they passed through St. James's Park. Rogers approached a small gateway leading from the park, and taking a key from his pocket, unlocked it, and they reached a small inclosure, exquisitely arranged, directly in the rear of Rogers's house, which he invited Bryant to enter, and showed him a large number of the curiosities it contained, and, among others, the original draft of the bill of sale from Milton to his publisher, by which he parted with the copy-right of "Paradise Lost" for £5.

Bryant informed Rogers that he had brought a letter of introduction to him from Cole. Rogers replied that it was altogether unnecessary, as he had long known him by his writings; he would, however, be pleased to receive the letter from Cole as an autograph.

Nor did Rogers speak in this case without reason; for thirteen years prior to this interview Washington Irving, then a resident of London, in editing an English edition of Bryant's poems, dedicated the work to Rogers in an admirable letter, in which he says that during an intimacy of some years standing, he had remarked the interest which Rogers had taken in the rising fortunes and character of America, and the disposition he had to foster American talent whether in literature or art, which induced him, as a tribute of gratitude, to dedicate to him the works of one whose writings were essentially American, and who transports us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake, and the banks of the wild, nameless stream.

An alteration of two lines in these poems to suit the publisher involved Irving in the only newspaper controversy in which he was ever engaged. Bryant has recently given his own version of this subject. "I should here mention," remarks he, "and I hope I may do it without much egotism, that when a volume of my poems was published here, in 1832, Mr. Verplanck had the kindness to send a copy of it to Irving, desiring him to find a publisher for it in England. This he readily engaged to do, though wholly unacquainted with me, and offered the volume to Murray. 'Poetry does not sell at present,' said Murray, and declined it. A bookseller in Bond Street named Andrews undertook its publication, but required that Irving should introduce it with a preface of his own. He did so, speaking of my verses in such terms as would naturally command for them the attention of the public, and allowing his name to be placed on the title-page as editor. The edition in consequence found a sale. It happened, however, that the publisher objected to two lines in a poem called the 'Song of Marion's Men.' One of them was,

'The British soldier trembles,'

and Irving good-naturedly consented that it should be altered to

'The foeman trembles in his camp.'

The other was of a similar character."

In his answer to the *Plaindealer*, which made the attack, some allusion was made that seemed to imply that Bryant had something to do with the attack. To remove this impression he sent to that paper a note, saying that he never complained of the alterations, and though they were not such as he would have made, he was certain they were done with the kindest feelings, and that he had no sentiments but those of gratitude to Irving for the kindness he had done him. The explanation was accepted, and the two remained friends.

On parting with Bryant at the door of the house Rogers gave him a general invitation to breakfast whenever it suited his convenience, and likewise to bring with him any friend who chanced to be in London. He availed himself of this invitation to take Charles Leupp, who was traveling with him, to Rogers. He met at the table of Rogers Poole, the author of "Paul Pry," who he remembers as something of a *bon-vivant*, who partook very freely of snuff; Sir Charles Eastlake, a clever author as well as an artist; and Richard Monkton Milnes, who was not only a poet but a politician and a member of Parliament. Among the guests at Rogers's was the gentleman of whom George M. Dallas relates the anecdote that he had traveled all the way from Mount Vernon to St. Petersburg to present to the Emperor an acorn that he had gathered from the tomb of Washington. At first this gentleman found great difficulty in gaining admission, but the Emperor hearing of his persistent efforts, gave orders that he should have an audience. When in the presence of the Emperor, Nicholas demanded of him his business or wishes.

"I have come, Sire," said he, "to present to your Imperial Majesty an acorn which I plucked from the tomb of Washington."

The Emperor was pleased with the gift and amused with the bearer, and he was afterward admitted to the Imperial palace on friendly terms.

When Bryant parted with Rogers the latter, who was then quite advanced in years, told him they should never meet again. Upon the return of Bryant to Europe four years after, he again met Rogers, and at once pleasantly reminded him of his prediction that they should not meet again.

"I remember it," replied Rogers: "I have no business here; but I shall not long remain."

He was, however, alive in 1852, upon Bryant's third visit to Europe; but was at Brighton, and quite an invalid. Their last interview was in 1849, although Rogers lived some time after, and died near the age of ninety.

Bryant is nervously averse to filling public positions, and, so far as I know, occupies none. A few years since, when a vacancy occurred in

the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York, he was elected to fill the vacant place. As the office was purely an honorary one, and connected with the educational interests of the State, I was confident that he would accept the trust; but to my great surprise he declined. On the accession of the party that elected Lincoln to power he was generally spoken of as the most proper representative of the Government in Italy, where he had recently spent some time, and was quite popular. I spoke to him of this rumor, and asked if he would accept the appointment. He replied that under no circumstances could he be induced to do so. "What," said he, "would I do in the formal atmosphere of a court society which derives its tone from the sunshine of royalty?"

I replied that nothing would please me better than to represent such a country as the United States, and that if the post were offered to me I should certainly accept it.

"It would suit you," replied he; "your tastes and associations fit you for such a post, but to me it would be an intolerable burden. No, no," he continued, "give me the pure air, the bright skies, and the green fields, and I will not envy others the possession of place or position."

Upon the occasion of the visit above alluded to "Cedarmere," the library-room, in which Bryant is accustomed to receive his friends, was dismantled and in the process of repairs to fit it for the accommodation of the accessions which, from time to time, are being made to the stock of books. The books themselves were scattered in piles around the house; and I had, consequently, no opportunity of examining them. It appeared to me, however, from a casual glance, that—with the exception of some excellent collections of German, French, Spanish, and Italian classics—it possessed none of those rarities which I had been accustomed to see in the costly collections of the "bibliophiles" whose lives are devoted apparently to the purpose of bringing rare books together. I laid my hand upon a handsomely bound copy of Godwin's first volume of the "History of France," and remarked that it was highly creditable to him, but, inquired I, since he has become associated with you in the *Post*, I take it the further continuance of this work will be abandoned?

"I suppose," said he, "he is now engaged in contemporaneous history, and must leave that which is past."

I expressed my regret, and remarked that I could almost hope that some event might occur to compel him to return to the task for whose proper accomplishment he had given so excellent an earnest.

Bryant's custom is to write with great care, and more particularly in his poetical productions. He is a rigid censor upon his own works.

"No one has an idea," said he, on one occasion, in speaking of his habit of writing poetry, "how much I reject."

He seldom writes in the after part of the day,

but devotes the afternoon to out-door exercise or rural employments, and the evening to social intercourse. He is fortunately freed from the necessity for excessive toil, and in the possession of a competency sufficiently large to supply every reasonable want. Relieved from the pressure of care, in the enjoyment of a well-earned fame, and possessing the esteem and affection of a large circle of friends, the evening of life is approaching with a gentleness that betokens a happy and dreamless repose.

EARLY SECESSIONISTS.

THE "secession movements" in the Southern States in the year 1861 have prototypes in miniature in the early days of the republic. Then, as now, a few bold men controlled the many, but not for base or selfish purposes. Let us hear what history says on the subject.

On a pleasant afternoon in June, 1776, a pioneer, six-and-thirty years of age, bearing a captain's commission, and commanding a little garrison in a small stockade fort on the Watauga River, in Western North Carolina, between the Alleghany and Cumberland mountains, was introduced to a young woman in a most marvelous manner. The records of gallantry afford no parallel. All around him was a wilderness. His little fort was in the midst of a clearing, the trees from which formed his barracks and his palisades. For days he had been expecting an attack from a band of Cherokees, with old Abraham, a noted chief, at their head, for he knew they were out upon the war-path. The sharp report of a rifle fell upon his ears, and looking in the direction of the sound he saw, emerging from the dark forest and flying in the bright sunlight of the clearing toward the fort with the speed of a roe, a tall, slender girl, closely pursued by old Abraham and his savage warriors. They cut off her approach to the gate, when she turned suddenly, leaped the palisades, and fell, almost exhausted, into the arms of the gallant Captain, who had watched the chase with the most intense interest. She was the lovely Catharine Sherrill, the acknowledged beauty among the settlers of the Holston region, who had come down from the mountain districts of Virginia and North Carolina. Long years afterward she was heard to say that she would be willing to have another such race, if necessary, for the joy of another introduction like that and its happy results. She became the loving and much-loved wife of the Captain, and the mother of ten children.

That captain was John Sevier, born on the banks of the Shenandoah, in Virginia, an honored soldier and patriot of the Revolution, and one of the founders of the State of Tennessee. He was the most conspicuous actor in the scenes of early secession, which we are about to consider.

It was during the colonial period that settlements were made on the Holston, Watauga, and Nolachucky rivers, in the beautiful valleys among

the middle Appalachian Mountains. The settlers were beyond the care and the power of the laws of the parent colonies, yet they revered statutes and venerated order. To cherish and preserve these more efficiently, they established a little dependent commonwealth called "The Watauga Government," in 1772, and elected John Sevier one of four delegates to a Convention held at Halifax, in North Carolina, that year. In 1777 he was a member of the House of Commons of that State, and procured full recognition of "The Watauga Government." The State laws were extended over it; courts were established; and in honor of the great leader of the armies then in the field, it was called "Washington District."

From that time we find Sevier as lieutenant-colonel in the active service of his country, in beating back the marauding Indians, and smiting the malignant Tories on the western borders of the Carolinas. He won imperishable honors at King's Mountain in 1780, and was commissioned Colonel of his district, then erected into a county of the same name. He became a sort of civil and military chief—an oracle and guide—by common consent; and he was even addressed by those who honored and admired him, and who, perhaps, had dreams of an independent commonwealth beyond the mountains, as "His Excellency"—the common title of a governor.

The war for Independence being ended, and the public danger being overpast, the people of the new republic turned anxiously to the contemplation of their condition, public and private. They found themselves burdened with a foreign and domestic debt, Federal and State, of more than seventy millions of dollars. The limited commerce of the Confederacy had been nearly destroyed during the war, and a revenue from duties on imports could not be relied on. Taxation seemed to be the only sure method by which the public credit might be sustained.

The Congress was powerless to *command*. It was the representative of a league of sovereign States, jealous of each other, and who had now assumed their respective positions of independent sovereignties. The central government was one only in name, for it possessed no national power, and could only *recommend* measures, and *entreat* the States to adopt them. It did so, but in vain. The inherent elements of dissolution, incident to the condition of a mere confederacy, had begun its disintegrating work. The impoverished people regarded increased taxation as tyranny, and the Federal Congress was contemned and defied. The States were rapidly drifting toward the abyss of British colonial dependency out of which they had just emerged, and were saved only by the Constitution of 1787, in which *the people* declared themselves to be one indissoluble NATION.

To replenish its exhausted treasury and revive its waning credit, the Congress asked such of the States as possessed vacant and unappropriated lands to cede them to the United States, to be employed in providing funds to liquidate

the public debt. North Carolina was the owner of vast tracts of such lands beyond her mountains, and patriotically responded to the appeal by ceding to the United States in June, 1784, the territory now comprising the State of Tennessee. In the act of cession North Carolina reserved the right of jurisdiction over that domain until the Congress should accept the gift, it having been provided by that body, that, if such acceptance should not be formally made within two years, the transaction should be void.

The people in the ceded region (then comprising three counties), incited by a few leading spirits, among whom was Colonel Sevier, denounced this summary disposition of their territory as a usurpation. They had already complained of many grievances; among them, of being neglected by the parent State, and of having been insulted with ungenerous suspicions of their integrity, when they presented claims for services against, and losses by, the savages who brooded on all their borders. They felt that this act on the part of their brethren east of the mountains, notwithstanding their own representatives voted for it, was simply a method to accomplish a "good riddance" of poor relations; and that they were now left wholly to their own resources, the State having practically abdicated its power. They believed the Congress would not formally accept the cession, and that they were left in a state of political orphanage, with no prop for support but their own inherent resources. Upon these resources they immediately leaned. A convention of representatives of the three counties was held at Jonesborough on the 23d of August. The doctrine of independent State sovereignty gave them a warrant for seceding from North Carolina, and they accordingly, by a unanimous vote, declared the three Counties of Washington, Sullivan, and Greene, independent of the parent State. This decision was immediately made known to a crowd of anxious citizens outside of the convention, and was hailed with unanimous approbation.

On the following day a plan of government was presented, in the form of a report, in which was drawn a glowing picture of the swift-coming splendors of the new confederacy, when populations should flow in to partake of the common blessings; when travelers innumerable should spend little fortunes among them; and when gold and silver in abundance would be the only circulating medium in their paradise. The idea of returning to the old Union was scouted as preposterous, and as dangerous to their wonderful prospective greatness. "All these advantages," they said, "acquired and accidental, together with many more that might be mentioned, while we are connected with the old counties, may not only be nearly useless to us, but many of them prove injurious; and this will always be the case during a connection with them, because they are the most numerous, and consequently will always be able to make us subservient to them."

The seceding counties, willing to have acces-

sions to their confederacy, agreed to allow others to come in, especially "any contiguous parts of Virginia" that should "make application;" kindly declaring that they should "be received and enjoy the same privileges that we do, may, or shall enjoy." A provisional government, formed on the basis of the constitution of the parent State, was agreed to, to be referred to a new convention to meet the next year. After directing all public officers having public funds in their hands to retain such moneys until a fair settlement between the new confederacy and the old State should be made, and providing for a convention to "form a constitution and give a name to the independent State," they adjourned.

The second convention met in November, and broke up in confusion. Clashing interests and opinions produced great discord. Some, who discovered the evils which secession would produce, were favorable to "a longer adherence to the mother State," hoping she would redress all grievances; while others, resolved on independence at all hazards, that they might participate in the glories of the promised splendid transmontane empire, would listen to no propositions for reconstruction. They regarded the separation from the old and hated Union as complete.

The Legislature of North Carolina, informed of these secession movements, entertained and acted upon propositions for compromise. They repealed the Cession Act, formed a judicial district of the western counties, appointed an assistant judge and attorney-general for the Superior Court, and commissioned the great secession leader, Colonel Sevier, a Brigadier-General.

That gentleman was satisfied. In a public address at Jonesborough he declared his belief that the mother State would redress all grievances, and advised the people to proceed no further in their disunion plans. But the people would not listen. The politicians could no longer control them. They wanted their glorious visions of promised greatness to be realized; and Sevier was regarded by the more violent as a submissionist. The Provisional Government was put into operation. Members of a General Assembly, according to the laws of North Carolina, were elected, and met in Jonesborough early in 1785. Landon Carter was chosen President of the Senate, and William Cage Speaker of the House of Commons. They appointed General Sevier Governor, established an independent judiciary system, and called the new confederacy of counties the STATE OF FRANKLIN, in honor of the great American patriot, statesman, and sage, from whom the little bantling of a republic never received a word of thanks, or of approbation of its birth or existence, or of recognition even.

Governor Sevier sent to the Governor of North Carolina official notice of the secession of the western counties, the inhabitants of which, he represented, "no longer considered themselves under the sovereignty and jurisdiction of the parent State." Governor Martin immediately called a meeting of his Council, to be held on

the 22d of April. The result was, after three days' deliberation, the issuing of a proclamation announcing the fact of a revolt in the west, and summoning the Legislature to meet at Newbern on the 1st of June, and the putting forth of a manifesto in which the alleged grounds of separation were considered at length, and all concerned in the revolt were exhorted to return to their allegiance. "By such rash and irregular conduct," he said, "a precedent is formed for every district, and even every county in the State, to claim the right of separation and independency for any supposed grievance of the inhabitants, as caprice, pride, and ambition shall dictate, at pleasure, thereby exhibiting to the world a melancholy instance of a feeble or pusillanimous Government, that is either unable or dares not restrain the lawless designs of its citizens."..... "I know with reluctance," he said, "the State will be driven to arms; it will be the last alternative to imbrue her hands in the blood of her citizens; but if no other ways or means are found to save her honor and reclaim her headstrong, refractory citizens but this last sad expedient, her resources are not yet so exhausted or her spirits damped but she may take satisfaction for this great injury received, and regain her government over the revolted territory, or render it not worth possessing."

This manifesto was circulated in manuscript, and read among the citizens of the insurgent district. It caused many to reflect more seriously, and to scrutinize more closely the alleged causes which justified secession. The more thoughtful citizens wished to return to their allegiance, and a large Union party was discovered; but a great majority of the inhabitants, influenced by ambitious men, resolved to maintain their independence. New settlers were rapidly augmenting the population, and a part of adjacent Virginia promised soon to secede from the Old Dominion and be annexed to the confederate "STATE OF FRANKLIN."

Governor Sevier issued a counter manifesto; and Governor Caswell, who had succeeded Martin, replied to it. But these documents failed to awaken much public interest east of the mountains. Even the members of the Legislature disregarded the Governor's call for a session; and the people of FRANKLIN were left to do as they pleased. The pleasure of the majority was to build up a State, and on the 14th of November, 1785, a convention was held at Greenville to form a permanent Constitution. Harmony was absent. A draft, submitted by a committee, in form to "secure," as they said, "the poor and the ruled from being trampled on by the rich and rulers," was rejected. There was love for the old Union in the hearts of most of the members, and, by a small majority, the Constitution of North Carolina, a little remodeled, was adopted as the organic law of FRANKLIN.

Meanwhile the little cloud of secession in the adjacent county in Virginia had assumed vast proportions in the minds of a few leaders. They were indisposed to hold a secondary position in

the grand scheme of empire in the West, and their ambition was not content to move in the circumscribed field of actual settlements. Their pride revolted at the idea of annexation to FRANKLIN, or even co-operation with that little State. They resolved to erect a vast independent empire that should extend over all the wilderness east of the Mississippi, from the Ohio to the Gulf of Mexico, embracing Western Virginia, Kentucky, all FRANKLIN (Tennessee), Alabama, Mississippi, and a part of Georgia. This project—the conception of a few Virginia theorists, having no practical idea as a basis—was soon abandoned, for no sensible man gave it his sanction; while the Commonwealth of Virginia, with Patrick Henry at its head, menaced it with its most vengeful but inconsistent frowns. It was only a legitimate production of the doctrine of independent State sovereignty.

The people of FRANKLIN proceeded to assume all the functions of sovereignty. They organized new counties, until the confederacy numbered seven; levied taxes, appropriated money, formed treaties with the neighboring Indian tribes, and established a currency. The promised abundance of gold and silver, and the presence of spendthrift travelers with pockets full of the precious metals, were only seen in dreams. Their currency was as primitive as that of the antediluvians, and as multiform as the natural productions of their country. The metallic currency of North Carolina was made the standard of value and the gauge of fiscal operations. Good flax linen, of certain fineness, was valued at three shillings and six-pence a yard; good clean beaver skins, six shillings each; raccoon and fox skins, one shilling and three-pence; deer skins, six shillings; cased otter skins, six shillings; bacon, well cured, six-pence a pound; good distilled rye whisky, two shillings and six-pence a gallon; good country-made sugar, one shilling a pound; tallow at six-pence, etc. It was enacted that "All salaries and allowances hereby made shall be paid by any treasurer, sheriff, or collector of public taxes, to any person entitled to the same, to be paid in specific articles [some of them above-enumerated], as collected, and at the rates allowed by the State for the same; or in current money [a pleasant fiction!] of the State of FRANKLIN." It has been jocularly declared that the salaries of the Governor, Officers of State, and Judges were paid in fox skins, and those of sheriffs, constables, and inferior officers in mink skins. This currency was accepted as good, and no one thought of fluctuation or depreciation until confidence in it was shaken by daring counterfeiters. Opossum skins were almost worthless, while raccoon skins were valued at one shilling and six-pence. The counterfeiters sewed raccoons' tails upon opossum skins, passed the mongrel as genuine "coons," and thus brought discredit upon the whole currency of FRANKLIN.

But the political current of the new Government did not long run smoothly. Serious obstructions appeared. There were Union men in

abundance in every precinct sighing for restoration to the arms of the indulgent Mother State. These desires were heightened and strengthened by the mild and conciliatory measures adopted by the Legislature at Newbern, in the autumn of 1785. They passed an Act, offering to bury in oblivion the memory of all past disloyal conduct of the people of FRANKLIN, if they would return to their allegiance, and appoint officers, civil and military, in place of the incumbents under the Sevier dynasty. The voters of the three original insurgent counties were empowered to choose representatives in the North Carolina Legislature, according to the laws of the parent State; and judges were appointed to hold courts in those counties.

This action of North Carolina was the wedge that split and finally destroyed the State of FRANKLIN. It emboldened loyal citizens, who spoke out bravely. Disaffection to the rebel Government appeared in the broad daylight, especially in Washington County; and Colonel John Tipton, one of the most ardent of the secessionists at the beginning, became the valiant head of the Union men. He and Sevier were the leaders and the representatives of the opposing parties; and their feuds and exploits, as such, afford both a melancholy and amusing chapter in the early history of Tennessee.

Early in 1786 FRANKLIN was a divided State, and fearfully agitated by menaces of civil war. Sevier stood firmly and bravely at the head of the seceders; Tipton stood as firmly and as bravely at the head of the Unionists. They were both residents of Washington County, where the rebellion first took root, and where the first symptoms of its decay appeared. The former denounced the latter as a traitor and submissionist; the latter denounced the former as a rebel and a disturber of the public peace. The quarrel between them became bitter and uncompromising, and their respective followers participated in their acrimony.

Tipton was elected to a seat in the Senate of North Carolina, with legislative colleagues for the Lower House. North Carolina Judges were appointed for FRANKLIN, and courts were held in the same counties under both Governments. Laws for FRANKLIN were enacted by both Assemblies, and taxes were levied by the authorities of both States. The bewildered people were relieved of a burden, for in their innocence and perplexity they could not decide to whom their allegiance was due, and they prudently resolved to pay taxes to neither. They rather liked this uncertain condition of affairs.

Matters were soon brought to a crisis. Tipton openly refused obedience to the FRANKLIN Government, and was diligent in the establishment of courts under the authority of North Carolina. One was established at Buffalo, in Washington County, within ten miles of Jonesborough, where that of FRANKLIN was held. Provocations became plentiful, and collisions ensued. The sheriffs of each jurisdiction were compelled at times to pass within that of the

other, when rencontres were sure to take place. The qualification of a candidate for that office was tested by the questions—Can he fight? Will he fight? Interference with each other became daily more frequent and irritating; and finally Colonel Tipton, at the head of a considerable party, entered Jonesborough, where a FRANKLIN county-court was in session, repaired to the court-house, seized all the papers, and turned the justices and jurors into the street. Sevier retaliated by a similar raid upon the North Carolina court at Buffalo, and with a similar result. These hostile transactions occurred frequently during the year 1786. On one occasion the two leaders met. A quarrel was the immediate consequence, and a personal combat soon followed, in which the friends of each freely participated, to the disgrace of all.

Sevier perceived the sinking fortunes of FRANKLIN, and sought foreign aid. He applied to Dr. Franklin for sympathy and advice. He appealed for support to the Governor of Georgia, and offered the alliance of FRANKLIN in the prosecution of war against the Creek and Cherokee Indians as a bribe for his recognition. He addressed friendly importunities to the malcontents of Western Virginia; and appointed commissioners to negotiate for separation with the Government of North Carolina. "I am authorized," he said in a letter to the Governor, which he sent by the commissioners, "to say there is no set of people can think more highly of your Government than those who want a separation, and they only wish it to answer their better convenience; and, though wanting to be separated in Government, wish to be united in friendship, and hope that mutual good offices may pass between the parent and infant State." But the Governor's importunities were in vain. He could not find any one out of his confederacy willing to recognize the independence of FRANKLIN, or even to acknowledge the validity of its Government. There was a tacit proclamation of neutrality from every body. They could see neither political wisdom nor promises of success and prosperity in the secession movement, and wisely declined to interfere. Even the Continental Congress, whose authority the State of FRANKLIN had never denied, refused to notice a delegate from it, who claimed a seat in the Federal council.

Sevier, with a perseverance and courage which commands our admiration, was not dismayed by discouragements. He was resolved to contend for the existence of a Government which he had been chiefly instrumental in creating; and when he found his hopes of foreign aid to be futile, he summoned to action the internal strength of the confederate counties. Early in 1787 the FRANKLIN Legislature, in session at Greenville, acting under the inspiration of the Governor, passed an act to fine and imprison any person who should dare to act under the authority of North Carolina within the domains of the insurgent State. They also empowered the Governor to raise the militia to oppose the execution of the laws of

North Carolina within the precincts of FRANKLIN. Having failed in his negotiations to have the Mother State agree to a separation, he followed up these legislative acts by hurling defiance in the face of the mother, and scorning all her words of kindness, addressed as to a wayward child. "I had the fullest hopes and confidence," he said in a letter to Governor Caswell, "that that body would have either agreed to the separation on honorable principles and stipulations, or otherwise endeavored to have reunited us upon such terms as might have been lasting and friendly; but I find myself and country entirely deceived; and if your Assembly have thought their measures would answer such an end, they are greatly mistaken.....We shall continue to act as independent, and would rather suffer death in all its various and frightful shapes than conform to any thing that is disgraceful."

Caswell, unwilling to use coercive measures, wrote a kind and soothing letter to Sevier, and another to the people of FRANKLIN, in which he assured them that in due time a new State would be regularly formed west of the mountains. These epistles were wise and most salutary; and the latter inflicted such a mortal wound upon the insurgent government that it survived only a few months. The adherents of Sevier and his government daily diminished in numbers and swelled the ranks of the loyal Union men. Allegiance to North Carolina and a desire to abandon the secession scheme were every where visible. In some places elections were not held for members of the FRANKLIN Assembly, while delegates to the Legislature of North Carolina were chosen in several districts. Only two of the seven counties of the little confederacy adhered to Sevier and his fortunes; and even in these there was a strong undercurrent of Union feeling. Harassed and perplexed, the Governor invited Georgia to mediate between North Carolina and FRANKLIN. He also sent another embassy to the Mother State, to negotiate for a separation. These efforts failed, and Governor Sevier turned his attention to the raising of an army ostensibly to co-operate with Georgia in the invasion and subjugation of the Creek Indians.

At this time there was much irritation felt toward the Spanish authorities in the Southwest, who, it was believed, instigated the Indians to make war on the frontier settlements. Many restless spirits in Kentucky, Western Virginia, FRANKLIN, and Georgia conceived a scheme for seizing the Spanish ports of Natchez, Mobile, and New Orleans. At about this time the FRANKLIN government authorized the erection of a fort at the Great Bend of the Tennessee River, in the present Upper Alabama; and the people of that insurgent State were charged with being the chief instigators of and actors in the proposed movement against the Spanish ports. The Federal Government then being friendly with Spain, took measures to prevent mischief, and FRANKLIN was regarded with much suspicion as an aspirant for independence even of the Federal Union.

But FRANKLIN, as a State, was too feeble for mischief had it designed any. The last meeting of its Legislature was held in September, 1787, and at the close of that year the short-lived commonwealth died of political marasmus. The Legislature failed to elect a State council, and the Governor was left alone. The head of the State was vigorous, but the rest of it was reduced to a skeleton. Anarchy ensued; and yet as late as January, 1788, the irrepressible Sevier endeavored to animate his few political adherents with hopes of final success.

At about this time the sheriff of Washington County, acting under the authority of North Carolina, seized the greater portion of Governor Sevier's negroes on his farm on the Nolachucky River. They were taken for safe keeping to the house of Colonel Tipton, his enemy, who had lately failed in a scheme to make Sevier prisoner. The Governor's ire was fearfully excited. He regarded the act as an invasion of the sovereign State of FRANKLIN. He immediately raised one hundred and fifty men, principally in Greene County, and with a small cannon proceeded to Tipton's house on the Watauga. It was partly a surprise. Tipton had only fifteen of his friends with him when Sevier appeared and demanded the instant and unconditional surrender of all in the house. Tipton, who was as resolute as the Governor, defied him. He sent word to him to "fire and be damned." Sevier then sent a written summons to surrender. Tipton sent it to the Colonel of the adjoining county, and asked for aid, at the same time refusing all intercourse with his besieger. A reinforcement for Tipton came, under Colonel Maxwell, when the whole party sallied out with shouts, and the troops of Sevier, panic-stricken, fled in all directions, leaving their little cannon behind. Two persons were mortally wounded, and several of Sevier's men were made prisoners. Among the latter were the Governor's two sons, whom the exasperated Tipton was disposed to hang upon the spot. Friends of both parties interposed, and they were saved. Sevier escaped. This was the death-blow to FRANKLIN.

These transactions produced the wildest excitement and most intense acrimony in that region. Civil discord was almost on the point of breaking out into a flame of civil war. At that moment a messenger of peace and good-will appeared and calmed the storm. He was the venerated Bishop Asbury, of the Methodist Church, who went there to hold the *first conference* west of the mountain. In his Diary, under date of April 28, 1788, he recorded:

"We reached the head of Watauga; came to Greer's. The people are in disorder about the Old and New state; two or three men have been killed. At Nelson's I had a less audience than was expected; the people having been called away on an expedition against the New-state men." A few days afterward, he recorded: "Came to Hufflure's and Keywood's, where we held Conference three days; and I preached each day. The weather was cold, the room

without fire, and otherwise uncomfortable. We, nevertheless, made out to keep our seats until we had finished the essential part of our business."

That Conference is represented as having been like "oil poured upon troubled waters." It was a great novelty in the wilds of the Watauga; and the presence and precepts of the sainted Asbury converted many bitter partisans into brethren and friends.

Although the State of FRANKLIN had expired, its governor was alive and active. He kept the people in a turmoil—so much so that the Governor of North Carolina who succeeded Caswell was inclined to send a military force there to quell insubordination. He received such representations of Sevier's conduct that, at the close of July, he issued an order for his arrest, in which it was recited that he styled "himself Captain-General of the State of FRANKLIN," and was "guilty of high treason in levying troops to oppose the laws and government of this State, and has, with an armed force, put to death several good citizens."

Sevier was then on the frontier, at the head of troops, ostensibly for the purpose of fighting the Indians. He performed excellent service there that season in giving security to the scattered frontier settlements. In October following he was arrested by Tipton and others, and taken in irons to the jail at Jonesborough. From thence he was carried, under a strong guard, to Morgantown, in Burke County, North Carolina, and placed in the custody of the sheriff. This act aroused all the mountaineers and the dwellers in the valleys. Sevier was beloved for his manly virtues by all but a few personal rivals, even by those who condemned his political course. The manner of his arrest was regarded as a great outrage; and, armed *cap-à-pie*, they flew to the rescue. Many of his old followers were immediately seen in the rough pathways over the mountains nerved with a determination of releasing him at all hazards, even if the burning of Morgantown should be necessary to effect it.

On his way, as a captive, Sevier passed by the window of Colonel M'Dowell, one of his brave companions-in-arms at King's Mountain. M'Dowell and his brother accompanied the prisoner to Morgantown, and became his sureties for a few days while he should visit his brother-in-law. This accomplished, Sevier returned promptly, released his sureties, and prepared for trial. He was summoned before the court. A very large crowd was assembled. His friends (among them his two sons) were hovering about the borders of the town. One by one they came in, hid their rifles, tied their horses to trees, and mingled with the crowd as curious spectators. One animal was left loose. It was Governor Sevier's race-mare, which Major Evans, a faithful friend, had brought with him. She was left at the court-house door, the bridle thrown carelessly over her neck, while the Major, unknown, walked as carelessly about among the people. Another friend, named Cozby, entered the courtroom. There sat Sevier arraigned at the bar,

and on trial for high treason. He had seen his mare at the door, and knew that his friends were near. Cozby's appearance gave further assurance, but both were careful not to reveal their acquaintanceship. At length there was a pause in the trial, when Cozby, a tall, athletic man, with quick, loud voice, stepped in front of the judge, and, pointing toward the prisoner, asked, "Are you done with that man?" The court and spectators were startled, and in the confusion that ensued Sevier sprang to the door, leaped upon his mare, and, with a speed that outstripped every thing that pursued, he escaped toward the Chattanooga mountains, followed by his friends, who made the forest ring with shouts of triumph.

A general oblivion and pardon for all offenders in FRANKLIN, which the Legislature of North Carolina had proclaimed in 1788, were withheld from Sevier, because he was an arch-traitor; and he was now on the frontier, between his loving followers and the dusky savages, a proscribed outlaw, deprived of all the franchises of a freeman, debarred from holding any offices of trust or profit. Yet he did not hide like a fugitive from justice. He was active, and bold, and ready to serve his friends as counselor or representative. The State of FRANKLIN was no more, and he candidly acknowledged the fact. Its inhabitants were now loyal children of the parent State; and they, trusting with filial faith to the leniency of the injured mother, whose strength and dignity had been vindicated, and whose magnanimity had been made free to act, they elected that proscribed outlaw to represent them in the Legislature of North Carolina. With a halter about his neck, as it were, Sevier went boldly to Fayetteville on the second of November, 1789, where the Assembly was in session. He expressed his penitence; took the oath of allegiance; was purified of the attainder of treason; was restored to citizenship by an act of the Legislature, and took his seat as a representative in that body. During the session he was reinstated in his office of Brigadier-General for all the western counties; and administrations granted by the courts of FRANKLIN were confirmed, and marriages contracted under the laws of the insurgent State were legalized.

Sevier was further honored by his constituents by an election to a seat in the Congress of the United States in the spring of 1790. He had no competitor for the office, for every voter on the Cumberland and Holston gave him his suffrage. On the 16th of June following he took his seat in Congress, then sitting in New York for the last time. He was the first representative in the National Legislature from the vast regions west of the great mountains, where so many hundreds of thousands of people now dwell. He was the sole representative of the inhabitants of the broad and beautiful domain comprised within the present State of Tennessee. The Congress had lately accepted that domain offered by a new act of cession by the Legislature of North Carolina, and it was erected into a territory, with Knoxville as its seat of government. In 1796, a convention formed a State constitution, which Mr. Jefferson alleged was "the least imperfect and most republican" of all that had been adopted. On the suggestion of General Andrew Jackson, the largest river of the domain, bearing a sweet Indian name, furnished that of the new State, and it was called TENNESSEE. General Sevier was elected Governor; and in June, 1796, the National Congress admitted it into the Union.

John Sevier, the early secessionist, was always an honored citizen of the State of which he was the principal founder. His record of patriotism, notwithstanding the stain that fell upon it in his middle life, is bright. He was twelve years Governor of the State; and in 1811 he was again elected to a seat in Congress from the Knoxville district. He was an efficient member of the Committee on Military Affairs during the war of 1812-'15. In the latter year, President Madison appointed him a commissioner to run the boundary lines of territory which had been ceded to the United States by the Creek Indians. In September, while in the performance of the duties of his mission, he died in his tent of malarious fever, and was buried with military honors at the Indian village of Tuckabatchee, on the eastern bank of the Tallapoosa River, in Alabama. A monument to his memory has been erected in a cemetery at Nashville.

THE BRONZE STATUE.

UPLIFTED when the April sun was down,
 Gold-lighted by the tremulous, fluttering beam,
 Touching his glimmering steed with spurs in gleam,
 The Great Virginia Colonel into town
 Rode, with the scabbard, emptied, on his thigh,
 The Leader's hat upon his head, and lo!
 The old still manhood in his face aglow,
 And the old generalship up in his eye!
 "O father!" said I, speaking in my heart,
 "Though but thy bronzed form is ours alone,
 And marble lips here in thy chosen place,
 Rides not thy spirit into Washington,
 Or weeps thy Land, an orphan in the mart?"
 The twilight dying lit the deathless face.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE DEPARTMENTS OF SEINE, LOIRE, AND
STYX (INFÉRIEUR).

OUR dear friend Mrs. Baynes was suffering under the influence of one of those panics which sometimes seized her, and during which she remained her husband's most obedient Eliza and vassal. When Baynes wore a certain expression of countenance, we have said that his wife knew resistance to be useless. That expression, I suppose, he assumed when he announced Charlotte's departure to her mother, and ordered Mrs. General Baynes to make the

necessary preparations for the girl. "She might stay some time with her aunt," Baynes stated. "A change of air would do the child a great deal of good. Let every thing necessary in the shape of hats, bonnets, winter clothes, and so forth, be got ready." "Was Char, then, to stay away so long?" asked Mrs. B. "She has been so happy here that you want to keep her, and fancy she can't be happy without you!" I can fancy the general grimly replying to the partner of his existence. Hanging down her withered head, with a tear mayhap trickling down her cheek, I can fancy the old woman silently departing to do the bidding of her lord. She selects a trunk out of the store of Baynes's baggage. A young lady's trunk was a trunk in those days. Now it is a two or three storied edifice of wood, in which two or three full-grown bodies of young ladies (without crinoline) might be packed. I saw a little old country-woman at the Folkestone station last year with her traveling baggage contained in a handbox tied up in an old cotton handkerchief hanging on her arm; and she surveyed Lady Knightsbridge's twenty-three black trunks, each well-nigh as large as her ladyship's opera-box. Before these great edifices that old woman stood wondering dumbly. That old lady and I had lived in a time when crinoline was not; and yet, I think, women looked even prettier in that time than they do now. Well, a trunk and a handbox were fetched out of the baggage-heap for little

Charlotte, and I dare say her little brothers jumped and danced on the box with much energy to make the lid shut, and the general brought out his hammer and nails, and nailed a card on the box with "Mademoiselle Baynes" thereon printed. And mamma had to look on and witness those preparations. And Hely Walsingham had called; and he wouldn't call again, she knew; and that fair chance for the establishment of her child was lost by the obstinacy of her self-willed, reckless husband. That woman had to water her soup with her furtive tears, to sit of nights behind hearts and spades and brood over her crushed hopes. If I contemplate that wretched old Niobe much longer I shall begin to pity her. Away softness! Take out thy arrows, the poisoned, the barbed, the rankling, and prod me the old creature well, god of the silver bow! Eliza Baynes had to look on, then, and see the trunks packed—to see her own authority over her own daughter wrested away from her—to see the undutiful girl prepare with perfect delight and alacrity to go away, without feeling a pang at leaving a mother who had nursed her through adverse illnesses, who had scolded her for seventeen years.

The general accompanied the party to the diligence-office. Little Char was very pale and melancholy indeed when she took her place in the coupé. "She should have a corner; she had been ill, and ought to have a corner," Uncle Mac said, and cheerfully consented to be bodkin. Our three special friends are seated. The other passengers clamber into their places. Away goes the clattering team as the general waves an adieu to his friends. "Monstrous fine horses those gray Normans; famous breed, indeed," he remarks to his wife on his return.

"Indeed," she echoes. "Pray, in what part of the carriage was Mr. Firmin?" she presently asks.

"In no part of the carriage at all!" Baynes answers, fiercely, turning beet-root red. And thus, though she had been silent, obedient, hanging her head, the woman showed that she was aware of her master's schemes, and why her girl had been taken away. She knew; but she was beaten. It remained for her but to be silent and bow her head. I dare say she did not sleep one wink that night. She followed the diligence in its journey. "Char is gone," she thought. "Yes; in due time he will take from me the obedience of my other children, and tear them out of my lap." He—that is, the general—was sleeping meanwhile. He had had in the last few days four awful battles—with his child, with his friends, with his wife—in which latter combat he had been conqueror. No wonder Baynes was tired and needed rest. Any one of those engagements was enough to weary the veteran.

If we take the liberty of looking into double-

bedded rooms, and peering into the thoughts which are passing under private night-caps, may we not examine the coupé of a jingling diligence with an open window, in which a young lady sits wide awake by the side of her uncle and aunt? These perhaps are asleep; but she is not. Ah! she is thinking of another journey! that blissful one from Boulogne, when *he* was there yonder in the imperial, by the side of the conductor. When the MacWhirter party had come to the diligence-office, how her little heart had beat! How she had looked under the lamps at all the people lounging about the court! How she had listened when the clerk called out the names of the passengers; and, mercy, what a fright she had been in, lest he should be there after all, while she stood yet leaning on her father's arm! But there was no— Well, names, I think, need scarcely be mentioned. There was no sign of the individual in question. Papa kissed her, and sadly said good-by. Good Madame Smolensk came with an adieu and an embrace for her dear Miss, and whispered, "Courage, mon enfant;" and then said, "Hold, I have brought you some bonbons." There they were in a little packet. Little Charlotte put the packet into her little basket. Away goes the diligence, but the individual had made no sign.

Away goes the diligence; and every now and then Charlotte feels the little packet in her little basket. What does it contain—oh, what? If Charlotte could but read with her heart, she would see into that little packet—the sweetest bonbon of all perhaps it might be, or ah me! the bitterest almond! Through the night goes the diligence, passing relay after relay. Uncle Mac sleeps. I think I have said he snored. Aunt Mac is quite silent, and Char sits plaintively with her lonely thoughts and her bonbons, as miles, hours, relays pass.

"*These ladies, will they descend and take a cup of coffee, a cup of bouillon?*" at last cries a waiter at the coupé door, as the carriage stops in Orleans. "By all means a cup of coffee," says aunt Mac. "The little Orleans wine is good," cries uncle Mac. "Descendons!" "This way, madame," says the waiter. "Charlotte, my love, some coffee?"

"I will—I will stay in the carriage. I don't want any thing, thank you," says Miss Charlotte. And the instant her relations are gone, entering the gate of the Lion Noir, where, you know, are the Bureaux des Messageries, Lafitte, Caillard, et C^{ie}—I say, on the very instant when her relations have disappeared, what do you think Miss Charlotte does?

She opens that packet of bonbons with fingers that tremble—tremble so, I wonder how she could undo the knot of the string (or do you think she had untied that knot under her shawl in the dark? I can't say. We never shall know). Well; she opens the packet. She does not care one fig for the lollipops, almonds, and so forth. She pounced on a little scrap of paper, and is going to read it by the lights of the

steaming stable lanterns, when—oh, what made her start so?

In those old days there used to be two diligences which traveled nightly to Tours, setting out at the same hour, and stopping at almost the same relays. The diligence of Lafitte and Caillard supped at the Lion Noir at Orleans—the diligence of the Messageries Royales stopped at the Ecu de France, hard by.

Well, as the Messageries Royales are supping at the Ecu de France, a passenger strolls over from that coach, and strolls and strolls until he comes to the coach of Lafitte, Caillard, and Company, and to the coupé window where Miss Baynes is trying to decipher her bonbon.

He comes up—and as the night-lamps fall on his face and beard—his rosy face, his yellow beard—oh! What means that scream of the young lady in the coupé of Lafitte, Caillard, et Compagnie! I declare she has dropped the letter which she was about to read. It has dropped into a pool of mud under the diligence off fore-wheel. And he with the yellow beard, and a sweet happy laugh, and a tremble in his deep voice, says, "You need not read it. It was only to tell you what you know."

Then the coupé window says, "Oh, Philip! Oh, my—"

My what? You can not hear the words, because the gray Norman horses come squeeling and clattering up to their coach-pole with such accompanying cries and imprecations from the horsekeepers and postillions that no wonder the little warble is lost. It was not intended for you and me to hear; but perhaps you can guess the purport of the words. Perhaps in quite old, old days, you may remember having heard such little whispers, in a time when the song-birds in your grove caroled that kind of song very pleasantly and freely. But this, my good madam, is a February number. The birds are gone: the branches are bare: the gardener has actually swept the leaves off the walks: and the whole affair is an affair of a past year, you understand. Well! *carpe diem, fugit hora*, etc. etc. There, for one minute, for two minutes, stands Philip over the diligence off fore-wheel, talking to Charlotte at the window, and their heads are quite close—quite close. What are those two pairs of lips warbling, whispering? "Hi! Gare! Ohé!" The horsekeepers, I say, quite prevent you from hearing; and here come the passengers out of the Lion Noir, aunt Mac still munching a great slice of bread-and-butter. Charlotte is quite comfortable, and does not want any thing, dear aunt, thank you. I hope she nestles in her corner and has a sweet slumber. On the journey the twin diligences pass and repass each other. Perhaps Charlotte looks out of her window sometimes and toward the other carriage. I don't know. It is a long time ago. What used you to do in old days, ere railroads were, and when diligences ran? They were slow enough: but they have got to their journey's end somehow. They were tight, hot, dusty, dear, stuffy, and uncomfortable; but

for all that, traveling was good sport sometimes. And if the world would have the kindness to go back for five-and-twenty or thirty years, some of us who have traveled on the Tours and Orleans Railway very comfortably would like to take the diligence journey now.

Having myself seen the city of Tours only last year, of course I don't remember much about it. A man remembers boyhood, and the first sight of Calais, and so forth. But after much travel or converse with the world, to see a new town is to be introduced to Jones. He is like Brown; he is not unlike Smith. In a little while you hash him up with Thompson. I dare not be particular, then, regarding Mr. Firmin's life at Tours, lest I should make topographical errors, for which the critical schoolmaster would justly inflict chastisement. In the last novel I read about Tours there were blunders from the effect of which you know the wretched author never recovered. It was by one Scott, and had young Quentin Durward for a hero, and Isabel de Croye for a heroine; and she sate in her hostel, and sang, "Ah, County Guy, the hour is nigh." A pretty ballad enough; but what ignorance, my dear Sir! What descriptions of Tours, of Liège, are in that fallacious story! Yes, so fallacious and misleading, that I remember I was sorry, not because the description was unlike Tours, but because Tours was unlike the description.

So Quentin Firmin went and put up at the snug little hostel of the Faisan; and Isabel de Baynes took up her abode with her uncle, the Sire de MacWhirter; and I believe Master Firmin had no more money in his pocket than the Master Durward whose story the Scottish novelist told some forty years since. And I can not promise you that our young English adventurer shall marry a noble heiress of vast property, and engage the Boar of Ardennes in a hand-to-hand combat; that sort of Boar, madam, does not appear in our modern drawing-room histories. Of others, not wild, there be plenty. They gore you in clubs. They seize you by the doublet, and pin you against posts in public streets. They run at you in parks. I have seen them sit at bay after dinner, ripping, gashing, tossing a whole company. These our young adventurer had in good sooth to encounter, as is the case with most knights. Who escapes them? I remember an eminent person talking to me about bores for two hours once. O you stupid eminent person! You never knew that you yourself had tusks, little eyes in your *hure*; a bristly mane to cut into tooth-brushes; and a curly tail! I have a notion that the multitude of bores is enormous in the world. If a man is a bore himself, when he is bored—and you can't deny this statement—then what am I, what are you, what your father, grandfather, son—all your amiable acquaintance, in a word? Of this I am sure. Major and Mrs. MacWhirter were not brilliant in conversation. What would you and I do, or say, if we listen to the tittle-tattle of Tours? How the clergyman was certainly too fond of

cards and going to the café; how the dinners those Popjoys gave were too absurdly ostentatious; and Popjoy, we know, in the Bench last year. How Mr. Flights, going on with that Major of French Carabineers, was really too, etc., etc. "How could I endure those people?" Philip would ask himself, when talking of that personage in after-days, as he loved and loves to do. "How could I endure them, I say! Mac was a good man; but I knew secretly in my heart, Sir, that he was a bore. Well: I loved him. I liked his old stories. I liked his bad old dinners: there is a very comfortable Touraine wine, by-the-way: a very warming little wine, Sir. Mrs. Mac you never saw, my good Mrs. Pendennis. Be sure of this, you never would have liked her. Well, I did. I liked her house, though it was damp, in a damp garden, frequented by dull people. I should like to go and see that old house now. I am perfectly happy with my wife, but I sometimes go away from her to enjoy the luxury of living over our old days again. With nothing in the world but an allowance which was precarious, and had been spent in advance; with no particular plans for the future, and a few five-franc pieces for the present—by Jove, Sir! how did I dare to be so happy? What idiots we were, my love, to be happy at all! We were mad to marry. Don't tell me: with a purse which didn't contain three months' consumption would we dare to marry now? We should be put into the mad ward of the work-house: that would be the only place for us. Talk about trusting in Heaven. Stuff and nonsense, ma'am! I have as good a right to go and buy a house in Belgrave Square, and trust to Heaven for the payment, as I had to marry when I did. We were paupers, Mrs. Char, and you know that very well!"

"Oh yes. We were very wrong—very!" says Mrs. Charlotte, looking up to the chandelier of her ceiling (which, by-the-way, is of very handsome Venetian old glass). "We were very wrong, were not we, my dearest?" And herewith she will begin to kiss and fondle two or more babies that disport in her room—as if two or more babies had any thing to do with Philip's argument, that a man has no right to marry who has no pretty well-assured means of keeping a wife.

Here, then, by the banks of the Loire, although Philip had but a very few francs in his pocket, and was obliged to keep a sharp lookout on his expenses at the Hotel of the Golden Pheasant, he passed a fortnight of such happiness as I, for my part, wish to all young folks who read his veracious history. Though he was so poor, and ate and drank so modestly in the house, the maids, waiters, the landlady of the Pheasant, were as civil to him—yes, as civil as they were to the gouty old Marchioness of Carabas herself, who staid here on her way to the south, occupied the grand apartments, quarreled with her lodging, dinner, breakfast, bread-and-butter in general, insulted the landlady in

bad French, and only paid her bill under compulsion. Philip's was a little bill, but he paid it cheerfully. He gave only a small gratuity to the servants, but he was kind and hearty, and they knew he was poor. He was kind and hearty, I suppose, because he was so happy. I have known the gentleman to be by no means civil; and have heard him storm, and hector, and brow-beat landlords and waiters as fiercely as the Marquis of Carabas himself. But now Philip the Bear was the most gentle of bears, because his little Charlotte was leading him.

Away with trouble and doubt, with squeamish pride and gloomy care! Philip had enough money for a fortnight, during which Tom Glazier, of the *Monitor*, promised to supply Philip's letters for the *Pall Mall Gazette*. All the designs of France, Spain, Russia, gave that idle "own correspondent" not the slightest anxiety. In the morning it was Miss Baynes; in the afternoon it was Miss Baynes. At six it was dinner and Charlotte; at nine it was Charlotte and tea. "Any how, love-making does not spoil his appetite," Major MacWhirter correctly remarked. Indeed, Philip had a glorious appetite; and health bloomed in Miss Charlotte's cheek, and beamed in her happy little heart. Dr. Firmin, in the height of his practice, never completed a cure more skillfully than that which was performed by Dr. Firmin, Junior.

"I ran the thing so close, Sir," I remember Philip bawling out, in his usual energetic way, while describing this period of his life's greatest happiness to his biographer, "that I came back to Paris outside the diligence, and had not money enough to dine on the road. But I bought a sausage, Sir, and a bit of bread—and a brutal sausage it was, Sir—and I reached my lodgings with exactly two sous in my pocket." Roger Bontemps himself was not more content than our easy philosopher.

So Philip and Charlotte ratified and sealed a treaty of Tours, which they determined should never be broken by either party. Marry without papa's consent? Oh, never! Marry anybody but Philip? Oh, never—never! Not if she lived to be a hundred, when Philip would in consequence be in his hundred and ninth or tenth year, would this young Joan have any but her present Darby. Aunt Mac, though she may not have been the most accomplished or highly-bred of ladies, was a warm-hearted and affectionate aunt Mac. She caught in a mild form the fever from these young people. She had not much to leave, and Mac's relations would want all *he* could spare when he was gone. But Charlotte should have her garnets, and her tea-pot, and her India shawl—that she should.* And with many blessings this enthusiastic old lady took leave of her future nephew-in-law when

he returned to Paris and duty. Crack your whip, and scream your *hi!* and be off quick, postillion and diligence! I am glad we have taken Mr. Firmin out of that dangerous, lazy, love-making place. Nothing is to me so sweet as sentimental writing. I could have written hundreds of pages describing Philip and Charlotte, Charlotte and Philip. But a stern sense of duty intervenes. My modest muse puts a finger on her lip, and says, "Hush about that business!" Ah, my worthy friends, you little know what soft-hearted people those cynics are! If you could have come on Diogenes by surprise, I dare say you might have found him reading sentimental novels and whimpering in his tub. Philip shall leave his sweet-heart and go back to his business, and we will not have one word about tears, promises, raptures, parting. Never mind about these sentimentalities, but please, rather, to depict to yourself our young fellow so poor that, when the coach stops for dinner at Orleans, he can only afford to purchase a penny loaf and a sausage for his own hungry cheek. When he reached the Hôtel Poussin, with his meagre carpet-bag, they served him a supper which he ate to the admiration of all beholders in the little coffee-room. He was in great spirits and gayety. He did not care to make any secret of his poverty, and how he had been unable to afford to pay for dinner. Most of the guests at Hôtel Poussin knew what it was to be poor. Often and often they had dined on credit when they put back their napkins into their respective pigeon-holes. But my landlord knew his guests. They were poor men—honest men. They paid him in the end, and each could help his neighbor in a strait.

After Mr. Firmin's return to Paris he did not care for a while to go to the Elysian Fields. They were not Elysian for him, except in Miss Charlotte's company. He resumed his newspaper correspondence, which occupied but a day in each week, and he had the other six—nay, he scribbled on the seventh day likewise, and covered immense sheets of letter-paper with remarks upon all manner of subjects, addressed to a certain Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle Baynes, chez M. le Major Mac, etc. On these sheets of paper Mr. Firmin could talk so long, so loudly, so fervently, so eloquently to Miss Baynes, that she was never tired of hearing, or he of holding forth. He began imparting his dreams and his earliest sensations to his beloved before breakfast. At noonday he gave her his opinion of the contents of the morning papers. His packet was ordinarily full and brimming over by post-time, so that his expressions of love and fidelity leaked from under the cover, or were squeezed into the queerest corners, where, no doubt, it was a delightful task for Miss Baynes to trace out and detect those little Cupids which a faithful lover dispatched to her. It would be, "I have found this little corner unoccupied. Do you know what I have to say in it? Oh, Charlotte, I," etc., etc. My sweet young lady, you can guess, or will one day guess, the rest; and

* I am sorry to say that in later days, after Mrs. Major MacWhirter's decease, it was found that she had promised these treasures *in writing* to several members of her husband's family, and that much heart-burning arose in consequence. But our story has nothing to do with these painful disputes.

will receive such dear, delightful, nonsensical double letters, and will answer them with that elegant propriety which, I have no doubt, Miss Baynes showed in her replies. Ah! if all who are writing and receiving such letters, or who have written and received such, or who remember writing and receiving such, would order a copy of this month's *Cornhill* from the publishers, what reams, and piles, and pyramids of paper our ink would have to blacken! Not Hoe's engines, gigantic as they are, would be able to turn out magazines enough for the supply of those gentle readers! Since Charlotte and Philip had been engaged to each other, he had scarcely, except in those dreadful, ghastly days of quarrel, enjoyed the luxury of absence from his soul's blessing—the exquisite delight of writing to her. He could do few things in moderation, this man—and of this delightful privilege of writing to Charlotte he now enjoyed his heart's fill.

After a fortnight or three weeks of this rapture, when winter was come on Paris, and icicles hung on the bough, how did it happen that one day, two days, three days passed, and the postman brought no little letter in the well-known little handwriting for Monsieur, Monsieur Philip Firmin, à Paris? Three days, four days, and no letter. Oh, torture, could she be ill? Could her aunt and uncle have turned against her, and forbidden her to write, as her father and mother had done before? Oh, grief, and sorrow, and rage! As for jealousy, our leonine friend never knew such a passion. It never entered into his lordly heart to doubt of his little maiden's love. But still four, five days have passed, and not one word has come from Tours. The little Hôtel Poussin was in a commotion. I have said that when our friend felt any passion very strongly he was sure to speak of it. Did Don Quixote lose any opportunity of declaring to the world that Dulcinea del Tobosa was peerless among women? Did not Antar bawl out in battle, "I am the lover of Ibla?" Our knight had taken all the people of the hotel into his confidence somehow. They all knew of his condition—all, the painter, the poet, the half-pay Polish officer, the landlord, the hostess, down to the little knife-boy who used to come in with, "The factor comes off to pass—no letter this morning."

No doubt Philip's political letters became, under this outward pressure, very desponding and gloomy. One day, as he sat gnawing his mustaches at his desk, the little Anatole enters his apartment and cries, "*Tenez, M. Philippe. That lady again!*" And the faithful, the watchful, the active Madame Smolensk once more made her appearance in his chamber.

Philip blushed and hung his head for shame. Ungrateful brute that I am, he thought; I have been back more than a week, and never thought a bit about that good, kind soul who came to my succor. I am an awful egotist. Love is always so.

As he rose up to greet his friend, she looked so grave, and pale, and sad, that he could not

but note her demeanor. "*Bon Dieu!* had any thing happened?"

"*Ce pauvre général* is ill, very ill, Philip," Smolensk said, in her grave voice.

He was so gravely ill, Madame said, that his daughter had been sent for.

"Had she come?" asked Philip, with a start.

"You think but of her—you care not for the poor old man. You are all the same, you men. All egotists—all. Go! I know you! I never knew one that was not," said Madame. Philip has his little faults: perhaps egotism is one of his defects. Perhaps it is yours, or even mine. "You have been here a week since Thursday last, and you have never written or sent to a woman who loves you well. Go! It was not well, Monsieur Philippe."

As soon as he saw her Philip felt that he had been neglectful and ungrateful. We have owned so much already. But how should Madame know that he had returned on Thursday week? When they looked up after her reproof, his eager eyes seemed to ask this question.

"Could she not write to me and tell me that you were come back? Perhaps she knew that you would not do so yourself. A woman's heart teaches her these experiences early," continued the lady, sadly; then she added: "I tell you, you are good-for-nothings, all of you! And I repent me, see you, of having had the *bêtise* to pity you!"

"I shall have my quarter's pay on Saturday. I was coming to you then," said Philip.

"Was it that I was speaking of? What! you are all cowards, men all! Oh, that I have been beast, beast, to think at last I had found a man of heart!"

How much or how often this poor Ariadne had trusted and been forsaken I have no means of knowing, or desire of inquiring. Perhaps it is as well for the polite reader, who is taken into my entire confidence, that we should not know Madame de Smolensk's history from the first page to the last. Granted that Ariadne was deceived by Theseus: but then she consoled herself, as we may all read in Smith's Dictionary; and then she must have deceived her father in order to run away with Theseus. I suspect—I suspect, I say—that these women who are so very much betrayed are— But we are speculating on this French lady's antecedents, when Charlotte, her lover, and her family are the persons with whom we have mainly to do.

These two, I suppose, forgot self, about which each for a moment had been busy, and Madame resumed: "Yes, you have reason; Miss is here. It was time. Hold! Here is a note from her." And Philip's kind messenger once more put a paper into his hands:

"My dearest father is very, very ill. Oh, Philip! I am so unhappy; and he is so good, and gentle, and kind, and loves me so!"

"It is true," Madame resumed. "Before Charlotte came he thought only of her. When his wife comes up to him he pushes her away. I have not loved her much, that lady, that is

true. But to see her now, it is *nâvrant*. He will take no medicine from her. He pushes her away. Before Charlotte came he sent for me, and spoke as well as his poor throat would let him, this poor general! His daughter's arrival seemed to comfort him. But he says, 'Not my wife! not my wife!' And the poor thing has to go away and cry in the chamber at the side. He says—in his French, you know—he has never been well since Charlotte went away. He has often been out. He has dined but rarely at our table, and there has always been a silence between him and Madame la Générale. Last week he had a great inflammation of the chest. Then he took to bed, and Monsieur the Docteur came—the little doctor whom you know. Then a quinsy has declared itself, and he now is scarce able to speak. His condition is most grave. He lies suffering, dying, perhaps—yes, dying, do you hear? And you are thinking of your little school-girl! Men are all the same. Monsters! Go!"

Philip, who, I have said, is very fond of talking about Philip, surveys his own faults with great magnanimity and good-humor, and acknowledges them without the least intention to correct them. "How selfish we are!" I can hear him say, looking at himself in the glass. "By George! Sir, when I heard simultaneously the news of that poor old man's illness, and of Charlotte's return, I felt that I wanted to see *her* that instant. I must go to her, and speak to her. The old man and his suffering did not seem to affect me. It is humiliating to have to own that we are selfish beasts. But we are, Sir—we are brutes, by George! and nothing else!" And he gives a finishing twist to the ends of his flaming mustaches as he surveys them in the glass.

Poor little Charlotte was in such affliction that of course she must have Philip to console her at once. No time was to be lost. Quick! a cab this moment: and, coachman, you shall have an extra for drink if you go quick to the Avenue de Marli! Madame puts herself into the carriage, and as they go along tells Philip more at length of the gloomy occurrences of the last few days. Four days since the poor general was so bad with his quinsy that he thought he should not recover, and Charlotte was sent for. He was a little better on the day of her arrival; but yesterday the inflammation had increased; he could not swallow; he could not speak audibly; he was in very great suffering and danger. He turned away from his wife. The unhappy generaless had been to Madame Bunch in her tears and grief, complaining that after twenty years' fidelity and attachment her husband had withdrawn his regard from her. Baynes attributed even his illness to his wife; and at other times said it was a just punishment for his wicked conduct in breaking his word to Philip and Charlotte. He must see his dear child again, and beg her forgiveness for having made her suffer so. He had acted wickedly and ungratefully, and his wife had forced him to do

what he did. He prayed that Heaven might pardon him. And he had behaved with wicked injustice toward Philip, who had acted most generously toward his family. And he had been a scoundrel—he knew he had—and Bunch, and MacWhirter, and the doctor all said so—and it was that woman's doing. And he pointed to the scared wife as he painfully hissed out these words of anger and contrition: "When I saw that child ill, and almost made mad, because I broke my word, I felt I was a scoundrel, Martin; and I was; and that woman made me so; and I deserve to be shot; and I sha'n't recover; I tell you I sha'n't." Dr. Martin, who attended the general, thus described his patient's last talk and behavior to Philip.

It was the doctor who sent Madame in quest of the young man. He found poor Mrs. Baynes, with hot, tearless eyes and livid face, a wretched sentinel outside the sick chamber. "You will find General Baynes very ill, Sir," she said to Philip, with a ghastly calmness, and a gaze he could scarcely face. "My daughter is in the room with him. It appears I have offended him, and he refuses to see me." And she squeezed a dry handkerchief which she held, and put on her spectacles again, and tried again to read the Bible in her lap.

Philip hardly knew the meaning of Mrs. Baynes's words as yet. He was agitated by the thought of the general's illness, perhaps by the notion that the beloved was so near. Her hand was in his a moment afterward: and, even in that sad chamber, each could give the other a soft pressure, a fond, silent signal of mutual love and faith.

The poor man laid the hands of the young people together, and his own upon them. The suffering to which he had put his daughter seemed to be the crime which specially affected him. He thanked Heaven he was able to see he was wrong. He whispered to his little maid a prayer for pardon in one or two words, which caused poor Charlotte to sink on her knees and cover his fevered hand with tears and kisses. Out of all her heart she forgave him. She had felt that the parent she loved and was accustomed to honor had been mercenary and cruel. It had wounded her pure heart to be obliged to think that her father could be other than generous, and just, and good. That he should humble himself before her smote me with the keenest pang of tender commiseration. I do not care to pursue this last scene. Let us close the door as the children kneel by the sufferer's bedside, and to the old man's petition for forgiveness, and to the young girl's sobbing vows of love and fondness, say a reverent Amen.

By the following letter, which he wrote a few days before the fatal termination of his illness, the worthy general, it would appear, had already despaired of his recovery:

"MY DEAR MAC,—I speak and breathe with such difficulty as I write this from my bed, that I doubt whether I shall ever leave it. I do not wish to vex poor Eliza, and in my state can not enter into disputes which I know would



AT THE SICK MAN'S DOOR.

cuse regarding settlement of property. When I left England there was a claim hanging over me (young Firmin's) at which I was needlessly frightened, as having to satisfy it would swallow up *much more than every thing I possessed in the world*. Hence made arrangements for leaving every thing in Eliza's name and the children after. Will with Smith and Thompson, Raymond Buildings, Gray's Inn. Think Char *won't be happy for a long time*

with her mother. To break from F., who has been most generous to us, will break her heart. Will you and Emily keep her for a little? I gave F. *my promise*, as you told me I have acted ill by him, which I own and deeply lament. If Char marries, *she ought to have her share*. May God bless her, her father prays, in case he should not see her again. And with best love to Emily, am yours, dear Mac, sincerely,
CHARLES BAYNES."

On the receipt of this letter Charlotte disobeyed her father's wish, and set forth from Tours instantly, under her worthy uncle's guardianship. The old soldier was in his comrade's room when the general put the hands of Charlotte and her lover together. He confessed his fault, though it is hard for those who expect love and reverence to have to own to wrong and to ask pardon. Old knees are stiff to bend: brother reader, young or old, when our last hour comes, may ours have grace to do as much!

CHAPTER XXX.

RETURNS TO OLD FRIENDS.

THE three old comrades and Philip formed the little mourning procession which followed the general to his place of rest at Montmartre. When the service has been read, and the last volley has been fired over the buried soldier, the troops march to quarters with a quick step, and to a lively tune. Our veteran has been laid in the grave with brief ceremonies. We do not even prolong his obsequies with a sermon. His place knows him no longer. There are a few who remember him: a very, very few who grieve for him—so few that to think of them is a humiliation almost. The sun sets on the earth, and our dear brother has departed off its face. Stars twinkle; dews fall; children go to sleep in awe, and maybe tears; the sun rises on a new day, which he has never seen, and children wake hungry. They are interested about their new black clothes, perhaps. They are presently at their work, plays, quarrels. They are looking forward to the day when the holidays will be over, and the eyes which shone here yesterday so kindly are gone, gone, gone. A drive to the cemetery, followed by a coach with four acquaintances dressed in decorous black, who separate and go to their homes or clubs, and wear your crape for a few days after—can most of us expect much more? The thought is not ennobling or exhilarating, worthy Sir. And, pray, why should we be proud of ourselves? Is it because we have been so good, or are so wise and great, that we expect to be beloved, lamented, remembered? Why, great Xerxes or blustering Bobadil must know in that last hour and resting-place how abject, how small, how low, how lonely they are, and what a little dust will cover them! Quick, drums and fifes, a lively tune! Whip the black team, coachman, and trot back to town again—to the world, and to business, and duty!

I am for saying no single unkindness of General Baynes which is not forced upon me by my story-teller's office. We know from Marlborough's story that the bravest man and greatest military genius is not always brave or successful in his battles with his wife; that some of the greatest warriors have committed errors in accounts and the distribution of *meum* and *tuum*. We can't disguise from ourselves the fact that Baynes

permitted himself to be misled, and had weaknesses not quite consistent with the highest virtue.

When he became aware that his carelessness in the matter of Mrs. Firmin's trust-money had placed him in her son's power, we have seen how the old general, in order to avoid being called to account, fled across the water with his family and all his little fortune, and how terrified he was on landing on a foreign shore to find himself face to face with this dreadful creditor. Philip's renunciation of all claims against Baynes soothed and pleased the old man wonderfully. But Philip might change his mind, an adviser at Baynes's side repeatedly urged. To live abroad was cheaper and safer than to live at home. Accordingly Baynes, his wife, family, and money, all went into exile, and remained there.

What savings the old man had I don't accurately know. He and his wife were very dark upon this subject with Philip; and when the general died, his widow declared herself to be almost a pauper! It was impossible that Baynes should have left much money; but that Charlotte's share should have amounted to—that sum which may or may not presently be stated—was a little *too* absurd! You see Mr. and Mrs. Firmin are traveling abroad just now. When I wrote to Firmin, on the 28th of February, 1861, to ask if I might mention the amount of his wife's fortune, he gave me no answer: nor do I like to enter upon these matters of calculation without his explicit permission. He is of a hot temper; he might, on his return, grow angry with the friend of his youth, and say, "Sir, how dare you to talk about my private affairs? and what has the public to do with Mrs. Firmin's private fortune?"

When, the last rites over, good-natured uncle Mac proposed to take Charlotte back to Tours her mother made no objection. The widow had tried to do the girl such an injury that perhaps the latter felt forgiveness was impossible. Little Char loved Philip with all her heart and strength; had been authorized and encouraged to do so, as we have seen. To give him up now, because a richer suitor presented himself, was an act of treason from which her faithful heart revolted, and she never could pardon the instigator. You see, in this simple story, I scarcely care even to have reticence or secrets. I don't want you to understand for a moment that Hely Walsingham was still crying his eyes out about Charlotte. Goodness bless you! It was two or three weeks ago—four or five weeks ago, that he was in love with *her*! He had not seen the Duchesse D'Ivry then, about whom you may remember he had the quarrel with Podichou, at the club in the Rue de Grammont. (He and the duchesse wrote poems to each other, each in the other's native language.) The Charlotte had long passed out of the young fellow's mind. That butterfly had fluttered off from our English rosebud, and had settled on the other elderly flower! I don't know that Mrs. Baynes was aware of young

Healy's fickleness at this present time of which we are writing: but his visits had ceased, and she was angry and disappointed; and not the less angry because her labor had been in vain. On her part, Charlotte could also be resolutely unforgiving. Take her Philip from her? Never, never! Her mother force her to give up the man whom she had been encouraged to love? Mamma should have defended Philip, not betrayed him! If I command my son to steal a spoon, shall he obey me? And if he do obey and steal, and be transported, will he love me afterward? I think I can hardly ask for so much filial affection.

So there was strife between mother and daughter; and anger not the less bitter, on Mrs. Baynes's part, because her husband, whose cupidity or fear had, at first, induced him to take her side, had deserted her and gone over to her daughter. In the anger of that controversy Baynes died, leaving the victory and right with Charlotte. He shrank from his wife: would not speak to her in his last moments. The widow had these injuries against her daughter and Philip: and thus neither side forgave the other. She was not averse to the child's going away to her uncle: put a lean hungry face against Charlotte's lip, and received a kiss which I fear had but little love in it. I don't envy those children who remain under the widow's lonely command; or poor Madame Smolensk, who has to endure the arrogance, the grief, the avarice of that grim woman. Nor did Madame suffer under this tyranny long. *Galvani's Messenger* very soon announced that she had lodgings to let, and I remember being edified by reading one day in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that elegant apartments, select society, and an excellent table were to be found in one of the most airy and fashionable quarters of Paris. Inquire of Madame la Baronne de S——sk, Avenue de Marli, Champs Elysées.

We guessed without difficulty how this advertisement found its way to the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and very soon after its appearance Madame de Smolensk's friend, Mr. Philip, made his appearance at our tea-table in London. He was always welcome among us elders and children. He wore a crape on his hat. As soon as the young ones were gone, you may be sure he poured his story out, and enlarged upon the death, the burial, the quarrels, the loves, the partings we have narrated. How could he be put in a way to earn three or four hundred a year? That was the present question. Ere he came to see us he had already been totting up ways and means. He had been with our friend Mrs. Brandon: was staying with her. The Little Sister thought three hundred would be sufficient. They could have her second floor—not for nothing; no, no, but at a moderate price, which would pay her. They could have attics, if more rooms were needed. They could have her kitchen fire, and one maid, for the present, would do all their work. Poor little thing! She was very young. She would be past eight-

een by the time she could marry; the Little Sister was for early marriages, against long courtships. "Heaven help those as helps themselves," she said. And Mr. Philip thought this excellent advice, and Mr. Philip's friend, when asked for *his* opinion—"Candidly now, what's your opinion?"—said, "Is she in the next room? Of course you mean you are married already."

Philip roared one of his great laughs. No, he was not married already. Had he not said that Miss Baynes was gone away to Tours with her aunt and uncle? but that he wanted to be married; but that he could never settle down to work till he married; but that he could have no rest, peace, health till he married that angel, he was ready to confess. Ready? All the street might hear him calling out the name and expatiating on the angelic charms and goodness of his Charlotte. He spoke so loud and long on this subject that my wife grew a little tired; and my wife *always* likes to hear other women praised, that (she says) I know she does. But when a man goes on roaring for an hour about Dulcinea? You know such talk becomes fulsome at last; and, in fine, when he was gone, my wife said, "Well, he is very much in love; so were you—I mean long before my time, Sir; but does love pay the housekeeping bills, pray?"

"No, my dear. And love is always controlled by other people's advice:—always," says Philip's friend, who, I hope, you will perceive was speaking ironically.

Philip's friends had listened not impatiently to Philip's talk about Philip. Almost all women will give a sympathizing hearing to men who are in love. Be they ever so old, they grow young again with that conversation, and renew their own early times. Men are not quite so generous: Tityrus tires of hearing Corydon discourse endlessly on the charms of his shepherdess. And yet egotism is good talk. Even dull biographies are pleasant to read; and if to read, why not to hear? Had Master Philip not been such an egotist he would not have been so pleasant a companion. Can't you like a man at whom you laugh a little? I had rather such an open-mouthed conversationist than your *volto sciolto* that never unlocks without a careful application of the key. As for the entrance to Mr. Philip's mind, that door was always open when he was awake, or not hungry, or in a friend's company. Besides his love, and his prospects in life, his poverty, etc., Philip had other favorite topics of conversation. His friend the Little Sister was a great theme with him; his father was another favorite subject of his talk. By-the-way, his father had written to the Little Sister. The doctor said he was sure to prosper in his newly-adopted country. He and another physician had invented a new medicine, which was to effect wonders, and in a few years would assuredly make the fortune of both of them. He was never without one scheme or another for making that fortune which never came. Whenever he drew upon poor Philip for little sums his letters were sure to be especially magnilo-

quent and hopeful. "Whenever the doctor says he has invented the philosopher's stone," said poor Philip, "I am sure there will be a post-script to say that a little bill will be presented for so much, at so many days' date."

Had he drawn on Philip lately? Philip told us when, and how often. We gave him all the benefit of our virtuous indignation. As for my wife's eyes, they gleamed with anger. What a man! what a father! Oh, he was incorrigible! "Yes, I am afraid he is," says poor Phil, comically, with his hands roaming at ease in his pockets. They contained little else than those big hands. "My father is of a hopeful turn. His views regarding property are peculiar. It is a comfort to have such a distinguished parent, isn't it? I am always surprised to hear that he is not married again. I sigh for a mother-in-law," Philip continued.

"Oh, *don't*, Philip!" cried Mrs. Laura, in a pet. "Be generous, be forgiving, be noble, be Christian! Don't be cynical, and imitating—you know whom!"

Whom could she possibly mean, I wonder? After flashes, there came showers in this lady's eyes. From long habit I can understand her thoughts, although she does not utter them. She was thinking of these poor, noble, simple, friendless young people, and asking Heaven's protection for them. I am not in the habit of overpraising my friends, goodness knows! The foibles of this one I have described honestly enough. But if I write down here that he was courageous, cheerful in adversity, generous, simple, truth-loving, above a scheme—after having said that he was a noble young fellow—*dixi*; and I won't cancel the words.

Ardent lover as he was, our friend was glad to be back in the midst of the London smoke, and wealth, and bustle. The fog agreed with his lungs, he said. He breathed more freely in our great city than in that little English village in the centre of Paris which he had been inhabiting. In his hotel, and at his café (where he composed his eloquent "own correspondence"), he had occasion to speak a little French, but it never came very trippingly from his stout English tongue. "You don't suppose I would like to be taken for a Frenchman," he would say with much gravity. I wonder who ever thought of mistaking friend Philip for a Frenchman?

As for that faithful Little Sister, her house and heart were still at the young man's service. We have not visited Thornhaugh Street for some time. Mr. Philip, whom we have been bound to attend, has been too much occupied with his love-making to bestow much thought on his affectionate little friend. She has been trudging meanwhile on her humble course of life, cheerful, modest, laborious, doing her duty, with a helping little hand ready to relieve many a fallen wayfarer on her road. She had a room vacant in her house when Philip came—a room, indeed! Would she not have had a house vacant if Philip wanted it? But in the interval since we saw her last the Little Sister, too, has

had to assume black robes. Her father, the old captain, has gone to his rest. His place is vacant in the little parlor: his bedroom is ready for Philip, as long as Philip will stay. She did not profess to feel much affliction for the loss of the captain. She talked of him constantly as though he were present; and made a supper for Philip, and seated him in her pa's chair. How she bustled about on the night when Philip arrived! What a beaming welcome there was in her kind eyes! Her modest hair was touched with silver now; but her cheeks were like apples; her little figure was neat, and light, and active; and her voice, with its gentle laugh and little sweet bad grammar, has always seemed one of the sweetest of voices to me.

Very soon after Philip's arrival in London Mrs. Brandon paid a visit to the wife of Mr. Firmin's humble servant and biographer, and the two women had a fine sentimental consultation. All good women, you know, are sentimental. The idea of young lovers, of match-making, of amiable poverty, tenderly excites and interests them. My wife, at this time, began to pour off fine long letters to Miss Baynes, to which the latter modestly and dutifully replied, with many expressions of fervor and gratitude for the interest which her friend in London was pleased to take in the little maid. I saw by these answers that Charlotte's union with Philip was taken as a received point by these two ladies. They discussed the ways and means. They did not talk about broughams, settlements, town and country houses, pin-moneys, trousseaux; and my wife, in computing their sources of income, always pointed out that Miss Charlotte's fortune, though certainly small, would give a very useful addition to the young couple's income. "Fifty pounds a year not much! Let me tell you, Sir, that fifty pounds a year is a very pretty little sum: if Philip can but make three hundred a year himself, Mrs. Brandon says they ought to be able to live quite nicely." You ask, my genteel friend, is it possible that people can live for four hundred a year? How do they manage, *ces pauvres gens*? They eat, they drink, they are clothed, they are warmed, they have roofs over their heads, and glass in their windows; and some of them are as good, happy, and well-bred as their neighbors who are ten times as rich. Then, besides this calculation of money, there is the fond woman's firm belief that the day will bring its daily bread for those who work for it and ask for it in the proper quarter; against which reasoning many a man knows it is in vain to argue. As to my own little objections and doubts, my wife met them by reference to Philip's former love-affair with his cousin, Miss Twysden. "You had no objection in that case, Sir," this logician would say. "You would have had him take a creature without a heart. You would cheerfully have seen him made miserable for life, because you thought there was money enough and a genteel connection. Money indeed! Very happy Mrs. Woolcomb is with her money. Very creditably to

all sides has *that* marriage turned out!" I need scarcely remind my readers of the unfortunate result of that marriage. Woolcomb's behavior to his wife was the agreeable talk of London society and of the London clubs very soon after the pair were joined together in holy matrimony. Do we not all remember how Woolcomb was accused of striking his wife, of starving his wife, and how she took refuge at home, and came to her father's house with a black eye? The two Twysdens were so ashamed of this transaction that father and son left off coming to Bays's, where I never heard their absence regretted but by one man, who said that Talbot owed him money for losses at whist for which he could get no settlement.

Should Mr. Firmin go and see his aunt in her misfortune? By-gones might be by-gones, some of Philip's advisers thought. Now, Mrs. Twysden was unhappy, her heart might relent to Philip, whom she certainly had loved as a boy. Philip had the magnanimity to call upon her; and found her carriage waiting at the door. But a servant, after keeping the gentleman waiting in the dreary, well-remembered hall, brought him word that his mistress was out, smiled in his face with an engaging insolence, and proceeded to put cloaks, court-guides, and other female gear into the carriage in the presence of this poor deserted nephew. This visit, it must be owned, was one of Mrs. Laura's romantic efforts at reconciling enemies: as if, my good creature, the Twysdens ever let a man into their house who was poor or out of fashion! They lived in a constant dread lest Philip should call to borrow money of them. As if they ever lent money to a man who was in need! If they ask the respected reader to their house, depend on it they think he is well to do. On the other hand, the Twysdens made a very handsome entertainment for the new Lord of Whiphham and Ringwood who now reigned after his kinsman's death. They affably went and passed Christmas with him in the country; and they cringed and bowed before Sir Philip Ringwood as they had bowed and cringed before the earl in his time. The old earl had been a Tory in his latter days, when Talbot Twysden's views were also very conservative. The present Lord of Ringwood was a Whig. It is surprising how liberal the Twysdens grew in the course of a fortnight's after-dinner conversation and pheasant-shooting talk at Ringwood. "Hang it! you know," young Twysden said, in his office afterward, "a fellow must go, with the politics of his family, you know!" and he bragged about the dinners, wines, splendors, cooks, and preserves of Ringwood as freely as in the time of his noble grand-uncle. Any one who has kept a house-dog in London, which licks your boots and your platter, and fawns for the bones in your dish, knows how the animal barks and flies at the poor who come to the door. The Twysdens, father and son, were of this canine species; and there are vast packs of such dogs here and elsewhere.

If Philip opened his heart to us, and talked

unreservedly regarding his hopes and his plans, you may be sure he had his little friend, Mrs. Brandon, also in his confidence, and that no person in the world was more eager to serve him. While we were talking about what was to be done, this little lady was also at work in her favorite's behalf. She had a firm ally in Mrs. Mugford, the proprietor's lady of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mrs. Mugford had long been interested in Philip, his misfortunes, and his love-affairs. These two good women had made a sentimental hero of him. Ah! that they could devise some feasible scheme to help him! And such a chance actually did very soon present itself to these delighted women.

In almost all the papers of the new year appeared a brilliant advertisement, announcing the speedy appearance in Dublin of a new paper. It was to be called *The Shamrock*, and its first number was to be issued on the ensuing St. Patrick's day. I need not quote at length the advertisements which heralded the advent of this new periodical. The most famous pens of the national party in Ireland were, of course, engaged to contribute to its columns. Those pens would be hammered into steel of a different shape when the opportunity should offer. Beloved prelates, authors of world-wide fame, bards, the bold strings of whose lyres had rung through the isle already, and made millions of noble hearts to beat, and, by consequence, double the number of eyes to fill; philosophers, renowned for science; and illustrious advocates, whose manly voices had ever spoken the language of hope and freedom to an etc., etc., would be found rallying round the journal, and proud to wear the symbol of *The Shamrock*. Finally, Michael Cassidy, Esq., was chosen to be the editor of this new journal.

This was the M. Cassidy, Esq., who appeared, I think, at Mr. Firmin's call-supper; and who had long been the sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. If Michael went to Dame Street, why should not Philip be sub-editor at Pall Mall? Mrs. Brandon argued. Of course there would be a score of candidates for Michael's office. The editor would like the patronage. Barnet, Mugford's partner in the *Gazette*, would wish to appoint his man. Cassidy, before retiring, would assuredly intimate his approaching resignation to scores of gentlemen of his nation, who would not object to take the Saxon's pay until they finally shook his yoke off, and would eat his bread until the happy moment arrived when they could knock out his brains in fair battle. As soon as Mrs. Brandon heard of the vacant place, that moment she determined that Philip should have it. It was surprising what a quantity of information our little friend possessed about artists, and pressmen, and their lives, families, ways and means. Many gentlemen of both professions came to Mr. Ridley's chambers, and called on the Little Sister on their way to and fro. How Tom Smith had left the *Herald*, and gone to the *Post*; what price Jack Jones had for his picture, and who sat for the princi-

pal figures. I promise you Madam Brandon had all these interesting details by heart; and I think I have described this little person very inadequately if I have not made you understand that she was as intrepid a little jobber as ever lived, and never scrupled to go any length to serve a friend. To be Archbishop of Canterbury, to be professor of Hebrew, to be teacher of a dancing-school, to be organist for a church; for any conceivable place or function this little person would have asserted Philip's capability. "Don't tell me! He can dance or preach (as the case may be) or write beautiful! And as for being unfit to be a sub-editor, I want to know, has he not as good a head and as good an education as that Cassidy, indeed? And is not Cambridge College the best college in the world? It is, I say. And he went there ever so long. And he might have taken the very best prize, only money was no object to him then, dear fellow, and he did not like to keep the poor out of what he didn't want!"

Mrs. Mugford had always considered the young man as very haughty, but quite the gentleman, and speedily was infected by her gossip's enthusiasm about him. My wife hired a fly, packed several of the children into it, called upon Mrs. Mugford, and chose to be delighted with that lady's garden, with that lady's nursery—with every thing that bore the name of Mugford. It was a curiosity to remark in what a flurry of excitement these women plunged, and how they schemed, and coaxed, and caballed, in order to get this place for their protégé. My wife thought—she merely happened to surmise: nothing more, of course—that Mr. Mugford's fond desire was to shine in the world. Could we not ask some people—with—with what you call handles to their names—I think I before heard you use some such term, Sir—to meet the Mugfords? Some of Philip's old friends, who I am sure would be very happy to serve him. Some such artifice was, I own, practiced. We coaxed, cajoled, fondled the Mugfords for Philip's sake, and Heaven forgive Mrs. Laura her hypocrisy. We had an entertainment then, I own. We asked our finest company, and Mr. and Mrs. Mugford to meet them; and we prayed that unlucky Philip to be on his best behavior to all persons who were invited to the feast.

Before my wife this lion of a Firmin was as a lamb. Rough, captious, and overbearing in general society, with those whom he loved and esteemed Philip was of all men the most modest and humble. He would never tire of playing with our children, joining in their games, laughing and roaring at their little sports. I have never had such a laughter at my jokes as Philip Firmin. I think my wife liked him for that noble guffaw with which he used to salute those pieces of wit. He arrived a little late sometimes with his laughing chorus, but ten people at table were not so loud as this faithful friend. On the contrary, when those people for whom he has no liking venture on a pun or other pleasantry, I am bound to own that Philip's acknowledgment

of their waggery must be any thing but pleasant or flattering to them. Now, on occasion of this important dinner, I enjoined him to be very kind, and very civil, and very much pleased with every body, and to stamp upon nobody's corns, as, indeed, why should he, in life? Who was he to be *censor morum*? And it has been said that no man could admit his own faults with a more engaging candor than our friend.

We invited, then, Mugford, the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and his wife; and Bickerton, the editor of that periodical; Lord Ascot, Philip's old college friend; and one or two more gentlemen. Our invitations to the ladies were not so fortunate. Some were engaged, others away in the country keeping Christmas. In fine, we considered ourselves rather lucky in securing old Lady Hixie, who lives hard by in Westminster, and who will pass for a lady of fashion when no person of greater note is present. My wife told her that the object of the dinner was to make our friend Firmin acquainted with the editor and proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, with whom it was important that he should be on the most amicable footing. Oh! very well. Lady Hixie promised to be quite gracious to the newspaper gentleman and his wife; and kept her promise most graciously during the evening. Our good friend Mrs. Mugford was the first of our guests to arrive. She drove "in her trap" from her villa in the suburbs; and after putting up his carriage at a neighboring livery-stable, her groom volunteered to help our servants in waiting at dinner. His zeal and activity were remarkable. China smashed, and dish-covers clanged in the passage. Mrs. Mugford said that "Sam was at his old tricks;" and I hope the hostess showed she was mistress of herself amidst that fall of china. Mrs. Mugford came before the appointed hour, she said, in order to see our children. "With our late London dinner hours," she remarked, "children was never seen now." At Hampstead, hers always appeared at the dessert, and enlivened the table with their innocent outcries for oranges and struggles for sweetmeats. In the nursery, where one little maid, in her crisp long night-gown, was saying her prayers; where another little person, in the most airy costume, was standing before the great barred fire; where a third Liliputian was sitting up in its night-cap and surplice, surveying the scene below from its crib, the ladies found our dear Little Sister installed. She had come to see her little pets (she had known two or three of them from the very earliest times). She was a great favorite among them all; and, I believe, conspired with the cook down below in preparing certain delicacies for the table. A fine conversation then ensued about our children, about the Mugford children, about babies in general. And then the artful women (the house mistress and the Little Sister) brought Philip on the *tapis*, and discoursed, *à qui mieux*, about his virtues, his misfortunes, his engagement, and that dear little creature to whom he was be-

trothed. This conversation went on until carriage-wheels were heard in the square, and the knocker (there were actually knockers in that old-fashioned place and time) began to peal. "Oh, bother! There's the company a-comin'," Mrs. Mugford said; and arranging her cap and flounces, with neat-handed Mrs. Brandon's aid, came down stairs, after taking a tender leave of the little people, to whom she sent a present next day of a pile of fine Christmas books, which had come to the *Pall Mall Gazette* for review. The kind woman had been coaxed, wheedled, and won over to our side—to Philip's side. He had *her* vote for the sub-editorship, whatever might ensue.

Most of our guests had already arrived, when at length Mrs. Mugford was announced. I am bound to say that she presented a remarkable appearance, and that the splendor of her attire was such as is seldom beheld.

Bickerton and Philip were presented to one another, and had a talk about French politics before dinner, during which conversation Philip behaved with perfect discretion and politeness. Bickerton had happened to hear Philip's letters well spoken of—in a good quarter, mind; and his cordiality increased when Lord Ascot entered, called Philip by his surname, and entered into a perfectly free conversation with him. Old Lady Hixie went into perfectly good society, Bickerton condescended to acknowledge. "As for Mrs. Mugford," says he, with a glance of wondering compassion at that lady, "of course, I need not tell you that *she* is seen nowhere—nowhere." This said, Mr. Bickerton stepped forward and calmly patronized my wife, gave me a good-natured nod for my own part, reminded Lord Ascot that he had had the pleasure of meeting him at Egham; and then fixed on Tom Page, of the Bread-and-Butter Office (who, I own, is one of our most genteel guests), with whom he entered into a discussion of some political matter of that day—I forget what: but the main point was that he named two or three leading public men with whom he had discussed the question, whatever it might be. He named very great names, and led us to understand that with the proprietors of those very great names he was on the most intimate and confidential footing. With his owners—with the proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he was on the most distant terms, and indeed I am afraid that his behavior to myself and my wife was scarcely respectful. I fancied I saw Philip's brow gathering wrinkles as his eye followed this man strutting from one person to another, and patronizing each. The dinner was a little late, from some reason best known in the lower regions. "I take it," says Bickerton, winking at Philip, in a pause of the conversation, "that our good friend and host is not much used to giving dinners. The mistress of the house is evidently in a state of perturbation." Philip gave such a horrible grimace that the other at first thought he was in pain.

"You who have lived a great deal with old

Ringwood know what a good dinner is," Bickerton continued, giving Firmin a knowing look.

"Any dinner is good which is accompanied with such a welcome as I get here," said Philip.

"Oh! very good people, very good people, of course!" cries Bickerton.

I need not say he thinks he has perfectly succeeded in adopting the air of a man of the world. He went off to Lady Hixie, and talked with her about the last great party at which he had met her; and then he turned to the host, and remarked that my friend, the doctor's son, was a fine-looking fellow. In five minutes he had the good fortune to make himself hated by Mr. Firmin. He walks through the world patronizing his betters. "Our good friend is not much used to giving dinners—isn't he?" I say, what do we mean by continuing to endure this man? Tom Page, of the Bread-and-Butter Office, is a well-known diner-out; Lord Ascot is an earl's son; Bickerton, in a pretty loud voice, talked to one or other of these during dinner, and across the table. He sat next to Mrs. Mugford, but he turned his back on that bewildered woman, and never condescended to address a word to her personally. "Of course I understand you, my dear fellow," he said to me when, on the retreat of the ladies, we approached within whispering distance. "You have these people at dinner for reasons of state. You have a book coming out, and want to have it noticed in the paper. I make a point of keeping these people at a distance—the only way of dealing with them, I give you my word."

Not one offensive word had Philip said to the chief writer of the *Pall Mall Gazette*; and I began to congratulate myself that our dinner would pass without any mishap, when some one unluckily happening to praise the wine, a fresh supply was ordered. "Very good claret. Who is your wine-merchant? Upon my word, I get better claret here than I do in Paris—don't you think so, Mr. Fermor? Where do you generally dine at Paris?"

"I generally dine for thirty sous, and three francs on grand days, Mr. Beckerton," growls Philip.

"My name is Bickerton." ("What a vulgar thing for a fellow to talk about his thirty-sous dinners!" murmured my neighbor to me.) "Well, there is no accounting for tastes! When I go to Paris I dine at the Trois Frères. Give me the Burgundy at Trois Frères."

"That is because you great leader writers are paid better than poor correspondents. I shall be delighted to be able to dine better." And with this Mr. Firmin smiles at Mr. Mugford, his master and owner.

"Nothing so vulgar as talking shop," says Bickerton, rather loud.

"I am not ashamed of the shop I keep. Are you of yours, Mr. Bickerton?" growls Philip.

"F. had him there," says Mr. Mugford.

Mr. Bickerton got up from table, turning quite pale. "Do you mean to be offensive, Sir?" he asked.

"Offensive, Sir? No, Sir. Some men are offensive without meaning it. *You* have been several times to-night!" says Lord Philip.

"I don't see that I am called upon to bear this kind of thing at any man's table!" cried Mr. Bickerton. "Lord Ascot, I wish you good-night!"

"I say, old boy, what's the row about?" asked his lordship. And we were all astonished as my guest rose and left the table in great wrath.

"Serve him right, Firmin, I say!" said Mr. Mugford, again drinking off a glass.

"Why, don't you know?" says Tom Page. "His father keeps a haberdasher's shop at Cambridge, and sent him to Oxford, where he took a good degree."

And this had come of a dinner of conciliation—a dinner which was to advance Philip's interest in life!

"Hit him again, I say," cried Mugford, whom wine had rendered eloquent. "He's a supercilious beast, that Bickerton is, and I hate him, and so does Mrs. M."

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER II.

COMMON as were the small feuds between Ascott and his Aunt Selina, they seldom reached such a catastrophe as that described in my last chapter. Hilary had to fly to the rescue, and literally drag the furious lad back into the school-room, while Johanna, pale and trembling, persuaded Selina to quit the field and go and lie down. This was not difficult; for the instant she saw what she had done, how she had disgraced herself and insulted her nephew, Selina felt sorry. Her passion ended in a gush of "nervous" tears, under the influence of which she was led up stairs and put to bed, almost like a child—the usual termination of these pitiful outbreaks.

For the time nobody thought of Elizabeth. The hapless cause of all stood "spectatress of the fray" beside her kitchen fire. What she thought history saith not. Whether in her own rough home she was used to see brothers and sisters quarreling, and mothers boxing their children's ears, can not be known; whether she was or was not surprised to see the same proceedings among ladies and gentlemen, she never betrayed; but certain it is that the little servant became uncommonly serious; yes, serious rather than sulky, for her "black" looks vanished gradually, as soon as Miss Selina left the kitchen.

On the reappearance of Miss Hilary it had quite gone. But Hilary took no notice of her; she was in search of Johanna, who, shaking and cold with agitation, came slowly down stairs.

"Is she gone to bed?"

"Yes, my dear. It was the best thing for her; she is not at all well to-day."

Hilary's lip curled a little, but she replied not a word. She had not the patience with Selina that Johanna had. She drew her elder sister into the little parlor, placed her in the arm-chair, shut the door, came and sat beside her, and took her hand.

Johanna pressed it, shed a quiet tear or two, and wiped them away. Then the two sisters remained silent, with hearts sad and sore.

Every family has its skeleton in the house; this was theirs. Whether they acknowledged it

or not, they knew quite well that every discomfort they had, every slight jar which disturbed the current of household peace, somehow or other originated in "poor Selina." They often called her "poor" with a sort of pity—not unneeded, Heaven knows! for if the unhappy are to be pitied, ten times more so are those who make others miserable.

This was Selina's case, and had been all her life. And, sometimes, she herself knew it. Sometimes, after an especially bad outbreak, her compunction and remorse would be almost as terrible as her passion; forcing her sisters to make every excuse for her; she "did not mean it," it was only "ill health," or "nerves," or her "unfortunate way of taking things."

But they knew in their hearts that not all their poverty and the toils it entailed, not all the hardships and humiliations of their changed estate, were half so bitter to bear as this something—no moral crime, and yet in its results as fatal as crime—which they called Selina's "way."

Ascott was the only one who did not attempt to mince matters. When a little boy he had openly declared he hated Aunt Selina; when he grew up he as openly defied her; and it was a most difficult matter to keep even decent peace between them. Hilary's wrath had never gone further than wishing Selina was married, that appearing the easiest way to get rid of her. Latterly she had ceased this earnest aspiration; it might be, because, learning to think more seriously of marriage, she felt that a woman who is no blessing in her own household is never likely much to bless a husband's; and that, looking still farther forward, it was, on the whole, a mercy of Providence which made Selina not the mother of children.

Yet her not marrying had been somewhat a surprise; for she had been attractive in her day, handsome and agreeable in society. But perhaps, for all that, the sharp eye of the opposite sex had discovered the cloven foot; since, though she had received various promising attentions, poor Selina had never had an offer. Nor, fortunately, had she ever been known to care for any body; she was one of those women who

would have married as a matter of course, but who never would have been guilty of the weakness of falling in love. There seemed small probability of shipping her off, to carry into a new household the restlessness, the fretfulness, the captious fault-finding with others, the readiness to take offense at what was done and said to herself, which made poor Selina Leaf the unacknowledged grief and torment of her own.

Her two sisters sat silent. What was the use of talking? It would be only going over and over again the old thing; trying to ease and shift a little the long-familiar burden, which they knew must be borne. Nearly every household has, near or remote, some such burden, which Heaven only can lift off or help to bear. And sometimes, looking round the world outside, these two congratulated themselves, in a half sort of way, that theirs was as light as it was; that Selina was, after all, a well-meaning, well-principled woman, and, in spite of her little tempers, really fond of her family, as she truly was, at least as fond as a nature which has its centre in self can manage to be.

Only when Hilary looked, as to-night, into her eldest sister's pale face, where year by year the lines were deepening, and saw how every agitation such as the present shook her more and more—she who ought to have a quiet life and a cheerful home, after so many hard years—then Hilary, fierce in the resistance of her youth, felt as if what she could have borne for herself she could not bear for Johanna, and, at the moment, sympathized with Ascott in actually "hating" Aunt Selina.

"Where is that boy? He ought to be spoken to," Johanna said, at length, rising wearily.

"I have spoken to him; I gave him a good scolding. He is sorry, and promises never to be so rude again."

"Oh no; not till the next time," replied Miss Leaf, hopelessly. "But, Hilary," with a sudden consternation, "what are we to do about Elizabeth?"

The younger sister had thought of that. She had turned over in her mind all the pros and cons, the inevitable "worries" that would result from the presence of an additional member of the family, especially one from whom the family-skeleton could not be hid, to whom it was already only too fatally revealed.

But Hilary was a clear-headed girl, and she had the rare faculty of seeing things as they really were, undistorted by her own likings or dislikings—in fact, without reference to herself at all. She perceived plainly that Johanna ought not to do the housework, that Selina would not, and that she could not: *ergo*, they must keep a servant. Better, perhaps, a small servant, over whom they could have the same influence as over a child, than one older and more independent, who would irritate her mistresses at home, and chatter of them abroad. Besides, they had promised Mrs. Hand to give her daughter a fair trial. For a month, then, Elizabeth was bound to stay; afterward, time

would show. It was best not to meet troubles half way.

This explained, in Hilary's cheerful voice, seemed greatly to reassure and comfort her sister.

"Yes, love, you are right; she must remain her month out, unless she does something very wrong. Do you think that really was a lie she told?"

"About the cat? I don't quite know what to think. Let us call her, and put the question once more. Do you put it, Johanna. I don't think she could look at you and tell you a story."

Other people, at sight of that sweet, grave face, its bloom faded, and hairs silvered long before their time, yet beautiful, with an almost childlike simplicity and childlike peace—most other people would have been of Hilary's opinion.

"Sit down; I'll call her. Dear me, Johanna, we shall have to set up a bell as well as a servant, unless we had managed to combine the two."

But Hilary's harmless little joke failed to make her sister smile; and the entrance of the girl seemed to excite positive apprehension. How was it possible to make excuse to a servant for her mistress's shortcomings? how scold for ill-doing this young girl, to whom, ere she had been a night in the house, so bad an example had been set? Johanna half expected Elizabeth to take a leaf out of Selina's book, and begin abusing herself and Hilary.

No; she stood very sheepish, very uncomfortable, but not in the least bold or sulky—on the whole, looking rather penitent and humble.

Her mistress took courage.

"Elizabeth, I want you to tell me the truth about that unfortunate breakage. Don't be afraid. I had rather you broke every thing in the house than have told me what was not true."

"It *was* true; it was the cat."

"How could that be possible? You were coming down stairs with the ewer in your hand."

"Her got under my feet, and throwed me down, and so I tumbled, and smashed the thing agin the floor."

The Misses Leaf glanced at each other. This version of the momentous event was probable enough, and the girl's eager, honest manner gave internal confirmatory evidence pretty strong.

"I am sure she is telling the truth," said Hilary. "And remember what her mother said about her word being always reliable."

This reference was too much for Elizabeth. She burst out, not into actual crying, but into a smothered choke.

"If you donnot believe me, missus, I'd rather go home to mother."

"I do believe you," said Miss Leaf, kindly; then waited till the pinafore, used as a pocket-handkerchief, had dried up grief and restored composure.

"I can quite well understand the accident now; and I am sure if you had put it as plain-

ly at first, my sister would have understood it too. She was very much annoyed, and no wonder. She will be equally glad to find she was mistaken."

Here Miss Leaf paused, somewhat puzzled how to express what she felt it her duty to say, so as to be comprehended by the servant, and yet not let down the dignity of the family. Hilary came to her aid.

"Miss Selina is sometimes hasty; but she means kindly always. You must take care not to vex her, Elizabeth; and you must never answer her back again, however sharply she speaks. It is not your business; you are only a child, and she is your mistress."

"Is her? I thought it was this 'un."

The subdued clouding of Elizabeth's face, and her blunt pointing to Miss Leaf as "this 'un," were too much for Hilary's gravity. She was obliged to retreat to the press, and begin an imaginary search for a book.

"Yes, I am the eldest, and I suppose you may consider me specially as your mistress," said Johanna, simply. "Remember always to come to me in any difficulty; and, above all, to tell me every thing outright, as soon as it happens. I can forgive you almost any fault, if you are truthful and honest; but there is one thing I never could forgive, and that is deception. Now go with Miss Hilary, and she will teach you how to make the porridge for supper."

Elizabeth obeyed, silently: she had apparently a great gift for silence. And she was certainly both obedient and willing: not stupid, either, though a nervousness of temperament which Hilary was surprised to find in so big and coarse-looking a girl, made her rather awkward at first. However, she succeeded in pouring out, and carrying into the parlor, without accident, three platefuls of that excellent condiment which formed the frugal supper of the family; but which they ate, I grieve to say, in an orthodox southern fashion, with sugar or treacle, until Mr. Lyon—greatly horrified thereby—had instituted his national custom of "supping" porridge with milk.

It may be a very unsentimental thing to confess, but Hilary, who even at twenty was rather practical than poetical, never made the porridge without thinking of Robert Lyon, and the day when he first staid to supper, and ate it, or as he said, and was very much laughed at, ate "them" with such infinite relish. Since then, whenever he came, he always asked for his porridge, saying it carried him back to his childish days. And Hilary, with that curious pleasure that women take in waiting upon any one unto whom the heart is ignorantly beginning to own the allegiance, humble yet proud, of Miranda to Ferdinand:

"To be your fellow

You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no."

Hilary contrived always to make his supper herself.

Those pleasant days were now over; Mr.

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Lyon was gone. As she stood alone over the kitchen-fire, she thought—as now and then she let herself think for a minute or two in her busy prosaic life—of that August night, standing at the front door, of his last "good-by," and last hand-clasp, tight, warm, and firm; and somehow she, like Johanna, trusted in him.

Not exactly in his love; it seemed almost impossible that *he* should love *her*, at least till she grew much more worthy of him than now; but in himself, that he would never be less himself, less thoroughly good and true than now. That, some time, he would be sure to come back again, and take up his old relations with them, brightening their dull life with his cheerfulness; infusing in their feminine household the new element of a clear, strong, energetic, manly will, which sometimes made Johanna say that instead of twenty-five the young man might be forty; and, above all, bringing into their poverty the silent sympathy of one who had fought his own battle with the world—a hard one, too, as his face sometimes showed—though he never said much about it.

Of the results of this pleasant relation—whether she, being the only truly marriageable person in the house, Robert Lyon intended to marry her, or was expected to do so, or that society would think it a very odd thing if he did not do so—this unsophisticated Hilary never thought at all. If he had said to her that the present state of things was to go on forever; she to remain always Hilary Leaf, and he Robert Lyon, the faithful friend of the family, she would have smiled in his face and been perfectly satisfied.

True, she had never had any thing to drive away the smile from that innocent face; no vague jealousies aroused; no maddening rumors afloat in the small world that was his and theirs. Mr. Lyon was grave and sedate in all his ways; he never paid the slightest attention to, or expressed the slightest interest in, any woman whatsoever.

And so this hapless girl loved him—just himself; without the slightest reference to his "connections," for he had none; or his "prospects," which, if he had any, she did not know of. Alas! to practical and prudent people I can offer no excuse for her; except, perhaps, what Shakspeare gives in the creation of his poor Miranda.

When the small servant re-entered the kitchen, Hilary, with a half sigh, shook off her dreams, called Ascott out of the school-room, and returned to the work-a-day world and the family supper.

This being ended, seasoned with a few quiet words administered to Ascott, and which on the whole he took pretty well, it was nearly ten o'clock.

"Far too late to have kept up such a child as Elizabeth; we must not do it again," said Miss Leaf, taking down the large Bible with which she was accustomed to conclude the day—Ascott's early hours at school and their own house-

work making it difficult of mornings. Very brief the reading was, sometimes not more than half a dozen verses, with no comment thereon; she thought the Word of God might safely be left to expound itself. Being a very humble-minded woman, she did not feel qualified to lead long devotional "exercises," and she disliked formal written prayers. So she merely read the Bible to her family, and said after it the Lord's Prayer.

But, constitutionally shy as Miss Leaf was, to do even this in presence of a stranger cost her some effort; and it was only a sense of duty that made her say "yes" to Hilary's suggestion, "I suppose we ought to call in Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth came.

"Sit down," said her mistress; and she sat down, staring uneasily round about her, as if wondering what was going to befall her next. Very silent was the little parlor; so small, that it was almost filled up by its large square piano, its six cane-bottomed chairs, and one easy-chair, in the which sat Miss Leaf, with the great Book in her lap.

"Can you read, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Hilary, give her a Bible."

And so Elizabeth followed, guided by her not too clean finger, the words, read in that soft, low voice, somewhere out of the New Testament; words simple enough for the comprehension of a child or a heathen. The "South-Sea Islander," as Ascott long persisted in calling her, then, doing as the family did, turned round to kneel down; but in her confusion she knocked over a chair, causing Miss Leaf to wait a minute till reverent silence was restored. Elizabeth knelt, with her eyes fixed on the wall: it was a green paper, patterned with bunches of nuts. How far she listened, or how much she understood, it was impossible to say; but her manner was decent and decorous.

"*Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us.*" Unconsciously Miss Leaf's gentle voice rested on these words, so needed in the daily life of every human being, and especially of every family. Was she the only one who thought of "poor Selina!"

They all rose from their knees, and Hilary put the Bible away. The little servant "hung about," apparently uncertain what was next to be done, or what was expected of her to do. Hilary touched her sister.

"Yes," said Miss Leaf, recollecting herself, and assuming the due authority, "it is quite time for all the family to be in bed. Take care of your candle, and mind and be up at six to-morrow morning."

This was addressed to the new maiden, who dropped a courtesy, and said, almost cheerfully, "Yes, ma'am."

"Very well. Good-night, Elizabeth."

And following Miss Leaf's example, the other two, even Ascott, said civilly and kindly, "Good-night, Elizabeth."

CHAPTER III.

THE Christmas holidays ended, and Ascott left for London. It was the greatest household change the Misses Leaf had known for years, and they missed him sorely. Ascott was not exactly a lovable boy, and yet, after the fashion of womankind, his aunts were both fond and proud of him; fond, in their childless old-maidhood, of any sort of nephew, and proud, unconsciously, that the said nephew was a big fellow, who could look over all their heads, besides being handsome and pleasant-mannered, and though not clever enough to set the Thames on fire, still sufficiently bright to make them hope that in his future the family star might again rise.

There was something pathetic in these three women's idealization of him—even Selina's, who though quarreling with him to his face always praised him behind his back—that great, good-looking, lazy lad; who, every body else saw clearly enough, thought more of his own noble self than of all his aunts put together. The only person he stood in awe of was Mr. Lyon—for whom he always protested unbounded respect and admiration. How far Robert Lyon liked Ascott even Hilary could never quite find out; but he was always very kind to him.

There was one person in the house who, strange to say, did not succumb to the all-dominating youth. From the very first there was a smouldering feud between him and Elizabeth. Whether she overheard, and slowly began to comprehend his mocking gibes about the "South-Sea Islander," or whether her sullen and dogged spirit resisted the first attempts the lad made to "put upon her"—as he did upon his aunts, in small daily tyrannies—was never found out; but certainly Ascott, the general favorite, found little favor with the new servant. She never answered when he "hollo'd" for her; she resisted blacking his boots more than once a day; and she obstinately cleared the kitchen fire-place of his "messes," as she ignominiously termed various pots and pans belonging to what *he* called his "medical studies."

Although the war was passive rather than aggressive, and sometimes a source of private amusement to the aunts, still, on the whole, it was a relief when the exciting cause of it departed; his new and most gentlemanly portmanteau being carried down stairs by Elizabeth herself, of her own accord, with an air of cheerful alacrity, foreign to her mien for some weeks past, and which, even in the midst of the dolorous parting, amused Hilary extremely.

"I think that girl is a character," she said afterward to Johanna. "Anyhow she has curiously strong likes and dislikes."

"You may say that, my dear; for she brightens up whenever she looks at you."

"Does she? Oh, that must be because I have most to do with her. It is wonderful how friendly one gets over saucepans and brooms; and what reverence one inspires in the domestic

mind when one really knows how to make a bed or a pudding."

"How I wish you had to do neither!" sighed Johanna, looking fondly at the bright face and light little figure that was flitting about, putting the school-room to rights before the pupils came in.

"Nonsense—I don't wish any such thing. Doing it makes me not a whit less charming and lovely." She often applied these adjectives to herself, with the most perfect conviction that she was uttering a fiction patent to every body. I must be very juvenile also, for I'm certain the fellow-passenger at the station to-day took me for Ascott's sweet-heart. When we were saying good-by, an old gentleman who sat next him was particularly sympathetic, and you should have seen how indignantly Ascott replied, "It's only *my aunt!*"

Miss Leaf laughed, and the shadow vanished from her face, as Hilary had meant it should. She only said, caressing her,

"Well, my pet, never mind. I hope you may have a real sweet-heart some day."

"I'm in no hurry, thank you, Johanna."

But now was heard the knock after knock of the little boys and girls, and there began that monotonous daily round of school-labor, rising from the simplicities of c, a, t, cat, and d, o, g, dog—to the sublime heights of Pinnock and Lennie, *Télémaque* and *Latin Delectus*. No loftier: Stowbury being well supplied with first-class schools, and having a vague impression that the Misses Leaf, born ladies and not brought up as governesses, were not competent educators except of very small children.

Which was true enough until lately. So Miss Leaf kept contentedly to the c, a, t, cat, and d, o, g, dog, of the little butchers and bakers, as Miss Selina, who taught only sewing, and came into the school-room but little during the day, scornfully termed them. The higher branches, such as they were, she left gradually to Hilary, who, of late, possibly out of sympathy with a friend of hers, had begun to show an actual gift for teaching school.

It is a gift—all will allow; and chiefly those who have it not, among which was poor Johanna Leaf. The admiring envy with which she watched Hilary, moving briskly about from class to class, with a word of praise to one and rebuke to another, keeping every one's attention alive, spurring on the dull, controlling the unruly, and exercising over every member in this little world that influence, at once the strongest and most intangible and inexplicable—personal influence—was only equaled by the way in which, at pauses in the day's work, when it grew dull and monotonous, or when the stupidity of the children ruffled her own quick temper beyond endurance, Hilary watched Johanna.

The time I am telling of is now long ago. The Stowbury children, who were then little boys and girls, are now fathers and mothers—doubtless a large proportion being decent trades-folk in Stowbury still; though, in this locomo-

tive quarter, many must have drifted off elsewhere—where, Heaven knows! But not a few of them may still call to mind Miss Leaf, who first taught them their letters—sitting in her corner between the fire and the window, while the blind was drawn down to keep out, first the light from her own fading eyes, and, secondly, the distracting view of green fields and trees from the youthful eyes by her side. They may remember still her dark plain dress and her white apron, on which the primers, torn and dirty, looked half ashamed to lie; and above all, her sweet face and sweeter voice, never heard in any thing sharper than that grieved tone which signified their being "naughty children." They may recall her unwearied patience with the very dullest and most wayward of them: her unfailing sympathy with every infantile pleasure and pain. And I think they will acknowledge that whether she taught them much or little—in this advancing age it might be thought little—Miss Leaf taught them one thing—to love her. Which, as Ben Jonson said of the Countess of Pembroke, was in itself a "liberal education."

Hilary, too. Often when Hilary's younger and more restless spirit chafed against the monotony of her life; when, instead of wasting her days in teaching small children, she would have liked to be learning, learning—every day growing wiser and cleverer, and stretching out into that busy, bright active world of which Robert Lyon had told her—then the sight of Johanna's meek face bent over those dirty spelling-books would at once rebuke and comfort her. She felt, after all, that she would not mind working on forever, so long as Johanna still sat there.

Nevertheless, that winter seemed to her very long—especially after Ascott was gone. For Johanna, partly for money, and partly for kindness, had added to her day's work four evenings a week, when a half-educated mother of one of her little pupils came to be taught to write a decent hand, and to keep the accounts of her shop. Upon which Selina, highly indignant, had taken to spending her evenings in the school-room, interrupting Hilary's solitary studies there by many a lamentation over the peaceful days when they all sat in the kitchen together and kept no servant. For Selina was one of those who never saw the bright side of any thing till it had gone by.

"I'm sure I don't know how we are to manage with Elizabeth. That greedy—"

"And growing," suggested Hilary.

"I say, that greedy girl eats as much as any two of us. And as for her clothes—her mother does not keep her even decent."

"She would find it difficult upon three pounds a year."

"Hilary, how dare you contradict me! I am only stating a plain fact."

"And I another. But, indeed, I don't want to talk, Selina."

"You never do, except when you are wished

to be silent; and then your tongue goes like any race-horse."

"Does it? Well, like Gilpin's,

'It carries weight, it rides a race,
'Tis for a thousand pound!'

—and I only wish it were. Heigh-ho! if I could but earn a thousand pounds!"

Selina was too vexed to reply; and for five quiet minutes Hilary bent over her Homer, which Mr. Lyon had taken such pleasure in teaching her, because, he said, she learned it faster than any of his grammar-school boys. She had forgotten all domestic grievances in a vision of Thetis and the water-nymphs; and was repeating to herself, first in the sonorous Greek, and then in Pope's small but sweet English, that catalogue of oceanic beauties ending with

"Black Janira and Janassa fair,
And Amatheia with her amber hair."

"Black, did you say? I'm sure she was as black as a chimney-sweep all to-day. And her pinafore—"

"Her what? Oh, Elizabeth, you mean—"

"Her pinafore had three rents in it, which she never thinks of mending, though I gave her needles and thread myself a week ago. But she does not know how to use them any more than a baby."

"Possibly nobody ever taught her."

"Yes; she went for a year to the National School, she says, and learned both marking and sewing."

"Perhaps she has never practiced them since. She could hardly have had time, with all the little Hands to look after, as her mother says she did. All the better for us. It makes her wonderfully patient with our troublesome brats. It was only to-day, when that horrid little Jacky Smith hurt himself so, that I saw Elizabeth take him into the kitchen, wash his face and hands, and cuddle him up and comfort him, quite motherly. Her forte is certainly children."

"You always find something to say for her."

"I should be ashamed if I could not find something to say for any body who is always abused."

Another pause—and then Selina returned to the charge.

"Have you ever observed, my dear, the extraordinary way she has of fastening, or rather, not fastening her gown behind? She just hooks it together at the top and at the waist, while between there is a—"

"*Hiatus valde deflendus*. Oh dear me! what shall I do! Selina, how can I help it if a girl of fifteen years old is not a paragon of perfection? as of course *we* all are, if we only could find it out."

And Hilary, in despair, rose to carry her candle and books into the chilly but quiet bedroom, biting her lips the while lest she should be tempted to say something which Selina called "impertinent," which perhaps it was, from a younger sister to an elder. I do not set Hilary up as a perfect character. Through sorrow only do peo-

ple go on to perfection; and sorrow, in its true meaning, this cherished girl had never known.

But that night, talking to Johanna before they went to sleep—they had always slept together since the time when the elder sister used to walk the room of nights with that puling, motherless infant in her arms—Hilary anxiously started the question of the little servant.

"I am afraid I vexed Selina greatly about her to-night; and yet what can one do? Selina is so very unjust—always expecting impossibilities. She would like to have Elizabeth at once a first-rate cook, a finished house-maid, and an attentive lady's-maid, and all without being taught! She gives her things to do, neither waiting to see if they are comprehended by her, nor showing her how to do them. Of course the girl stands gaping and staring, and does not do them, or does them so badly that she gets a thorough scolding."

"Is she very stupid, do you think?" asked Johanna, in unconscious appeal to her pet's stronger judgment.

"No, I don't. Far from stupid; only very ignorant, and—you would hardly believe it—very nervous. Selina frightens her. She gets on extremely well with me."

"Any one would, my dear. That is," added the conscientious elder sister, still afraid of making the "child" vain, "any one whom you took pains with. But do you think we ever can make any thing out of Elizabeth? Her month ends to-morrow. Shall we let her go?"

"And perhaps get in her place a story-teller—a tale-bearer—even a thief. No, no; let us

'Rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of;'

and a thief would be worse than even a South-Sea Islander."

"Oh yes, my dear," said Johanna, with a shiver.

"By-the-by, the first step in the civilization of the Polynesians was giving them clothes. And I have heard say that crime and rags often go together; that a man unconsciously feels he owes something to himself and society in the way of virtue when he has a clean face and clean shirt, and a decent coat on. Suppose we try the experiment of dressing Elizabeth. How many old gowns have we?"

The number was few. Nothing in the Leaf family was ever cast off till its very last extremity of decay; the talent that

"Gars auld claes look amaisht as gude's the new" being especially possessed by Hilary. She counted over her own wardrobe and Johanna's, but found nothing that could be spared.

"Yes, my love, there is one thing. You certainly shall never put on that old brown merino again; though you have laid it so carefully by, as if you meant it to come out as fresh as ever next winter. No, Hilary, you must have a new gown, and you must give Elizabeth your brown merino."

Hilary laughed, and replied not.

Now it might be a pathetic indication of a girl who had very few clothes, but Hilary had a su-

perstitious weakness concerning hers. Every dress had its own peculiar chronicle of the scenes where it had been, the enjoyments she had shared in it. Particular dresses were special memorials of her loves, her pleasures, her little passing pains: as long as a bit remained of the poor old fabric the sight of it recalled them all.

This brown merino—in which she had sat two whole winters over her Greek and Latin by Robert Lyon's side, which he had once stopped to touch and notice, saying what a pretty color it was, and how he liked soft-feeling dresses for women—to cut up this old brown merino seemed to hurt her so she could almost have cried.

Yet what would Johanna think if she refused? And there was Elizabeth absolutely in want of clothes. "I must be growing very wicked," thought poor Hilary.

She lay a good while silent in the dark, while Johanna planned and replanned—calculating how, even with the addition of an old cape of her own, which was out of the same piece, this hapless gown could be made to fit the gaunt frame of Elizabeth Hand. Her poor kindly brain was in the last extremity of muddle, when Hilary, with a desperate effort, dashed in to the rescue, and soon made all clear, contriving body, skirt, sleeves, and all.

"You have the best head in the world, my love. I don't know whatever I should do without you."

"Luckily you are never likely to be tried. So give me a kiss; and good-night, Johanna."

I misdoubt many will say I am writing about small, ridiculously small, things. Yet is not the whole of life made up of infinitesimally small things? And in its strange and solemn mosaic, the full pattern of which we never see clearly till looking back on it from far away, dare we say of any thing which the hand of Eternal Wisdom has put together that it is too common or too small?

FISH CULTURE.

OF the multitude of tourists who annually stop at Bâle, on entering Switzerland, few are aware that within the distance of a pleasant walk from the town there may be seen in operation, at the village of Huningue, an establishment organized for carrying on a new and curious species of industry, which is now being extended over the greater part of continental Europe—namely, the breeding of fish by artificial means. The piscicultural dépôt at Huningue is well worth seeing, although it is not mentioned in some of the popular continental hand-books, which dilate more upon the scenery and architectural features of places than on their industrial characteristics; and thus the great laboratory which is giving new life to the fisheries of France is known only to a few. Nor, while dwelling on the scenery of the Vosges, do the guide-books allude to a pursuit followed in these and the surrounding districts—the collection of fish-eggs, which took its rise at La Bresse, and was origin-

ally carried on by Joseph Remy, a simple fisherman of that place, who was the first in France to hit upon the new method of fish-breeding.

This peasant fisherman, seeing the annually increasing scarcity of fresh-water fish, bethought himself of studying the habits of those denizens of the rivers, and speedily arrived at the conclusion that the enormous waste of eggs was one of the principal causes of the ever-declining supply. Remy saw that tens of thousands of the eggs never came to life, being either wasted through exposure or preyed upon by enemies. To collect from the spawning-grounds, and protect the eggs in boxes placed in the running streams, was the first idea which the fisherman of La Bresse formed of pisciculture, but those rudimentary plans were speedily improved upon as experience and knowledge came to his aid. Although practiced in France as a new art, it is certain that pisciculture, in far more complicated shapes, was well known to ancient nations. In China an effective system of collecting and transporting fish and fish-eggs to great distances has existed for ages, nothing being required in the case of the live fish but a frequent change of water, and failing that, the introduction into the jars of the yolk of an egg. The ancient Romans, who were adepts in those arts of luxury applicable to the pleasures of the table, were ingenious pisciculturists, and had modes of operating on fish, with reference to their growth and flavor, which are entirely lost to us. Among other stories of Roman art in connection with fish, is one indicating that certain kinds could be so trained as to live in wine, and that fresh-water varieties could be induced to live and breed in the sea, and salt-water fish be so acclimatized as to exist in fresh-water ponds and inland rivers.

It is quite certain that pisciculture, as now understood, was successfully practiced more than a century ago in Germany, at which time an elaborate treatise was published on the subject by a Mr. Jacobi; this work, which was written in the German language, was translated into Latin, and published by Duhamel du Monceau in his general treatise on fishes. So that, in any case, the honors claimed for France as the discovery ground of this very curious art fall to the ground. Besides, it is certain that, as applicable to the study of the growth and habits of fish, the art was practiced in Britain before it became a commercial adjunct of the French fisheries. Pisciculture originated in Scotland in connection with what is termed "the parr controversy"—a long-continued dispute as to the growth of the salmon in its earlier stages. In order to demonstrate that the "parr" was undoubtedly the young of the salmon, Mr. Shaw collected the eggs of that fish from the spawning beds, and, confining them in a protected place, watched them into life, and noted their growth and progress closely till they became "smolts;" and in order that his experiments might be perfect, he personally caught the native fish, despoiled it of its eggs, and placed the "parr" ques-

tion beyond doubt by hatching spawn that he knew to be that of the salmon. In those experiments—begun in the year 1833, carried on for five years, the results of which were published in 1840—Mr. Shaw was corroborated by Mr. Young, of Invershin, a gentleman of ability as a practical naturalist, who had likewise resorted to the artificial method in connection with the same controversy. It is important to note that the discovery of the fisherman of La Bresse took place in 1842; and it is suggested, therefore, that while to the French nation belongs the merit of making a commercial use of the discovery, the far higher honor of the successful application of pisciculture to the requirements of science must be awarded to the hard-headed sons of Scotland.

Before the piscicultural era, the fisheries of France had become completely exhausted. The river and coast fishings of that extensive empire were not, according to the report of M. Coste, at that period of more value than the rental of one of our Scottish salmon streams. Fish is so much a necessity of life in all Roman Catholic countries, that there is a more than ordinary drain on the streams and seas of the Continent; and this, coupled with the almost fabulous loss of eggs and young fish incidental to the natural spawning system, led to the depopulation of the rivers. It was this poverty of fish that incited the peasant of La Bresse to his discovery. His occupation as a fisherman was failing, when he luckily bethought himself of putting an end to the destruction of unprotected eggs by collecting them and nursing them into life, under his own eye, in the running streams where he pursued his daily avocation. The next step was easy. Why take the trouble, which involved great labor, of collecting the eggs from the spawning ground individually? Would it not be a better plan to capture the fish, and obtain the eggs on what may be called the wholesale plan—that is, by extruding them from the body of the fish and mixing them with milt, placing them at once under protection in order to be hatched, and then, by feeding them in their infantile stages till they were able to protect themselves, so prepare them for their life in the great streams? Aided by M. Gehin, a clever coadjutor, this was Remy's next step. The per-centage of gain on any given stream by this method is very considerable.

The progress of fish-breeding did not stop at this stage. They knew better in France than to nip so valuable a discovery in the bud for want of encouragement. The piscicultural operations at La Bresse at once excited a large amount of local enthusiasm; and it was no sooner observable, after a few months' practice, that the trout and other native fishes of the streams of the Vosges were increasing, literally by tens of thousands, than Dr. Haxo, the secretary of one of the emulative societies of the district, drew the attention of the Government of the day, and also of the Academy, to what had been accomplished. The importance of the plan adopted by Remy was at once seen; the Government aided it with

money and protection, and ultimately grafted pisciculture on one of its imperial departments, employing Gehin and Remy to conduct the practical part of the business. Stream after stream was repeopled with finny inhabitants, and all the plans so well carried out, that experiments were speedily projected, having for their object the improvement of the coast fisheries of France, which were also in a most impoverished state. Maritime pisciculture, it was thought, would be as easy, under the guidance of proper engineers, as the processes of restocking the rivers had been. M. Coste soon overcame all difficulties by laying down oyster-beds on various parts of the coast, and also by propagating the different kinds of flat-fish; and having continued these operations for twelve years, there can now be no doubt of their success.

To facilitate these various enterprises, an establishment, in the nature of a piscicultural laboratory, was erected some years ago, on a large scale, at Huningue, near Bâle, on the Rhine. From this establishment millions of the eggs of all the species of fish usually cultivated in the country, particularly those having large eggs, as the Danube salmon, Ombre chevalier, etc., have been distributed to the chief rivers of France. Canals, ponds, and marshes have likewise been stocked, and new places have been constructed to grow eels and other appropriate fish. Few of the eggs are brought to maturity in Huningue; it suits better to send them away when nearly hatched. Packed among wet moss, inclosed in wooden boxes, they can be sent to great distances; some have gone quite safely that required to be on their journey as long as ten days. Although not more than two miles distant from Bâle, and with grounds nicely laid out, there is a certain want of interest about the establishment at Huningue, inasmuch as they do not, as a rule, hatch the eggs in large quantities. Although there are always a few thousand fish in the place, it is a rule only to supply eggs. People are paid to collect these from the rivers and lakes of Switzerland, and also to procure them from the Rhine and the Danube. The trade thus created affords employment to a great number of industrious people, who are paid at the rate of 40 cents per thousand. The spawn of a fish weighing twenty pounds would yield to the pisciculturist a sum of about \$8. The eggs of some of the fresh-water fish are too minute to be operated upon pisciculturally—these must just be left to chance. Pike, tench, carp, etc., allow a vast per-centage of their eggs to be lost; indeed they are nearly all lost, except such as are caught on those leaves and weeds which overhang the river. The eggs of such fish may be numbered by millions; but, from their being exposed to all kinds of accidents, and from their being devoured in wholesale quantities, only a small per-centage ever comes to life: it is not an exaggeration to say that of some species perhaps not one egg in each hundred ever becomes a marketable fish. In addition to serving as a commercial dépôt, the naturalist has rare facili-

ties at Huningue to study the development of the fish, as the hatching-boxes are all under cover, and therefore easy to observe. Indeed, the progress of the egg (and these are there in all stages of progress) can be noted from day to day, and its various changes observed. These are so gradual that it requires a keen observer to hit upon the points. It is not, for instance, till about the tenth day, according to Agassiz, that the form of the embryo can be distinguished, and about the thirtieth day signs of the circulation of the blood are observable; and, under favorable circumstances, the fish escapes from its egg about the sixtieth day. Of course, much depends upon the temperature of the water—indeed, the heat of the water is a grand question in all matters relating to fish-life. The salmon-eggs in the breeding-boxes at Stormontfield do not hatch so quickly as those described by Agassiz—they require fully one hundred days, and sometimes take four months. Of course they are exposed to the open air; in a warmer atmosphere they would be hatched in half the time. We know of eggs that were hatched in fifty days, but the fish did not live.

The growth and changes incidental to fish-life can be best observed through the medium of pisciculture, for it is impossible amidst the depths of seas and oceans to follow the animal from its birth to its death, and note the varied transformations which it must of necessity undergo before it becomes of value for the uses of the table. It would be of great consequence if, by means of some gigantic sea-water pond, we could view the growth of those marine fishes which are important to mankind as a food-resource. We could then tell how long the eggs of the cod and haddock were in coming to life, likewise when the fish arrived at such maturity as to be able to multiply its species; the herring family, the flat-fish, and many others of which we are equally ignorant, could also be placed under surveillance, and be reported upon from time to time. Points in the natural history of fish, which have been in debate for ages past, could thus be resolved.

The commercial achievements of pisciculture were not long confined to France. Germany soon awakened to their importance, and the Danube salmon, a fish which attains at maturity the enormous weight of 200 pounds, offered a ready subject for experiment. Professor Wimmer, under whose direction various experiments in the propagation of this fish has been made, speaks of it as admirably adapted for the practice of pisciculture, as a fish of eighteen pounds weight yielded the extraordinary number of 40,000(?) eggs. The hatching of these eggs takes a period of fifty-six days, and the young fish attain a weight of one pound in the course of the first year. The supplies of salmon in the Danube have been sensibly augmented by the operations carried on in the tributaries of that river and elsewhere. It may be noted, also, that this salmon, like our own, migrates from the main stream to its tributaries, but has never been caught in the Black Sea, nor is it known

ever to enter the Sulina mouth of the Danube. A fair exchange of eggs has been made between Germany and France, the spawn of the Danube fish being given for that of the common salmon; and Professor Fraas tells us that thousands of young salmon have been produced at Munich from eggs procured at Huningue. Might we not try to breed the Danube salmon in some of our rivers?

There are, however, curiosities of pisciculture much more wonderful than any that have yet been narrated. The oyster-beds laid down on the sea-coasts of France, and the eel-breeding establishment in the lagoons of Comaccio, are notable as achievements in the art of pisciculture. The eel is esteemed a curious fish, and it has been made the theme of many a story and legend. Some people—the Scotch in particular—have so great a prejudice against this fish, that they will not partake of it; but for all that, eels are wholesome and savory food, and they can be had in such countless quantities as to form a welcome addition to our unsteady fish supplies. At Comaccio an extensive commerce has been carried on for about three centuries principally in this one fish. This traffic has had its origin in the careful observation of the habits and growth of the eel family: as is well known, the eel migrates to the sea in order to spawn, and the fry ascend our rivers and canals in order to fatten. In the lagoons at Comaccio an ingenious series of dykes and canals have been provided, in order to facilitate the entrance and exit of the fish. The natural situation of the place is conducive to the commerce carried on there. "The lagoon of Comaccio," says M. Coste, "is situated on the coast of the Adriatic, below the mouth of the Po and the territory of Ravenna, about 30 miles from Ferrara, and forms an immense swamp nearly 140 miles in circumference, and about four feet deep, with a simple strip of earth separating it from the sea; while two rivers, the Reno and the Volano, form this vast swamp into a species of delta, similar to that formed by the Rhone at Camargue."

As a provision for the growth of the enormous herds of serpentine cannibals which are bred in the lagoon, vast quantities of a small fish named the aquadelle are provided; and that their small fry are devoured in countless numbers is evident from the value which the eels so speedily acquire. A pound weight of eel fry at its entrance into the lagoon will embrace 1800 young fish, and these will, in the course of a year or two, weigh about four tons, and attain a money value of \$200. The mullet is also assiduously "cultivated" at Comaccio, the rapidity of its growth forming the chief inducement; and when the reader knows that in its infantile state 6000 mullet go to the pound, while at the expiry of a year each individual weighs four ounces, he will not be surprised that so profitable a trade should be eagerly carried on.

In addition to its engineering attractions, and they are numerous, Comaccio is also remarkable for the social condition of its people. The per-

sens more immediately employed in the fisheries live in barracks, and undergo something akin to military discipline. They receive but scanty wages, and are simple in their habits and modes of life, an allowance of fish forming their staple diet. They have occasional fêtes and rejoicings, most of which are connected with their daily avocation. For instance, when a division of the community succeed on any night in securing a "shot," which weighs 48,000 pounds, a gun is fired, which communicates the glad tidings to the whole community. Next day is held as a holiday, and is devoted to rejoicings of all kinds, and in particular to a splendid dinner cooked from a portion of the captured fish, and washed down by the appropriate wine. The eels begin to ascend from the sea to the lagoon in February, and this emigration lasts for a period of two months, when the sluices are closed and the breeding begins. The supplies are gathered in with great solemnity, religious services being held at the commencement and at intervals throughout the season. Another curious feature of the place lies in the fact that the greater quantity of the produce is sold ready cooked! There is an immense kitchen, where the larger eels are roasted and the smaller fish are fried: there is any quantity of spits, and a perfect brigade of male and female cooks. The extent of the cooking business may be guessed from the fact that it requires a canal to carry away the oil which exudes from the fish as they are roasting. As the larger eels are brought into the kitchen they are dextrously prepared for the spit by being cut up into proper lengths, the heads and tails being laid aside as a perquisite for the poor; the smaller fish, with a slight trimming, are spitted alive. The flat-fish are fried with the oil from the eels, in gigantic frying-pans. The scene in the great kitchens of Comaccio, especially when there is a more than ordinary supply of fish, is a very animated one. In addition to the cooked fish, which are sent into the cities of Italy, a portion is sold in a salted state, while another portion is cooked by being boiled alive and then dried by exposure to the air. The inhabitants of this isolated lagoon are hardy and industrious, and much resemble the quaint fishing population of our own shores, as indeed do most of the continental maritime population.

The growth of the oyster may be observed now at most of the fishing towns on the coast of France. There is one great advantage in dredging for oysters: the young ones can be thrown into the water, there to wait till their beards grow larger. When fishing for cod or other fish this can not be done, as the animal is usually killed before it reaches the surface of the water. M. Coste has superintended the laying down of a great number of new oyster-beds on the coasts of France, and likewise repopled a number that had been exhausted by over-dredging. His mode of engineering an oyster-bed is exceedingly simple, and is founded on the knowledge that all that is required to secure a few millions of oys-

ters is a resting-place for the "spat." It is well known to those versed in the economic history of our fisheries, that the greatest waste arises from the non-ripening of the eggs. Countless millions never come to life at all, and consequently are just that number of fish lost to our commissariat. It is the same with the oyster; for want of a resting-place, seven-eighths of the spawn is lost. M. Coste's idea is to provide the necessary resting-place. He makes up a foundation of old bricks, tiles, fragments of pottery-ware, and shells; and over these he plants a forest of strong stakes, round which are twined luxuriant branches to which the seedling oyster may become attached; and then, laying down a parent stock of breeders, he patiently awaits the result, knowing well that in the course of four years there will be an abundant supply of marketable cysters. Even as we write there arrives news of the truth of M. Coste's "practical theories," for do we not read of a little rejoicing that has just taken place at the opening of one of the new oyster-beds in the River Auray? The dredgers employed procured 350,000 oysters in the short space of an hour! In the evening there was an illumination of the little fishing-town, and dancing was carried on on the beach with great spirit till a late hour by the happy fisher folk. This fête of these dredgers is a type of the interest which the French people take in the piscicultural operations now being carried on for their benefit. All are interested in their success, and know about them, from the Emperor downward. Even the children are "up" in the subject, and can talk about it in an intelligible style. Having made anxious personal inquiry on the subject in various parts of France, we can testify to this fact; and the exhibition at the College of France of some of the experiments, taught the people personally how it was all achieved. The gigantic Aquarium now opened in the Garden of Acclimatization in the Bois de Boulogne will still further interest the Parisians, as it contains a model of an oyster-bed on the artificial system, as also samples of the various native fishes that have been reared on the artificial plan, as well as others that the French *savans* propose to naturalize. The structure was not quite finished at the time of our visit, but in dimensions and design it bade fair to fulfill the purpose for which it was intended.

Does fish-breeding pay? is, of course, an important question. But the answer is entirely favorable: the financial results of pisciculture are highly encouraging. At the Stormontfield ponds, on the River Tay, the only expense beyond the construction of the breeding-beds, and the necessary reservoirs and runlets, is the small annual charge for wages to "Peter of the Pools," the faithful nurse of the young salmon, there being scarcely any other money cost. In fact, per individual fish, the annual money charge is not appreciable. The ponds at Stormontfield have had a marked effect on the produce of the Tay, having increased the rental, and consequently the annual profit, by at least ten per

cent., affording good interest for the capital expended. The charges incurred in the construction of the French oyster-beds are not at all extravagant; the material used being of the simplest and most inexpensive description, much of it mere rubbish, helps to lessen the sum total. The full cost of an oyster-bed is less than ten pounds. As an example of the figures, we may cite the debtor and creditor account of the bank which has been constructed off the coast of Brittany at St. Brioux; and we shall adopt the official figures of M. Laviciare, commissary of the maritime inscription. These inform us that three fascines, selected by chance from an oyster-bank laid down in the year 1859, contained 20,000 oysters each! "The expense of laying down the bank in question was \$45, and if each of the fascines [300] laid down be multiplied by 20,000, 6,000,000 oysters will be obtained, and these at \$4 per thousand will yield a revenue of \$25,000!" an immense profit to obtain with so small an outlay of capital and labor. At Comaccio, too, the profits are large, as the fish grow rapidly. The quantity cultivated in the lagoon is positively fabulous; the average annual take, after letting away a sufficient quantity of breeding fish and providing for the food of the people, is 1,000,000 pounds in weight, and some years it has been nearly double that amount.

From a detailed statement issued by the French Government, the following figures may be cited as an evidence of the commercial success of the piscicultural system in France. The money value of the fish caught in the navigable rivers, canals, and estuaries, has been estimated at about three millions of dollars per annum; this amount is derived, it must be borne in mind, from a very large territory, embracing 114,889 miles of water-courses and 493,750 acres of lakes and ponds. The fish-ponds of Doombes alone cover a surface equal to 34,580 acres! These results are really marvelous when we consider Coste's statement, that the whole fisheries of France were not, twenty years ago, of greater value than the annual rent of a Scottish salmon river.

THE ARTILLERIST.

"Where the battery, guarded well,
Remains as yet impregnable."

IN looking at a monster gun of the present day, with its missile warranted "good at five miles," we can scarce restrain a smile when we think over the many awkward forms and impotent changes artillery has undergone before it arrived at its present perfection; and yet our self-complacent scorn for the toy-like cannon of our ancestors is arrested when we remember that, but a few years since, we had imagined our artillery to have arrived at the utmost degree of perfection only to be awakened from our delightful dream of confidence by the booming of the improved "raye," or Napoleon gun. No branch in the whole military science has undergone as many changes as has artillery, or led to greater results, until at the present day we be-

hold, through the uplifting of its sulphurous smoke, the geographical bounds of ages change their forms, and through its increased power whole empires subjugated or created.

The manner in which these improvements and increased powers have been brought about in this, the most important arm of modern warfare, is at all times interesting, but at none so much as at the present, when our own national safety and success must depend, in a great measure, upon these very changes, and its thereby wonderfully increased efficiency.

The Chinese, to whom so many discoveries and inventions have been ascribed, claim to have been the first inventors of cannon.

This people, it has been very conclusively proved, were the discoverers of *gunpowder*; and they are supported in their claims to having been the first to use artillery by many very learned men, as well as by what may perhaps be a very natural supposition; viz., that being the first to have a knowledge of gunpowder, they were probably the first to turn its power of propulsion to account.

Among the many good authorities who support the Chinese in their claim of priority in the use of artillery is Mr. Paravey, a celebrated savant, who has, it seems, discovered a Chinese manuscript in which mention is made of a cannon used during the Taing-Off dynasty, 618 B.C., and which bore this inscription: "I hurl death to the traitor and extermination to the rebel!"—a sentence that would form a very appropriate legend for the cannon of Uncle Sam at the present day.

Captain Parrish, too, a British officer, speaking of the great wall of China, claims to have discovered in the soles of its embrasures "small holes similar to those used in Europe for the reception of the swivels of wall-pieces, which appeared to be a part of the original construction of the wall." The wall, *nota bene*, was finished according to Chinese authorities 221 years before the Christian era.

According to the early Jesuits and missionaries also, from information derived from Chinese sources, artillery had been very much perfected during the early part of the Christian era, and about A.D. 757 a certain general in Thang's army constructed cannon that threw stones of 12 pounds in weight a distance of 300 paces.

But these accounts of the antiquity of cannon, stated as they are by these authorities in perfect faith, must be taken with allowance, from the fact that in a country depending so much for its lore upon tradition as does China, events, great discoveries, etc., though they may have taken place centuries apart, are apt to be ascribed to some popular ruler or great general, whose superior abilities had won an undying and time-exaggerated veneration in the hearts of his people, even though the said discoveries may not have taken place until long after his death. This might more easily be the case among a nation priding themselves as much as the Chinese do upon their antiquity in science as well as in na-

tionality, letting alone the characteristic proneness which they have ever evinced for deception and for boastfulness.

How often, even at the present day, do we find in Europe the erection of palaces, the creation of reservoirs, and the elevation of statues, between the occurrence of which centuries may have elapsed, all ascribed by popular tradition to some master-mind, who, like an oasis in some broad wilderness, has drunk up all the refreshing rains of science and of art which it took long centuries to accumulate!

His fame it is that ever projects in the popular memory; and like the rich embossment on an otherwise plain surface, upon it every thing collects, and to it every thing attaches.

It is a peculiarity of tradition, as well, to exaggerate the *age* of popular monuments and events: nor is this trait confined to any one country, but it is universal, whether it be the German *bauer*, who goes back for his dates to the time of Charlemagne; the French *peasant*, who dives far back into the legendary days of Pepin; the Italian *vetturino*, who with glowing face ascribes every thing to the genius of a Cosmo di Medici; or even the poor Hindoo, who informs you, with just as much gravity, that his god Vis-carne (corresponding to the Vulcan of Grecian mythology) was the inventor of gunpowder and of fire-arms.

If the claim of the Chinese be allowed, it must be admitted to be a little strange that so formidable a power—namely, the means of propelling a projectile by the force of gunpowder—should have remained unknown to Europe until so long afterward; even taking into account the jealous care which that nation has ever evinced in guarding its secrets from the outside barbarians, or even the difficulty of communicating with a nation so seclusive. Be this as it may, however, cannon were first introduced to the notice of *Europeans* by the French, who used them as early as 1338; and they were called by them bombards and coulevrines, but were afterward named from certain figures marked on them—such as serpentines, basilisks, scorpions, etc., etc. These, as may be readily understood, were quite small, weighing only from 20 to 50 pounds, and were mounted on small, movable carriages. These cannons—or pop-guns, as we should now consider them—soon became quite common throughout Europe, and were used at the battle of Cressy (1346) by the English, as well as at the siege of Aigerillon, in 1339; at Zara, in 1345; and at Naples, in 1380. They were of very little efficiency, however, for even as late as the beginning of the fifteenth century we find, by reference to Grose's *Military Antiquities* and the Harleian MS., that the ancient projectile machines—such as machines for throwing stones, and other ancient engines, such as battering-rams and towers moving on wheels and filled with archers—were not yet superseded by cannon.

The first cannon were constructed of longitudinal bars of wood, covered with sheet-iron or encircled by iron rings; and the bores of these

guns, instead of being cylindrical, as at the present day, were conical; nor was it until a long time afterward that cylindrical bores were introduced. Afterward, as the science advanced, iron longitudinal bars superseded the wooden ones, and these were banded together by iron rings, as in the case of the wooden bars. These cannon were in use until the early part of the fifteenth century, when larger ones began to be constructed; and so rapid was their increase in size, that they became almost unavailable for any practical purposes from their very immensity. Thus, at the siege of Constantinople, in 1453, mention is made of a famous metallic bombard which threw stone balls of an incredible size; and at the siege of Bourges, in 1412, it is said there was a cannon which "threw stone balls as large as millstones." "The Gantois, under Arteville," adds our authority, "made a bombard 50 feet in length, whose report was heard at a distance of ten leagues."

This may be styled emphatically the age of "great gunnes," for the idea prevailing that in exact proportion to the size of the weapon must be its efficiency, great "gunnes," as they were called, were made on every side, and some of them are remembered by name even to the present day—as the culverin of Bolduc, and the great culverin of Nancy, which it is said was 23 feet in length. Then comes the famous piece constructed at Tours for Louis XI., which, if we can believe the writers of that day, gave a very good report of itself, and eclipsed even our modern cannon by sending a ball six miles. Its calibre was about 500 pounds; and having overdone itself upon its first attempt, burst upon its second trial.

"The awkwardness of artillery at this period," says a very able writer on the subject, "may be judged by its slowness of fire. At the siege of Zeteuel, in 1407, five bombards were only able to discharge forty shots in the course of a whole day."

The Spaniards, under Ferdinand the Catholic, were the first to make any visible improvement in these cumbrous cannon, and this they did by reducing the size of them, making them average twelve feet in length, and their calibre range about 175 pounds. The separation of the *light* from the *heavy* artillery took place first in 1556, when we find that the Emperor Ferdinand in his campaign against the Turks had his heavy and light or field cannon: thus showing already a very decided improvement in the organization of this arm. The *light* artillery of this period had already attained considerable efficiency, and Charles V., it is said, employed light guns with limbers drawn by horses, which were called the Emperor's pistols, and which manœuvred at a gallop, and accompanied the movements of the cavalry. Other authorities, again, give a much later period as the time at which horse-artillery was first used, and credit Frederick the Great with being the first to introduce it in armies. About this period (the middle of the sixteenth century) the importance of artillery as a means

of offense as well as of defense seems to have been apparent, and it was gradually gaining that ascendancy in the scale of military precedence to which its invaluable properties entitle it. The attention, too, which was bestowed upon this branch of military science toward the end of the sixteenth century by such master-minds as Henry IV. of France, Maurice of Nassau, and Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, shows the importance with which it began to be regarded.

Both Henry IV. and Maurice of Nassau made wonderful improvements in artillery; but it remained for the great war-genius, Gustavus Adolphus, to perfect it in such a degree as to enable him to conquer whole provinces by its might, and place all Germany at his feet. These pieces being very light, and placed on light carriages, were so easily manœuvred that two men could draw them; and though such cannon could only fire from eight to ten rounds without needing repairs, by combining them, so as to act in masses, instead of using them as isolated pieces, as had hitherto been the habit, he so increased their efficiency as to gain by this new auxiliary force battle after battle, and so won for himself a military renown that has emblazoned the annals of his country with deeds of glory such as no other monarch has since shed upon them.

Among other great improvements of which he was the originator, was the creation of three, four, six, twelve, and thirty pounders, all of much lighter construction than heretofore; but the great points gained by him were the increased rapidity in firing and the increased mobility of his pieces. Owing to this want of mobility, very few pieces of artillery prior to his time had ever been brought into the field. Thus, at the battle of Gravelines Philip II. had only seventeen pieces, and at the battle of Moncontour (1569) eight cannon was all the contending armies possessed; while four pieces of cannon and two culverins were all the French army had at the battle of Ivry, 1590.

Gustavus Adolphus increased very considerably the ratio which this arm had hitherto borne to the other branches of the service; and at the battle of Breitenfeld had as many as one hundred cannon, great and small, and at the camp of Nuremberg nearly three hundred pieces of artillery.

After Gustavus Adolphus came Frederick the Great, who changed artillery in a manner to suit the rapid tactics which he had introduced into his army. And still later, France, in the persons of Gribeauval and Valière, began to give that attention to artillery which has since rewarded her with so many triumphs.

This brings the history of artillery down to the time of the great Napoleon, whose early studies and natural tastes all combined to render him fully alive to the immense advantages to be derived from this invaluable auxiliary. "Artillery," said he while at St. Helena, "at the present day, decides the fate of nations." And he then proceeded to point out to his attendants the numerous battles which a due regard for this arm had won for him, as well as

those which had been lost by a disregard to its merits. Marengo was a singular instance of this axiom, having been first gained by the Austrian side by its presence, and afterward lost by its absence. The important services of artillery were also shown in a striking manner in the glorious victories of Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, and Friedland—names linked in that effulgent wreath of immortality which Fame herself, descending from her highest pinnacles, has condescended to bestow upon one every way worthy to be her helpmeet! It was the same, too, at Borodino, which was mainly a battle of artillery, and one proudly referred to by artillerists, and where the incessant roar of 1100 pieces of cannon fairly made the earth *rock*, and reminded one, says an eye-witness, of "a battle between gods, whose weapons were the elements!"

In reviewing the foregoing account of the rise and progress of artillery, short though it is, it will be noticed that the growth of this branch of military science has been by no means rapid. On the contrary, considering the great length of time which artillery has been in use, its slowness of advance must be a continual source of wonder. Of late years, however, its progress has been most rapid, and altogether we have arrived at such increased perfection as to create a new epoch in the art of war, such as to necessitate a complete revolution in the construction of armies as well as of navies.

France, urged on and assisted by her far-seeing Emperor, has been foremost in these efforts to perfect this formidable power, and richly has the harvest thus sown repaid the sowers.

To the American service, however, belongs an honor not always conceded to it; namely, that of having included within its ranks the inventor of the celebrated Columbiad or Paixhan gun, as it has been called. This gun was invented by Major Bomford, of the United States Army, and used in the war of 1812. Drawings and models of it having fallen into the hands of General Paixhan, he was immediately struck with its great advantages, and hastened to introduce it into the French army. Being first made known by him, his name was attached to it; though it must be said, in justice to him, that he disclaimed any other merit for himself than that of having introduced it into the French service.

This gun was much improved in 1858, and is now the most perfect weapon of its kind in use. It is of two calibres—8 and 10 inch.

At a time when improvements are so rife, it may readily be supposed that so-called inventions and improvements in artillery have sprung up on every side. As the most practical of these may be mentioned the rifle-cannon now in use in the French service, and which is rapidly becoming popular here; while other so-called great inventions are nothing but reproduced imaginings that haunted the brains of our forefathers, or *fac-simile* of ancient cannon to be found in half the museums of Europe. These cannon, though differing in name, vary mostly in having differently formed bores—some being

hexagonal, others elliptical; some differing in being breech-loading or not breech-loading, or in the amount of "twist" given to the rifle-grooves.

The much-renowned Armstrong gun belongs to the class of breech-loading rifle-cannon.

Columbiads, howitzers, mortars, and large cannon of all kinds compose, in military nomenclature, *Siege Artillery*, or "such as is employed in the attack and defense of places;" and these are, in the French and Austrian services, made of bronze, but in our own service of cast iron.

Cannon of smaller calibres, including 12 and 24 pound howitzers, comprise *Field Artillery*, or such as is used in the field operations of an army, and these are made of bronze.

Very light howitzers, called mountain howitzers, and weighing only 220 pounds, have been found very useful, and during our war with Mexico were frequently taken on the tops of houses, and thus made very effectual in street fighting. The French have a very neat little 4-pounder of this description, which is so light and easily manœuvred that it superseded cavalry at the battle of Magenta, and was used to pursue the Austrians in their flight in place of that arm.

It may not be out of place here to give short definitions of the different kinds of cannon, as, in general, guns, howitzers, and mortars are so conglomerated as to afford but a very indistinct idea of their various properties.

Guns, then, are, in a technical sense, heavy cannon without chambers—intended to throw solid shot with large charges of powder, attaining great range, accuracy, and penetration.

The employment of shell in these, instead of solid shot, constitutes what is generally called "General Paixhan's system."

Howitzers, which were originally a German invention and much in use in the seventeenth century, are cannon with chambers employed to throw projectiles with small charges of powder; they are also shorter and lighter than guns.

Lastly, *mortars* are short, light cannon used to throw large hollow shot at a great angle of elevation. A species of these last were used in Spain as early as 1486, and some enormous mortars are spoken of as having been used by Mohammed II. at the siege of Constantinople.

It is probable that shells—"globes of copper filled with powder," as Valturus describes them—were often used even without the agency of mortars. Thus we read in Blondel's *Art de jeter les Bombes*, that the Poles, when they besieged Thorn in Prussia, in 1659, "shot into the town vast pieces of rock and quarters of millstones without using mortars, by digging in the ground, near the counterscarp, holes adapted to the form of the stones—furnished with chambers at the bottom, and having the axes inclined at a suitable angle." This practice has since been renewed, as an experiment, by an Englishman, a Mr. Healy, and with great success.

Having defined cannon, we will now mention the different kinds of *projectiles* now in use. They are the familiar solid shot, which are made of cast iron with us, but in Mexico, where iron

is scarce, of copper—shell, strap-shot, case or canister shot, which is so formidable against bodies of infantry and cavalry, grape-shot, light and fire balls, carcasses, grenades, and rockets.

We have said *mention*; for in a short article of this description it is not permitted the writer to enter very fully into any lengthy description of the many kinds of projectiles; nor is it, perhaps, necessary. Every body knows what a cannon-ball is; and every body knows that it is an "ugly customer" to encounter when "on the ram-page." Lying quietly in heaps, it may be suggestive of not unpleasant emotions. One remembers the happy hours passed in rolling ninespins with the girls at Saratoga and elsewhere, and we turn back two or three pages of our life-history without murmuring, to gaze again upon those sweet pictures of glowing faces, animated eyes, and waving curls; but a cannon-ball in *motion* is quite another thing, and may be said to be of such a go-ahead character that no one likes to stand in its way; and even the bravest feel at first a deeply-rooted respect, which makes them apt to bow most reverently to the persuasive power of its whistle. This feeling soon wears off; but to show how involuntary it is we will relate an anecdote in point. During the Mexican War, and while Fort Brown was being bombarded by the Mexicans, the commander of the fort, to screen his little but heroic band, ordered the soldiers to build bomb-proofs, wherein they should retire upon the appearance of a shell. This was rendered very easy by placing a look-out man, whose duty it was to cry out the name of the battery from which the shell came—for instance, the "lower fort battery," "mortar-battery," etc.—when the men would immediately seek refuge in the particular bomb-proof affording protection from the battery called out by him. This the men called "dodging the balls."

A tall private, however, not liking this dodging, but considering it altogether unbecoming a soldier to *dodge*, asked as a great favor from his officer to be exempted from the order to this effect, and had just obtained the desired permission, when whiz came a ball, and to the great amusement of the whole party, *down went the bold private's head*. It was altogether involuntary, and showed no want of bravery on his part, but his comrades considered it such a good joke that they never let him hear the end of it.

Cannon-balls, then, are beyond doubt unpleasant objects; and yet, would it be believed, they have their little eccentricities, just like other impulsive objects. For instance, at the fearful momentum at which a cannon-ball travels, it would be supposed that upon striking a man it would instantaneously dash him to the ground, even though it did not kill or otherwise injure its unfortunate target. It not unfrequently happens, however, that a cannon-ball kills a person without affecting his balance for several minutes after he has been struck. Such an instance occurred at the battle of Solferino, where a young French officer, belonging to that splendid

corps les chasseurs de Vincennes, while in advance of his company, dancing gayly backward, his face to his troops, his sword extended across his knees as though at a review, had his head carried off by a ball from the Austrian batteries; and yet, strange to say, his lifeless body retained its upright position for at least several moments, until caught in the arms of his faithful but sorrowing troops.

At the siege of Vienna, also, a Turkish general had his head knocked off by a cannon-ball, and the trunk, in which, of course, the vital spark had instantly been extinguished, was carried a considerable distance by his horse before it fell. Captain Nolan, too, who was killed in the Crimea, still retained his erect position, seeming still the embodiment of the gallant horseman that he had ever been, several minutes after he was struck lifeless by a 10-inch shell.

Again, it would be supposed that a cannon-ball striking a person and knocking him down would as invariably kill or severely injure him. This, then, is eccentricity number two, for this is by no means invariably the consequence. As a most singular case in point, it may be allowed to introduce an incident mentioned by Southey in his "Peninsular War." The incident occurred to Sir James Leith at the siege of San Sebastian, and can not be better told than in the very words of the narrator:

"A plunging shot," says Southey, "struck the ground near the spot where Sir James was

standing, rebounded, struck him on the chest, and laid him prostrate and senseless. The officers near thought that certainly he was killed; but he recovered breath, and then recollection, and resisting all entreaties to quit the field, continued to issue his orders." In short, it merely stunned him for the moment, producing no unpleasant after-effects whatsoever.

A cannon-ball, then, in its eccentric character, can be regarded by the curious with considerably less dread and repugnance, particularly in eccentricity number two; but with its matter-of-fact character returns its old *renommée* of horror, and it is again a thing to be abhorred.

No branch of military service requires, perhaps, so much cool courage as artillery; and this must also be combined with skill and patience. Patience is at all times a severe task to a soldier; but if he desires to become a good artillery officer he must cultivate it. A perfect knowledge of artillery is not to be acquired but by long years of study; but its mysteries once mastered, its results and followings are more glorious than that of any other arm.

Skill, cool courage, and patience, therefore, are the necessary qualities of a good artillerist; and as these component parts are found nowhere more readily than in our own army, we need never fear but our artillery—the arm of the age—will show as glorious results as the world has yet produced; and, when the time comes, create for itself new deeds of fame as glorious and lasting as its lessons of the Past.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 8th of February.—The month has been one of expectancy rather than of actual incident.—In Congress the absorbing question has been as to the means of raising funds for carrying on the war. It was assumed on all hands that this must be done mainly by paper issued by Government, and that the credit of this paper must be based upon raising by taxation a sum sufficient to pay the ordinary expenses of Government on a peace footing, the interest of the war debt, and establish a sinking fund. A joint resolution passed both Houses almost unanimously, declaring that a tax bill should be framed which would produce \$150,000,000 annually. But there was a great diversity of opinion as to the character of the paper to be issued. These may be reduced to two general schemes. That recommended by the Committee of Ways and Means, and favored by the Secretary of the Treasury, which provides for issuing Treasury Notes, without interest, but convertible into United States stocks and bonds; these Treasury Notes to be made a legal tender in all public and private debts. The other scheme proposes that the Treasury Notes shall bear interest at the rate of 3.65 per cent., and be convertible into stock and bonds, but not to be made a legal tender. After elaborate discussion, the final vote in the House was taken on the 6th of February, and the bill providing for Notes made a legal tender, not bearing interest, passed by a vote of 93 yeas to 59 nays.

This bill differs in some particulars from the draft given in our last Record. The following is a synopsis of it as finally passed:

Sec. 1. The Secretary of the Treasury to issue Notes to the amount of \$150,000,000, not bearing interest, payable in Washington and New York, none to be less than \$5. But \$50,000,000 of these to be in lieu of the same amount of Treasury Notes previously authorized; the whole of both kinds at no time to exceed \$150,000,000; these Notes to be a legal tender for all debts and demands, public and private. The holder of these Notes depositing them with the United States Treasurer, in sums of \$50 or its multiple, to receive certificates entitling him to an equal amount in United States 6 per cent. bonds payable after 20 years, or of 7 per cent. bonds payable after 5 years; the Secretary of the Treasury having the option which bonds shall be given. The Notes to be received as coin for all Government loans.

Sec. 2. Authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to issue Treasury bonds to the amount of \$500,000,000, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent., payable semi-annually, redeemable at the pleasure of Government after 20 years from date. These bonds, and all other securities of the United States, to be exempt from taxation by any State or county.

Sec. 3. Prescribes the manner of preparing and signing these bonds and notes.

Secs. 4 and 5. Impose a fine not exceeding \$5000, and imprisonment not exceeding 15 years at hard labor, for counterfeiting these notes and bonds; or for passing or attempting to pass counterfeits; or for using the genuine plates in any illegal way; or for having in charge or custody any counterfeit plates, or impressions from them; or for photographing or printing any copy of the notes; or for having in possession, with intent to use for counterfeiting them, any paper adapted for that purpose.

Senators Johnson and Polk, of Missouri, who have

joined the Confederates, were expelled from the Senate by a unanimous vote. A resolution expelling Senator Bright, of Indiana, was referred to a Committee, who reported against it. The principal charge against him was that, on the 1st of March, 1861, he wrote a letter addressed to "Hon. Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States," introducing a Mr. Lincoln as the inventor of an improved fire-arm. Protracted debates followed. Mr. Bright said that at the time when that letter was written war did not exist, and he did not believe any would exist; he certainly would not have written such a letter after the attack upon Fort Sumter. The question was taken on the 5th, and Mr. Bright was expelled by a vote of 32 to 14.

Hon. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, has resigned, and has been appointed to the mission to Russia, in place of Mr. Clay, who returns. Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Attorney-General during the last months of Mr. Buchanan's Administration, was appointed Secretary of War.—The President has decided that captured privateersmen are to be considered prisoners of war; all of these in our hands, including three convicted in Philadelphia of piracy, have accordingly been sent to Fort Lafayette.—Hon. Hamilton Fish, formerly Governor of New York, and Bishop Ames, of Ohio, have been appointed by the Secretary of War as Commissioners to proceed to the Confederate States to attend to the comfort of our prisoners of war. It is, however, not probable that they will be received.—John Tyler, Ex-President of the United States, died at Richmond, January 17, aged 72. At the time of his death he was Senator in the Confederate Congress.

A powerful naval and military expedition, which had been for some weeks concentrating at Annapolis, under General Burnside, sailed from Hampton Roads on the 12th of January. Its destination was kept secret; and for a fortnight no tidings were received from it. It finally appeared that it was designed to enter Pamlico Sound, by way of Hatteras Inlet. A violent storm sprung up shortly after the departure, and the greater part of the vessels only reached the Inlet on the 15th and 16th. The channel into the Sound is narrow and intricate, and the storm, which still continued, occasioned much damage. The steamer *New York* was lost, with a great quantity of arms and stores, the crew being saved; the *Pocahontas* went on shore and was wrecked, and some 75 horses on board were drowned; several other vessels went ashore, but we have not yet received authentic intelligence of the entire loss. The depth of water in the channel was less than had been supposed, and many days were spent in getting the vessels into the Sound. Early in February this was accomplished, and a considerable part of the military force was landed; and at the time when our Record closes a forward movement was hourly anticipated.

The almost impassable condition of the roads in Virginia has prevented, and will probably for some time prevent, any important movement of troops on either side in that quarter. The main military operations of early spring will be confined to the coast and the West; and public attention will be directed toward Kentucky and Tennessee. In both these States the National forces have met with decided success. In the former State the Confederates, under Crittenden and Zollicoffer, have for some time occupied a strongly-fortified position at Mill Spring, on the Cumberland River, covering the route into Eastern Tennessee. Two divisions of our troops, under Generals Thomas and Schoepff, advanced by

different routes upon this point. On the 18th of January they were within a few miles of Mill Spring, when the enemy marched out from his entrenchments to attack General Thomas. The action commenced before daylight on the 19th, lasting till afternoon, and was bravely contested on both sides. At length General Zollicoffer, who, though under Crittenden, seems to have been actually in command, was killed, and a vigorous bayonet charge decided the fate of the day. The enemy broke, and fled in disorder back to their intrenchments. These were abandoned during the night, the enemy crossing the river in the darkness, and dispersing in all directions. Our loss is officially reported at 39 killed and 127 wounded. Of the Confederates 115 dead were found and buried by our forces directly after the battle; and it subsequently appeared that this was only a part of their loss. It is said also that large numbers were drowned in crossing the river. We captured 10 cannon with caissons filled with ammunition, 100 wagons, 1200 horses and mules, and a large amount of small arms, ammunition, and stores. This battle is regarded as the most important which has been fought thus far, with the exception of that of Bull Run.

In *Tennessee* a very important success has been gained. Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, a post of great strategical value, has been taken from the Confederates by a naval expedition consisting of seven gun-boats, under command of Captain Foote, on the 6th of February. The fort, which mounted 17 guns and 20 mortars, was actually occupied by only a sufficient number of men to work the guns; but outside of it was encamped a force of 5000 men, who decamped before the surrender, leaving behind them all their camp and ordnance stores. The victory was wholly a naval one, the land force which was designed to co-operate not coming up until after the surrender of the fort. The gun-boats boldly engaged the fortification; one of them, the *Essex*, was soon disabled by a shot striking her boiler, and a number of persons on board were scalded to death. General Tighlman, who commanded, together with his staff and sixty men, surrendered as prisoners of war.

EUROPE.

Our relations with Europe have assumed a very critical aspect. The adjustment of the affair of the *Trent* has indeed been satisfactory. Earl Russell, in his dispatch to Lord Lyons, says that her Majesty's Government, having carefully taken into their consideration the liberation of the prisoners and the explanations given, have arrived at the conclusion that they constitute the reparation which they had a right to expect, and that they have great satisfaction to be enabled to arrive at a conclusion favorable to the maintenance of the most friendly relations between the two nations. He, however, says that the British Government differs with Mr. Seward on some of the points which he discusses, and proposes soon to prepare a dispatch stating wherein those differences consist. Thus far, all grounds of immediate collision seem to be at an end. But the general tone of the press, and of that portion especially which is supposed to represent the views of the Government, is exceedingly unfriendly. The blocking up of the entrance to the harbor of Charleston is represented as an act of barbarism, wholly unjustifiable, and unwarranted by the laws of war. Earl Russell, in reply to a letter from the Shipowners' Association of Liverpool, says, under date of January 15, that the attention of Government had been

attracted by rumors that such a proceeding was in contemplation, and that Lord Lyons had been instructed to say that "such a cruel plan would seem to imply despair of the restoration of the Union, the professed object of the war; for it could never be the wish of the United States Government to destroy cities from which their own country was to derive a portion of its riches and prosperity. Such a plan could only be adopted as a measure of revenge and of irremediable injury against an enemy. And even as a scheme of embittered and sanguinary revenge, such a measure would not be justifiable. It would be a plot against the commerce of all maritime nations, and against the free intercourse of the Southern States of America with the civilized world." After learning that the project had been carried into effect at Charleston, the Government had instructed Lord Lyons "to make a further representation to Mr. Seward, with a view to prevent similar acts of destruction in other ports."

The English papers are meantime filled with statements showing the benefits which would result from the acknowledgment of the Southern Confederacy and breaking the blockade. An armed intervention similar to that of the Allied Powers between Turkey and Greece, which led to the battle of Navarino, has been suggested; and reports are industriously circulated that the French Emperor has repeatedly urged the British Government to unite with him in active measures of intervention.—There can be no doubt that the war in America operates very unfavorably upon the interests of France and Great Britain. Thus, the silk manufactories of Lyons are so greatly

depressed that subscriptions have been raised in Paris for the relief of the suffering artisans. In England the cotton mills are wholly closing or working on short time, and the weekly consumption of the raw material has diminished 60 per cent. At the present rate, it is estimated that the supply on hand will last until August. Of course the distress among the manufacturing population is great, and constantly increasing, as is shown by the augmentation of pauperism, which at the end of October showed an increase of 6 per cent., and at the end of November of $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., above the corresponding periods of last year. At this last date there was one pauper to every twenty-three persons throughout England and Wales; and the next returns are expected to show a much larger proportion. It is argued that the recognition of the Southern Confederacy and the disregarding of the blockade would give immediate relief by furnishing an ample supply of cotton and opening a market for British manufactures of almost every kind. To propitiate the anti-slavery sentiment of England, it is hinted that the intervention might be accompanied by stipulations absolutely prohibiting the slave-trade, and providing for the ultimate abolition of slavery. Meanwhile there is no intermission in the naval and military preparations carried on in the arsenals and navy-yards.—The Confederate steamer *Nashville* lies at the Southampton docks, watched by the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, which is in turn watched by British armed steamers. The *Sumter*, having been ordered from the Spanish port of Cadiz, went to Gibraltar, and was expected to proceed to England.

Literary Notices.

The Last Travels of IDA PFEIFFER. No one who saw the little querulous old woman who passed through our country five or six years ago would dream that this was the famous traveler who, alone and unprotected, had twice journeyed around the globe, traveled, often on foot, among cannibal tribes, and penetrated regions from which the boldest explorers of the other sex had shrunk. Fewer still would have dreamed of the romance which had burned itself out in that withered form, leaving behind it only a vague, yearning unrest for which motion was the only palliative. The memoir, half autobiographical, which is prefixed to this volume, reveals to us the mystery of her life. She was the daughter of a rich, crochety Viennese merchant, who had a theory that boys and girls should be trained alike. So she wore boys' clothes, and shared all the rough sports of her six brothers, looked with contempt upon dolls and toy sauce-pans, and would only play with drums and swords. Her father died before she was ten years old, and her mother—a cold, hard, methodical woman—sought to undo at once all his teachings. She made the child don the attire of her sex; the result was a fit of sickness, which could be alleviated only by restoring her masculine garments; and for a while she was more a boy than ever. She learned gladly all that she thought a boy should know, but turned with contempt from every feminine occupation. She would play the violin, but would cut or burn her fingers to avoid practicing on the piano; and yearned above all things to see the great world. This lasted for a couple of years. But nature, in the end, is stronger than training. At the age of thirteen she

was induced to give up her boyishness, assume feminine attire, and learn the manners and occupations of her sex. Soon also the universal teacher gave her new lessons. A young man was selected as her tutor, with instructions to treat her as a child all whose impulses had received a wrong bias. He treated her with patience and kindness, and the result was that she was never so happy as when fulfilling his wishes. It was the old story: Pupil and teacher fell in love with each other; but when he asked for her hand the mother, who had for years treated him with favor, with affection even, refused her consent, for no reason except that she would have a fortune while he had none. The mother was now determined that Ida should marry; but she declared that she would marry her old lover or no one. Three years of petty persecution followed, which broke the girl's spirit, and she promised that she would accept the next man who offered, provided only he was not young. This man proved to be Dr. Pfeiffer, a lawyer of Lemberg, a widower of more than twice her age. Her mother held her to her promise, and she became his wife. The marriage was not at first altogether unhappy, for she respected her husband, if she could not love him. But he incurred the enmity of the officials of the courts; it was soon found that any cause in which he appeared was foredoomed to be decided against him; he lost his practice; and in time, after trying various places of residence, lost also energy and hope. The family sank into deep poverty. Madame Pfeiffer performed household drudgery, gave lessons in music and drawing, and yet for many days she could only give dry bread to her two children; but she would not make

her mother acquainted with her sore distress. This lasted for ten years, at the end of which her mother died, and Ida came into possession of property sufficient to enable her to live in comfort. She returned to Vienna, while her husband, grown old and childish, but buoyed up by vain expectations of official employment, remained at Lemberg, visiting Vienna now and then to see his wife and children. So passed another ten years, and Ida, now a woman of forty-five, her children grown up and settled, found herself with no special object in life. Her old passion for travel revived. She would see the world at last. So, in 1842, she set out on the first of that long series of travels with which all are familiar. Her first journey was to the Holy Land; her next to Iceland. Her simple narratives of these journeys gave her some money and more fame. She resolved upon a trip around the world. She embarked in a miserable Danish brig for Brazil; made excursions into the country, in one of which she was attacked by a runaway negro, was wounded, and nearly lost her life. Thence she sailed round Cape Horn, traversed the Pacific, touching at the Society Islands; then proceeded to China; thence to Ceylon and India; then to Persia, visiting Bagdad and the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh. Passing through Armenia and Georgia she reached the Black Sea, and returned home by way of Constantinople and Trieste. In the two and a half years occupied by this voyage she had traveled, without attendant, 2800 miles by land, and 35,000 by sea. Her account of this long journey, entitled "A Woman's Journey Round the World," excited great attention. But she could not rest. She must go somewhere—whither she cared little. She thought of the interior of Africa, and of Australia; but finally fixed upon the Malay Islands as her first point. At Borneo she was hospitably received by "Rajah Brooke," of Sarawak, and by the head-hunting Dyaks. Then she went to Java; and from thence to Sumatra, where she pressed farther than any European had yet done among the cannibal Battas, not discouraged by threats that she would be killed and eaten, whereat she looked with a sort of grim satisfaction at her meagre form, congratulating herself that she would not be found a very savory repast. But the savage spears were too much even for her, and for the first time she recoiled; and after visiting Celebes and many smaller islands, she set sail across the Pacific for California. Here she visited the gold-diggings on the Sacramento and the Yuba, and slept in the wigwags of the Red-skins of Rogue River. Passing, by way of Panama, to Peru and Ecuador, she resolved to cross the continent to the Amazon. But after getting as far as Quito, witnessing an eruption of Cotopaxi—a sight for which she was envied by Humboldt—and escaping many perils, she returned to Panama, crossed the Isthmus, and sailed for New Orleans. Thence she ascended the Mississippi to St. Paul; crossed overland to the Great Lakes; made an excursion into Canada; came to the United States, visited the principal Northern cities, and then sailed for England. To this great voyage she added a little supplement by paying a visit to the Azores, where one of her sons was residing. Of this long journey, which occupied a little more than four years, she published an account, under the title of "My Second Journey Round the World." Scarcely was this issued from the press when she meditated a new journey. Madagascar was its object, though she was quite uncertain how she was to reach it. Finally she sailed from Rotterdam for Cape Town. There she luckily

met with a Mr. Lambert, a Frenchman, from Mauritius, who had traded to Madagascar, knew the stern old Queen, and meant to visit the island again. He invited Ida to accompany him in his own vessel, free of all charge, first to Mauritius, and thence to Madagascar. The offer was gladly accepted; and the visit to this island is the main subject of this "Last Voyage." We have not space to detail the incidents of this voyage, our main purpose having been to give some idea of the remarkable woman who certainly deserves the title of the greatest female traveler of the world. Suffice it to say that, after having visited the capital and meeting at first with a favorable reception, she was banished from the island, returned to Mauritius, where she suffered a severe attack of fever; then, still feeble, returned to Europe, a wreck of her former self, and died at Vienna, her birth-place, on the 28th of October, 1858, at the age of 61.

International Law; or, Rules Regulating the Inter-course of States in Peace and War, by H. W. HALLECK. This elaborate treatise, by the General now commanding the Department of the West, comprises a complete history of the origin and growth of International Law; the sources from which its authority is derived; the nature and limitations of State sovereignty; the rights of equality, property and domain, of legislation and jurisdiction, of legation, treaty, and ministers; the mutual duties of States; the causes for war; the rights of war; the duties of neutrals and belligerents; the rights of occupation and conquest; of treaties of peace, their observance and interpretation. These multifarious and important topics are treated clearly and succinctly, with copious references to the various authorities upon different sides of the question. It is worthy of the careful perusal not only of lawyers and naval and military officers, for whom it was primarily intended, but of all who have leisure to investigate this important subject. (Published by H. H. Bancroft and Co., San Francisco.)

Practical Christianity, by JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. This little book is written in the manner and spirit of the author's earlier works, which made his name a household word before he commenced those labors which have given him so wide a reputation. It is especially designed for that large class of young men who can hardly be induced to read the standard works upon Christianity. With a quiet eloquence springing from the deepest convictions he speaks, often by way of anecdote and example, of those solemn subjects the contemplation of which must form a portion of the moral history of every reflecting man. The book will find a welcome from many who would be repelled by a more formal treatise upon the religious life. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Harper and Brothers have issued a charming series of Children's Books in four volumes, each illustrated by sixty full-page engravings: *The Picture Book of Birds* and *The Picture Book of Quadrupeds* are illustrated by HARVEY; *The Picture Book of the Sagacity of Animals* and *The Picture Fable Book* by HARRISON WIER; and *The Bible Picture Book* by JULIUS SCHNORR, OVERBECK, and others. The titles of these books give a general indication of their character. The engravings are of the first order, and the reading matter is well worthy of them. They form a library of themselves, combining the actual with the imaginative in a most attractive shape. No more welcome present than these volumes could be made to an intelligent child.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"HOW is it that you always find something to chat about?" says a friend to the Easy Chair. "It is easy enough to understand that every body has sometimes something to say. It is easy to see that the editor of a daily newspaper, in his comments upon current affairs and his sermons upon political texts and party policies, may find his task not at all difficult. But there are no current affairs for a magazine; and politics do not fall under your eye or your hand. How then do you always have something to say just as the month comes about?"

It is like a question which I asked a waggish clergyman a great many years ago. He was a comfortable man, and sat in his comfortable study, mild, cheerful, benignant, with a twinkling eye.

"A man should never speak unless he has something to say, should he, Sir?"

"No, my boy."

"But how then is it with you, Sir? How do you know that you will have any thing to say next Sunday?"

"I don't know that I shall, my boy, and therefore I take care to write something down during the week."

An Easy Chair that can hear and see, and that is invited to talk about what it hears and sees, even if it does not talk politics nor talk wisely, can yet talk. And think what a case is implied by what you may mean! Suppose that all people who can neither talk wisely nor write wisely should suddenly be prohibited from talking at all. How silent the world would be! What a frightful suppression of newspapers! What a Congress of dumb show! What still platforms, and inarticulate stumps, and dumb pulpits! Carlyle rails at the "spouting wretches." Well, Carlyle is a great man and a wise man; but think of the risk of a man who has written twenty solid volumes, more or less, talking of spouting wretches! For the quill is a pretty good spout as well as the mouth.

However, the texts of an Easy Chair ought to be thick enough. It is the business of that piece of furniture to roll about, and listen, and look, and ponder. You think it is not easy? You would come to your wit's end? My dear friend, don't do it. Seize the very day that is passing. Hold it fast. Make it tell its story; disgorge its secret treasures; unveil its wisdom; in fact, yield all its riches. So shall an Easy Chair be a Robin Hood, and compel every day to pay its tribute.

For instance: I have traveled many a mile this bright winter day. Through the window of the car I have seen the gentle, graceful, well-bred scenery of the Connecticut Valley—if I may call it so—smooth, and white, and sparkling with snow. It is the first true winter day; and the little inlets, and coves, and river-mouths along the shore of the Sound were full of that wet, clouded, glairy ice which seems to creep and steal over every thing—trees, fences, stones, stumps—subduing all things to itself. Along the line of that railroad are those frequent and thrifty New England villages which always seem to be the homes of comfort and peace; so that if I wanted to show a foreigner what America did for men, I would take him over that road from New York to New Haven, and Hartford, and Springfield, and Worcester, to Boston. The soil is hard, the climate is not especially genial; but though bananas do not grow there, nor palms, nor pine-apples, men

and women do. They are the fruit of the temperate zone, whatever grows in the tropics.

I once drove with a French gentleman through the pretty white village of Norwalk. Ah, now! said he, I understand what I have always heard about—a New England town. A French town is a little city. An Italian town or country village is simply the worst street of the city gone astray into the fields. It is paved from end to end, and has a gate. English villages—well, let us grant it, although England like the heathen furiously rages together, and although the England we believed in has disappeared—English villages are the most romantic of all, with their ivyed towers, and their blooming hedges, and their arching bridges, and that indefinable charm which steals over all old countries, and is like the rare flavor of old wines and the rich tone of old pictures. But even in English villages it is the picturesqueness of the place, not the sense of thrift and content in the people, which most arrests you. This interest of the place entirely superseding that of the people is most evident in Italy. Charmed with the romance, touched with the tradition, the traveler wanders on from monument to monument, from ruin to ruin, and sees the people only as brilliant costumes, or effective figures, or squalid beggars—but that the tragedy is terrible where the people are not the first interest of the country, so that if they are universally wretched, there can be little satisfactory enjoyment, this does not often occur to us, or only afterward, when we are young travelers no longer.

But with us every where it is the people that interest; and the charm of a New England village is not that the houses are picturesque or historic, and the hedge-rows green, and the thatched roofs peculiar, but that house, and barn, and roadside fence or wall, and corn-field, and elm-tree on the square, and white meeting-house with green blinds, all show that the people are comfortable and intelligent. That is what the Frenchman saw and felt and meant. For France is feudal still. In France the world still exists for the few and not for the many. He was a Legitimist, a Bourbonist. He believed in the coming of *Henri Cinq* to the throne of France. But this charm of content through the whole population was something very new and very sweet to him. It was something that he had never seen in France, because France has never seen it. It was something feudalism never knew, for feudalism was the denial of it. But it was the very idea and symbol of America and American life legitimately growing out of the American principle.

Then, while I looked out of the window and thought of these things, there was a friend with whom I chatted—a genial, sparkling, pure, and faithful soul; young still, but married, and in a post of influence and responsibility, such as young men sometimes achieve abroad, but which young men generally fill with us. All this was not less American than the landscape. And it may be said, not purely as a matter of pride, but of difference, We have done our share in thinking ourselves the greatest and best of people. But we may fairly cry quits with all the world in that matter.

—If you should happen to guess that the young man was on his way to fulfill the measure of his characteristic Americanism by delivering a lecture, you would be a remarkably smart Yankee. For he was going to do that very thing.

"But, somehow, they don't much mind what a young man says," he suggested.

"Why, no, Sir," replied I, who am a very ancient Easy Chair indeed, and in the most profoundly Johnsonese manner—"why, no, Sir: I can not exactly agree. I think it is not so much the youth of the speaker that they do not care about as the youth of the speech. I think that people are very discriminating in that matter."

At least I believe I said so. In any case I know that I thought so. And we compared our views of public speaking, of lecturing, etc.

"It seems to me," he said, "that a speech is a means to an end. You want to persuade people that they ought to do something; and therefore, when you have made your speech, it ought to be thrown aside. There is no use for it further. There is Conchetto, the famous Italian orator, who seems to think his speech quite as important an affair as the cause he makes it for."

Now suppose that this Easy Chair had happened to have a manuscript lecture in his pocket, which he, too, was on his way to deliver at the heads of some luckless audience, could he have helped perceiving some insinuation in all this against the frequent repetition of lectures? "You deliver your speech, then you have done with it and throw it aside!" Imagine such words addressed to a person who has a long list of engagements in his pocket to deliver the same discourse!

"What do you think," said I, feebly, "of having a manuscript at all?"

"Why," he replied, promptly, "a speech can't be written. It depends upon the time, the place, the circumstance. You may arrange a few heads, but you must leave the treatment to the moment, or you are no orator."

Now if you guess that the Easy Chair *had* a manuscript in his pocket, and that it felt enormously large at that moment, you will show yourself to be a very Yankee of the Yankees.

"But," said I, with what little voice remained, "suppose that you think something ought to be done; that, to be done effectively and permanently, it must be justified by public opinion; that the audiences you address are not Congress or any legislative body whatever, but simply the people in their 'primary capacity,' isn't it conceivable that if you carefully prepare a statement of your own reasons for your conclusions, you may be able to persuade some of the audience? And that, if you may do so in one town to-night, you may do so in another town to-morrow night; and in that way, instead of speaking to a thousand people, speak to twenty thousand at the end of a month, and so have done all you can to bring public opinion to the necessary point?"

"Yes."

"Well, is not that what a lecturer does who talks upon topics of the time? Of course, if you have a literary, or biographical, or scientific essay to read, you ought to prepare it."

There were a great many other things which I might have said. Did you ever engage in any conversation from which you did not afterward reflect that you had left out all the really good things that might have been said?

I might have said, for instance—however, this is not a lecture. I came into this hotel an hour and a half ago. A spacious room and a generous fire were allowed me. I opened my trunk, I took out my port-folio, and just as I seated myself at this undu-

lating table (why do hotels prefer undulating tables?), you asked me how I always found something to chat about. And I have been running on to this length in reply. If you were not the most amiable friend in the world you would now be asking, Upon what consideration will you stop?

Upon the slightest. How little you know the nature of an Easy Chair. Some months since, after I had reported what Mr. Gunnybags had said, a virtuous newspaper exclaimed, in high wrath, "How much of this intolerable Gunnybags is human nature capable of enduring?" Has any thing since been reported of that familiar old friend? No; not even his opinion of the newspaper that reviled him.

THE great events that are occurring in the country can not fail to remind every student of our history, and of the criticisms which the country and its institutions have occasioned from thoughtful men, of De Tocqueville and his "Democracy in America"—a work which, well printed, would be a most timely accession to our knowledge of ourselves.

The life and letters of De Tocqueville, recently published, give us a charming portrait of a most charming character, and the story of a life, apparently unsuccessful in many ways, but, upon the whole, rich in results. It is the life of a thoughtful man, of unusual sagacity, and of that serene moderation which is the choice temperate zone of human existence; sensitive, grave but cheerful, of a noble ambition, of generous instincts, not of force enough to control events, but of wisdom enough to guide them—one of the purest, calmest, clearest lives of which modern French history gives us any account.

He was the grandson of Malherbes, the good French gentleman and magistrate of the Revolutionary era, and De Tocqueville began life in the same way as a rural Justice. But he was early interested, as every Frenchman of the time could not fail to be, in political philosophy and history, and was clearly persuaded that political progress and social stability depended upon the steady and lawful development of liberty in all institutions.

To verify his conclusions by experience he came to this country, with his friend Gustave de Beaumont, who has now written his life, before he was thirty years old. They remained here a year, traveling through all the States, and into the Western wilderness. Not a moment was lost by Tocqueville; and after his return he devoted himself for two years to the elaboration of the results of his curiously sagacious observation of our society and of the working of our system; and then published the first two volumes of his "Democracy in America"—the most comprehensive survey of the subject which has yet appeared, and that the work of a young Frenchman who passed but twelve months among us.

The work had immediate and astonishing success in France, England, and America. Tocqueville became at once one of the celebrities of France, and was elected, in due course, into the Academy. The two final volumes were subsequently published—upon the aspects of society and manners among us—and only confirmed the good impression already achieved.

After this publication Tocqueville went into public life. He had accepted the citizen-monarchy without enthusiasm, but as the best thing then possible. He was elected to the Chambers, and sat there until the revolution of '48, which he had shrewdly foreseen and announced. Again without enthusiasm, but again as the best alternative, he submitted to

the republic, and sustained Cavaignac against Louis Napoleon, but for five months was Minister of Foreign Affairs under President Bonaparte, and in all his official correspondence maintained his old position and principles. The *coup d'état* of the 2d of December he considered to be a fatal blow at liberty in France, and, protesting with his neighbors, was sent to Vincennes. He was presently released, and lived the remainder of his life in literary leisure, projecting and partly executing an elaborate work upon "The Ancient Régime and the Revolution."

The memoir of his life by Gustave de Beaumont is a most affectionate and interesting sketch of a man whose influence was always ennobling, but who by nature was more a thinker and a critic than an actor. Yet his was the kind of character which is always needed in public life. And especially in this country, his calmness, his clearness, his moderation and fidelity, are what our affairs imperatively demand. Could we be sure that for the next twenty years such men as he could dominate our political action and reflection, we might be as proud as confident of the future.

THE cloud that has obscured the relations between this country and England has not been dense enough to destroy sympathy in the great sorrow of the Queen. There is something so pitiable and forlorn in her official position. In this age the enormous disproportion between the actual man or woman and the traditional king or queen is so striking, and often so ludicrous, that when simple human misfortune comes, the hollowness of the royal formality appears so appallingly hollow that every heart hastens to weep with the woman involved in it.

The Prince was the object of coarse cockney jokes and of aristocratic jealousy and suspicion while he lived, and yet no death has apparently smitten England so sorely since the Princess Charlotte died. Whether it is a secret feeling that he was really the guide of the Queen, and that his death may lead to political perplexity, or whether he were truly, personally beloved, or whether it be mere loyal sympathy, is hard to say, but certainly England mourns. And to England actual grief at a royal death must be an unaccustomed luxury. For George First and his progeny—for George Second and his—for poor old George Third and his endless train of princes and princesses, culminating in the great and good George Fourth, what possible sincerity of public emotion could there be? What a century-long mortification that the four Georges were the official heads of the English nation!

Two women of that race, however, are eminent for womanly character and graces. Before them we cry truce with the dreary line. Charlotte and Victoria have something profoundly pathetic in their position. Charlotte, the victim of that cruel coxcomb, her father; and Victoria, Queen, and by her situation excluded from that simplicity and freedom of affectionate intercourse with men and women, which could alone atone for the pains of office. To such a woman how doubly, how inconceivably dear, the husband she truly loves! When he goes, all goes. She sinks again into the gloomy isolation of grandeur.

The circumstances of her health, too, invest the Queen with another and melancholy interest. The malady of her grandfather is supposed to have shown itself in her at various times, and doubtless there is a feeling and vague apprehension among her sub-

jects that it may be developed by this sharp blow. But happily, as yet, there is no proof that the fear will be justified. Indeed, the conduct of the Queen, during all the bitter trials of the funeral ceremony, and her resolution to open the Great Exhibition in person, show a character and firmness that command admiration.

Nor can we fail in this country to remember that there is no reason to doubt the truth of the report, that she assented reluctantly and even tearfully to the dispatch of Earl Russell, which was supposed to be virtually a cartel of defiance against the United States. Fortunately that cloud is scattered, and apparent sunshine follows. But it was not less a pleasant sign of good feeling toward us. While we, on our part, grieve unaffectedly with the grief of the woman, and salute with sympathy the heroic dignity of the Queen.

THAT an Easy Chair should roll about the country is not a strange thing; and surely it is not surprising that it should have a tendency toward the great centre of Easy Chairs, Washington. The way thither, as hath been often observed, and indeed often experienced by politicians, is, however, far from easy. Jordan is a hard road to travel, saith the proverb; but Washington is a harder. In fact no journey is more uncomfortable than that from the actual to the nominal metropolis of the country.

It is a journey of eleven hours only, and there is continuous rail all the way. But the changes and discomforts are so many and memorable, that Washington, always so far, is doubly removed. That dreadful drag across Philadelphia, if you accomplished it as this Easy Chair did, upon a stormy day—and if, as this Easy Chair did, you see all the luggage wheeled along in a huge wagon with a small piece of India-rubber cloth stretched over a trunk or two, and all the rest of the luggage exposed to a pitiless rain, and lying in a puddle at the bottom of the wagon, you are not likely to think or to say any pleasanter things of the Camden and Amboy concern than all other travelers say and think.

But during this war the trip to Washington has so many vivid and painful interests that you can hardly spare thought or emotion for soaked luggage. Every mile of the way beyond Philadelphia has already become historic. At Perryville, where you strike the Susquehanna, the camp picturesquely pitched along the edge of the wood—the army wagons and débris of barrels and boxes, and the sheds for horses, and the soldiers who crowd around the train asking for newspapers, and the sentries standing listless with muskets upon their shoulders—all these strange sights for us, remind you that here Southern travel was stopped on the 20th of April—that here the Massachusetts men took the ferry-boat for Annapolis, while the New York Seventh went round in the *Boston*; while in the streets of Baltimore brave men lay dead, who were hastening to save their country.

The name of the first street that I saw upon entering Baltimore was "Boston." As we moved slowly along, the old women that stood at half-opened doors to look at the train—the young women that stood upon the sidewalk or threw up windows to gaze after us—the groups of men with pipes, who lounged on steps at corner shops, and smoked idly and sullenly, as we passed—showed that the public mind was not at rest, and instinctively you thought of M'Henry with its mortars, and of the denizens of Fort Warren. Secession is a sort of fashion in Balti-

more. But General Dix is a *magister elegantiarum* of another kind.

The train stopped at the station with a sudden shock, and every body jumped out to find how the rest of the journey was to be achieved. There was no one to help the inquiring mind, of course, except the hackmen. They informed you that there was but one way of continuing your march, and that was to hire their hacks and be driven to the Washington station. So be it, *cocher*, and *allons*!

It was a dreary, moist, wintry day, and Baltimore is probably built of very dingy brick, very much smoke-stained. At least it had a grim, gloomy aspect in the gray afternoon. We crossed a bridge and drove along by the water. Then we turned into a long straight street with a railroad track in it. I look anxiously at the corners of the side streets where I knew the name would be printed, and I knew what the name would be. Soon I saw it. "Pratt Street." Not sadder, not bloodier, is the fame of old King Street in Boston. Not many lives lost, not much blood spilled; but a stain that all the water of the Chesapeake can never wash away. "This little hand"—but the sky, clouded from horizon to horizon, seems not larger or darker.

The Washington station was a hive of bustling men and women. The cars were crammed with people. The news-boys were shrieking louder than ever, for the first news of the battle of Somerset had just come, and every body was buying or reading a paper. The soldiers lounged about. The impassive guards were surely not of the same clay as their comrades going upon furlough, going upon duty, who kissed and hugged the weeping mothers, the smiling mothers, the broken-hearted, ignorant, proud, happy, desolate mothers, who also were going or staying or delaying, for all was hurry and noise, until the jangling bell and the fierce steam scream whelmed all in a chaos of confusion.

Then we rolled slowly out along the skirts of the city—away from the gloomy walls out under the showery January sky. Harassed by travel and bustle—saddened by the story that flamed up afresh as we beheld its scene—the mind vainly sought comfort or repose in the landscape. One gleam of sun—one sweep of green, one tender strip of woodland had been some comfort and relief. But it seemed the darkest hour of the year. The sky was dead gray—the earth was dull brown or black—there was nothing to do but to read the brief story of the Somerset battle.

But when we came to the Relay House, it was evident enough that the country was beautiful, if we could but see it in its bloom. The spot itself upon the hill-side, with the stately bridge across the gulf beyond, instantly showed its importance as a military point. There were plenty of blue-coated soldiers standing upon the piazza of the house, or stationed as guards. Upon the bridge was a heavy guard; and a train from Washington, carrying at least a regiment, showed that we were treading still more closely upon the edge of war.

Yet the most interesting spot was the Annapolis Junction. It is a level, unpromising spot enough, and a camp and soldiers' huts were there upon the mud. But along that little narrow iron way came the succor that saved a nation. Out of Massachusetts shops, out of New York drawing-rooms, came the weary line of young heroes, pushing the cars and dropping asleep as they walked: dragging themselves through the sand and over the stones that they might throw themselves, a living barricade,

before the enemy. Noble souls, to whom it was first given to show that the nation was not dead, but sleeping only!

There was a man behind me who incessantly grumbled that the train would be half an hour late in Washington. Why, good friend, this very road was the single lung through which your country drew a breath of life last April, and the only fear was that that little breath was a week too late. Can you not wait half an hour for dinner when the nation waited a week for its breath? Poor, pitiful, miserable, whining grumbler! A grumbler in a railway train is always contemptible. But a grumbler now and here is intolerable. For our delay was occasioned by the moving of troops.

We rolled on, and night hid the scene. Presently there were lights about us, and the long scream of the locomotive foretold the end of the journey. Every body jumped out upon the platform and scampered for the door to find the omnibus, with the uncomfortable consciousness that the hotels were full already, and that the way to bed might yet be very long and very weary. Gaining the omnibus and looking out, it was a confused spectacle of irregular lights. There seemed to be no lines of streets—nothing that showed a city. When the door was closed and we moved away from the station we rocked and plunged as if making way over a newly-plowed field changed to mud by a month's rain. Still there was nothing to see—nothing by which to regulate the mind as to the direction of our course, until suddenly, with a sharp curve and a dangerous reel, we struck a hard pavement upon a lighted street, which stretched before us in a broad glimmering perspective of lights, and at the same moment thrusting my head out to see what it was and where we were, I felt, rather than saw, directly over my head, a vague, vast, impending mass that seemed to fill half the air—a mass of compacted and dim-outlined darkness, which I knew must be the dome of the Capitol. From that moment the dome was the centre of my thoughts and of the scene. It dominates Washington and the Potomac and the landscape as St. Peter's dominates Rome and the Tiber and the Campagna. That it is not completed, but is only a substantial skeleton, made it only the more symbolic and impressive. Wherever you are walking, or driving, or sailing, the eye instinctively searches it out, and rests upon it contented. From down the Potomac or from the Virginia heights you see it as St. Peter's is seen from Tivoli—a part of nature itself—like a mountain regnant and serene.

Beneath the dome, upon the terrace before the entrance, burned two great lamps that shone over the city, above the other lights, like colossal eyes. The imagination took fire, and as we wallowed along the slough of Pennsylvania Avenue, and I looked up at those calm, bright lights, I thought only of the fixed, placid gaze of the statues at Aboo Simbel.

Through the half-rainy, misty night gusts of cavalry swept by, squads of the Provost's guards. At the corners of the side streets the single guards sat erect upon their horses in dripping cloaks. Single horsemen galloped by and disappeared. A few belated straggling army wagons, with their huge white hoods, strained along the heavy way. At all the hotels every window was lighted, and faint bursts of gay music pulsed forth into the darkness, suddenly quenched, like faint fires, by the damp. The ugliest, most prosaic, and ridiculous of American towns, on the dullest and dreariest of wet winter nights,

was more romantic than any American town has ever dared hope to be.

There was a sudden backing—a jerk against the curb-stone—“twenty-five cents”—and we were dumped at Willard's.

THE Capitol of the United States is a magnificent and imposing building. And yet as you walk bewildered through its dim, frescoed vaults, and gaze in wonder upon its splendid chambers, there are several uncomfortable feelings of which you are conscious.

Perhaps the first of them is the regret that such a costly edifice is a kind of bow-anchor that must needs hold the seat of Government fast to the Potomac shore, in a spot which is curiously ill-adapted to the purpose. Old Senator Benton, whom we all used to laugh at five or six years ago, when he went through the country delivering lectures upon the impending danger of the Union, was wont to say that the Capitol was built by the faction that meant to destroy the Government and steal its temple. They are adorning it, he said—they are spending millions of the public money upon it, that they may presently lay hands upon it, and make it their own. But it was universally agreed that the old gentleman was a pompous political Jeremiah, and that the bark of treason in this country was much worse than its bite.

Of course, after the war many things that have been carefully hushed hitherto will be frankly discussed, and among them the proper site of the seat of Government will be seriously considered. Until you go to Washington you will not perceive how peculiarly unfit it is for the purpose; and then, too, for the first time, you will sympathize with the luckless foreign ministers, who, used to the delights of life in the great capitals of Europe, are sent into dreary exile upon the Potomac. Our capital is planted in a most inaccessible position, upon the unhealthy shores of a river, seventy or eighty miles from its mouth. The place has no natural advantage for any purpose. The Government is isolated there from all the immediate influence which is desirable to every government, and from the great, natural centres of public opinion in the country. The population is necessarily a population of office-holders, jobbers, and agents. And as a correspondent of the *Evening Post* said a few months ago, it is as sensible to suppose that the British Government could be more wisely seated among the Highlands of Scotland rather than in London, as to imagine that our affairs can be better managed in a remote village upon the Potomac rather than in a great city.

But the prodigious and costly Capitol weighs upon this conviction like a nightmare. It is worth nothing, and less than the original stone, if the seat of Government be removed. It would be only a spoiled quarry of marble. Washington would immediately become, what it ought to be, a warning Tadmor in the desert. Deserted by President, departments, Congress, and the legations, silence, water-rats, and malaria would resume their rightful sway. The great dome would have a pathetic grandeur as it calmly towered over the waste. The solitary sportsman, paddling about the creeks and coves of the river in listless melancholy with suspended oar, would whisper as he caught its vague outline against the sky, *Ilium fuit*. And some cynical Volney, as he loitered along the wilderness of the Avenue, would call it America's folly, as we call the huge and expensive and inappropriate mansions of rich men.

If it were not for this magnificent and impressive building we might fairly hope that the nation would show its returning reason by the removal of its capital, as well as by the removal of other deeply-seated errors.

There is another feeling, also, of unfitness for the purpose. The whole design and idea of the Capitol are imperial, not republican. Simplicity belongs to a republic. Not poverty, nor meanness, nor ugliness, but veracity and simplicity. Imperial Rome, in the phosphorescent days of her decline, might have built such a temple for her futile Senate, but not Greece, nor any sincere republic. These arabesqued vaults, these richly-frescoed committee rooms, this amplitude of costly waste, all of whose decorations are effeminate, detailed, and meaningless, when viewed as the work of a young, lusty, but not cultivated or artistic people, are simply imitative and weak. The eager, stalwart, sagacious member from Iowa, or Wisconsin, or Oregon, sits to settle naval details beneath Pompeian bayaderes upon the wall, or aimless ancient allegories upon the ceiling. The Capitol of the United States is a huge, imposing, rich, and ill-digested job. Except in the regularity of the general outline of the structure, there is no trace of any controlling or intelligible idea, save that of piling and mixing marble and plaster and paint in one expensive and bewildering mass.

Now republican simplicity is perfectly consonant with elegance, grace, and stateliness. But expense is not elegance, and mere richness is not fitness. That the legislative halls and offices of this Government should be impressive, and spacious, and appropriate to the extent and majesty of its dominion, is perfectly true. But it does not follow that any kind of size and costliness is therefore fit for the purpose. In fact, even now, as the surprised and thoughtful citizen wanders through the marble wilderness of the Capitol, its dreary centre—the old Capitol—seems to him more truly consonant with the genius of his government than the expansive and splendid wings—the new Capitol—while the manner and intelligence with which the change has been effected are forced upon his reflection by the observation that the ancient part of the building has become utterly useless, except that the Supreme Court sits in the old Senate Chamber. In the deserted Representatives' Hall an old woman sells apples.

The Art Commission, named two or three years ago by President Buchanan, could do nothing with a structure so far completed as the Capitol was, and Congress declined to pay it any thing for its services after all. The painters are still at work. I saw one perched up against the side of one of the vaults with a candle and a brush and pallet. He was poorly repeating upon the plaster the delicate tracery of flying birds and flowers and leaves with which voluptuous Nero embowered in perpetual bloom the passages of his Golden House; and Raphael, with exquisite art, renewed upon the corridors of the Vatican, telling upon the house walls of the High Priest of Christendom the lovely legends of Christianity. It is simple, sheer vacuity upon the walls of our Capitol.

The great mistake of the Capitol is illustrated and contrasted by the White House. That is what it should be. A simple, elegant, spacious villa, as you see it, whence it is best seen, from the Potomac. If our national domain comprehended the whole continent it would still remain a fit house for our Chief Magistrate.

A LEVEE of the President of the United States is a remarkable and memorable scene. Our minister in France lately sent the names of certain of his countrymen who desired to be presented to the Emperor at the Tuileries. The imperial officers asked to know the "quality" of the guests. The minister answered that they were all persons who would be admitted to the levee of the President. No reply was returned, and the court dresses had been bought in vain. To say that they would be received by the President of the United States was to say merely that they were men and women. For that is the sole requisite for a Presidential levee. All rulers receive petitions from all their subjects. I have seen the rudest Campagna peasant offer a bouquet to the Pope in St. Peter's, but no potentate or king of men receives every body upon the same social equality but the President of the United States.

I have known ladies of high society, whose ancestors were worthy, and poor mechanics of every kind, smile loftily at a levee as if their own blood were of the bluest tinge of the Castilian noblesse, and their chambermaids followed them to the White House, and were received by the President with precisely the same urbanity as themselves. I have seen monarchs in palaces whom you reached through long lines of lackeys and glittering officers, and upon whom to turn your back in retiring was a grave breach of etiquette, and I felt as every one did, that the government was a power independent of the people. But when I saw the order, the simplicity, and the tranquil good-humor of a reception at the White House, to which every body who came to the door was admitted, I had a feeling of pride and satisfaction that no royal reception could possibly inspire.

The affair was very simple. The carriages drove to the door in order, and the pedestrians came upon the walk at the side. The large outer hall was fitted with pigeon-holes for the outer garments of gentlemen. The ushers did their duty quietly, giving you a check as you gave your coat; and a few policemen were present in case of trouble. The ladies passed into a side room, and you went into a long, broad hall behind the first, where you were joined by the ladies. Out of this hall you passed into a smaller room, and, turning to the left, entered another where the President stood close to the door. Your name was mentioned by a friend, or by yourself, or by an unofficial master of ceremonies who stood ready to aid. The President shook your hand, said a word, perhaps, and you moved on. A little beyond him and a little back, in the same room, stood his wife; and you made your bow to her, and again moved out of the way. Crossing another small drawing-room, you emerged in the East Room, the ball-room of the White House, from which you again entered the long hall where you first joined the ladies of your party, and you had then made the tour of the rooms.

It was a very brilliant and very gay reception. The usual toilets were those of the ball-room, but there were a few ladies in bonnets and furs, and some men who had evidently come as they happened to be dressed. The foreign ministers wore their orders, and many ladies costly jewels. But there was nothing very bizarre about it. It was like other evening parties, except that there was more looking to see famous people, and evidently less general acquaintance than in the familiar society of any single city. The uniforms of soldiers give the levees of this winter an unusually brilliant and foreign appearance.

A levee at the White House is not the occasion which will teach you contempt for a government of the people.

Our Foreign Bureau.

WARS and rebellion belong now to the oldest and the newest countries of the world. The children of the Sun, in the Flowery Kingdom of the far East, continue to slay each other with a cruel and chronic indolence; and the children of Mammon in the West are showing much of the same blood-thirstiness and the same passivity. Meantime, middle-aged Europe, with a calm assumption of superior wisdom, watches the melancholy dotage of China and the mad youngness of America. At Peking a great trafficker in finance, Su Shun, is beheaded before the palace, and his advisers are permitted to strangle themselves in privacy. At Washington a great manager of contracts is exiled to Russia, and his advisers, by an indulgence that contrasts pleasantly with the policy of the Orientals, are allowed to fatten quietly upon the spoils.

Of America it is not within our province to talk here. Of China, whose best energies are also being consumed by the fevers of a civil war, we may say a word, in epitomizing the recent change of Imperial administration. The Emperor died during the year past, exhausted by brutal excesses, in which he had been encouraged by a coterie of councilors whose duplicity had occasioned the recent war with England and France; and who, since the death of the Emperor, have covertly planned a rupture of all treaties of peace, and the banishment or assassination of all foreign ambassadors. The Prince Kung, however, who represents a more liberal policy, has succeeded, in complicity with the Dowager Empress, in circumventing the cabal of the old Imperial court, and has given token of a change of policy by the execution and strangulations already mentioned. The new Oriental court professes the utmost earnestness in carrying out the terms of all foreign treaties, and in the encouragement of foreign commerce.

The great rebellion still holds its ground, and seethes around the southern cities of China with an angry flux of blood and fire. Russia, by its cautious diplomatic arts, is understood to be fastening its hold more securely than ever upon the northern borders, and has recently occupied militarily an island in the Japanese seas.

From India the only recent intelligence of note is the reported capture of the Nena Sahib. He was making his way, in the disguise of a merchant, toward one of the ports on the Persian Gulf, when recognized by a loyal native who had formerly been in his employ. Should his identity be established past doubt it is probable that he will be taken to Cawnpore, the scene of his butcheries, for execution.

In Persia, Syria, and Turkey in Asia, there reigns at present a tranquillity which we greatly fear, so far as concerns Syria, may prove illusory. The antagonism of Christianity and Mohammedanism only sleeps. The poor Maronites tremble in their factitious quietude, and any month of the new year may see fierce outburst of the persecution which has devastated their homes so recently.

In European Turkey the financial question is the

leading one of the hour: how to meet the bills of the palace; how to maintain the traditional splendor; how to keep the armies of the Herzegovine afoot; how to match the plated ships of the West. No wonder that these questions puzzle the financial abilities of the Turkish court. Nor is it the only court which has such puzzle to solve. Austria is nervously unquiet with the same *cacoethes auri*. The Hungarian difficulty is unabated, and the taxes beyond Pesth are collected at the cost of an army of occupation. Taxes at such cost bring little to the national treasury. Nor is the Hapsburg tyranny confined to Hungary or Italy. A recent petition of the commune of Alkoven, in Upper Austria, to the Imperial Council, represents that the commanding General of the commune has enforced subscription to the recent Government loan—has authorized the prompt seizure (in case of refusal) of cattle, furniture, grain, whatever of value could be found on the premises of the recusant parties, and ordered forced sale of the same for the benefit of the Government. The petition further sets forth that, though the amount realized from such sales has been largely in excess of the fair proportion of their commune toward the state loan, they have not been repaid the excess, nor have they received any national scrip in evidence of these advances, or been paid any interest on the same. Not a journal of Austria has ventured to publish the fact of this complaint, nor has an Austrian magistrate dared to give it hearing.

A military Governor has been appointed for Transylvania, and an Imperial Commission named to carry into effect the recent acts of enlistment. The Bohemians alone, of all the Hungarian kingdom (not the Bohemians proper, but the wandering Zingares and Gitanos, whose home is by the road-side and whose revenue is pillage), have sent a deputation to Vienna, assuring their august monarch of their continued loyalty, and of their willingness to join the *Reichsrath*. Their motto is—and it is more safe than truculent—*Cujus regio illius religio*.

While all this has transpired at the court upon the Danube, the Emperor of Austria has made his winter visit to Venice amidst the silence of the native inhabitants. There was an official blaze of gaslight along the brilliant façades which surround the Place of St. Mark, and on the Lido there was a series of military evolutions which would not have discredited the best army of the world. Dukes, and Grand-dukes, and strangers saw and admired it all; but the Venetians clung moodily to their narrow streets. The naval preparations continue at Pola; the fortifications of Verona are undergoing modifications to render them more defensible against the new artillery; and the address of the Emperor at Verona has a strong flavor of approaching war.

But while Venetia is bristling with bayonets, and the officials of the Emperor are present in every village, it is alleged that the property of individuals was never more insecure. Not only are the lands and forests of the large proprietors at the mercy of an aggressive and turbulent peasantry, but the shops of the cities are openly plundered; robberies occur every day in the city of Venice, and the occupants of palaces, whose windows are protected by iron gratings, live in the utmost fear. Nor is this plunder-epidemic, if we may so term it, confined to the unemancipated portions of Italy.

In the city of Bologna banking-houses, hotels, and the offices of the railway have been despoiled by culprits, who are banded together, and who defy the

efforts of the new police. Ten thousand soldiers, at the least, represent in Bologna the majesty of the Italian kingdom; and yet the police are murdered on the streets. Peaceable inhabitants are in fear of assassination. The Count Oldofredi, who was till recently the Prefect of that city, and who was removed because the Ministry believed he had not shown sufficient energy in repressing these acts of lawlessness, writes to the *Opinione* of Turin: "We had at Bologna associations of criminals leagued together with as perfect an organization as the charitable associations of the cities of Piedmont. Neither imprisonments, nor fines, nor executions could break them up. They threaten the existence of society; and we have to meet them with laws made only for a civilized and peaceful population. At Bologna such laws will not and do not avail to protect either property or life."

These people, educated under the tyranny of the Pope, have not as yet learned the limitations of freedom, or recovered from the intoxication of victory.

At Rome affairs do not promise an earlier settlement of the great questions at issue between Papacy and Piedmont than two months since. M. Lavalette, the new French Ambassador, and recently the representative of the Imperial Government at Constantinople, has reached the Papal Court. He carries, of course, the latest inspiration from the Cabinet of the Emperor. Thus far his policy is more cautious than decisive. He is understood to be in perfect agreement with the General Goyon, who commands the French forces. He regards the unity of Italy—Rome included—as an ultimate political necessity. He does not favor the recent programme of the Baron Ricasoli (detailed in our last month's Record), and regards its provisions as too humiliating for the Church Sovereign. He regards as impracticable the presence of a Constitutional Italian Parliament in the same capital with the Court of the Holy Father.

Thus far no counter-project is submitted; but it is hinted in the extra-diplomatic circles of Rome that the Imperial intention is fast taking a shape somewhat of this kind: The Pope to maintain a quasi-sovereignty, as now; an inoffensive Piedmontese prefect only representing the secular power at Rome, and the Italian Parliament to hold its sessions alternately in the great cities of Turin, Milan, Florence, and Naples. Thus the old municipal pride would be satisfied by the splendor of an occasional court; the Pope would escape the affront of a kingly presence at his capital; Italian unity would be made good, and the French interference rendered needless.

It may be hardly necessary to say that the Baron Ricasoli, true to the teachings of Cavour, recognizes no solution of the Church difficulty which does not make the Eternal City the actual capital of Italy.

The Pope's financial exhibit of the year shows the deficit of five millions of scudi (dollars); this sum will naturally seem a mere *bagatelle* to Americans, who pay their ship-brokers by hundreds of thousands; but it has puzzled the great Pontiff sadly; and reports say that his interviews with the banker Torlonia (who represents Wall Street at Rome) have not been so agreeable, or so tranquilizing as in years past.

If we write of the political condition of the South of Italy, it must be in almost the same terms as for the six months gone. Always the brigandage which clamors of patriotism and loyalty, and which has received the Papal blessing, struggles against the

outlying forces of the Northern soldiers. Always the Piedmontese general at Naples uses every art to rally the city population to the cause of Victor Emanuel, and sustains order by a vigilant soldier police. But now all political fermentation is overshadowed by the great Vesuvian outburst. Earthquakes and underground mutterings have for some time foretold the eruption. The town of Torre del Greco, of twenty-two thousand inhabitants, is ruined. Fifteen thousand of those who lived there are fugitives, and the remainder find shelter under the tottering walls. Of eleven churches only four are standing. Great chasms divide the streets, opening down upon a subterranean city which was buried in the last century. Travelers speak of seeing the walls and even towers of other churches in these great crevasses of the lava which the new eruption has opened. We copy a few details given by an eye-witness:

"On Thursday I visited Torre del Greco again, to examine more in detail the injury which had been inflicted, and though on Monday there was more of a spectacle, and the effects were more striking from the fire and smoke and shower of dust, yet, as now the mountain was in comparative repose, the impression created by the sight of the desolation was even deeper. Torre del Greco had become what Pompeii was after the earthquake; two-and-twenty thousand persons had been driven from their dwellings in a night, while all the signs of recent life and of hurried escape met one at every glance. The train stopped on the Naples side of the city, 'for,' said the inspector, 'there are several clefts in the road, and the vibration of the carriages might bring down more houses.' So, dismounting, we walked along the rail, through the Strada Marina, every house in which had fissures from top to bottom, and before ascending went down to the sea, which, at a few feet from the beach, was boiling furiously. Fortunately I was accompanied by the rector of the city, who pointed out in detail what was most remarkable. 'The sea has retired,' he said, 'full twenty palms, and we consider this as a bad symptom, and an indication of yet greater disasters. These huge rocks were covered on Sunday last, and now they are exposed, and are cleft to the bottom, as if by some mighty mechanical power.' They are all composed of hard, flint-like lava, which flowed down in 1794, overwhelming the father of the present city. Through the subterranean openings which had been made by the earthquake the water from the mountain was pouring into the sea, and, though the temperature was not much increased, it had an acid flavor. Close by we went into a ruined house, to examine a well which had been cleft by the earthquake, and through which the springs were pouring down with much violence, as the ear, not the eye, told us. Torre del Greco is terraced on the incline of the mountain, and you enter one parallel street from another by a series of steps. Other streets run at right angles to these, and lead from the sea up to the higher parts of Vesuvius. Let us ascend the Strada Ripa, which had a large fissure throughout, and, turning off to the left, pass down the Strada Fontana. It is so called from the fountain which is there, and which has now risen several feet; at one extremity of it the water was in a state of boiling agitation, not, I think, from the effect of heat so much as from springs which had been opened beneath. I tasted this water, which was perfectly flavorless, like boiled water; but there was nothing more decided in its character. Every house in this street was in a ruined state; workmen were knocking holes in the façades at the top of some of them, in which to place the ends of poles that were to be their props; others had fallen a mass of *débris*, and several were cut down so finely that sections of them remained exhibiting the interior. Thus I saw tottering on the extremity a bed, neatly folded down, and which had evidently not been slept in; the chairs were ranged round the sides of the room that had been saved; and a gridiron, tomatoes,

kitchen utensils of all kinds, hung against the walls of this, the section of the second floor of the ruined building."

Of the meridian of Turin we have nothing of importance to record, unless it be the retirement of M. Ratazzi from the Presidency of the Parliament, and the New-Year's speech of the Prince Humbert at the inauguration of the National Society of Riflemen. M. Ratazzi had too feeble a voice to contend with the uproar of an excited and noisy assemblage, if, indeed, he did not choose, by his retirement, to hold himself in reserve for the chances of a possible ministerial crisis.

As for the Prince Royal of Italy, his first public talk has met with enthusiastic reception, although his speech carried no political significance beyond the assurance, which he made with emphasis, that Italy might soon require of every citizen the discipline of a soldier.

We have already alluded to the speech of the Emperor Francis-Joseph at Verona, looking also to war. Here it is:

"The bearing and fine appearance of the men has caused me the most lively satisfaction, and I express to you, gentlemen, my gratitude. Continue to maintain among your battalions the same spirit as well as discipline which has always prevailed in my army. Serious struggles await us, and no one can say when they may take place. Prepare the troops for them, in order that we may be able to support them properly with God's aid. I reckon on you."

The King of Prussia too, in his recent address, expressed the reliance which he felt in these times upon the discipline and loyalty of his army.

On the other hand, the French Emperor, in his replies to the gratulatory speeches of the New-Year, has not startled our fears. The political affairs of France wear a serene aspect. The "budget" is in the hands of a tried financier, who has the confidence of all the *bourgeois* of Paris; and it has been yielded to his care with a grace and an air of liberality that have given to the Emperor (if it were needed) a ten years' lease of power. There has been, to be sure, a little termagant talk in the Senate, on the part of M. de Ségur d'Aguesseau, who gave a few excoriating touches to the last year's speech of the Prince Napoleon on Italian affairs; but the Prince kept a brave silence; the marshals all sneered at the belligerent Senator; and the quiet diplomacy of the Empire holds its path unshaken.

There is want at Lyons, and at Rouen, by reason of the shortened commerce with America; for with our tariff and our blockade we are making our old friends of France suffer more keenly just now than the Bright *clientelle* of Manchester. If we could buy more of the silks! If they could reach more of the cotton! But war has its penalties as well as its glories; unfortunately its penalties are not all measured by money.

But no tariff interferes with the growth of the Tuileries and the Boulevards. The splendor of the city ripens every day. The theatres are reaping their winter's harvest; of which we may particularize as specially rich and full, *Les Intimes* of M. Sandou, played at the Vaudeville. An old and truthful enough story of how a man may be devoured by his "intimates"—fortune, faith, and honor—until rescued by his discarded friends. A blunt charge of plagiarism raised against the lucky author has been ingeniously parried by him; and the world yields to the judgment, rendered a hundred times before, that whoever can kindle an old story, by his deftness,

into brighter blaze than ever, has himself lighted a new fire.

M. About has tried the matter with an old tale of Charles Bernard at the Odeon; but whether from want of dramatic skill, or by reason of certain political opposition to the author of "Tolla," his new drama of "Gaetana" has been hissed on three successive nights, and finally provoked such uproar that the play was stopped half through, and its representation abandoned. The circumstance has a little significance, from the fact that M. About has been heretofore regarded as a special literary pet of the Emperor. The Odeon is by no means the chiefest theatre of Paris, in any point of view; and its *parterre* is crowded largely by the unkempt medical students of the provinces; but we may suppose that a truculent hiss is not pleasant even there.

While upon literary topics, let us correct, on the authority of the *Bulletin du Bouquiniste*, an error of M. Thiers; who, in his nineteenth volume (of "The Consulate"), makes the Marshal Drouet d'Erlon son of that famous Drouet postmaster who recognized and caused the arrest of Louis XVI. on the fatal day at Varennes. The fact is, there was no relationship whatever between the Marshal and the man whom Carlyle calls the "old dragoon Drouet."

WE have nothing special to record this month of reports made to the Academy of Sciences; but we take the occasion (inasmuch as we so frequently wander into that locality) to acquaint our readers with a few facts regarding its organization.

The Academy of Sciences occupies the third rank among the associations of which the Institute of France is composed.

1. L'Academie Française.
2. L'Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.
3. L'Academie des Sciences.
4. L'Academie des Beaux Arts.
5. L'Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.

The Academy of Sciences has two principal divisions: to wit, that of Mathematical Science, and that of Physical Science. These again are subdivided thus: The mathematical section has its department of Geometry, with six members; of mechanics, six members; of astronomy, six members; of geography and navigation, three members; of general physics, six members.

The section of Physical Science proper has its department of chemistry, with six members; of mineralogy, six members; of botany, six members; of rural economy, six members; of anatomy and zoology, six members; of medicine and surgery, six members.

Adding two permanent secretaries, not classed in either department, the whole number sums up sixty-five.

The officers consist of a President, a Vice-President, and two permanent Secretaries. Every year a Vice-President is elected, who succeeds the following year to the Presidency. The Vice-President, just now named, is the distinguished surgeon M. Velpeau. The Foreign associates of the Academy count Michael Faraday of London, Brewster of Edinburgh, Mitscherlich of Berlin, Herschel of London, Plana of Turin, Richard Owen of London, Ehrenberg of Berlin, Baron Liebig of Munich, and Lord Brougham. The number of correspondents is more than a hundred, embracing the most distinguished men of every country. Only one chair in the Academy is now vacant—that of the late Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, in the department of anatomy and zoology.

BEFORE the Academy of Moral and Political Science, M. Mignet, the French historian, has recently read a beautiful tribute to the memory of the British Hallam. He gave full and hearty recognition to the integrity, the zeal, the conscience, the industry, and impartiality of the author of the Constitutional History; and added a tender and glowing eulogy of his private worth. Such things make better and more lasting international bonds than even the Cobden treaties. Such generous instincts as Mignet has shown, out-spoken heartily, feed the best hopes of humanity.

The affair calls to mind a recent banquet which has been given by the legal gentlemen of Paris in honor of the distinguished advocate and lawyer, M. Berryer.

Potel and Chabot made the banquet rich with all the rarest luxuries of the table. M. Jules Favres, the most accomplished representative of the extreme democratic opinions of France, made the speech in honor of the guest of the night. M. Berryer rose, trembling, to make his acknowledgments; but his sensibilities conquered him: he had argued, in open court, the largest questions of justice that ever came before a French tribunal, but he could not thank his friends of the bar for the honors they heaped on him, except in a few broken sentences: "My friends," he said, "had foreseen this weakness of mine, and had advised me to write down what I might have to say; but if I had written it I could not have read it" (and the tears streamed down the cheeks of the old man). "I can only thank you with all my heart."

And that little speech brought down louder and more earnest applause than the orator ever won before.

In these days of war it may interest your readers to know something of the relative cost of the different military establishments of Europe. We give an estimate, which is certainly not over-stated, and which makes the present expenditure for military purposes of England two hundred millions of dollars; France, one hundred and seventy millions; Austria, one hundred millions; Russia, one hundred and ten millions; Prussia, fifty millions; Turkey, forty millions; Spain, sixty millions; Belgium, Portugal, Holland, and Switzerland, etc., one hundred and ten millions.

And this estimate is made upon the basis of one hundred dollars a year for each private: in America the cost of a private may be safely trebled without reckoning the extraordinary profits of contractors.

In this connection, too, we give a proximate estimate of the taxes paid in the year 1860 by the different populations of Europe and America. Our authority is a late and elaborate article in the *Nouvel Economiste*. The table presents the sum paid by each inhabitant:

Great Britain	\$12 00	Denmark	\$4 00
Baden	11 00	Saxony	4 00
Holland	10 50	Italy	4 00
France	10 00	Greece	3 50
Hanover	8 00	Austria	3 50
Sweden and Norway	7 00	Turkey	2 50
Belgium	6 50	America (North) ...	2 50
Spain	6 00	Switzerland	1 50
Russia	5 50		

Of course this estimate does not take into view the rise of an American war budget, to the sum of some five hundred millions per annum.

THE British journals of the month of January,

while showing a sincere satisfaction at the result of the *Trent* question, are full of speculations regarding the ultimate effect of the American difficulty. The question of possible involvement of European nations stands where it did before the *Trent* seizure. Only the most wanton blindness can ignore the fact that a great party in Europe, as well on the Continent as in England, urge not only recognition of the Confederates, but military intervention, as the speediest and most effective means of putting an end to a war which embarrasses the commerce of the world. It would be madness to ignore the fact that the principal *Governments* of Europe (whatever the people may think) bear the United States no love. And our opinion is now, as it has been from the first, that if intervention is decided upon in the diplomatic conclave of Europe it will come from the leading Powers united.

THE grief and the mourning for the late Prince Consort in England is real. The universal opinion is that he filled one of the most difficult positions imaginable for a man of cleverness and of sensibility, and that he filled it with a most rare discretion and honesty of motive. The monument in Kensington Gardens, in commemoration of the World's Exhibition of 1851, is to be crowned with a statue of the late Prince instead of the proposed statue of the Queen. Her Majesty has herself, with great sagacity, suggested the change; and the Prince of Wales, in making her Majesty's wishes known, has written his first public letter, under a weight of grief which bars all criticism. London and Edinburgh, both in their corporate capacities, have set on foot subscriptions for city monuments in honor of Prince Albert.

THE great Windham lunacy case burdens so far the late British papers that we venture to epitomize its leading points.

The name of Windham is known upon the American side of the water: a great statesman who was a contemporary of Fox once bore it, and a General Windham won renown at the capture of the Redan. This last, General Ashe Windham, in concert with other relatives, has instituted proceedings against young Windham (a nephew), of Filbrigg Hall, in one of the eastern counties, on the ground that he is a lunatic, and unfit to manage his estates. Those estates are large, equal to some £15,000 a year, and, in the event of the death of young Windham without direct heir, would fall to General Windham and other plaintiffs in this suit.

Young Windham, if we may believe the testimony, is certainly a most extraordinary character. He delights in driving railway engines; brutalizes himself with drink; consorts with cab-drivers and gamblers; amuses himself by counterfeiting the howl of animals; is afflicted by a malformation of the mouth, which makes him drivel like a man in his dotage; and has recently crowned his life of eccentricities by marrying a woman of the Magdalen stamp (without the repentance), and has bestowed upon her jewels to the amount of sixty thousand dollars.

There is a great array of counsel upon either side, and the witnesses count by the hundred—being summoned from every quarter of England, and even from Italy and Malta. The expenses of the suit, if closed to-day, would amount, it is estimated, to the sum of three hundred thousand dollars. But it is not near its close. The simple question before the

Court is this: "Is the young Windham, by reason of insanity, incapable of managing his estates?"

The monosyllabic answer Yes or No will cost, in all probability, a quarter of a million the letter.

If one may judge from the occasional outbreak of applause in the court-room, the populace is strongly enlisted for the defendant. The prominent journals have cautiously reserved their judgment.

THE palace of the World's Exhibition is steadily progressing, under the hands of an army of workers who count by the thousand. Its Art show will be particularly remarkable, and far in advance of that of 1851. Russia is to send forward from her private princely collections whatever will best illustrate the art-culture of the empire. England will show her Hogarth, Wilkie, Reynolds, Bonnington, Gainsborough, and Turner. Belgium will blaze out in the most brilliant coloring of Europe, and France has promised the best types of French art from the Imperial and private collections.

THERE is not much to say of new literature in England. The excellent lectures of Mr. Marsh on English literature are to be published by Murray, with an introduction by Dr. Smith. Young Philip progresses under Thackeray's pen, with a revival of all the audacity, and nerve, and cleverness of "The Newcomes." "Orley Farm," with Millais's drawings—each one a study of grace, thoroughness, and naturalness—glides on with charming ease. We confess to a love for the Trollope—not that he is ever very witty or very brilliant; not that we are startled by any bursts of passion, or ever overcome by his sentiment; not that we think of the author at all; but his stories have, all of them, that wavy, easy, harmonious continuity which revives recollections of the old and early days of romance-reading, when "after-school" hours were lighted up with the griefs of Thaddeus of Warsaw, or the loves and battles of William Wallace and the Earl of Mar.

THE playing of a foreign actor, M. Fechter, in several of Shakspeare's tragedies, has created a sensation in the dramatic world of England. M. Fechter is a feeble man, physically; his pronunciation is strongly foreign; his alteration of the great text utterly willful; his stubborn attachment to his own views unconquerable; all regard for the traditions of Kean and Garrick absolutely ignored; and his treatment of the later conventionalisms of the English stage quite contemptuous. Yet in spite of this, he has drawn the most intelligent, and curious, and interested houses of the season.

What is the secret?

Not altogether the novelty of his rendition; but an attention to detail and accessories, with a stubborn, homely naturalness that charm just as the painstaking and finely-wrought simplicity of the Pre-Raphaelites charm. The strut and rant and mouthing of traditional Shakspearian actors are set aside. Heroes lounge as other men lounge; they twirl their fingers in a fit of thoughtfulness as other men do; they bite the quill-end of the pen as other men do. And the women are somehow, amidst all the tragic verse, only women, with womanly embarrassments and hesitancy.

Of course all the subordinate actors are under the strict tutelage of M. Fechter, and by long training are brought down to the quiet level of his intent. Nothing is harder to unlearn than an unnatural and

purely conventional counterfeit of nature. Fancy Poussin forswearing his shady purples and his classic attitudes for the glow of a real sunshine or the ease of an artless posture! Fancy Dryden abjuring all rhythmic cadence for the mettle and homeliness of live speech!

Yet there is a splendor about M. Fechter's scenic representations; in Othello, there is the blaze of the old Venetian glory—in upholstery, in architectural adornment, in vesture. And it is all worn—not for stage effect, but as a part of the life of the time and of the play. The brocade is limbered to every passion movement; the gold of the scabbard covers a sword that will cut. M. Fechter is the Pre-Raphaelite reader and interpreter of Shakspeare.

Editor's Drawer.

A SCOTCH Reviewer says that the perception of humor is a gift as well as the production of it. On this principle he holds it to be the fault of the reader, and not of the writer, when the point of a joke is invisible. Long live the Scotch Reviewer! The Drawer will honor him while he lives, laugh merrily over his bones, and build him a monument as high as the sky. The same learned authority continues:

"Some persons are color-blind, and can not discriminate between red, green, and blue; and many persons are humor-blind, and can not discern, or understand, or enjoy a touch of fun or a stroke of humor. We think such persons are to be pitied. To them the spring of much hearty and innocent enjoyment is dried up, and they are not the better, though much the duller for the want of it."

That's a fact. Now you see, O stupid reader of the Drawer! why it is that you do not burst the buttons of your vest when you invest a quarter in a Magazine. You don't see the fun of it, and that is no fault of yours; it isn't in you—that's all. These stories are very funny, and if you only had any fun in you, your fun and our fun would rush into contact, and then there would be an explosion. That is the laugh which you often hear when a good joke is let off in company. You don't see what they are laughing at, but no matter for that; because you are a fool all the world is not to be sober.

This theory of the Scotchman is very broad Scotch, and the author of it goes on to say: "Many of the best men we have ever known—the best in the highest sense of the term, with the best heads and the best hearts—have been men who thoroughly appreciated and heartily enjoyed true humor. . . . That a sense of humor and an appreciation of fun is implanted in many of us by nature—that it is a source of great enjoyment, and that it is consistent with worth and truth and purity, can not be denied; and therefore the part of wisdom is not to stifle but to guide it."

So much for the Scotchman. He is the man for our money! If we had his address we should send him the Drawer full of our kind regards.

A CLERGYMAN being asked, a short time since, "What good have you done to-day?" replied, "I wrote an item for the Drawer of *Harper's Magazine*." And many a man has done worse things than that, and got a great deal of credit for it besides. From the days of good King Solomon down to the present time mirth has been commended by the wisest of men. Recall the names of a few of the great patri-

archs of philosophy in the various ages of the world's existence, and from their writings cull the brilliant passages that extol the merits of good-humor, and see what a constellation is set in the heaven of the Drawer.

Open the thin leaves of the massive tome in which the old father of moral science in the empire of China taught the Celestials, in time so far back that neither Greek nor Roman history makes mention even of his name—the venerable Ching Te Sechingtan—and read:

"The flower of existence is the bright flashing of wit in the social circle; it cheereth the heart of man like the celestial beverage which groweth in the gardens of the blessed, and is transplanted to the plains of this everlasting empire. Be witty, O sons of men, if you can; and if you can not be witty, rejoice that you can be wise!"

The thousandth anniversary of the Russian Empire is to be celebrated during the present year, and what name—among all the illustrious writers of that highly literary people—what name is more familiar to the great masses of American readers than that of the learned Rohankonosofki, the profound metaphysician and poet—like our English Coleridge more than any other man living or dead. Hear him:

"In the deep springs of the true soul there is a vein of living water that leapeth suddenly to the surface, and gladdeneth the world with its life and sweetness. Such is wit in the fountain of human thought. It is more than medicine, for it is a vital force that tendeth to the joy of immortality."

The last line is somewhat obscure; perhaps we have not caught the idea in the original Russ, but the tenor of the author is not to be mistaken, and his commendation is worthy of his fame.

Just on the borders of the sea where the city of Alexandria reaches down to embrace her, and hard by the spot where the Queen for whom Antony lost a world was wont to embark in her gorgeous ship of state, lies one of her needles, half-buried in the sand. If you will take it by the point and lift it up high enough to read the hieroglyphical inscription on the side that now kisses the earth, you may find this sentiment expressed in characters which Sir Gardner Wilkinson or Champollion never saw:

"LIFE IS BRIEF; WIT IS FOREVER."

No older record than this exists in stone which the pundits of the Drawer have ever found. And what more is required?

A BALTIMORE correspondent says: "The following actually occurred at the 'general delivery' of our post-office. A genuine Irishman approached the window, and handing the clerk in attendance a letter remarked, in the richest brogue,

"Plase, Sir, and will you send this lethur to brother Tim, who lives two miles be-yant the Re-lay House?"

"The clerk, taking the letter, replied that he would send it to the post-office at that place.

"Sure, Sir, how will brother Tim get the lethur if you send it there? Don't I tell you that he lives two miles be-yant the Re-lay House!"

"The clerk smilingly answered that as there was no post-office nearer to him than the Relay House, he would be compelled to send it there. The Irishman still appeared to be bothered and dissatisfied; but, after scratching his noddle a while, a bright idea seemed to strike him, and approaching the window again with a beaming countenance, says,

"I have it now, Sir! Write on the back of it,

Brother Tim will please call at the Re-lay House and get this lethur!"

THE FIRST RECORD OF CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—You are quite right. I have your February Magazine before me, and the Conundrum is not there. Like my friend Jefferson Smith, I "own the corn"—which puts me in mind that I promised to tell you the origin of this phrase:

Many years ago the good farmers in my neighborhood began to be sorely annoyed by the mysterious disappearance of pigs, turkeys, chickens, and portable property in general. These losses began just about the time when one Joab Strong took up his abode in the vicinity. Putting this and that together, it was inferred that Joab knew more about the matter than an honest man should. A committee was formed to interrogate him; and he was one moonlight night taken into the woods for that purpose. He stoutly denied all knowledge of the matter; whereupon he was laid, face downward, over a log, in position for further proceedings.

"Now, Joab," asked the Chairman, balancing a supple twig in his hand, "can't you really tell us any thing about Mr. Brown's turkey?"

"I told you I didn't know nothin' about it."

Down came the rod, once, twice, six times.

"Hold there!" cried Joab. "I remember now. I seen him a-roostin' in the cherry-tree, and he went home with me."

"Very well, Mr. Strong. Now about Mr. Smith's pig?"

"Don't know nothin' about it. Didn't know he had any pigs."

The reminder was applied, as before; and at the sixth blow Joab's recollection was aroused.

"Oh, yes! I was a-goin' along by there, and the pig he followed me home, and got eat up."

And so on through five "counts" of the indictment, the last of which related to chickens.

"Well, yes," said the culprit, at the usual point, "I did take them chickens—and mighty poor ones they was too—and—and—you needn't flog any more. I know what you're goin' to ask about next. It's Major Green's corn. I did steal it. *I own the corn.* It's in my house now, and the Major can have it if he wants it."

The joke of the matter was that Major Green did not know that he had lost any corn, and the committee had finished their examination when Joab owned up, without being asked.

I promised also to tell you how the Yankee clergyman went to the House of Lords; which I will do as soon as I have written down a little incident which happened to Mr. Milburn, the "Blind Preacher," when he was in England:

He was to deliver a lecture before some association—one, I believe, whose object was to promote the early closing of shops. At any rate, the Chairman was a young man who had evidently been accustomed to spouting at free-and-easy clubs. He exasperated his h's most un pityingly. His duty was to introduce the lecturer to the audience, which he performed as follows:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I've the honor to introduce to you the horator of the hevening, whose heloquence is famous on both sides of the Hatlantic—the Reverend William Ennery Milburn. His subject is Hamerican Mind, its Manifestation and Character. No man can do better justice to this than the heloquent gent, for he has been all around and among it."

Speaking of lecturers, I ought to thank you for the ticket which you gave me the other day, when I happened to be in town, to Colonel Thorpe's capital lecture on the "Inside View of the Great Rebellion." The anecdotes which he tells so capitally really give a clearer view of persons and things than a whole volume of disquisitions. I remember how the audience was moved by the one which he told of Mrs. Van Loo, of Richmond. This lady, who is one of the F. F. V.'s, in every sense of the word, made it her business to visit our prisoners in Richmond, and encourage and succor the sick and wounded. Her high social position enabled her to gain admittance in spite of strict orders to the contrary. What guard could resist when a lady elegantly dressed, with manners the most high-bred, smilingly put aside his bayonet with her daintily-gloved hand? They could for a long time not do otherwise than shut their eyes and let her pass. And an angel of mercy she was. She would pass along by the beds, bestowing a smile or encouraging word, now smoothing a pillow or arranging a covering. And not unfrequently the poor fellow would find, where her hand had been, a half dollar or some little luxury. At length the orders against her admission became so strict that the guards dared not let her pass. Then she would pass along the front of the prison, and, watching her opportunity, would fling silver coins, wrapped in her handkerchief, through the grated windows. All honor to such noble women, be they of the North or the South! It was a capital lecture, and I trust that many of us country-folk will have an opportunity of hearing it.

But about the Clergyman and the Peers:

In King Street, London, is, or was some years ago, "Randall's Commercial Boarding-House," a favorite stopping-place for American travelers. Many Englishmen also frequented it, finding the *table d'hôte* more agreeable than the usual private dinners of the English hotels. Some years ago among the guests was the genial and eloquent Dr. McClinton, with a party of friends, and our clergyman, whom I will call the Rev. Luke Robbins, though that was not his name. One day "Mac"—as he is familiarly called, Doctor of Divinity though he be—said to the Reverend Luke:

"Mr. Robbins, I had hoped to have been able to offer you a treat this evening. A "field-night" is expected in the House of Lords. I expected to have had three orders for admission to the gallery, one of which was to be for you. Unfortunately I could get only two, so I can not ask you to join us."

"I am much obliged to you, but I am going to the Lords this evening."

"Indeed! How did you get your order?"

"I have no order."

"Then you can not be admitted to the gallery."

"I am not going to the gallery. I shall go upon the floor."

"Impossible. No one is admitted there unless specially introduced by a Peer."

"Oh, I've traveled before; and I never found any difficulty in going where I wished. You'll see me there."

After infinite crowding and pushing, Dr. McClinton and his friend made their way to their places in the gallery. They were hardly seated when, looking down upon the floor, they saw the Reverend Luke walk in, as calm as a summer morning, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, with the ugliest nose and the worst-fitting pair of plaid trowsers in the Three Kingdoms. There was no mistaking

that nose. It was Lord Brougham. All the evening his Lordship appeared much more attentive to his American friend than to the proceedings of the House. At length, among the small hours, Brougham arose and delivered a short but fiery philippic. At its close the clergyman shook hands with his Lordship, and walked out.

Returning to his hotel an hour later, Dr. M'Clin-tock found Mr. Robbins quietly sipping his coffee in the parlor, with a number of the English guests.

"Mr. Robbins," said the Doctor, "we saw you in the Peers with Lord Brougham. I did not know that you were acquainted with him."

"I was not. I never saw him till to-night."

"You had letters of introduction to him?"

"No, nothing of the kind."

"Then how did you manage it?"

"It's a very simple affair—hardly worth mentioning," replied the Reverend Luke, indifferently.

"But as you seem curious I will tell you, though it is hardly worth relating. I walked up to the Peers' entrance, where I was stopped by an official.

"This is the Peers' entrance," he said. 'You can not pass. If you have an order for the gallery, go to the proper door.'

"I understand perfectly. Send my card, if you please, to Lord Brougham."

"To Lord Brougham! Certainly. I beg your pardon. Pass on if you please."

"I was stopped once or twice more before I reached the ante-room; but I merely said, 'My card has been sent to Lord Brougham.' Nothing more was needed. I had waited but a few minutes in the ante-room when Brougham came in. I knew him from his portraits. He had my card in his hand, and was reading it through his eye-glass. I advanced to meet him.

"The Reverend Luke Robbins, of America, I presume," he said.

"Yes, my Lord; and as an American I can ask your Lordship's courtesy. In America no name is more highly honored than that of Henry Brougham. From childhood I have known and admired your Lordship's writings; and now being in England, I could not be satisfied without meeting you. And understanding that this was to be a "field-night" in the House, I have taken the liberty of requesting your Lordship to do me the favor of introducing me upon the floor."

"I shall have great pleasure in doing so," said Brougham; and we went in. His Lordship pointed out to me all the celebrities present. At last, when I thought the session was drawing to a close, I said:

"Pardon me, my Lord. But I had understood that your Lordship was to speak to-night. I hope I was not misinformed; for I shall ever think I have failed in half the object of my travels if I have not heard your Lordship speak."

"Well, Mr. Robbins," he said, "I had not intended to speak to-night; but if it will afford you any gratification, I will do so with pleasure."

"Shortly after, he rose and spoke, as you heard. I then said to him, 'Having heard your Lordship, I have no wish to listen to any thing after. I will take my leave. Should your Lordship ever come to America, I shall be most happy to repay your courtesy.'

"Should I ever visit America," he answered, "I shall be most happy to avail myself of your kindness."

"I took my leave, and came home. This is the whole affair—a very simple matter, as you see;

hardly worth relating, as I told you in the beginning."

The Englishmen had sat listening with staring eyes to this cool narrative, related in the quietest manner. Whether this was a true statement of the case, or whether it was an elaborate piece of mystification got up by the Reverend Luke, was never, I believe, explained. The fact, however, is undoubted, that he was introduced upon the floor of the House of Peers by Lord Brougham. How this was brought about, no one knows to this day but the two principals themselves.

I believe, my dear Editor, I have now fulfilled all my promises, except that of writing out the conundrum—play upon words—or whatever you call it—which I set out to do at first. The question is:

"How do the five proper names first mentioned in the Bible contain the first Record of Corporal Punishment?"

ANSWER:—Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, Seth: to be arranged and read thus: 'Adam, saith Eve, cane Abel.'

There you have it, as you asked; though, as I said, I think it hardly worth printing.

In conclusion, I am yours ever.

H.

"SOME time ago, when we were all troubled in St. Louis with the Illinois currency, on account of its depreciation, a bright little girl of four summers, playing with her doll, became tired, and came to her sister and said, 'Sister, play school with me; you be teacher.' Willing to please the child, her sister put several questions to her. One of these was, 'What is Illinois currency?' To which the little one promptly responded, 'Bad bill!'"

A FRIEND in New Bedford tells this good story of the great perspicacity of clairvoyant doctors:

"Some time since a gentleman living a few miles from the city sought the advice of a clairvoyant. After the usual examination the disease was detected and a prescription written, which was put up in bottles and labeled in approved style by one of the most popular druggists in New Bedford. Within a short time the medicine was taken from one bottle, and the bottle laid aside. The patient's mother, who was making elder-berry sirup, used the empty bottle, among others, for putting up the sirup. But as the label was not removed, it somehow found its way back among its fellows containing the medicine, and was opened by the patient. It tasted queerly; and the sick man—doubting, if not fearing—posted off to the druggist to have the mystery cleared up. The latter, with an air of business and wisdom, tasted, smacked his lips, shook the bottle and tasted again, and then confidently remarked 'that the medicinal qualities were all there, but it had slightly candied!' He generously replaced it with another bottle at half-price, and the mystery was some time after solved when the old lady counted up her bottles of elder-berry, and found one missing."

"CHARLIE is a mischievous boy; so full of it that it breaks out on a sudden, and he does the drollest things, for which he deserves more punishment than his indulgent father gives him. The other day his father rose at dinner-table to carve the turkey; this done, he was about to resume his chair, when Charlie, who is not big enough to come to the first table, pushed the chair away, and down came his heavy father on the floor with a tremendous thump.

"Oh!" cried his angry parent, 'you little rascal,

you might have killed me; I have a great mind to cut your head off with the carving-knife!"

"Oh do, pa!" said the rogue; "wouldn't it be nice to go to heaven together?"

IN the Third Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers it is a rule that no soldier can leave camp without a pass. The chaplain one day was distributing tracts; among others was one headed, "Come, sinners, come!" Soon after the tract was picked up in camp, and under the heading was penciled, "Can't do it! Colonel Ruger won't sign my pass!"

AN "officer of the U. S. Army," stationed at Annapolis, Maryland, sends us the following letter, with a few words of explanation. The writer of the letter is a negro living in Cambridge; "Miss" or rather "Mrs." Smith resides in Annapolis, and is the owner of "Miss Mary" and of "Miss Henry." Bolton alludes to the "custom" of calling servants after the surnames of their owners. For the rest, the letter explains itself. The writer's idea of making capital out of his two deceased wives is worthy of note:

CAMBRIDGE MD. Nov. the 19th 1861.

MY DEAR MAM—I have took upon myself the liberty being well and hoping you advise the same being in possession of the same Gods good blessing which in this world of wales and woes it is very often which is unbearable and also to lead to discontent and bad feeling which Providens knoes is never given without sum desire of desirving the same, to no if you have not no objecthuns which is corect and always beggin your pardon for trublin yu who are bisy and engaied to me if her being willin which has asked if you wood pleze let my adreeses which has been pade to your servent Miss Mary Smith which last of corse is not her name being caled so when in speeking of her which is custum to come and cee her of nites when labor is over Miss Henry too which other name is also likewise same as Miss Mary though no wishes is at presant on her account for adreeses by no means except Miss Mary which wishes to unit to holy bans of metreemony with always consenting of the kind madam which will not interup or interfer with her labor as he meaning your humble sert. will live in annapolis so Miss Mary which hope to be Mrs. Bolton has consider well will make good husbund, have bin before twice marrid and knoes the maner of treetment to wives which has too (2) dide Begin you humble pardon for riting to you which has felt the panges of love without dout which pleze excuse you very humble servent

JOSEPH BOLTON—colored—

p. S. pleze reply Miss Smith.

"WE had been encamped in Indianapolis," writes one of the brave boys, "about a month before we left for the seat of war. Some time after we arrived in Virginia we heard that quite a large number of letters for the regiment were detained in the post-office at Indianapolis for the postage. While passing through the camp one day I overheard a couple of soldiers conversing about those letters. One inquired 'What would be done with them?' The other replied, 'I suppose they will be sent to the dead-letter office, and after we get killed we can get them.' Thanks to the bad aim of the rebels, only three of as brave a regiment as ever went to the field had to call at *that* office for their mail matter."

"OUR soldier boys," writes a lady in the interior, "were about to set off for the seat of war. At the station a large crowd of friends had gathered, and there was the usual amount of kissing, weeping, embracing, and leave-taking. A loud-voiced man was entertaining a group of ladies with his conversation,

and he remarked, as one of the soldiers' sweet little wives was passing, 'If I was going to the war, and any of my friends should come down to the station to see me off, I would shoot them.' The little woman looked up, and very quietly said, 'Oh, don't fret; you wouldn't have a chance to fire once!'

"If you ever saw a man fished out of the raging canal alive, you know how the fellow looked."

JOE ROBINSON enlisted in the 199th Regiment of New York State Volunteers. The men were in camp on the island, and their friends were often visiting them. Joe's brother, John, came to see him, and found Joe very home-sick. He begged so hard for John to get him a furlough that his brother went to the Colonel and told him his sister was dead, and he wished leave for his brother to go home for a few days. Consent was given; and as they were leaving the ground one of the men who heard of Joe's affliction, and wished to say something, asked him how long his sister had been dead? Joe said, "About ten years!" and went on his way rejoicing.

MRS. JONES had been ailing for some days; and on New-Year's Day was so poorly that she felt unable to receive company. She told Bridget to say to any persons who called that she was unwell and did not receive company; but if any of her relatives called, to admit them. The bell rung, and Bridget answered it and delivered her message; and again and again through the day. Toward night, after some forty or fifty callers had been disposed of, one more persistent than the rest insisted on coming in, as he belonged to the number of those who were to be admitted; when Mrs. Jones was confounded to hear him say that the servant at the door informed him that Mrs. Jones didn't see any company to-day *but her friends!* With this very gratifying piece of information her Irishness had dismissed the whole of Mrs. Jones's circle; and she takes this method of informing them that she is at home, and will be happy to have them call again.

"Congress has appropriated \$250,000 for the relief of the sufferers by the Charleston fire."—*Richmond (Virginia) Paper.*

"THIS brings to mind an incident that once occurred in the African church in our town. There was a pretty heavy debt against the meeting-house, and the minister had preached a sermon on the subject, urging each member to contribute liberally to its liquidation. He closed his discourse by saying that he would call out by name each member present, and hoped they would respond liberally. Now on the front seat nearest the pulpit sat old Harkey Lyvers, who made his living by carting—his horse being on the crow-bait order, and provoking 'caws' from the boys whenever he appeared in harness.

"And now," said the preacher, 'Brudder Harkey, how much 'll you give?'

"Ten dollas, Sah!" said Harkey.

"One of the sisters, who sat on a back seat, on hearing the answer, called out, 'Look'ee here, Hark-ey! *whar you git de money?*'"

THE report of M. Dumas, Member of the French Institute, on the Exposition of French Industry, has been "done into English" for the benefit of a manufacturer of blacking, whose article is highly spoken of. We make an extract:

"The service done by Messrs. Jacquand is real. One does perceive it the better when one does consider his ef-

fects on the less comfortable orders of the population, on those for which there are not little economies and on which it is of a great importance to spread habits of cleanliness, which conduct to the self-consideration and which announce at the man who observes them, the sentiment of his dignity. The jury confers on Messrs. Jacquand a medal of bronze."

"OUR little Nellie had learned that the right hand was used for action; and in the midst of her play with a friend who had come to see her, she cried out, 'Ma! ma! Eliza has got her right hand on the left side!'"

"JOSEY, our little boy, being rather remiss in his Sunday-school lessons, the teacher remarked, 'Why, Josey, you have not a very good memory, have you?' 'No, ma'am,' said he, hesitating; 'but I have got a first-rate *forgettery*!'"

A SECESSION minister comes into the store kept by a Quaker, and talks loudly against the country, until the Broadbrim tells him he must stop or leave the store. The clerical brawler keeps on, till the Quaker tells him he will put him out of the store if he does not go out.

"What!" exclaimed the minister, "I thought you Quakers did not fight?"

"The sanctified do not fight, but I have not been sanctified yet; and I will put thee out of the store in a minute!"

The minister fled from before the wicked Quaker.

IN good old times, when the goats were allowed to browse in Trinity Church-yard, the rector was preaching of a warm summer day on the sheep and the goats of Scripture. Being longer than usual in his discourse, the sexton fell asleep after hearing the most of the sermon. Just as he went off into a snooze, a billy-goat walked into church and up the broad aisle. The rector, annoyed at the sexton's inattention, spoke out:

"Sexton, put out that goat!"

The bewildered sexton started up, and just recalling the subject, cried, "Yes, yes, Sir! Which *one*, Sir?"

The rector was put out, and very soon the people were.

DE BOW, the editor of the Review that bore his name, and which has done so much to deceive the country in respect to Southern productions and policy, is not so distinguished for personal beauty as the Apollo Belvidere. Colonel Thorpe, who has lived twenty years in Louisiana, and has often seen him, tells a story of him that belongs to the Drawer.

The annual mask ball at the St. Charles, in New Orleans, had gathered the beauty and chivalry of the Southwest. When supper was announced toward morning, the guests were required to lay aside their masks before going into the supper-room. As De Bow was entering, one of the managers stopped him and said, "You must take off your mask, Sir."

"What!" said the reviewer.

"Your mask," said the manager, touching the ugly man's forehead, and discovering to his horror that what he took for a disguise was the best face the poor man had.

THE quiet humor of Ex-President Buchanan has been frequently illustrated; but here is a sample of it that has not been in type. Just after he

was elected to the Presidency, and before he went to Washington, he received a letter from four young scamps, college boys, who thought it smart to write to him and solicit the chief appointments under government for themselves, referring to several distinguished persons for testimony to their fitness. They did not expect a reply, but the fit took the old gentleman, and he wrote to them that the offices they desired were already engaged, but he had found places just suited to their capacities, and they could enter on them immediately as pupils in the Massachusetts *Asylum for Idiots*!

WHILE the present Major-General Polk, in the Southern army, was in his more appropriate calling as Bishop in Louisiana, he was traveling, and had to put up for the night at a tavern near the river. The landlord told him that the beds were all engaged for a number of boatmen who would be in during the night. Wearied with his journey the preacher said he would sleep till they came, and turned in. His nap was short. A rough fellow, feeling along in the dark, laid hands suddenly on the Bishop, and sang out, "I say, stranger, this is my bed, and if you get it you must fight for it."

This was not very alarming to the Bishop, who had had a military education, and now waking up to a sense of his situation replied: "Before you strike in the dark feel of my arm here, and now my chest." And the boatman did as he was told, growing more and more nervous as he pursued his examination, till he became satisfied there was a formidable foe on hand, and then he excused himself by saying, "I rather think, stranger, you can have this bed."

The Bishop always did belong to the Church Militant, and it was only returning to his first love when he sold himself, body and soul, to the Southern rebellion.

JUDGE UNDERWOOD, of Georgia, has often been honored with a place in the Drawer. The Judge was holding court in the Cherokee district, when log-houses were the only dwellings, and things generally were in a state of nature. It was in the fall, when chestnuts and chincapins were in abundance: the lawyers, witnesses, jurors, spectators, constables, every body were eating them in court and out. The Judge wished to maintain something like decency in court, and tired of the ceaseless crack, crack that smote his ears, he at last was provoked to say, "Gentlemen, I am glad to see you all with such wonderful appetites. There is certainly no danger of starvation so long as the chestnuts and chincapins last. I have, however, one request to make of those who compose the juries. I am unable, in the present condition of affairs, to distinguish one body from the other. I must therefore beg the grand jurors to confine themselves to chestnuts, and the petit jurors to chincapins!"

"NIGGER wit," says a Rochester correspondent of the Drawer, "is seldom seen to better advantage than it was in our town a few days ago. A darkey named Pete got a five-dollar counterfeit bill, and taking some friends to a lager beer saloon treated them to the extent of forty cents, passed the bill, and got the change. The Dutchman soon found the bill was bad, and overhauling Pete, charged him with passing counterfeit money. Pete expressed great surprise, said he knew where he got the bill, and would take it and get a good one for it. This was agreed to; but day after day passed and Pete

did not bring back the money. The Dutchman overhauled him again, and Pete said the man who gave it to him was now trying to get it back on the man *he* took it from. The Dutchman was furious, and threatened to have him taken up for passing counterfeit money. 'Guess you couldn't do that,' said Pete; 'can't took up a man for passing counterfeit money, when *you hain't got de bill!*'

"This was a new idea to Mr. Lagerbeer, and Pete comforted him by paying him a dollar and a half of the change, as he said 'goin' halves' with him in the loss on the V."

THE "presiding elder" of our district is very long-winded, and last Sunday he went on and on in his sermon till Brother Griffin, who sat in the pulpit behind him, was tired out. As soon as the elder sat down, Brother G. rose and gave out to sing:

"Long have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
And yet how weak my faith is found,
And *knowledge of thy word!*"

The elder groaned, and the people sang with a realizing sense of the fitness of the words.

"OBEY orders if you break owners" is a good old rule. Major Dubisson, a plethoric old gentleman in Florida, with plenty of dark-complected servants about him, was greatly afflicted with nightmare. He took one of his best boys, a smart little negro, to sleep in his bedchamber, and charged him strictly if he (his master) should be distressed in his sleep, to seize him by the first place he could find, and not to let go on any account until he waked up and turned over. Sure enough, master began to groan. The little nigger sprang to his head, caught him by his famous red nose, and held on for good.

"Let go! I'm awake!" roared the Major.

"Massa must turn over first. You told me to hold on till you turned over."

The Major was only too willing to turn over and get released from the grip; but the handle of his face showed the marks of the little nigger's fingers for a day or two.

FROM Iowa we have the following very amusing scene:

"Two lawyers in this State, bearing the same name, are so unlike in figure and stature that they are called General Dillon and Little Dillon. The General is six feet six in his boots, and as well proportioned as Frank Granger, of your own State, was said to be. Little Dillon is so small that he could not enlist if he would, for he comes below the regimental regulation pattern. The other day in Court they were on opposite sides, and while the General was speaking and making great sport of the arguments of the counsel on the other side, Little Dillon got very much excited, and at last springing up, began to pommel the General in the rear. The tall and stalwart lawyer looked around and *down*, and asked, very blandly,

"What's going on?"

"Fighting, to be sure," replied Little D., 'fighting, Sir.'

"Oh, is that all?" said the General, and proceeded with the argument while his little antagonist continued to take his satisfaction by pounding the Hercules, who seemed quite insensible to his blows."

"Our railroad is a slow coach," writes a Southern correspondent. "Going along at the usual speed of six or eight miles an hour, we came to a dead

halt: several passengers left the cars and went to climbing the trees by the side of the track. I asked the conductor what they were after."

"Grapes," he answered.

"Why," said I, "is it possible you stop whenever the passengers wish to get some grapes?"

"Oh, certainly!" said he; "this is the *accommodation* train!"

IN Saratoga County, New York, an old farmer—an old hunk he was—got out a warrant, and had four boys taken up for stealing a lot of good-for-nothing pine-knots, which they wanted to use for torches when they went by night to spear eels. The boys induced a lawyer named Bothersome to get them off if possible. The case was a plain one, and it was clear that the Justice would send the boys to jail and fine them for the property. The lawyer went on to say:

"I want every word of my plea to be written down by your honor. I demur and shall put in a plea of *Debonis Aspertatus*, with matter that requires a plea of *Liberum Tenementum*" (by this time the squire's pen dropped); "and I specially demur on the ground that it insufficiently describes the *Locus in quo*, and demand a judgment of *Respondius Ouster* with a *Remittiter*."

The old farmer was frightened, and cried out, "I withdraw the case." The Justice was confounded, and dismissed it.

"COULD the authoress of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' have heard the following sweeping criticism, sustained by so conclusive an argument, she would probably have saved herself the trouble of writing her 'Key,' and given up the task as hopeless. It was uttered in perfectly good faith, and with an evident feeling that the speaker had made a 'smashing' point. Soon after 'Uncle Tom' was published I was going down the Mississippi River. The book came up for discussion. Listening to the debate was a man who had informed us that he was once an overseer in Louisiana, but was now living in Southern Illinois. After quietly listening for some time, this Egyptian oracle spoke with the conscious power of knowledge: 'I know "Uncle Tom's" a lie, and I allays knowed it; fur I knowed a man that knowed Mister Shelby, of Kentucky, and Mister Shelby told that man that he never had no such nigger as Uncle Tom.'"

"BETSEY ANN WRIGHT is a great woman's-rights woman. She can talk down any orthodox minister in the village who thinks that women have all the rights that any body has, and if they want to do any thing more than they are doing now they had better do it, and not be making an everlasting fuss about it.

"Betsey was in our house the other day, blazing away at me at a great rate; and as I am one of the Friends, and we never fight, I let her go on, in hopes that she would soon be tired out and would quit. While she was in the height of the argument her little daughter came in, and said,

"Mother, come home as quick as ever you can! Father has come in, and wants some clean clothes, and says he never can find any thing when he wants it; he says he wishes the women would mind their own business!"

"Friend Betsey," said I, 'it was in my mind to make a few observations in reply to your views, but this message from thy husband expresses all that I could have said. I wish thee well!'



SMALL wits are great talkers, as empty barrels and shallow streams make the most noise. It has been said that the smaller the calibre of the mind, the greater the *bore* of a perpetually open mouth. "I talk a good deal, but I talk well," said one of these men to Cardinal Richelieu. "Half of that is true," said the Cardinal.

"I can not imagine," said Alderman Homes, "why my whiskers should turn gray so much sooner than the hair of my head." "Because you have worked so much more with your jaws than your brains," observed a friend, with more wit than manners.

MONKEYS are scarce in Michigan. A saddler in Detroit kept one for a pet who usually sat on the counter. A countryman came in one day, the proprietor being in a back room. The customer seeing a saddle that suited him, asked the price.

Monkey said nothing.

Customer said, "I'll give you twenty dollars for it," which monkey shoved into the drawer as soon as the man laid it down. The man then took the saddle, but monkey mounted the man, tore his hair, scratched his face, and the frightened customer screamed for dear life. Proprietor rushes in and wants to know what's the fuss.

"Fuss?" said the customer, "fuss? I bought a saddle of your son settin' there, and when I went to take it he won't let me have it!"

The saddler apologized for the monkey, but assured him that he was no relation.

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"THE Rev. Mr. W—— was a preacher in Monticello, in your State, but the society being not of sufficient size to maintain a whole minister, he preached one Sunday in Monticello, one in Rockland, and one in another adjacent town. In going to Rockland he had to go over the turnpike, and he noticed there the frequent inquiring looks of the gate-keeper, who proved to be a Yankee in every sense of the word, but said nothing, until one day, when the keeper was making change, he turned to the minister and said,

"I thought, mister, some time when you was going this way, I would ask you what your business is, and what your name is."

"Well," replied the minister, "some time when I *am* coming this way, and you have leisure, you had better ask me."

"I SEND you two or three items from St. Louis, rather a sober city just now. They are strictly true, and if you can fix them up so that your readers can tell where the laugh comes in, they may be worthy of a place:

"A friend—a river man, whose occupation is gone by reason of the war and blockade—has a small black republican chattel, of about eight, wiry, lithe, and oh! *so* black! She was sent to the corner grocery. The dealer inquired, 'Is your master doin' any thin' now?' 'Yes, 'm.' 'What's he doin'?' 'Well, he's a workin'.' 'What does he work at?' 'Well, *sometime he helps misses git supper!*' She thought she was smart, and told of it when she came home."



ON A RAILROAD TRAIN.



TEN MILES AN HOUR.

From the moment when we turn our backs on the half-way house, toil over the hill, and descend into the valley of old age, we are astonished to find how space and bulk seem to have diminished. The street which we remember in our youth so broad and imposing has shrunk into a close alley; the river has become a ditch, the square a hen-walk, and the stately mansion which we once looked upon with awe a dwarfed hut which we now feel bound to despise.

Our views seem to grow wider as we grow older, our desires less simple, and we wonder how we could ever have been happy while so cabined, cribbed, and confined. We laugh at the humble pleasures of our grandfathers, and are ready to welcome any toy that is startling and new. We throw ourselves into the arms of competing railway companies, because they can give us excitement, novelty, and change. As the rocking-horse is to the infant, as the pony or the flying swing is to the youth, so is the railroad train to the man. He enters it for a few pence, and swifter than the genii bore Aladdin from city to city, he is carried from town to country, or from country to town. Clerk, merchant, servant, sportsman, or sweep can cling to the long tail of the fiery steed, and ride rough-shod over the laws of time and space. What kings have sighed for, what poets have dreamed of, what martyrs may have been burned for predicting the coming of, is now as common as black-

berries. The magic Bronze Horse is now snorting at every man's door. He is a fine animal, if only properly managed, and may be driven by a child; but woe upon you if you let him break the reins. He has battered down stone walls; hurled hundreds over precipices; but he has also joined mother to son, husband to wife, brother to sister, friend to friend. He has cheapened food, and fire, and clothing for rich and poor; he has made many a death-bed happy, and many a wedding-party glad.

Let us peep inside one of these trains, and take a few portraits of the travelers as they sit in a row.

The magic Bronze Horse has slackened his speed, and the long tail of carriages is dragging along at the rate of ten miles an hour. The young gentleman in the corner grows weary of a few minutes' delay, even though it may save him from a damaging collision, for he has been born in an age of high-pressure speed, and has fed upon express trains almost from his cradle. His gaping has a sympathetic effect upon the female a little farther up on the same side, and they both yawn in unison.

The second traveler, nursing his hat with a painful expression of face, has fixed his eyes on an advertising placard stuck on the roof of the carriage. This placard gives a picture of a man suffering from violent *tic douloureux*, and tells the passengers where they may apply for an infallible remedy. This mode of advertising is dismal but effective, and as the

traveler gives an unconscious imitation of the picture with his agonized face, he inwardly resolves to become a customer for the remedy.

The next passenger, with the bald head and the drawn down cheeks, is one of those deceptive men whom you meet with in every society. He looks like a banker, a manager of an insurance company, or a lecturer upon political economy. You suppose him to be a perfect cyclopædia of exact information—a man who has no end of statistics in his shiny head, and you assume that his taciturnity is the result of deep thought on some of the great problems of existence. You will be surprised to learn that he lives upon the severity of his appearance, and is nothing more than a head-waiter at a sea-side tavern.

The sour-looking old gentleman, twiddling his thumbs at the farther end of the carriage, whose broad hat nearly shuts out our view of the drifting shower, has no business in a train of pleasure. He has joined the company at a side station on the road, and is going to get out at another side station to dun some poor tenants for back rent. This may be a very necessary thing to do, but a holiday train is hardly the proper vehicle to help him to do it.

We are now all fond of fast trains. At first, indeed, we regarded them with distrust, and entered them timidly; we held our breath as we listened to the quick puffing of the engine, and saw fields and mountains, trees and animals, apparently rushing past us. We shuddered as we dashed through a tunnel or clattered over a bridge. Every mad shriek of the whistle sounded to us like an explosion; ev-

ery jolt was an overturn. But by-and-by we found that we could hold our breath and keep our seats, no matter what our speed. Familiarity breeds contempt. We learned to despise slow trains. Ten miles an hour was a bore and a nuisance. We demanded twenty or thirty at least; and when we read that in England a mile a minute was frequently attained, we set down our railways as "slow coaches," quite "behind the times." We accepted forty miles an hour only provisionally, and under protest. Short of that, how could we breakfast at New York and sup at Niagara? or avoid wasting a week between Boston and St. Louis? Life was really quite too short, and we had too much to do, to jog along at a slow rate. Let us have a mile a minute.

The pace changes, and the magic Bronze Horse is tearing along at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

The old gentleman upon another seat leans on his umbrella, and blinks as he feels his cheeks buffeted by the fresh air, laden as it is with the scent of new hay. The young woman next to him, who is running down on a flying visit to her mother, nurses her plump boy, and tells him to look out for grandma over the hills. The cheerful passenger at her side draws his face into a hundred wrinkles as he watches the trees, stations, and churches whirling past the window; the fat gentleman laughs, and shakes like a jelly, as he proves the speed by his substantial watch; and the Jewish-looking gentleman in the corner settles down into a self-satisfied smirk, as he feels that he is getting the fullest value for his ticket.



FIFTY MILES AN HOUR.

It would be an endless task to pass from car to car, and from seat to seat, noting all their occupants. Here is the good lady who is making her first trip. Her destination is two hundred miles beyond; but at every stop she is quite sure that this must be her stopping-place, and between stations she is always asking the conductor if he is quite sure that we have not passed "Mud Hollow Station." There is the young woman who has a "ticket through," with baggage duly checked; she knows that somebody will be waiting for her at the end of the route, and that all will be right when she gets there. So she gives no trouble to herself or any body else; but divides her time between her lunch-basket and the last Magazine. A very sensible young lady that—so thinks the conductor—though this is her first long journey alone; and he takes special care, whenever cars are changed, to see that she is on board the right one. Leaving these and a score more of the like characters, we will note a few passengers whose types we are sure to meet on every train.

Upon one seat we are amused by the Agreeable Man. He knows the name of every station we pass, how far it is from town, and what it is famous for. He has traveled a good deal on railways, and is full of anecdotes. He advises some of the passengers where to go for a comfortable dinner. He pulls



THE AGREEABLE MAN.

up the window to oblige the ladies, and is particular in asking how high he shall fix it. He carries a number of traveling appliances with him, some of the most ingenious kind, and is never without a pocket cork-screw. He even carries a shoe-horn inclosed in a leathern case, a folding cap in a pouch, and a few sweet lozenges to please the children. He is always ready to listen to a story or to make a joke, and to take advantage of any thing he may meet with on the journey.



THE DISAGREEABLE MAN.

The Disagreeable Man sits with his good-humored wife by his side, and has been sulking ever since the train started. The Disagreeable Man is not happy in his mind. He thinks every town much finer than the one he is going to; every day much pleasanter than the one he is traveling on; and every carriage much more comfortable than the one he is sitting in. His round-faced pleasant wife tries to persuade him that every thing is for the best, but he is not open to conviction.

As we draw near our journey's end we peep into another carriage, and find there a most obtrusive traveler. We can give him no better title than the Cheap Swell, because he is a Frankenstein raised by the cheap tailor. He

looks like a living advertisement for "popular" dress and jewelry; for colored shirts with Greek names; for the latest style of cheap coat, and the latest extravagance in cheap trowsers. He smokes a bad, rank, cheap cigar, in preference to an honest pipe, and smokes it regardless of ladies or fellow-passengers. He lives for appearance, for external show, for seeming what he is not, and comes to the country chiefly to astonish villagers with his town manners. He firmly believes that he will marry an heiress of unbounded wealth, who will dote upon his turned-up nose and tobacco-scented hair.

Facing this cheap swell are two females, one young and the other middle-aged, who may be distinguished by the title of the Two Bottles. They are mother and daughter; but while the old lady is stout, flushed, vulgar, and not above carrying the meat and beer-bottle, the youngest wears tight kid gloves, a Eugénie hair front, and refreshes herself now and then with a sniff of Eau-de-Cologne. The old lady has given her daughter a showy education, with a view of making her a "better woman than her mother," and has only produced a piece of affected gentility—almost as repulsive as the cheap swell—who thinks herself too good for her company. She will marry the cheap swell, or somebody like him: each thinking the other to be the possessor of a for-



THE CHEAP SWELL.

tune. He will become a "Gift Enterprise" advertiser, or engage in some other disreputable business. She will grow as stout and vulgar as her mother, and not half as honest.

These are only a few of the commonplace passengers—amiable and unamiable, grateful and ungrateful—who ride on the magic Bronze Horse day after day.



THE TWO BOTTLES.



Fashions for March.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*

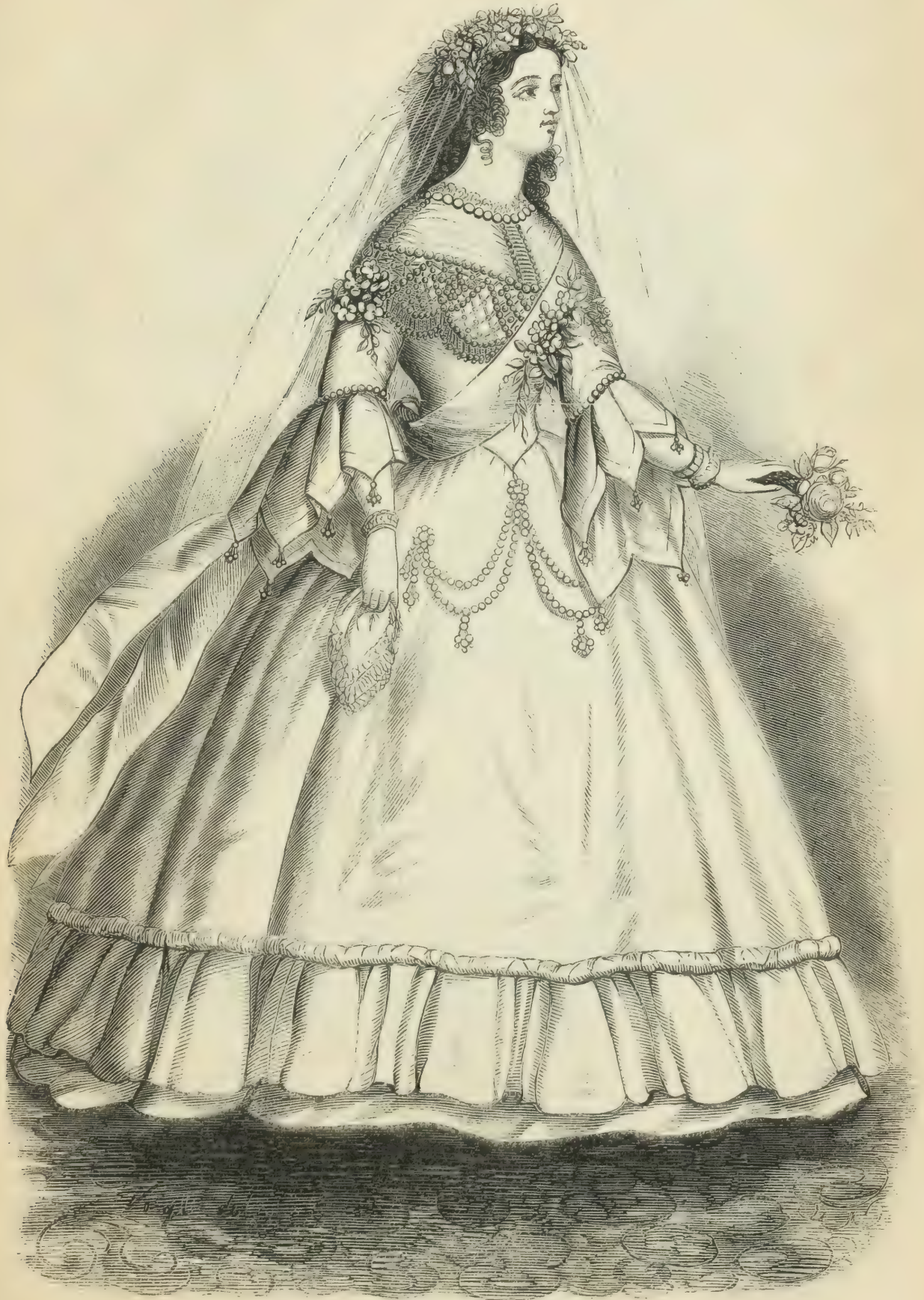


FIGURE 1.—BRIDAL TOILET.



FIGURE 2.—UNDRESS JACKET.

THE BRIDAL TOILET which we illustrate is really very simple, though the general effect is highly ornate. The chief trimming is composed of a *berthe*, with loops of pearl beads and flowers. The wreath is of orange-flowers and white moss-rose buds; these are arranged in clusters upon the shoulders and on the scarf. The scarf is of white taffeta, worn flat. The dress is also of taffeta.

The UNDRESS JACKET is a pleasing example of this favorite article of attire, which seems to gain instead of losing in the estimation of the public. The one which we illustrate is of mauve-colored merino, with a *passanterie* of velvet. The lace frill is a marked feature in this style; and is worthy of special note.

The UNDER-SLEEVE, Figure 3, is quite novel in character, being composed of lace so folded that the alternations present a shell-like effect.—Figure 4 is intended to be *en suite* with the illustrations of a marine character which we furnished last month.



FIGURE 3.—SHELL UNDER-SLEEVE.



FIGURE 4.—MARINE UNDER-SLEEVE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXLIII.—APRIL, 1862.—VOL. XXIV.



PAMBOOKAT'S COTTAGE.

PAMBOOKAT:—A FAIRY TALE OF THE MALAYS.

ONCE upon a time there lived on the banks of the Asahan, a river of Sumatra, a young fisherman whose name was Pambookat. The parents of Pambookat died before he arrived at the age of manhood, and had bequeathed to their son a cottage, a rood of ground, a net, and a small boat. The young man, who was of an industrious habit and cheerful disposition, alternately cultivated his ground and fished with his net, and so managed to obtain a tolerable liveli-

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hood. Thus he lived for several months after his parents' death, and thus he would have continued to live, doubtless, had not a near neighbor, whose name was Risau, cast an eye of longing on his little possessions. Risau was wealthy, but covetous, and having many servants ready to obey his commands, came one day, while poor Pambookat was absent upon the river, pulled down his cabin, destroyed his fences, burned the greater part of his rude furniture, and uprooted every plant in his garden. When the fisherman returned at night, and saw the desolation which had been spread during his absence, he was sorely grieved. But what could he do? A pitying neighbor told him who had been the aggressor, and Pambookat felt that in a contest with an antagonist so powerful he could obtain no redress. So he gathered together what little remnant of property had escaped the notice of the spoiler, placed it in his boat, and sailed down the river he knew not whither. In about half an hour's time he arrived at the mouth of the stream, and fastening his boat to the projecting roots of a tree that protruded from the bank, he drew his cloak around him, covered himself with the sail, and went to sleep.

It was broad day when Pambookat awoke. The sun was shining brightly, and the breeze was setting in from the sea. He sat up and reflected on his situation. Suddenly he heard a twittering noise, and, looking up, beheld a white bird, in shape like a dove, with scarlet feet and a blue bill, which was apparently tied to a bough overhead. The bird was evidently in pain, and the heart of Pambookat was moved to pity. With much difficulty he managed to climb the tree and release the bird, which immediately flew away. This done, he descended and put out to sea, where he made several casts

with his net. Fortune favored him, and he caught a goodly number of fine fish. These he took to a village not far from the mouth of the river, and there sold. By this means he obtained his breakfast, and was enabled to hire an apartment in the cottage of an old man named Bareeda. Here he dwelt for several months, and by industry and frugality managed somewhat to mend his fortune.

One evening, as he was returning from his daily labor with his net on his shoulder, he met with a beautiful lady, who called him by name. Seeing by her manner and dress that she was of high rank, Pambookat bowed, and awaited her commands.

"Pambookat!" said the lady, "you once did me a service, though you know it not, and I am come to repay you. The bird tied to a bough on the bank of the Asahan was myself. I am a fairy, and my name is Pundapatan. My bitter enemy, Gurgasi, a goblin of great power, had overcome me, and succeeded in changing me to a bird, in which condition I would be forced to remain until I should be released by our good queen, Salidik. Though we fairies in our own condition do not suffer death, yet we partake of the condition of the animals into which we change ourselves, or are changed by others. Had I died in such a state, being deprived of my immortality, I should have been utterly annihilated. To secure such a catastrophe, Gurgasi fastened me to the bough of a tree, intending that I should starve to death. There it was that you first saw me. Your heart was touched with pity at my forlorn condition and you released me. I know of your distresses, occasioned by the wickedness of Risau. I am here expressly to save you. Take this iron ring which will just fit your finger. Travel from here to the great kingdom of Zanguebar, in order to seek your fortune. When you need me rub that ring, utter the word 'Keraña!' and I will at once place myself at your command. Do not fear to ask me any favor when I appear, however apparently impossible."

After these words the fairy vanished; and Pambookat, after musing for a few moments upon the extraordinary communication he had just received, made his way to the house.

The next day the young man, having determined to heed the counsel of the fairy, sold his boat and net, and took passage in a prau which was bound for Zanguebar. He arrived at the chief city



PAMBOOKAT AND THE FAIRY.

of that kingdom on the seventh day, and took lodgings at the house of a loquacious old fellow by the name of Petak. From his host he learned that the Princess Elok, who was the eldest daughter of the King, was soon to be married to Prince Moodah, the only son and heir of Mulya the Magnificent, who reigned over the kingdom of Yemen. The old man told him farther that the goblin Gurgasi had desired her hand, but that King Kochak, who was surnamed the Arrogant, had spurned his suit with disdain. On this account the goblin, with an apparently whimsical malice, had carried off every tailor and seamstress in the kingdom. At first this was laughed at by all but the immediate friends and relatives of the abducted people as a very silly sort of revenge; but as its reason became gradually apparent, men ceased even to smile. In truth, the robbery, at that juncture, became a matter of serious annoyance. It was necessary to provide the Princess and her large array of bridesmaids with new and appropriate robes; and the King, in order to add effect to her marriage festivities, desired to reclothe his entire army. Then the courtiers and wealthy citizens were anxious to display new and costly dresses in honor of the joyful occasion. All this was now impossible, and the beggarly appearance of the court and people, with their old and shabby dresses, would be a source of amusement to the well-dressed lords who were expected in the train of the bridegroom.

Pambookat listened attentively to the account, and then asked what would be done for him who would extricate the King from his dilemma, and the kingdom from the impending mortification.

"Without doubt," replied the old man, "the King would reward him greatly, and he would become the chief subject of the kingdom. But it is scarcely possible, unless Gurgasi speedily relents, to make over two hundred thousand new dresses in the course of one month, at the end of which time the Prince will arrive. It has been proposed to offer the young and beautiful princess, Manjalis, the sister of Elok, to the goblin as a wife; but she has beseeched her father not to give her up to Gurgasi, who has but one eye, and that on the top of his forehead—has a long, thin nose, shaped like a radish—and is still more disfigured by two fangs which grow out of his under jaw and curl upward."

"Is the Princess Manjalis so handsome, then?" inquired Pambookat.

"She is as beautiful as a lily in the water," was the reply; "and so amiable that she is beloved by all her attendants, who almost worship her."

"I should like to see this wonderful beauty," said Pambookat.

"Nothing more easy," replied Petak. "Although I am an ordinary subject of the King, yet my sister, who is bedridden in the house, was the nurse of the Princess, who visits her weekly. To-morrow is her day for coming. Remain at home, and I will pass you off as my bond-servant. She always lays aside her veil

during her visits, and you will have an opportunity to behold her. But if she ask you any questions, remember to answer that you are my slave, lest otherwise you get both yourself and me into serious difficulty."

Pambookat remained at home on the following day, and the Princess came as the old man had said. When she saw Pambookat she would have retained her veil, but learning that the young man was one of the household, she removed it. Pambookat was struck with her beauty, and quite bewildered with the excess of her charms. Manjalis entered into conversation with the old man, and displayed so much wit and sense that she completed the conquest already begun. She seemed no less struck by the manner and appearance of the supposed slave, and entered into conversation with him, asking him numerous questions concerning his native place, his age, and how he came into such a condition, to all of which he answered so as to confirm the representations of Petak. She soon began to conceive a warm affection for him, but, after the manner of a prudent young maiden, endeavored to conceal it. Afterward she visited her nurse's chamber, where she remained during some time, and then departed, leaving Pambookat dissatisfied with a condition which interposed barriers between him and the object of his love.

Every week the visit was repeated, and on the day when the Princess was expected Pambookat remained at home. Thus passed away three weeks. On the fourth time that he met her the young fisherman observed that the Princess wore a very sad countenance, and ventured to inquire if she were ill.

"No, good Pambookat," answered the Princess, with a sad smile. "I am well enough, but I share the chagrin which my father and the whole court feel, as they reflect on the for-



PAMBOOKAT AND THE PRINCESS.

lorn appearance they will make at the coming nuptials of my sister with Prince Moodah; and I am sad for myself, since they propose to summon that hateful goblin, Gurgasi, and to bribe him with my hand to return all those people whom he now keeps imprisoned in a great cavern of Mount Caucasus. If he accedes, how shall I resist? Have I not cause for sadness at a prospect so fearful?"

"And what would you do for the man who would save you from your threatened disaster?" inquired Pambookat.

"I would give him any thing in my power to bestow," answered the Princess.

"Even if I were he?" questioned the young man.

Manjalis flushed, and dropped her veil. "You are only a slave," she replied; "and the King, my father, would never consent."

"But if he would?" persisted Pambookat.

Manjalis said nothing; but plucking a rosebud from a vase which stood by, dropped it at his feet, and, turning, sought the apartment of her old nurse. When she came out she looked anxiously around the apartment, but Pambookat was gone.

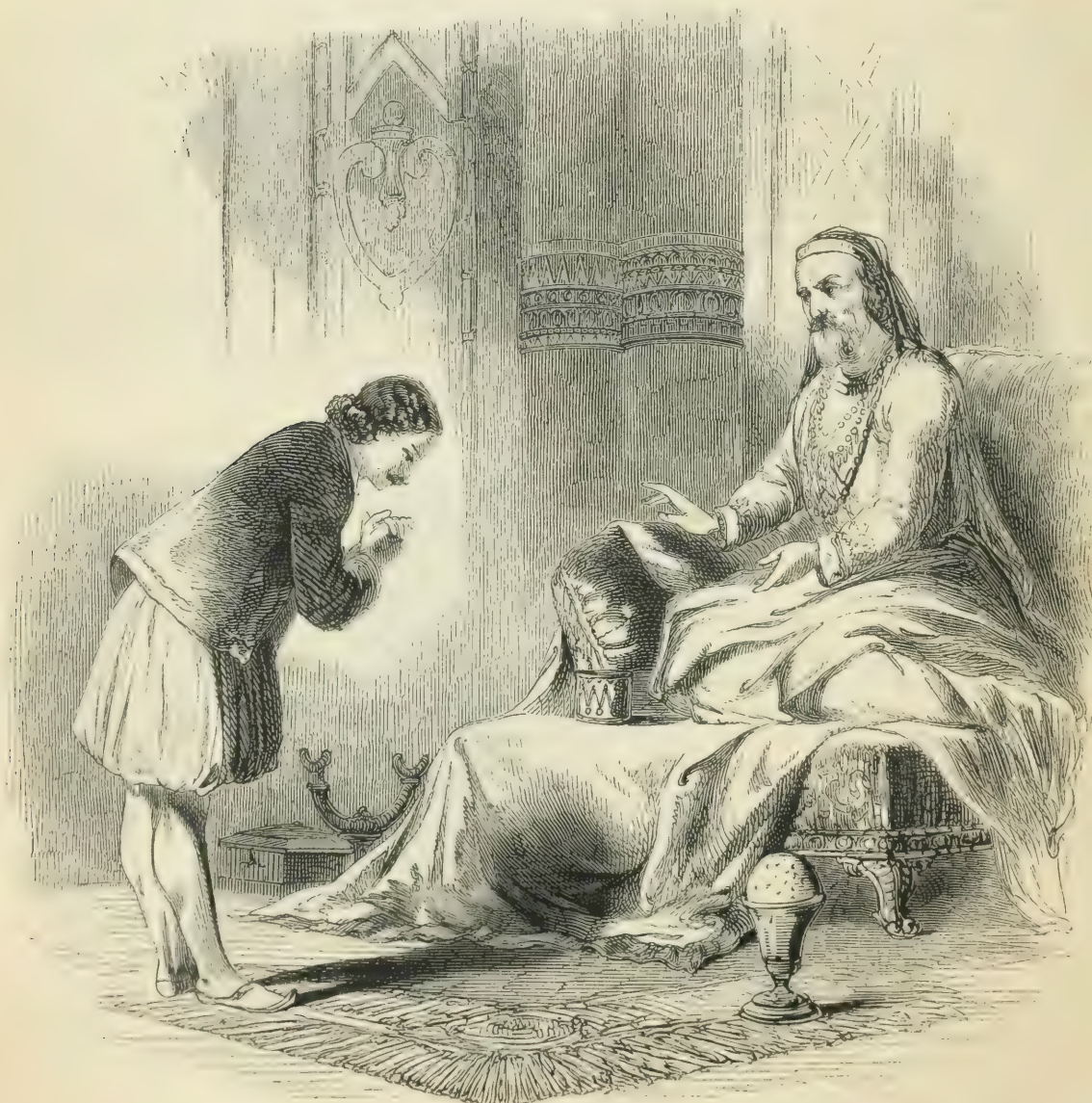
The next morning, at a public audience given by the King, there appeared a young man in humble dress who desired to have an interview with his Majesty, apart from all others. Kochak looked amazed at the bold request, and scrutinized the applicant closely. But as he saw nothing sinister in the aspect of Pambookat—for it was he who made the demand—he consented. When the *pungadupan*, or presence-chamber, was cleared of all but the guard, who remained at the extremity of the apartment, the monarch commanded the other to speak.

"O King!" said Pambookat, prostrating himself on the *purmadani*, or carpet, which was in front of the throne, "I propose, with your royal permission, to prepare all the new clothing required by your royal daughters and their attendants, your army, your courtiers, and your chief citizens, before the arrival of Prince Moodah."

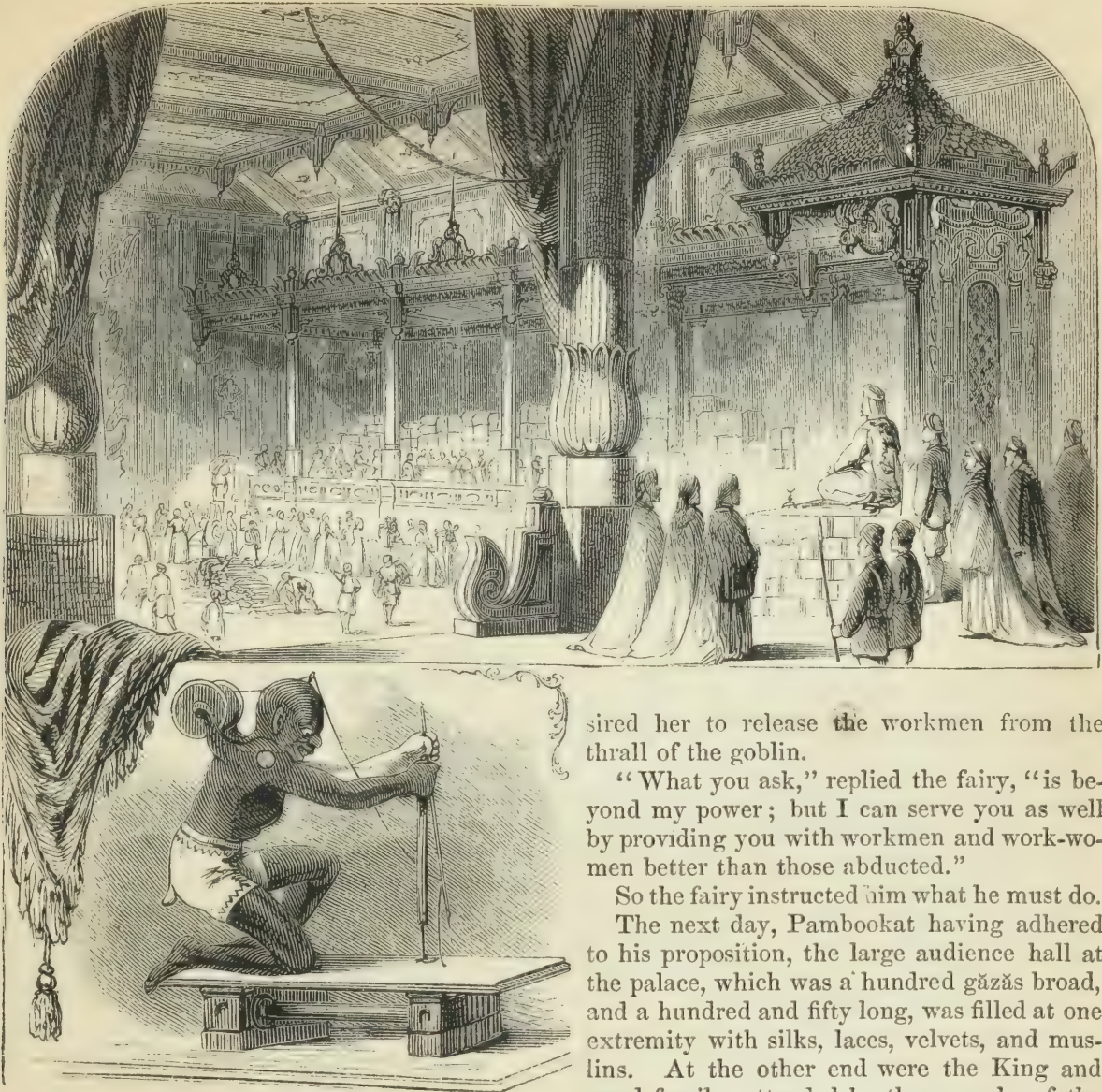
"Well," said the King, laughing, "this is a modest proposition truly."

"On my head be it," was the reply. "If I fail, let my life be forfeited. If I succeed—"

"You can name your own reward," interrupted Kochak; "but the proposition is preposter-



PAMBOOKAT AND THE KING.



THE SEWING GOBLIN.

ous. There is but a week's time, and all the tailors and seamstresses of which Gurgasi has deprived me could not now effect it. If I seek to obtain them back, it is only to deliver them from their sad condition, and to furnish my daughters and their immediate attendants with new robes. More than that is now impossible."

"Nevertheless, O King!" persisted Pambookat, "let me at least make the trial."

"So be it," said the King. "An apartment shall be assigned you in the palace; all the materials you require shall be furnished, and a thousand slaves, if you need them, placed at your disposal. But if you succeed, you are certainly the most wonderful of all tailors."

"May it please the King," replied Pambookat, "I am no tailor, but a fisherman."

"Worse and worse," said the monarch. "I give you leave to withdraw your proposition. You had better consider well, for if you undertake the matter and fail, you will lose your head."

"I will consult a friend, and answer your Majesty to-morrow," said Pambookat, and left the audience.

That night he summoned the fairy, and de-

sired her to release the workmen from the thrall of the goblin.

"What you ask," replied the fairy, "is beyond my power; but I can serve you as well by providing you with workmen and work-women better than those abducted."

So the fairy instructed him what he must do.

The next day, Pambookat having adhered to his proposition, the large audience hall at the palace, which was a hundred *gāzās* broad, and a hundred and fifty long, was filled at one extremity with silks, laces, velvets, and muslins. At the other end were the King and royal family, attended by the eunuchs of the *puradūan*, the guards, and the principal officers of the Court.

"I will show you, O King!" said Pambookat, "that the malice of Gurgasi is idle; for the fairy who is my friend has promised that the work required shall be done in time, and that your Majesty shall see it in progress."

"She promises well," said Kochak, stroking his *chumbang* as he spoke. "Let us see her perform."

Pambookat advanced into the centre of the room, and said, as he rubbed the ring on his finger, "*Keraña!*"

At the word there was a faint whirring noise, the floor of the palace opened, and the fairy Pundapatan arose, and made her obeisance to the King, who trembled, for he saw she was one of the *chundra*, or immortals.

Pundapatan waved her wand thrice, and stamped on the floor, when there arose ten square boxes made of *kayu-boodi*, or wisdom-wood, and each beautifully polished. She tapped each box with her wand, when they sunk again, but left in their stead ten young women with beautiful features, but pale of face and delicate of frame.

"O sisters of the needle!" said the fairy,

"obey her who called you to being, you and all your sisters of the needle!"

"To hear is to obey!" was the answer. Then the ten sisters stamped upon the floor, and before each of them arose ten black goblins, each of whom had one arm of iron and one of silver, and the silver arm had a needle in its fingers. Singular to say, the needle bore its thread near the point instead of at the head, and was fed from a great roll of thread on the goblin's shoulder. Each of the young women suddenly seized silk, velvet, or muslin, as happened to come the nearest, and cutting it the required shape, gave it to one of the goblins, and so continued to do. The goblins began to sew with the rapidity of lightning, and garment after garment was completed to the great wonder of the spectators. Still the work went on, long after the King and Court had retired—robe, gown, baju, sikapan, kabayu, jubah, and sacotar accumulated in high piles; and thousands of slaves were kept busy, hour after hour, in removing these and distributing them among those for whom they were destined.

At length the nuptial-day arrived—all the required garments had been provided—and when the Prince Moodah arrived, and rode into the city with his train, his followers wondered at the splendid dresses of the people, and declared that so much costly and elegant apparel had never before been seen, not even at the Court of Mulya the Magnificent.

After the nuptials were over King Kochak sent for Pambookat, and after presenting him with the most splendid robe wrought by the goblins, and girding a costly *padang*, or sword, to his side, caused the royal *bundara*, or treasurer, to pay him a thousand pieces of gold, and asked him to name any reward he chose for his great service.

"O King, live forever!" said Pambookat, prostrating himself on the purmadani. "I ask the hand of your second daughter, the Princess Manjalis."

"Truly," replied the King, "my word is pledged, and shall be kept. But you had better demand her younger sister, for it is an ancient law of the realm that he who marries the first or second daughter of the King, unless he be a king or a king's son, shall be put to death upon the day of his nuptials, and I will not repeal the law."

Pambookat departed to his home in great grief, and summoned the fairy. She bade him go to the kingdom of Yemen, which would further his happiness, and with those words she vanished.

The young man prepared at once for his departure, and engaged passage with one Bajag, who passed for an honest trader, but whose vessel was in reality a piratical prau, and himself a leader of a band of *orang-laut*, or pirates, who made descents upon the neighboring coasts and carried off much booty. As Pambookat had no choice, there being but the one vessel on the coast, he contracted with Bajag, who agreed, in

return for ten pieces of gold, to convey him to the chief sea-port of Yemen.

The night before his departure he walked out and stood before the King's palace. While there he heard a voice singing in an upper chamber, and knew it to be that of the Princess. The words of the *pantung*, or quatrain, that she sung, showed him that she was aware of his presence. They were these:

"If first you go, then seek for me
A leaf from the Kamboja-tree;
If first you die, then patient wait
For me at Paradise's gate."

The lattice opened when the song ceased, and a package fell at the feet of Pambookat. He opened it. There were inclosed a cinder and a feather, bound together with hair, which meant, in the language of lovers, "I burn for you. Take me, and fly." He took up a twig lying near and thrust it in the ground, signifying that she should wait and remain faithful, and then, after kissing his hand to her, departed.

The next morning Pambookat set sail with Bajag, and after ten days' sail arrived at the chief city of Yemen, where, in the character of a young man traveling for pleasure, he took lodgings at the house of an old man named Kullunggara.

The host of Pambookat was very curious and inquisitive concerning the origin of his guest, but the young man prudently kept his own counsel. Finding that he could learn nothing by direct queries, the old man then began to impart something: the next pleasure, after receiving information, being that of imparting it to others. Among other matters he mentioned that Galak the Ferocious, who reigned over the kingdom of Sind, had rebelled against King Mulya, to whom he had been tributary, and that the latter had been unable thus far to reduce his former vassal to subjection.

"But," said Pambookat, "I had always heard that Mulya was one of the most powerful of all monarchs. Has he not experienced generals, and a large army, and can he not overcome a country like Sind?"

"Nature fights for Galak," replied the other. "For between Yemen and Sind there lies a frightful desert which is a seven-days' journey in width. It is covered with a pestilential vapor, and those who are exposed to it more than twenty-four hours become so weakened and diseased that the greater part die at the close of their journey. So it has chanced that, of every army that has marched there, but few survived at the end of the journey, and those so weak that the troops of Galak easily overcame them."

"The King would doubtless well reward the man who could take an army safely to Sind?" said Pambookat.

"He has offered," replied the host, "to give the conqueror the throne of Sind, and to release him from all tribute. But now that four armies have been destroyed no one will venture."

"I could overcome Galak easily," said Pambookat.

Kullunggara was so overjoyed at having some-

thing to tell, that he forthwith repeated the remark of his lodger at the nearest *rumah-kahwah*, or coffee-house, from whence it traveled from mouth to mouth until it finally reached the King.

The next day after the arrival of Pambookat, a *pukkiriman*, or messenger, was sent to command the presence of the stranger in the royal palace. Pambookat thereupon arrayed himself in his robe of honor, thrust his sword in his belt, and set out to the palace of Mulya, where the *pungawals*, or guards, at once conducted him to the King, who was seated on his throne, surrounded by his viziers and the officers of the court. After the customary prostrations, Pambookat confessed, in reply to the question of the King, that he had made the remark attributed to him.

"Were I to take you at your word," said Mulya, "what security have I that the army which I might place at your orders would reach Sind in safety?"

"That is only to be seen by the event," replied Pambookat.

The King and his viziers conferred together, and at length Bijak, the chief vizier, spoke:

"His Majesty is pleased at your audacity," said he; "but know, O stranger! that he who aspires to combat with an enemy should give some tokens of courage and wisdom."

"It is just, O vizier!" replied Pambookat; "and I am ready to prove both."

Now there had been brought, the day before, from the forest where he had been captured, a huge tiger, who was then in a cage of iron in the court-yard of the palace. And Bijak proposed that Pambookat should enter the cage and confront the brute.

"I accept the task," said Pambookat; "and only ask to be left alone first for a moment in a chamber."

This was acceded to, though the courtiers smiled at his confidence, and predicted to each other that he would be speedily torn to pieces and devoured. However, so soon as he was

without witnesses, Pambookat summoned the fairy, and told her what he was expected to do. She waved her wand thrice, and stamping her foot there rose a fairy who seemed to be asleep, and who bore in her hand a flask of gold and a sponge, around which was wrapped a clean linen cloth.

"Take these," said the fairy. "As you enter the cage pour the contents of the flask on the sponge, wrap the cloth loosely around it, and before the animal can recover from his surprise apply it to his nostrils. He will become powerless for a few minutes, and you can do with him as you choose."

Having said this, the fairy and her attendant disappeared.

The guards now came and conducted Pambookat to the court-yard, where all the Court had assembled. Pambookat entered the cage, and the tiger, astounded at his audacity, crouched for a moment in a corner growling and lashing his sides with his tail; then he prepared to spring upon his prey. The young man followed the fairy's instructions, and just as the tiger was in the act of springing, thrust the sponge against the expanded nostrils of the beast. In an instant the limbs of the tiger relaxed, his eyes closed, and he lay motionless upon the ground. Pambookat opened and shut the tiger's jaws, thrust his hand between his teeth; and finally, seizing him by the tail, dragged him half way across the cage. Then drawing his kris he cut off a piece from the right ear of the brute, and tying his scarf around his fore-legs left the cage and presented himself before the King, who had looked with astonishment upon these proceedings.

"Doubtless," he said, as he knelt at the feet of the King, "none in your majesty's Court are inferior to me in boldness. Possibly, therefore, some one of the courtiers will return the tiger his ear, and ask him for my scarf in exchange."

But the tiger had now recovered, and was growling so fearfully with pain and rage that no one offered to comply with the request.



PAMBOOKAT AND THE TIGER.



THE LIGHTNING GOBLIN.

"The courage of the stranger is undoubted," said Bijak; "but to command in the field or to rule a conquered nation requires wisdom as well as boldness. We have sent a messenger a journey of forty leagues, and he has not yet returned. We would know if he has reached the Court of Bayik the Good, and if the Queen, who is the sister of our sovereign, has recovered from her illness."

"It is but a trifle to know," answered the other. "Conduct me to the chamber, and leave me there alone for an hour."

So they sent him as he desired; and when they had left him he summoned the fairy again, and told her of the vizier's task. She waved her wand and stamped her foot as before, and this time there arose a goblin whose face was dark and terrible, and whose eyes threw out occasionally flashes of light.

"O Kilat, son of the cloud!" said the fairy, "tell me what I want to know, you and your brethren, the sons of the cloud."

"To hear is to obey," answered Kilat; and clapping his hands there entered others like him. One of them bore a curious magical instrument, which he placed upon a table; the other, applying his hands to his navel, began drawing out a slender line. Attaching the end of this to the machine he darted out of the window, all the while spinning out the line from his bowels, as a spider spins her web. He was out of sight in a moment, but his track through the air could be traced for a long way by flashes of lightning which he left behind him in his rapid flight. Pambookat had hardly time to count a hundred before the magical instrument began to click. Kilat bent his head down as though he was listening to what it said. Then he spoke:

"Tell his glorious and Excellent Majesty, Lord of the earth and water, Lord of the White Elephant, Lord of the Celestial Weapon, Lord of Life, and Great Chief of Righteousness, the messenger has arrived, and sends tidings. The Queen has recovered from her illness; the King has been victorious; the treasure will be sent.

The messenger sent two days ago to his exalted Highness is now entering the city gates, and will reach the palace in a quarter of an hour."

The fairy and the goblins disappeared, and Pambookat sought the King, to whom he communicated the tidings given by Kilat. Just after he had finished the missing messenger rode up, and the letter he bore confirmed what Pambookat had said. The King thereupon gave orders that an army should be assembled and placed under

the command of the young stranger.

Pambookat returned to his lodgings to prepare for his departure, and there summoned the fairy once more, and consulted her as to the mode of transporting his troops speedily over the desert. Waving her wand thrice, the fairy again stamped her foot, and this time there arose a hideous djinn, of colossal stature, with muscles of iron and brass; and his eyes, mouth, and nostrils gave forth smoke and sparks of fire.

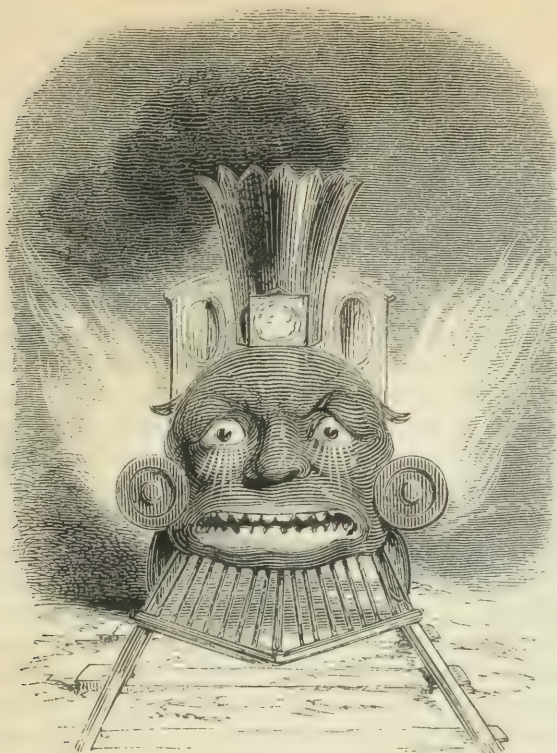
"Api-gwloojoo," said the fairy, "you are welcome! I command you to serve my friend here—you, the creature of my will; you and your brethren, the eaters of fire."

"To hear is to obey," answered the djinn. "What must I do?"

"Prepare to convey a hundred thousand armed men to the chief city of Sind in three hours."

The djinn bowed and vanished; and the fairy, after bidding Pambookat collect his army in front of the King's palace on the following morning, disappeared.

The next day, at dawn, the army of the King, a hundred thousand strong, were all assembled in front of the palace, where they found all the people of the city gathered, and all in a state of excited surprise. For during the night thousands of djinni had come and built an iron road extending far into the desert beyond the reach of the eye; and on that road, harnessed to great chariots that were capable of holding a thousand men each, were a hundred horses with bodies and limbs of iron and brass, and nostrils breathing fire and smoke. Pambookat ordered the army to enter the chariots, whereupon the horses each gave a scream that chilled the blood of those who heard it, and with a snort and puff they all dashed along the iron road with the speed of lightning, and were soon out of sight, leaving the multitude wondering at the extraordinary spectacle. On sped the horses dragging the chariots behind, and in the space of three hours the troops were all set down in the chief city of Sind.



THE IRON HORSE.

Galak was taken unawares, but he made a bold stand. His small army, however, was soon cut to pieces or dispersed, and he was taken by his own people, who loathed him, and put to death. Pambookat was proclaimed king, and the edict of Mulya the Magnificent, recognizing the new monarch as an independent sovereign, was read to the people amidst great rejoicing.

But Pambookat found the affairs of the kingdom in bad order. The taxes were oppressive; wicked men were in office; and, to crown all, the crops although heavy were rotting in the fields, because Galak had drawn so many men to his army that there were few to labor in the fields. To lower the taxes was easy; and after some trouble good men were found to take the place of those who plundered alike the government and the people, but the scarcity of reapers was not so easily remedied. In this dilemma

Pambookat bethought him of the fairy, whom he summoned once more, and confided to her his difficulty.

At the waving of the wand of Pundapatan and the stamping of her foot there speedily arose a djinn, of a prodigious size, whose wide mouth was armed with long steel teeth, which passed each other in a fearful manner.

"O Son of the Sickie!" said the fairy, "obey her who called you into being, and reap me all these fields of corn, you and your brethren, the sons of the sickie!"

"To hear is to obey," answered Orung-tuwai, for such was the name of the djinn; and he stamped his foot, when there arose hundreds of djinni like himself. To and fro they ran through the fields, falling upon the standing corn, and cutting it with their iron teeth, and binding it in sheaves ready to be gathered into the barns and granaries; which when the people saw they speedily made haste to store it ready for use. Having done all this the djinni disappeared.

The fame of these exploits of Pambookat was spread far and wide. All the monarchs of the East sought his alliance and favor. The King of Pegu sent to him a wonderful White Elephant. He was ten cubits high, as white as snow. He wore upon his forehead a golden plate, upon which were engraved his name and titles, surrounded with two circles of nine precious stones to guard against all evil influences. His covering was of crimson silk, studded with rubies and diamonds. In his trunk he bore a letter written on a palm-leaf, saying that he was *Senmeng*, the "Lord Elephant, one of the seven precious things, the possession of which marks the *Maha Chakravartti Raja*. The Great Wheel-turning King, the holy and universal sovereign, whose advent marks a new cycle."

But Pambookat sent back the elephant, saying that he was but a mortal, raised to power by celestial favor, and that he must humbly use his power for the good of his subjects and not for conquest or his own glory.

King Pambookat having set all matters in order in his kingdom, set off in the chariots on the iron road for Yemen. From thence he embarked for Zanguebar, where he demanded, as a king, the hand of the Princess Manjalis. The nuptial ceremonies lasted during two weeks, after which he returned with his queen to the capital of Sind, where the people welcomed him with flowers and fireworks and great rejoicings. Over his kingdom Pambookat reigned long and happily; and his deeds, and the many great things he effected for the good of his people through the help of Pundapatan, are written in the Chronicles of Sind.



THE REAPING GOBLINS.

CARICATURE AND CARICATURISTS.



CARICATURE, according to Webster, is "a figure or description, in which beauties are concealed and blemishes exaggerated, but still bearing a resemblance to the object." The definition, which does not differ essentially from those given by other authorities, is narrow, imperfect, and clumsy. True, the word "caricature" is derived from the Italian *caricare*, to load or charge; and, etymologically speaking, a caricature is, in plain English, an overcharged likeness. The French say of a caricature that it is *chargé*, charged, and they use the word *charge* oftener than *caricature*. But it does not follow that any overcharged likeness is properly a caricature; because such likeness may not attain, or seek to attain, the end of caricature, which is ridicule. And even if this be both sought and attained, it may be otherwise than by the concealment of beauties and the exaggeration of blemishes. For a man may have a very handsome Roman nose, one quite perfect in its kind, or a woman may be distinguished by the copiousness of her hair, or the smallness of her hands and feet, and he or she may be caricatured by the exaggeration of these beauties. Caricature is rather the humorous and ridiculous exaggeration of features or habits peculiar to an individual. Thus the flat nose and thick lips of the negro may be exaggerated, or the long legs of the crane, or the mane of the lion, in which cases the exaggeration is of a peculiarity of a species; or the Duke of Wellington may be caricatured by an exaggeration of his high-bridged nose—a feature peculiar to him among his species.

How long this art has been practiced we do not know; but probably, in a certain degree, from the period when the power to imitate the human figure, even in the rudest manner, came in aid of mischief or revenge. When a little school-boy, goaded by painful memories, draws his master, whip in hand, he almost always caricatures him, after a rude fashion, by enormous

spectacles or a big mouth, or both, or by exaggerating his professional instrument of torture, or his shirt-collars, or his large feet, or all of these peculiarities. Then he publishes his sketch with a satisfaction the keenness of which is unknown to Leech or M'Lenan, by circulating it from desk to desk, till sometimes, alas! it ends by reaching the very desk whither it was not intended to go—the consequences of which catastrophe are pleasant or unpleasant according to the amount of common sense with which the subject of the sketch is gifted. What is practiced by the individual in his early years was doubtless also practiced in the infancy of the species; and we may be sure that Cain scratched derogatory semblances of Abel in the paths which led away from Paradise. But the Deluge washed them all out; and, to confess the truth, the earliest remnants of caricature known to us are no older than the Pyramids, which seem upon so many subjects to be the beginning of all things postdiluvian. We must not, however, mistake for caricatures the monstrous, and, to us, the ridiculous figures with which the ancient Egyptian temples and palaces are covered. The human bodies with heads of dogs, and lions, and crocodiles, and birds were designed with no comic motive, but had an allegorical significance, and generally a religious character. The representations of big beetles getting into little boats are comical enough, and may have been intended to excite laughter; but when we remember the importance of the *scarabæus* in the Egyptian and the Etruscan iconology, we shall not be too ready to attribute these droll compositions to the hand of the caricaturist. But when we encounter figures of dwarfs, in which the variations from the human form in its normal condition are such as can have no significance, we may reasonably infer that the artist intended to excite as much laughter as we can believe an Egyptian to have indulged in; for it would seem as if mirth must have fled the land with grace before the erection



EGYPTIAN DWARF.

of those ponderous structures on which the Egyptian bas-reliefs are found, and the chief æsthetic function of which has proved to be the perpetuation of an oppressive gloom. If we may accept these dwarf figures as caricatures, they show us that even in their sport the Egyptians were formal and stereotyped, and made themselves merry over petrified jokes, according to some law in that case made and provided; for these figures, like all the others found upon their public buildings, are repeated again, and again, and again with a faithfulness of iteration equal to that of the Chinamen, who put a patch in the elbow of the new coat because the pattern was decorated in like manner, and who sent home the new dinner-set with a nick in the edge of every plate for the same reason. But there would be consistency between this formal fun and the Egyptian character as manifested by their other works of art; for their characteristic trait in this regard is the substitution of the conventional for the ideal; and caricature is a kind of perverse or reverse ideal. A people who were so utterly incapable of the ideal that they could represent the greatness of a victorious king only by the puerile device of making him twice as tall as his subjects and three times as tall as his conquered enemies, could not be expected to go in caricature beyond the feeble fun of children.

There is an Egyptian painting extant which represents cats attacking a castle defended by rats; and this has been cited as an early example of the art of caricature. But although burlesque, satirical perhaps, and even comic, this performance is not properly within the definition of caricature. It produces its comical effect by inherent absurdity, and not by ludicrous exaggeration. The same judgment must be passed upon the drawings upon the walls of Herculaneum, which are sometimes referred to as specimens of ancient caricature. These give an absurd turn to ancient myths by representing the personages in them with the heads of beasts. Thus, in one of them, the pious Æneas, father Anchises, and the little Ascanius are depicted, the two former with the heads of hogs, and the latter with the head of an ape. But here there is not even satire, much less humor. For what trait or what fortune of the wandering Trojans is in any way represented, or even alluded to, by putting these heads upon their shoulders? Nor are the whimsical battles between the pigmies and the cranes, which are also represented in Herculaneum, any more worthy of the name of caricature; for whatever of ludicrousness there is in these pictures is again inherent in the subject itself, and is not due to humorous distortion. But among the Etruscan remains there is one which may be properly classed among the few caricatures which have come down to us from the infancy of art. It represents a dwarf seller or exhibitor of apes, who approaches a person of rank, also a dwarf, and also caricatured. The difference of rank and condition between the two personages is strongly marked. The superior having an air of dignity and con-



ETRUSCAN APE-SELLER.

sequence, and the countenance of the inferior exhibiting marks of degradation and servility, which the dwarfish and monstrous proportions of the figures make quite ludicrous. The caricature in this composition, however, is of a very inferior order; and more so than would be supposed at first. For the club in the hand of the ape-bearing dwarf shows that this figure is intended to represent Hercules, who, hero and demi-god although he was, was often brought upon the stage to play a ridiculous part. This composition probably represents a scene from some comedy in which he is thus introduced. But it will be remarked that he is here made ridiculous, not by the humorous exaggeration of his peculiar personal traits, but in a manner that might be used with equal propriety in the case of any other individual. To look forward a little, had Leech, or Doyle, or Doré, undertaken to caricature Hercules, what knotted and convoluted folds of brawn we should have seen in the hero who "traveled on his muscle!" and how the low forehead and the bull neck would have been seized upon and worked up until the figures seemed no forehead and all neck! It is noticeable that both the figures in this composition wear the ancient Scythian breeches or trowsers, which integuments are of purely barbaric origin. In ancient times they were called by the Scythians *saravara*, as classic writers tell us, and they retain that name in Little Russia and in Illyria to this day.

Perhaps the comic masks of the Grecian and the Roman stages must be classed among caricatures, as they were made for the purpose of exciting laughter by a ludicrous exaggeration or distortion of the human features. But their failure to characterize traits or to embody types and their lack of humor, leave them very low in the scale of caricature, even if they do not exclude them from it. The distortion of the mouth in these masks, for the purpose of aiding the passage of the performer's voice, is so monstrous that it ceases to be ludicrous, and the fixed and formal contortion of the features fails as much

to express mirth as an opera dancer's smile to express pleasure. The vital spirit is extinct in either case.

But in all the remains of Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, and Roman art, although we find some compositions which are extravagant, fantastic, monstrous, and grotesque, and great numbers which to one or all these elements add that of indecency, yet that subtle quality which we call humor, and which is an essential element in successful caricature, is almost universally lacking in them. Indeed, were it not for that immortal irony of poor badgered Job—"No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you"—it might be doubted, in spite of Aristophanes and Terence, whether humor were not one of those mental qualities which were developed in man during the Dark Ages.

It is certain that in Gothic art the grotesque was first largely mingled with the serious; and that in the labors of the medieval sculptors, carvers, and illuminators we find the first indications of caricature as it is practiced in the present day. As the artists of those times were almost exclusively occupied with religious subjects—in decorating cathedrals, shrines, missals, and gospels—it seems strange that the comic should so largely prevail in their works. But there was then a monstrous mixture of restraint and license in all matters pertaining to religion. So long as men did not dispute the authority and the infallibility of the Church, and paid Paul for his preaching and Peter his pence, and were born, baptized, married, dead and buried according to the formula prescribed at Rome, they might have their revenge by making any amount of fun of religion or of its ministers. Did not the whole tribe of story-tellers, from Boccaccio down—all of them faithful sons of the Church—make monks and confessors the butt of their ridicule, the victims of their satire, and that too when all the world knew that their scandalous fun was founded on fact? And so it was that the very churches and mass-books were filled with sculptured and painted burlesques and satires. And as the tales told by the good Catholics above referred to are often not very decent, so the positions and occupations of the figures in the works of the ecclesiastical sculptors, carvers, and painters are, in numberless instances, of such a character that they can not even be told to ears polite. Such subjects are sometimes to be found in the ornaments of prominent parts of sacred edifices, but generally they are thrust into corners, or below or above the line of ordinary sight. The carvings beneath the stalls or seats in the choirs of many of the old cathedrals are of such a character that if made nowadays and offered for sale they would be confiscated, and the vendor prosecuted as an enemy to public morals. But at the same time it must be admitted that some of them are so humorous that we can not but regret that their subjects condemn them to undisturbed obscurity. In these compositions, and in the grotesque heads and figures which appear in

the mouldings, and do duty as brackets or corbel tips, and in similar other positions, it is not improbable that the different religious orders satirized each other; and that members of the same order vented their spleen upon companions who had become hateful, perhaps from the mere fact of constant intercourse under constraint of mind and body, which Robert Browning portrays with such fine dramatic power in his "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," beginning,

"Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence.

Water your damned flower-pots, do;

If hate killed men, brother Lawrence,

God's blood, would not mine kill you?

"What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming?

Oh, that rose has prior claims—

Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?

Hell dry you up with its flames!"

It is at this time, and in this school of art, that social caricature and the caricature of the extravagance of fashion first appears. An early and a very whimsical example of this is to be found in the figure of a devil which is reproduced in Shaw's superb work on Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages, from a manuscript illuminated between 1100 and 1150. The most remarkable peculiarity of the costume of that time was the sleeve of the robe, or tunic, which was so long, and hung down so low, that it had to be knotted up out of the way when the wearer moved about. This fiend, whose features doubtless have a caricatured likeness to those of some enemy, or some friend, of the illuminator's, wears one of these tunics, with skirts and sleeves of a monstrous and ridiculous length.

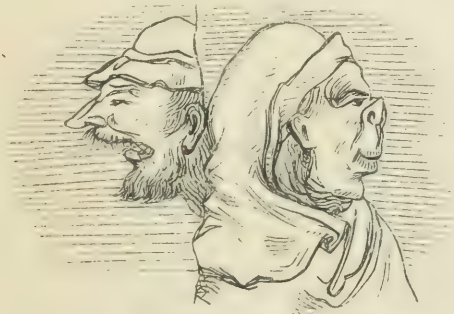


FASHIONABLE FIEND, OF MIDDLE AGES.

A later instance of noticeable caricature is found in a Psalter used by King Richard II., which is preserved in the British Museum. This unique volume, upon which has been lavished all the resources of the illuminator's art, is filled with grotesque representations of events in Sa-

cred History: for instance, the combat between David and Goliath, depicted as a contest before the King between the court dwarf and the gigantic court fool. Among its extravagant subjects is the representation of the celebration of mass by a choir of white monks. One officiates at the altar, and ten sit in the stalls at the side, five behind five. But behind the second row five skeletons are placed in an elevated desk, or pew—two of which wear the triple tiara, one a cardinal's hat, and two golden circlets with knobs. Neither the figures themselves nor the motive of this singular picture bring it within the definition of proper caricature; but this is effected by its deliberate inversion of the laws of perspective—for what reason it seems impossible to divine. The figures increase in size as they recede. The monks in the fore-ground are rather dwarfish, the five in the stalls behind them are enormous fellows, and the skeletons are colossal. The effect is very grotesque, yet not at all humorous or amusing. But the question arises, Did the illuminator thus satirize the drawing of a contemporary artist, and did he thus deprive Hogarth of at least a certain degree of the credit of originality in his well-known print entitled "Perspective?"

Lionardo da Vinci, immortal as a painter of sacred and historical subjects—but, in fact, one of the most variously-gifted as well as one of the greatest men known to history—as if to leave no department of art untried, amused himself with caricaturing. Yet that can hardly be called amusement to which he gave all his mind when he was engaged upon it. Lanzi tells us that he elaborated his burlesques with hardly less assiduity than he bestowed upon his serious pictures, always endeavoring to make his last effort of this kind more ludicrous than its predecessor; inasmuch that he was heard to say that they ought to be carried to such a height, if possible, as even to make a dead man laugh. Annibale Carracci also drew caricatures; and even the "divine" Raphael amused himself by burlesquing the "Laocoon," substituting apes for human figures.



HEADS.—BY CARRACCI AND DA VINCI.

Up to this period caricature, such as it was, concerned itself only with the minor and the merely incidental topics of the time, or was employed upon subjects which had really no hidden significance whatever, such as the designing of ludicrous and monstrously-distorted figures. Such continued to be its humble functions until a comparatively recent period. It

was careful to offend no one in power; it sought to expose and remedy no abuse; although it must often have been used to gratify personal pique. The Reformation, which set free so many other agencies, till then bound hand and foot by ecclesiastical authority and blinded by the darkness of superstition, liberated the pencil of the satirical artist, and caricature stepped forth among the powers of the earth—a power which inquisitors, and popes, and kings, and all the banded throng of man's oppressors have learned to fear, have sought to bribe, and sometimes have succeeded in buying and using to aid the accomplishment of their hard, selfish purposes. This has happened with comparative rarity, however; caricature has almost always been enlisted as a volunteer in the service of humanity, and has fought the battle of intellectual advancement and political liberty.

But the new-born art advanced at first with timid and uncertain steps. For two full centuries after the death of Luther caricature failed—even in England, where it has always been most cherished and developed—to rise above the point of cumbrous satirical allegory or emblematic art. The caricatures of the century 1600,* and of the early part of the next, are very complicated and utterly devoid of humor. They generally contain many figures and endeavor to express many actions. They need a key to tell who the personages are that figure in them, and notes to explain what they are about, and where is the point of the intended joke, if the motive be jocose, which is not often the case. The figures are, with few exceptions, as serious as if they were attending a conventicle, and their faces are as wooden and impassable as those of figure-heads. The idea of individualizing character and overcharging peculiar traits of person, of making the composition intrinsically ludicrous, seems not to have entered the heads of the caricaturists of this age.

The chef-d'œuvre of this school of caricature is one called *Magna Britannia divisa*, which was executed by an artist named Hans Vanderpil, at Amsterdam, in 1642. It is three feet in length, and wide in proportion. Its figures seem countless. It has references designating the action which use up the alphabet to P, besides an explanation in English and French, by numbers, which extend to 90. The latter is so long that it would occupy not less than three pages in this Magazine. As the execution of such a work must needs have been very expensive—for it is a copper-plate engraving—it has been reasonably supposed that it was paid for by the secret-service money of the Parliament. A Dutch artist was

* i.e., the century extending from A.D. 1600 to A.D. 1699, the seventeenth century, but which may be more conveniently styled the century 1600, as we say that a boy is sixteen years old until he is seventeen. This designation has the advantage of naming the century by the number by which its years are called, instead of by that which pertains to the next century, which confuses many persons. The proposition for the new designation was made by an eminent British antiquary and historian.

employed, because Holland was, at that time, as eminent for its caricatures as England and France now are. The object of the drawings, of which this is the most striking and typical specimen extant, was less to excite a laugh than to bring forcibly to mind the connection of certain political or religious events, and the position occupied by the parties prominently connected with them.

Louis XIV. was long the butt of the Dutch caricaturists, who, if their wit had been equal to their will, would have left a comic history of his reign worth perusal. But the lack of humor, in their compositions and their complicated designs, make them dull enough, even to a student of the antiquities of art. Some of them are grossly indecent, but without that enlivening touch of comic genius which, if it does not justify, sometimes palliates a slight violation of strict decorum.

In the reign of the predecessor of *Le Grand Monarque* there lived in France a man who, had France been free, might have antedated the eminence of her school of caricaturists by two centuries. Jacques Callot, of a noble Lorraine family, who left the paternal mansion with a troop of wandering Bohemians, and whom neither persuasion nor privation could deter from becoming an engraver, was one of the greatest masters of the grotesque known to the history of art. Nor was his power less to embody character and bring out its salient points by artfully overcharging them. The freedom of his hand and the fertility of his graver rival, if they do not surpass, those of any other artist that ever lived. His plates are most interesting records of the manners and customs of his time, and bear upon their face that undefinable impress of their faithfulness which is hardly to be mistaken. His peculiar excellence was in his small figures, which throng through his compositions even in the remotest distance, and which are always drawn with ease, vivacity, and grace. The figure here given as a specimen of his style is one of two fools or jesters who are "saucing" each other in the fore-ground of a composition in which they are the principal personages. The posture of the other is not sufficiently decorous to permit its transfer to our pages. This one is making with his right hand the sign of protection against the evil eye, than which there could be no greater insult in the south of Europe at that time, or, in fact, even now among the ignorant and the superstitious. He is capering, too, after the fashion of the professional mime or jester, whose function was passing out of vogue at the time when Callot flourished. Neither the face of this figure nor that of its companion are caricatured. They are strongly marked, and somewhat grotesque, but they can hardly be called exaggerated. Such faces exist in nature, and in fact are not rare, especially among the lower classes in Europe. Callot was (to make a word) rather a characterist than a caricaturist. He overcharged the features of his figures hardly at all. His comic power lay

in his quick perception of what was essentially ridiculous, in his choice of subjects, and in his faculty of bringing strongly out their characteristic traits. In this he is the true predecessor and antitype of the French caricaturists of the present day.



DANCING FOOL.—BY CALLOT.

But it was in England that caricature first assumed the power which it now wields, to a certain degree, in almost all highly civilized countries; and there, too, it first attained the true ideal of its functions. Hogarth has been regarded as the first great caricaturist of the modern school; nor is his fame one jot greater than his genius justified. He first gave the pencil and the burin a power in society by making vice, and folly, and coarseness ridiculous; and there can be no reasonable doubt that his works did much to promote the cause of virtue, of social culture, and of intellectual progress. True, every design did not produce a certain sudden and palpable effect which might be traced immediately to its cause; but his plates, like the essays in the *Spectator*, tended greatly to the advancement of the community to which they were addressed in all that makes men honest and benevolent, women pure and charming, and life consequently lovely; though, strange to say, Hogarth was, to the last, an intolerably gross, uncultivated, clownish man. Cruelty, fraud, avarice, debauchery, rudeness, and arrogance could not by such means be driven out of the land.

Unhappily their germs lie too deeply hidden in the human heart to be uprooted by the painter's pencil. But when the mirror was held up in which they saw how deformed, how monstrous, how ridiculous they appeared to others' eyes, they fled the light of open day, and concealed themselves in dens and corners, where to be vile was not to be remarked. Yet it can not be denied that, as a moralist, Hogarth is—so to speak—somewhat too didactic. Perhaps all moralists must be so. He crams his lesson down our throats a little too remorselessly. *Hæc fabula docet* appears too plainly on all that he does. His industrious apprentice going to church to court his rich master's daughter—thus with prudent economy of means killing two birds with one stone, and finally becoming Lord Mayor of London—bores us a little. We should be glad to see him somewhat less precise and priggish, and having a jolly good time occasionally. And in those series of plates on which his popular fame chiefly rests, Hogarth is not properly a caricaturist. Neither in "Industry and Idleness," "Marriage à la Mode," "The Rake's Progress," "The Harlot's Progress," "The Stages of Cruelty," nor in the single compositions which are akin to them, is the effect attained, or sought, by humorous exaggeration. His prints are filled with laughable representations of the vile and the vulgar; but they are laughable because they are essentially ridiculous. Their effect is produced by the subject, not by the artist. The credit due to him is that he perceived the ludicrous in the scenes which passed before him, and perceiving it, fixed it upon his cartoon forever. In fact, one of his critics (Malcolm) has confessed that, "in delineating the faces of the vulgar as he found them in the streets of London, he has merely given us the expression and very character of the people, without the least caricature."

But although Hogarth was more characterist than caricaturist, he has left us many fine examples of genuine caricature. Among them is the "Perspective" before noticed, in which all the rules of the art are reversed with most ludi-

crous effect. The water runs up hill; a woman leaning from the window of an inn gives light to the pipe of a man on a knoll half a mile off, the trees on which partly conceal the sign of the house in which she is; of a straggling flock of sheep those farthest off are the largest; and a sportsman in a boat fires at a swan upon the water, although the piers of a bridge are between him and his game. Two dancing figures in one of his plates to the "Analysis of Beauty" are fine specimens of caricature. The tall, angular, awkward man who has his back toward us looks like a dancing-jack in a tie-wig and a laced coat, while the stout gentleman would be the very man, if he could now be found, to figure in a hippopotamus polka. It seems as if his ponderous feet would go through the floor. In Hogarth's print called "Evening" is a fine touch of caricature, although it is not produced by exaggeration. A London tradesman has been out with his wife and children "pleasuring." As they return in the early twilight, his buxom wife bears his hat and gloves, in return for which he carries her infant, upon his claim to the paternity of which the painter has adroitly cast a doubt by so composing his picture that the horns of a cow in the back-ground seem to stand out from the unsuspecting citizen's head. This is a fine example of what may be called the caricature of circumstance. Perhaps the purest specimen of caricature left us by Hogarth is his representation of Farinelli. Hogarth was one of the stoutest opposers of the introduction of the Italian opera into England, and he used the weapon of ridicule against it in presenting this absurd portrait of the great male *soprano* of the day, who was the petted favorite of ladies of rank and fashion, although he was one of those poor mutilated creatures,

"By their smooth chins and simple simper known."

It should be remarked that Hogarth did not own the authorship of the print in which this caricature appears. Its style, however, shows it unmistakably to be his.



DANCING.—BY HOGARTH.



FARINELLI.—BY HOGARTH.



ROYAL EXPECTATIONS.—BY GILLRAY.

But it was not until the appearance of John Gillray that English caricature assumed the foremost place which it has since held. Gillray was born just as Hogarth was passing off the stage of life, and his earliest known caricature is dated 1779. Between the death of Hogarth, 1764, and that period at which Gillray was acknowledged as his worthy successor, twenty years had elapsed, during which caricature had become more free and daring than ever before. But although it engaged the attention of many artists, both professional and amateur, some of the latter being of the highest rank, and although hardly a magazine appeared without its caricature, no one caricaturist had appeared who might be justly called a master. But in Gillray satire, humor, invention, and technical skill were so combined that he at once assumed a commanding position, which he held until his irregular habits of life brought on insanity—a period of thirty-two years. Of the other humorous artists of that period Bunbury and Rowlandson were the most eminent; and the latter was doubtless a great draughtsman and a keen and humorous satirist, as the illustrations to “Dr. Syntax’s Tour” and “Drunken Barnaby’s Journey” sufficiently attest. But neither of them had either the force or the fertility of Gillray; and to the caricaturist who makes his impression and retains his hold upon the public mind by the use to which he puts the topic of the day, these qualities are of the first importance. Gillray’s caricatures are so extravagant, the characteristic traits of his figures, whether real or ideal, are so exceedingly exaggerated, that many persons believe he was unable to design correctly. This opinion is altogether unfounded, as any careful student of all his works will see. There is a caricature of his, for instance, called “A March to the Bank,” in which, by the steady advance of a detachment of soldiers, many people are thrown down headlong in confusion. Among them are a fat fish-woman and a pretty milliner-girl, both of whose figures, owing to their positions and the loose costume of the time, are much exposed, and both are beautifully drawn. So in the print called “The Morning after Marriage,”

the marriage being that unfortunate one of the Prince of Wales with Caroline of Brunswick. The Princess, who sits upon the bed drawing on her stocking, reproachfully points the Prince to his soon deserted pillow. Her attitude, her face, and her limbs are lovely. In spite of the office in which she is engaged, her figure lacks neither dignity nor grace, and the drawing is admirable throughout. The figure of the Prince, too—then a handsome fellow, and not yet “your fat friend”—sitting completely dressed upon the edge of a table, is also unexceptionable in drawing. Some of Gillray’s early serious works after his own designs, and some of those which he produced as an engraver—to which art he at first devoted himself—are remarkable for their correctness of outline and careful finish. In fact he was in this respect superior to all of his successors. But it must be confessed that soon after he began to caricature he boldly defied nature and probability in his style, and too often seemed bent upon justifying Hogarth’s dictum that “the name of caricatura ought to be divested of every stroke that hath a tendency to good drawing.” He erred, however, like a great man, and always with a purpose which he attained. Whether he might not have attained his end and at the same time presented some of his subjects with more of the semblance of human beings, is another question. He probably might have done so, had he had a modern British or American public to which to address himself. But we must remember that his object was to please and to impress the general public; and that in the last century the tastes and habits of the masses in England were coarse and low, almost to brutality. In his time, too, judging by the portraits of the day, there was a grossness of figure among his countrymen which had not existed to so great a degree before, and which has been somewhat mitigated since. So that his elephantine men and women were not either amiss to the taste or opposed to the observation of the public to please whom they were drawn. In this respect he was not peculiar. The caricaturists who immediately preceded him, as well as his contemporaries, drew the same gross, clumsy figures. But to him, however, is due the credit of creating the figure of John Bull. It was Gillray who first presented the ideal Englishman as a great, beefy, over-fed, broad-faced animal—a compound of thick-headed honesty, stolid selfishness, and surly obstinacy, which was accepted by his countrymen, and has been since retained by them as their type. Think of thus portraying the representative Englishman of the days of Sidney and Raleigh, of Hampden and Milton! We can not seriously entertain the notion for a moment. But we should remember that one reason of our inability to do so is, that the sort of Englishman who may be thus most fitly represented, if any may be, did not appear in English political life, was not a power in the state or in society until toward the end of the last century. Yet this being granted, it is not a sufficient reason for the marked change

in the English type of person and countenance which took place between 1650 and 1775, of which there was some cause which has yet to be discovered.

Gillray lived and "flourished" at a happy time for a caricaturist. Then all England was divided by sharp lines into the opposite factions of Whigs and Tories, who hated each other quite as heartily as if they were at actual civil warfare. Party-spirit was venomous and proscriptive to a degree of which we, in these times, happily know nothing. An intermarriage between a Tory family and a Whig family, among people of "quality" and political influence, was almost as dreadful an event, to all but the parties most interested, as that between the Montagues and Capulets. These people, as they did not fight with swords, turned against each other all the power of satire and ridicule, and lampooned and caricatured each other within an inch of their lives. Their attacks of this kind were coarse, virulent, cruel, almost brutal, and very often indecent to a degree hardly credible except upon actual knowledge. No eminence of rank or character secured immunity. The King himself, nay, the Queen, who had no more political position or influence than any other lady in the land, was constantly attacked in the coarsest manner, and upon points with which the public had little or no concern. Thus, both their Majesties being frugal as to their personal expenditure, this virtue, which rarely wears a crown or coronet, was caricatured in them without mercy. Gillray was foremost in this attack. In a pair of prints he represented George III. in a night-cap and dressing-gown, with his breeches unbuttoned at

the knee, toasting muffins for his own breakfast; while in the other, Queen Charlotte, decorated with a mobcap and apron, but with her pocket overflowing with guineas, is frying sprats for hers. Their son, the Duke of York, was married in 1791 to the eldest daughter of the King of Prussia, who brought with her a very considerable dowry. This event was made the subject of a caricature by Gillray, entitled "Expectation," in which he represented the Duke presenting his wife, with her apron full of money, to his royal parents, whose attention is concentrated, with the most ludicrous avidity, not upon their new daughter-in-law, but upon the treasure that she brings. The Queen holds out her apron eagerly for her expected share, and the King kicks up his feet like a four-year-old urchin who is promised tarts and candies. The faces of both King and Queen are caricatured to the verge of actual monstrosity, which is made the more severe by the preservation of a strong likeness.

In Gillray's time caricature had a much greater influence than it has had since. But this was not on account of the superiority of the caricatures. It was the result of the strength of party feeling, combined with power and ignorance in the people who were addressed. Thus, one of the most famous caricatures of the time was "Carlo Khan's Triumphant Entry into Leadenhall Street," by James Sayer, an elder contemporary of Gillray. It was directed at Fox, who had brought a bill into Parliament for the suppression of the monstrous injustice and rapacity by which the British East India Company amassed enormous fortunes for various members of the John Bull family. It was opposed, of



PITT, SHERIDAN, FOX, AND JOHN BULL.—BY GILLRAY.

course, by all the wealth and influence of that great corporation, and Fox was accused of desiring to destroy their vested rights and usurp power over them, and was christened Carlo Khan. Sayer's print represented him in Eastern costume as Carlo Khan, borne to the door of the India House on the back of an elephant, to which was given the face of the premier, Lord North, and which was led by Burke as imperial trumpeter, he having been the strongest supporter of the bill in the House. The reader can see that there is very little humor in this conception, and that little is certainly not heightened in the execution. A similar caricature now would be brushed aside at once as stupid. And yet Fox is said to have acknowledged that his India Bill received its severest blow in public estimation from this caricature. The reason was, that it suited the taste and just fitted the calibre of the people to whom it was addressed. So true is it that

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it."

Gillray was fortunate, too, in having the events of the French Revolution and the intrigues of its sympathizers and opponents in Great Britain to work upon. Indeed, the personal characters and French sympathies of Fox and Sheridan were a good part of his stock in trade. The swarthy, Hebrew-looking face of the former, the mottled, dissipated countenance of the latter, and the sharp, up-turned nose and slender figure of Pitt appear continually in any extensive collection of his works. In one of them we find all of this immortal trio, and with them the no less immortal, and then new-born, John Bull. The print is not only noticeable as containing the three real personages who engaged so much of Gillray's attention, and the ideal which he created, but as being a marked example of the peculiarities of his style. It appeared in 1797, when a French invasion was feared, and when, Pitt being Chancellor of the Exchequer, an Order in Council was issued prohibiting the Bank of England from paying its notes in cash. This suspension of specie payments created a great sensation, but did not seriously shake public confidence. So Gillray, in a plate underlined "*Bank Notes—Paper Money—French Alarmists—Oh, the Devil, the Devil—Ah! poor John Bull!*" shows Pitt as a bank clerk paying out "rags and lampblack" to John Bull, who is the perfection of grossness, clownish rusticity, and anatomical monstrosity. On one side, Fox, wearing an enormous cocked hat with a tricolored cockade, exclaims, "Don't take his d—d paper, John! Insist upon having gold to make your peace with the French when they come." On the other side, Sheridan, in *bonnet rouge*—poor, bankrupt, guinea-borrowing, bailiff-shirking Sherry—cries out, "Don't take his notes! Nobody takes notes now. They'll not even take mine!" But John, represented as firm in his confidence in Pitt—for, don't you see? Pitt was in power—sturdily, and, it must be confessed,

sensibly, answers, "I wool take it! a may as well let my Measter Billy hold the gold to keep away the Frenchmen as save it to gee to you when ye come o'er wi' your domned invasion." The hit was a fair one, and hard enough, and the composition is very laughable; but how monstrous the figures! how coarse the humor! how utterly lacking the composition in that keenness and subtlety which are the weapons of more modern caricature!

But Gillray was always coarse. We give place, as upon the whole admissible, to one of his caricatures of Pitt, which was inspired by the Chancellor of the Exchequer's absorption of money, a peculiarity in his person, and his use of an equivocal phrase in one of his speeches. But nearly half of the great caricaturist's plates must be marked as not to be produced in mixed society. And this quite aside from that large number, the motive and central thought of which can not be named to ears polite. Those which were intended for general circulation, and actually did lie by hundreds upon the tables of the most elegant houses in London, have figures in them which would now not be allowed to enter any respectable parlor.



THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.—BY GILLRAY.

Fashion in dress was very extravagant in Gillray's time, and he did not spare it; but his caricatures of costume were comparatively few, and bear such an insignificant relation to the bulk of his works, that they hardly require to be mentioned in so brief an examination of his labors as this is. In caricature of the follies and social humors of the day his successor, George Cruikshank, was pre-eminent. Gillray's last print is dated 1811. Cruikshank, at that time seventeen years old, had already begun to practice his art publicly; and now, at the age of sixty-seven, still occasionally wields with unabated spirit the humorous pencil, the well-won and well-preserved fruits of which have long since placed him beyond the necessity of using it. Gillray, with all his genius and all his success, went to his grave a besotted, imbecile pauper; George Cruikshank, upon whom his mantle fell, is as temperate, as thrifty, as thoroughly respectable a man as if he were the stupidest and sourdest prig that ever stifled mirth, and sought to

gain happiness in the next life by making this one gloomy.

Cruikshank has published comparatively few political caricatures. He fought in the cause of the Princess of Wales against her plausible, heartless, debauchee husband—his treatment of which subject first made him famous—and directed some of his earlier shafts against the Tory party in Great Britain. But abandoning this field about thirty years ago, his pencil has since been chiefly occupied in illustrating books or periodicals—such books as "Grimm's German Popular Stories," the novels of Fielding and Smollet, Dickens's "Sketches by Boz," and "Oliver Twist;" such periodicals as the "Comic Almanac," which was published five years (1835-1840), and "The Omnibus," in which he embarked with Laman Blanchard, and certain "semi-occasional" sketch-books of his own. He has thus been chiefly occupied in presenting the ridiculous side of the follies, the vanities, and the abuses of private life, and in presenting humorously exaggerated portraits of all the queer, peculiar people upon whom his quick, observant eye has rested. Among his earliest works was a series of plates called "Monstrosities," carica-

turing, and not very extravagantly, the fashions of dress from 1815 to 1825. Among these he, of course, did not leave untouched the very short skirts and low bodices of the women, and the long skirts and high collars of the men. About 1820 there was a most ridiculous fashion of dressing boys just as their papas were dressed; and in one of his "Monstrosities," published at a time when high bell-crowned hats, high shirt collars, enormous coat collars, small waists, and peg-top trousers were in fashion, he has a most ridiculous group of a father and son dressed alike to a button, and the absurdity of which is heightened by that perfect similarity in physiognomy and figure between the two which is sometimes seen between man and boy, and which in itself has something of the ludicrous. Among these earlier works, which, by-the-way, he has never surpassed in humor, is one illustrating the inconveniences of a crowded drawing-room, the central group in which is a very fat woman and a very fat man trying to pass each other in a doorway. Both are in the agony of full dress, and as one attempts to slip in and the other to slip out the aperture, which is barely large enough for the comfortable passage of either with a lit-



MONSTROSITIES OF 1816.—BY CRUIKSHANK.

the "margin," they are caught together, and wedged fast. The lady places the sharp toe of the shoe which contains the chubby foot that sustains her enormous weight upon the gouty toe of the gentleman. The physical anguish and mental distress of these two figures is most laughably burlesqued. In the back-ground the sharp noses of two gentlemen are seen driven, the one into the eye and the other into the mouth of their opposite neighbor.

Cruikshank was the first caricaturist who found his subjects in the everyday, out-door life of people at large. He it was who first made the world laugh at the patience of hapless anglers awaiting a nibble in a chilling rain; at travelers, wife-cumbered and with all the *impedimenta* of bandboxes, traveling-bags, trunks, umbrellas, and other luggage, staring, hopeless, at a coach rapidly diminishing in the distance; at people on a trip to Margate, or across the Channel, paying Neptune the tribute which he exacts from neophytes; at the vagaries of phrenology; at the attempt to defy Jeremiah's aphorism about an Ethiopian changing his skin, by the efforts of half a dozen sturdy wenches to wash a negro white; at beadles (who can forget his embodi-

ment of the personal stolidity and parochial dignity of Bumble?); at life-guardsmen; at ladies with sharp noses, taper waists, and floods of corkscrew ringlets; at money-lending gentlemen of "the Hebrew persuasion;" at soldiers with shakos, and sailors with queues; and at all manner of humbugs, bores, and shams. A very characteristic example of his style of drawing, as well as of his humor, is his marine who, with eyes strained wide, says to his officer, "Please your honor, Tom Towser tied my tail so tight that I can't shut my eyes;" and we believe that the little dog whose tail curled so tight that it lifted his feet off the ground was of Cruikshank's raising. To him, too, England owes the spindle-shanked, shoulder-shrugging Frenchman, in his constant and most humorous representation of whom he has eagerly ministered to John Bull's prejudice.

Cruikshank's style, and the motive which animates his pencil are, and from the beginning have been, quite different from those of his great predecessor. He is probably the least personal of any of the great English caricaturists, and he was first of them to show that humor and rollicking fun were entirely compatible with perfect

purity and decorum. Of all his works—and they are so multitudinous that he himself has probably no notion of their number—it would be safe to say that there is not one the production of which would not be welcomed in any company in which prudes were not predominant. From the first his talents have been enlisted upon the side of virtue; and satirist as he is by profession, he has always performed his functions in the kindest spirit. Severe as he has been upon vice, folly, and pretension, he has probably done less to excite bitter personal feeling than any man who ever wielded the pencil of a caricaturist. Yet his style is far removed from elegance, his humor is not subtle, his satire does not penetrate beneath the surface. His caricatures have pure fun for their motive: they were drawn to make us laugh—not smile re-



A CROWDED DRAWING-ROOM.—BY CRUIKSHANK.



LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.—BY CRUIKSHANK.

flectively, but laugh outright. And how thoroughly have they succeeded!

Cruikshank had so many imitators that he may be said to have founded a school of caricature. As Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ, so Cruikshank must own Crowquill, and Phiz, and all of their kindred as his progeny. They are all but feeblers Cruikshanks, living at second-hand on such vitality as he could spare. Among the caricaturists who rose into notice after him, but who did not content themselves with imitating him, is Kenny Meadows, an artist of some humor and fancy, which he shows best in such designs, for instance, as one in his illustrations of the "Taming of the Shrew," in which Cupid, wearing Petruchio's hat and boots, is, with most comically austere visage, clipping with shears the claws of a cat, fiercely struggling, but, like Kate, struggling in vain. Kenny Meadows, however, has not freedom of hand or variety of style enough to take high rank as a caricaturist or characterist. His drawing is far from being correct, and his style is hard; his faces and figures look as if they were cut with a pen-knife; all his fat people have the same strictly circular obesity, all his handsome men the same smirk, all his pretty women the same simper. His fancy

is fertile, but his observation is superficial, and his hand is the hand of a mannerist.

In the year 1841 appeared the first number of a publication in the pages of which have been given to the world the best works of the two, we will say the three, best caricaturists of the present generation. The publication was *Punch*, or the *London Charivari*, and the caricaturists are John Leech, Richard Doyle, and Charles Keene. Each of these artists has made a style for himself, marked with the traits of original genius; and the development of each one is traceable, week after week, in the pages of *Punch*. Mr. *Punch* began his caricaturing both with pen and pencil in a very small and vulgar way.

His pages were filled with little black silhouette-looking figures, illustrative of very little jokes or illustrated by them; as, for instance, a horse crushed beneath the weight of an obese rider was labeled "Breaking a horse;" and "Going off in a rapid decline" was written underneath the representation of a black little boy tumbling off the steep roof of a black little house. At the first glance Mr. *Punch's* early pages, dotted with sable subjects of this kind, generally not too large to be covered by a twenty-five cent piece, looked as if it were defaced with the mangled remains of crushed beetles. The wit of the letter-press was about equal to the humor of the illustrations; and indeed it would be difficult to find a publication more redolent of the air of the vulgar London "free-and-easy" than the first two or three volumes of the publication which has since become so justly celebrated. For improvement was slow, and although there was a place ready in England to be filled by a humorous paper such as *Punch* came to be, it was not until about the year 1844 that this now world-renowned hebdomadal showed signs of improvement, and began to be really humorous and more elevated in tone, and consequently a power, if not an organ. Before that time all its efforts in this direction were much of a piece with poor Provis's assurances to his dear boy and Pip's comrade that they need not fear that he was going to be low.

It was by its illustrations that *Punch* was raised above its original level; and the elevation



THE TIGHT QUEUE.—BY CRUIKSHANK.

was chiefly, if not entirely, due to the pencil of Mr. Leech. We first detect him in the fourth number in a not very humorous or very well-designed cartoon called "Foreign Affairs," which is a mere collection of mild caricatures of French, Italian, and German people. This is signed by a cipher—a leech in a bottle—which he used in the early part of his career, but has since abandoned for his name or his initials. But although he soon improved perceptibly, both in the choice of subject and in treatment, *Punch* was nearly three years old before Mr. Leech handled political subjects boldly, or struck that rich mine of social satire which he has since worked so profitably, and in which Messrs. Doyle and Keene have been co-operators with him, though working with their own tools in their own way. During a great part of the year 1842 there was no political caricature of any kind in *Punch*; and it was not until the beginning of the year 1845 that Mr. Leech showed that peculiar talent by which he has since so much delighted us, in a little social sketch called "Innocence." It was excellent in itself, and is an early and a very good example of his second style, and in its subject and the figures introduced in it quite a representative exhibition of his multitudinous designs in this department of caricature. A young lady—a dainty, pretty creature—has lost her pet King Charles; and, in her innocence, she inquires of the very dog-thief who has picked it up if he has seen it. To which he answers: "Seed a little dog, marm? No, marm. This

here's the only dog I've seed to-day, and he don't answer to the name of Fido." Meanwhile Fido's bright protuberant eyes are looking out of the thief's pocket. We here have Mr. Leech's first presentation of the pretty young woman whom he has since made so widely known:—a fine study from one of the lowest of the lower orders in which he has found so many subjects for his caustic pencil, and a dog—which, next to a horse, is his favorite among brutes not human. In the distance, too, looking for the lost spaniel, is the young lady's attendant page, another representative of a class upon which Mr. Leech has for years been mercilessly funny. All these figures are drawn with consummate knowledge of character and mastery of the pencil, and with a union of freedom and finish which, until he became occasionally careless of late, was characteristic of Mr. Leech's works. The distress of the young lady—her least possible stoop of inquiry at the four-legged brute to which the two-legged brute directs her attention—the villainous countenance of this fellow, in which practiced impudence, low cunning, and inherent brutality are combined with a consciousness of superiority in the "do"—the dog, "the hero of a hundred fights," and yet the fit companion of such a master, every point in whose (the dog's) anatomy is drawn with the knowledge and the spirit of Landseer—and even the juvenile stolidity of the fat, be-strapped, be-buttoned page in the distance, all are given with a master's hand. Mr. Leech has, since he made this drawing, ac-



INNOCENCE.—BY LEECH.

quired a little more freedom of hand and a greater variety of knowledge; but it is a question whether, on the whole, he has gained much. His talent in the course of three years made itself appreciated, and gained for *Punch* the attention of London, and London is England. He it was who designed those caricatures of Brougham, Wellington, Sibthorpe, Peel, and Disraeli which became staple stock in trade for *Punch*—caricatures equally extravagant and ridiculous, yet so like in fact and so vital in seeming, that they became so fixed in the memory of the public, that when those statesmen were thought of, it was the caricature and not the real man which arose before the mind's-eye. Mr. Leech's humor, either from his own resources or from the suggestions of others, seemed of boundless fertility. In caricaturing the great versatility of Lord Brougham (about whom, when he took his seat upon the woolsack, some barrister, whose eminence gave him the right to be envious, made the cutting remark that if the new Lord Chancellor only knew a little law he would know a little of every thing), Mr. Leech put him into an endless variety of employments and postures, all of them not very dignified; and finally, when invention seemed exhausted—though it was not—in a cartoon subscribed, "What he *must* do next," we saw Lord Brougham standing on his head with his plaid-trowsered legs kicking in the air. Mr. Leech it was who first gave *Mr. Punch* himself a character—who made him ubiquitous and protean—the Mentor of the British nation—to be seen in all disguises, warning, counseling, denouncing, protecting, ridiculing:—an omniscient, omnipresent, grinning puppet; the jeering Chorus in the great drama of British life; in the confidence of every body, trusted by every body, betraying every body—solicitous only for his moral, his joke, and his three-pence. Fond of horses, hunting, and field-sports generally, Mr. Leech has found in the cockney pretenders to sporting honors, and the horse-dealers and their victims, an inexhaustible source of amusement. Indeed he has created a character in this walk of life. Mr. Briggs will live as long as Mr. Winkle. Were the woes of a stout old gentleman with a wife and a house, and a desire to hunt and shoot and fish, ever made more ludicrously apparent? From the time when he first appears, brought forward on the occasion of a loose slate being discovered on the roof of his house, in the repairing of which his domicile is pulled down about his ears and rebuilt again, through his entanglement with his rod and reel, in which he begins by making a trial cast in the drawing-room and bringing down every thing breakable in a crash, to his attempt to imitate Mr. Rarey with a vicious beast, after having taken lessons of the great horse-tamer, the issue of which we see in the precipitate rush of Mr. Briggs from a stable-door followed by an infuriated steed, who has a part of his owner's nether integuments in his mouth—though exactly what part we can not see, as we are before the tamer

of beasts and not behind him—through all these vicissitudes of his hapless existence, and they have lasted for years, leaving Mr. Briggs in the performance of divers distressful feats of deer-stalking upon the Highlands of Scotland, the sporting maladroitness and the domestic servitude of a certain class of men is made the occasion of no end of harmless merriment; and Mr. Briggs has become the type of a class. So of the Unprotected Female—a creature found in perfection only in England, but whose general traits are sufficiently cosmopolitan to make her appreciated in any civilized country, even in America—what an epitome is she of a class, at whose little miseries and great blunders we men, or we women who have men-slaves, laugh cruelly in our strength, in our worldly wisdom, or in our well-sheltered helplessness, which is to us both as wisdom and as strength—laugh cruelly, and yet inevitably! And this leads to the remark that Mr. Leech's wit is too often pitiless, almost malicious, and especially in regard to women. Unless self-love is blinding to a greater degree than is generally believed, he must be very unpopular with all women over thirty, and especially those who are unmarried and desire to look young. Maidenhood at thirty-five assuming, however slightly, the airs of maidenhood at twenty, he pursues with remorseless ridicule. Indeed, were women inclined to make cutting speeches, which of course they are not, they might say that he is a true representative of his sex in never forgiving a woman for not being pretty; for, young or old, the ugly ones fare hardly at his hands, and his Misses Stout and Misses Scragg, must have sent a pang through the heart of many a poor girl who felt that she was a little fuller or a little less rounded in figure than "the bending statue that enchants the world." The causticity of his pencil in this respect must be felt the more keenly, because of his continuous cherishing and glorification of the more fortunate ones of the sex between the ages of fifteen and forty. For it must be confessed that he illustrates their varied loveliness with unwearied and enchanting pencil.

But although these are Mr. Leech's specialties, he has shown a very extended scope of close observation. Probably no other caricaturist ever presented such a wide range of subjects. His men of fashion—"swells" they are called in London—and his street-boys, present us vivid portraiture of both extremities of the social scale, every degree of which his observant eye has rested on. "What would you say, my little man," says a benevolent old gentleman to one of Leech's little ragamuffins, "if I were to give you a penny?" "Vy," says the urchin, whose very toes curl up with delightful expectation, and who utterly ignores the expected form of returning thanks, "that you vos a jolly old cove." This drawing is one of the most exquisite of its kind in existence. "I say, Bill," cries another of this crew to his companion, pointing to an unhappy lad who had been converted into a page in livery, and who is painfully

maintaining the dignity of his position, "if here ain't a cove wot's been and gone and had the hinflenzy, and's broke out all over buttons and red spots." And in the height of the "riflemen, riflemen, form" movement, what does Mr. Leech show the world but a little shoe-black springing forward to a tall rifle-bearing volunteer in full uniform, and shouting—"Now, Capting! Clean yer boots and let yer have a shot at me for a penny!" And, cruel Mr. Leech, two beautiful women are just passing, and one of them, the nearest to the "Capting," puts up her handkerchief and titters. Mr. Leech never neglects to aggravate a man's discomfiture by the presence of a pretty woman.—"Hullo, Missus, wot are those?" asks sharp but vulgar little boy of a fruit-woman. "Twopence," responds the venerable dame. "What a lie! They're Apples!" exclaims the boy, as he goes off whistling a popular air.



SHARP BOY.—BY LEECH.

To turn from him to his many years' collaborer, though not his rival, Mr. Richard Doyle; for Mr. Doyle's style is so unlike Mr. Leech's that they never interfered with each other upon *Mr. Punch's* pages. Mr. Doyle inherited his talent, if not his style. He is the son of the author of a very extended series of caricature plates signed H. B., which delighted the fathers of the present generation, but which were in spirit and in drawing much more like the productions of Mr. Cruikshank or Mr. Leech than those of their author's son. Mr. Doyle began to make his mark in *Punch* toward the end of the year 1844, or about the time when *Punch* itself was making its mark among its contemporaries. *Punch* has never been so good as it was between 1845—the year when the "Candle Lectures" began—and 1850. During those years Jerrold and Thackeray, and others their worthy coadjutors, wrote for it, the latter contributing, among other arti-

cles, his "Snob Papers;" and it was in 1849 that Doyle's "Manners and Customs of ye English" appeared. But Jerrold died, Thackeray grew to be too big a man to write for *Mr. Punch's* pay, although he had been glad to do some of that not over-squeamish editor's not very nicest work in the way of personality, and Mr. Doyle threw up his engagement for conscience' sake when *Punch* attacked the Roman Catholics, among whom was Mr. Doyle himself. His place was occupied, but not filled, by Mr. John Tenniel, who, however, has designed some very good political caricatures. Since 1850 *Punch's* literary tone has been steadily lowering, and the paper is sustained entirely by the pencils of Mr. Leech and Mr. Keene. What Mr. Doyle brought to *Punch*, and what his defection has left it entirely without, was a light and playful fancy, a harmless wit, and more particularly a power over the grotesque which enabled him to combine it easily, and, it would seem, naturally, with any subject which he undertook to illustrate. He drew the most impossible and absurd figures—figures that outraged nature, and compositions that defied probability—and yet they did not seem unnatural or improbable, but only extremely funny. He even united grotesqueness and grace. Some of his little tail-pieces and initial letters, in which fairies, and gnomes, and devils leap, and fly, and clamber, and grin, or, droller yet, sit solemnly regarding each other, perched, perhaps, like a row of pigeons, upon some preposterously long nose, are among the most exquisite creations of the fanciful school in art. He, of all the painters that have ever lived, is the man to illustrate "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," which is so suited to his genius that it is quite unaccountable that he has never undertaken it.

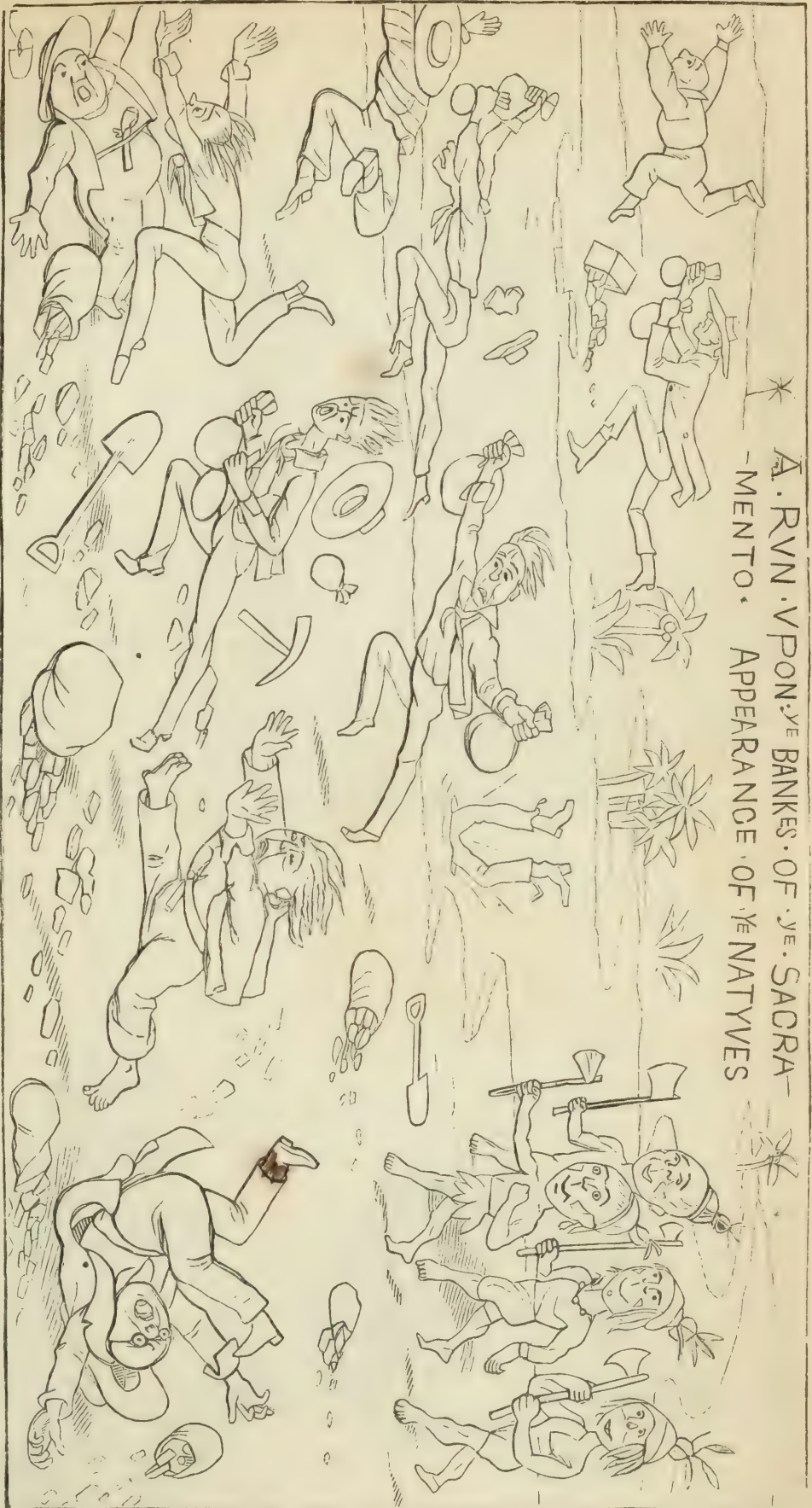
He, like Mr. Leech, makes very effective use of *Mr. Punch's* own figure, but in a different style, and one quite his own. Mr. Leech makes *Punch* a human creature; Mr. Doyle gives the puppet himself a soul. He is the ideal *Punch* of the puppet-show, no longer an automaton, but acting of his own volition. With *Mr. Punch*, his faithful Toby is elevated into individuality by Mr. Doyle's enlivening touch. The dog becomes quite as comical as his master, whom he



PUNCH AND TOBY.—BY DOYLE.

accompanies in all manner of disguises, and whom he assists with a most absurd air of eager self-importance on all occasions. This use of the puppet and his dog is characteristic of Mr. Doyle's genius, which revels in the whimsical and the grotesque. His famous "Manners and Customs of ye English" was undertaken in consequence of the great success of a drawing in which he showed "Mr. *Punch* presenting his Tenth Volume to y Queen." It was a caricature in the style of mediæval illumination and tapestry, in which similar presentations of volumes to patrons are depicted. In it were the Queen, Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington staggering under an enormous state-sword, Brougham as dwarf Court-fool, and other distinguished persons of rank, while in the train of *Punch* were Jerrold and Thackeray, with others of the staff. All these figures were drawn with an exaggeration of the mediæval style, itself a monstrous caricature of humanity, both

in semblance and in action; and yet the likeness of the figures to the originals was so strong that they were recognized at once. The effect was most ridiculous, and the sensation produced by the composition so great that the artist followed it up by others in the same style, modified, however, very much, and purged of much of its Goth-



ic rudeness. Mr. Doyle treated the California fever in this style, and made great fun of all the world thereanent. In one of his California drawings there was a touch so delicate that it probably escaped many eyes. His cipher is the letters RD together (the R reversed), and surmounted with a little bird, called a dickey-bird

in England. The drawing in question represented "Ye Wyld Goose Chase after ye Golden Calfe," and showed a great flock of geese, most of them with hats on, crossing the ocean to the shores of California. It was funny enough, and the satire was keen, but the exquisite touch of the thing was, that as your eye glanced down for Doyle's cipher, there stood RD, but the little dickey bird, not able to resist the contagion of the flight above him, had sprung from his perch, and was making way to join the wild goose chase after the golden calf himself. This was most characteristic of the good-nature and unassuming style of Mr. Doyle's satire, who, unlike his quondam coadjutor, is never cruel.

In one respect Mr. Doyle's works compare unfavorably with those of his sometime fellow-laborer. Mr. Leech always shows that he is a great draughtsman; but whatever may be Mr. Doyle's ability in this regard (and we suspect it to be greater than it seems), it is rarely that he draws a face or figure correctly. His figures, when they are not drawn in his modified Gothic style, all look as if they were designed from grotesque clay models which had been laid down upon their faces while they were wet, and so had flattened out. In these points his recent society designs, and also those which he drew to illustrate John Ruskin's fairy tale, the "King of the Golden River" (in which are some of his most charming fancies), are notably faulty. In this respect Mr. Keene, who is one of his successors in *Punch*, is

conspicuously excellent, even in the minute and accidental parts of his compositions. But his correctness would be of comparatively small importance, were it not that it enables him to express with great nicety an appreciation of character equally delicate and true. His satire is very keen, his humor subtle, and his style what people mean when they say genial—that is, good-natured, cheery, and suggestive of pleasant thoughts. One of the best examples of his style that has yet appeared in *Punch* is a scene between an old baronet and his butler. The former, sitting at table with a face of disgust at a scarce-tasted glass of wine before him, turns to the latter and asks, "Swiggles, what induced you to put such wine as this before me?" and gets for answer, "Well, you see, Sir William, as *somebody* must drink it—and there ain't none of us in the Hall as can touch it." The humorous impudence of the reply is magnificent, and makes a good story of itself. But the character of the personages in the drawing, and their momentary expression of countenance, are given with an exquisitely delicate and truthful pencil. The two men are about the same age, and it is plain that they have grown old together under the same roof. They are both dandies in their way, and their style of dress is much the same—the butler being rather the more exquisite personage of the two. Respectability, authority, and assured position appear in every line of his face as well as of his master's; and yet how



SIR WILLIAM AND SWIGGLES.—BY KEENE.

clearly and decidedly is it shown that the latter is aristocratic, and a master, and the former plebeian and servile! In this delicate, firm distinction of nice shades of character Keene is without a superior, almost without a rival, among all the caricaturists whose works are known to us. Among Keene's recent contributions to *Punch* there is a capital little social sketch in which Captain Fitz Flint and Lucy Brabazon are the personages. The fun in the words is not much; but Miss Brabazon is the most satisfactory representation of the high-bred young woman of society that we have ever seen. The artist has managed to express a real softness and delicacy and modesty, combined with a certain firmness and hard, high polish and aplomb which are only to be found in a woman who is at once a true woman and a thorough-bred woman of the world. Her companion is her fitting match. The delicacy and decision of hand shown in the heads of this sketch are indicative of rare gifts and high artistic culture.

So much—insufficient to the topic though it be—for the English caricaturists of the day; and they are, with three eminent exceptions, the great masters of their art in this period. Of the exceptions two are Frenchmen, and one is an American. The Germans have comic papers, some of the drawings in which are funny enough, but rather grotesque than humorous, and too little enlivened by marked distinction of individual character. They have yet produced no great works in this department of art, except Kaulbach's illustrations of *Reineke Fuchs*, in which the expression of human character and emotion by the lineaments of beasts is a true, though singular, application of the art of caricature. Kaulbach has in this series of plates exhibited a mastery of the anatomy of expression both in man and beast—to say nothing of the drawing of the animals and the composition of the groups—which would make him immortal had he accomplished nothing else. Italy, beneath whose bosom, beauteous and bountiful, literature and art were regenerate, and which gave modern caricature its life and its name, has been so long in the power of tyrants who sought to crush both soul and body that her laughing offspring left her. Even in France caricature is forced to respect power, though not decency, and works with hands half-manacled. The French caricatures are almost entirely of social subjects, and are either mere comical whims, like those of Cham, designed with a certain coarse freedom, or they are social satires, the humor being conveyed in the thought, and not in the figures, as, for instance, those of Gavarni.

This artist is one of the two great French caricaturists above mentioned; yet his works are, strictly, not caricatures. For in them the figures are not overcharged; they are, no less than Hogarth's, faithful representations of certain types of French character. All of them—*Fourberies de Femmes*, *Clichy*, *Paris le soir*, *Paris le matin*, *La vie de jeune homme*, *Les Débardeurs*, *Le Carnaval*, *Les Lorettes*, *Les Enfants terribles*

—are of this kind, and, almost without exception, the point on which they turn is amorous intrigue. *Monsieur Coquardeau* and *Mademoiselle Beauptuis* are their staple characters. One or the other is generally present, and if not present is implicated, in nearly every scene. Even the little children are made innocently to enlist in this service. In the very *Enfants terribles*, by far the greater number of the subjects are of like character; and the tendency of nearly all of this popular artist's compositions is to make faith and purity ridiculous. But his works, as studies of French social life in the second quarter of the century 1800, can not be overestimated for their vivid faithfulness. In some of his later drawings he has abandoned his earlier choice of subject, and views life from a stand-point more elevated and in a purer atmosphere. Experience has probably taught him that vice must at some time put off the guise of gayety, and that virtue is not inconsistent with a satisfying happiness. Without being old, he has lived long enough to see what kind of fruit life bears. Among his recent works *Les Lorettes vieilles* (The Lorettes grown old) makes this confession with alternating wit and pathos. Lorettes are always represented young and pretty, as if, like butterflies, they died but never grew old. Gavarni first thought of showing the declining years of those of whose youthful days he had so faithfully portrayed the specious brightness. The spectacle is heart-breaking. "Sophie," says one wretched, broken-down creature to a gay girl who is what she was, and who turns away heartlessly from her petitions, "your mother was my chambermaid!" Lorettes rarely have children. They do not know the pure delight which can be given by a child's caresses, even when unlawfully obtained. Gavarni shows us a happy young mother in humble life, sitting by her cottage door, with one child at her breast and a boy who had been playing round her knee. A haggard woman approaches, way-worn, emaciated, and forlorn, concealing the face which she was once so solicitous to decorate and to show, and says: "In the name of those little loves, who will console your age, Madame, have pity on me!" And the little boy leans pensively upon his mother's knee, and looks with sad wonder at the strange figure, doubtful whether it is a woman such as his mother is, not knowing that it is a woman such as his mother might have been. This is admirable; but it is not caricature. It is but the bare, unexaggerated truth. So in a series of plates styled *Le Propos de Thomas Vireloque* (The sentiments of Thomas Vireloque). Vireloque is a creature of monstrous person, a squalid human animal, with the figure of a Caliban and the wit of a Thersites, who wanders about satirizing the world. At the sight of two young men fighting, he exclaims, "Brothers? possible! but cousins?—no, not cousins." But it is the world as he finds it, and as it is. Except himself, there is not an exaggerated, overcharged conception in the whole series of drawings. Gavarni is again a charac-

terist. So are Leech and Keene; Doyle being always a caricaturist either in the figures or in the incidents of his drawing, and generally in both. But the two former are caricaturists also; and even in their social satire their humor is broader, the incidents more highly colored, than in the drawings of Gavarni.

But in Gustave Doré France has not only one of the greatest of caricaturists but one of the most gifted artists of the age. Doré is the Rembrandt of caricature. He unites all of that painter's miraculous mastery of light and shade to a knowledge of physiognomy and a grotesqueness and a humor which, while they are inferior to those of no other caricaturist, are peculiarly his own. He does not choose his subjects from nowadays political or social life, but goes back into the times of chivalry and superstition. Kings, knights, ladies, feats of arms, from single com-

bats to the shocks of mail-clad armies, and scenes of enchantment and sorcery engage his pencil. Upon all of these he pours merciless ridicule. He is never tired of showing how really absurd are the descriptions of battles, jousts, and other feats of arms in the old romances:—tales of one man putting a hundred to flight, of men cut in two at a blow, of two or three knights killed at a single thrust of a spear, of those combats in which hosts of men chop each other into human hash seasoned with bits of steel armor. In one drawing he shows a body of men at arms who have charged another and driven them pell-mell off a precipice. The action does not transcend the descriptions of such scenes which are sometimes found even in romances of modern days; and yet its impossibility has an absurd likeness to possibility. The impetuous rush and headlong scramble are given to the life; that is, to

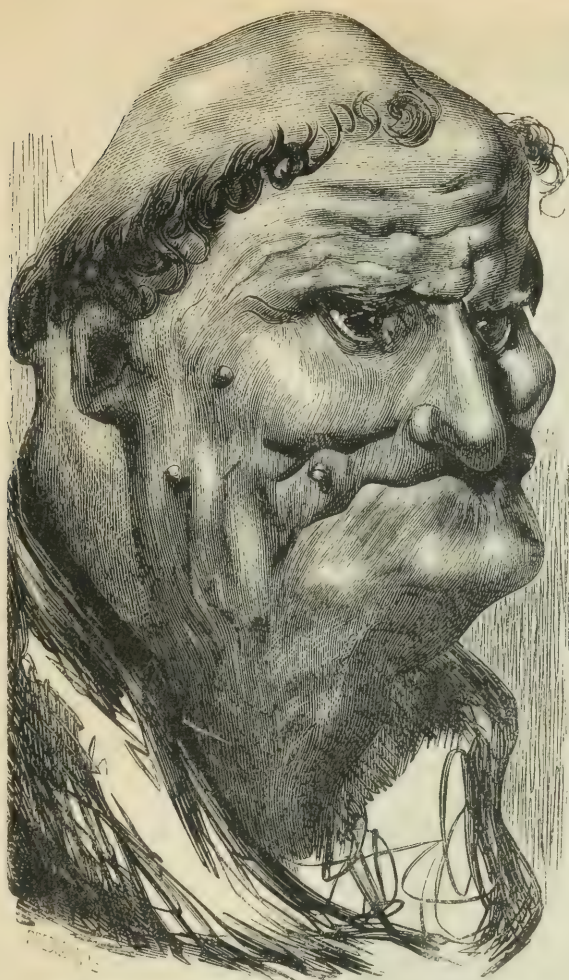
our imagination of the life. Pursuers and pursued are flying over the brink together, the former so intent upon the attack that they do not see their own fate. Their very lances partake of their furious eagerness, and shoot out miraculously far into the air over the edge of the precipice, where they spit unhappy victims, men and horses, in all sorts of uncomfortable places; while below, expectant and delighted alligators stand open-mouthed to catch up and bear off every living thing that falls.

In the accompanying design, of like motive, he whimsically illustrates the statement of his author, that a certain arrest "was the cause of great troubles and taking up of arms in the town," by representing a tumultuous fight in a narrow street and the houses commanding it, in which almost every man is at once killing some other man and being killed himself, and where combatants break out of the roofs and walls of houses like an eruption.

His heads of monks, and judges, and ancient dignitaries of all classes and grades are quite marvelous in their union of faithfulness to a type



A MUNICIPAL MISUNDERSTANDING.—BY DORÉ.



THE HOLY ABBOT OF MARMOUSTIERS.—BY DORÉ.

and overcharge of characteristic traits. He excels in the delineation of extreme and senile old age, of pompous fatuity, and of countenances so malformed or so distorted that while they preserve marked traits of humanity and of individual character, they approach the monstrous. Even in his most exaggerated heads, the very types of which are removed from us by centuries of a mollifying civilization and refinement, we always recognize at least the germs of character that we have observed, if not the very characters themselves.

He caricatures not only men and things, but the impressions which they make upon the mind; and some of his most striking designs are those in which he presents us with what we see at a glance represents the appreciation of one of his personages by the other. Thus he shows us a king admiring a pretty peasant-girl; and his majesty has "that growed, and that swelled, and that gentle-folke'd" in the dazzled eyes of the poor girl and her mother, that he and his puffed and slashed sleeves and his plumed cap nearly fill the cabin in which they sit.

He makes endless fun of monks and the incidents of monkish life. One of his drollest compositions is one in which he represents the rush of a convent full of monks to greet the return of one of their number, who was a great favorite with them. They rush headlong down a hill to meet him; dancing, kicking, tumbling over one another, sprawling. They pour out of the postern in an impossible yet possible-seeming throng; they jump out of the uppermost windows, and sail down with their frocks expanded like parachutes. He is never tired of turning chivalric ceremonies and heraldic symbols into ridicule; and it having been the custom to embroider coats of arms upon garments, he shows some of his figures kneeling with their faces from us, and displaying thus armorial bearings which in any other position would be hidden, though blazoned upon seats of honor.

Doré caricatures architecture and even landscape; and in his treatment of these subjects shows that mastery of light and shade which makes him the rival of Rembrandt. Some of his drawings of old towns seen by moonlight or torchlight, where the narrow streets run tortuously between houses which are covered with projecting turrets, and balconies, and galleries, and pent-houses, and winding staircases, and irregular projections of all kinds which catch the light on all their angles and curves, look as if the architecture had sprouted, and was blossoming out into a monstrous growth—a fungus growth of stone, and brick, and mortar. The exaggeration is enormous, yet there is keeping and coherence; and the effect is not less mysterious than grotesque. So in his landscapes the effects of gloom are so heightened that his trees become portentous and his shadows ominous. He shows us the awful reduced to an absurdity; and yet makes us feel that awe can not be entirely made absurd, and that even ridicule can not quite free us from its power.

The best drawings that Doré has yet published are his illustrations of Balzac's *Contes Drolatiques*—a book in the highest degree indecorous, and written in French so old as to be un-



THE KING IN THE COTTAGE.—BY DORÉ.



OLD STREETS BY MOONLIGHT.—BY DORÉ.

readable to most Frenchmen; but admirable, whether for its wit, its ingenuity of construction, or the faithfulness with which the author has thought in the spirit of the times whose language he adopted. The examples of Doré's style which accompany this article are from the illustrations to the *Contes Drolatiques*. His illustrations to the legend of the "Wandering Jew" are marvelous combinations of the awful and the grotesque, the element of humor being almost entirely eliminated. But although in these he had larger space in which to work, there is little in them, even in grandeur of effect, which can not be found in the illustrations to the first-named book. Doré has just published a set of illustrations to Dante's *Inferno*, which teems with subjects congenial to his pencil. He has furnished a most important addition to our modes of enjoying Dante; but it is to be hoped that the report that he is engaged upon illustrations of Shakspeare is unfounded. He could not make

Shakspeare ridiculous, but he might Doré.

In this brief review of the history of caricature America claims little space. For thirty years past caricatures, so called, have been published in America; but with very rare exceptions nothing more sad and depressing could have been devised than the mass of these publications. Many funerals are conducted in a manner far better calculated to minister to the sense of the ridiculous. They have generally been intricate and pointless examples of the emblematic style of satirical drawing, with no intrinsic power of exciting laughter; whereas the designs in *Punch*, or the *Paris Charivari*, or the German *Fliegende Blätter*, are laughable in themselves, even to those who do not know the incidents which they illustrate, or understand the language in which they are explained. This defect was the radical fault of *Yankee Doodle*—a satirical paper published in New York about twelve years ago. Its literary matter was good, far better than *Punch's* is nowadays, and its illustrations were full of sharp hits, but there was no fun in them; the figures

were as serious as so many drum-majors. This failure of the caricatures which, till recently, have been published here, in the essential quality of such drawings, is no proof of the lack of humor in America; for, until within the last few years, our caricatures have been drawn by English or Irish artists. It is indeed but quite recently that Americans have thought it worth while to turn their attention to this branch of art; and the readers of *Harper's Magazine*, who for ten years back have been delighted with the fruits of Mr. M'Lenan's humor and penetrative observation, or who know his illustrations of the "Fisher's River Sketches," need not be told that our aptitude for caricature is no longer to be disputed.

Many attempts at caricature fail because they endeavor to make that ridiculous which, however unreasonable or disagreeable, has not the elements which make it a fit subject for ridicule. As it has been remarked before in this paper, caricature is a kind of reverse ideal. High

art places its ideal in the attainment of a typical representation of a species: caricature attains its effects by heightening exceptional deviations from that type. The one concerns itself with that which is general, the other that which is particular. A man or an incident must present something salient to be a fit subject for caricature. Thus, it would be almost impossible to caricature the Venus of Milo, or the Antinous of the Capitol, or the Apollo Belvidere; yet in the latter a certain assumed scornfulness of expression might be ludicrously overcharged, and a caricature be the result. But close observation and keen perception are important elements in the genius of a caricaturist, whose success will be great in proportion as he sees peculiarities where the general eye does not see them. Surprise is one of the sensations excited by good caricature; incongruity joined with consistency, one of its most effective weapons. You laugh at a caricature because it is so unlike, and yet looks so like, a figure at which you do not laugh. That which merely heightens defects which in

themselves are painful and ridiculous, only attains an inferior object by puerile means and in a cruel manner. Caricature, to be effective, need not be malicious, or wound by making its subject himself personally ridiculous. When used for the gratification of private pique, and with the mere purpose of giving pain, it is as base and mean as any scandal, or slander, or anonymous attack. Nay, even baser and meaner: for to ridicule there is no reply; against it there is no redress. What is ridiculous is ridiculous, and no explanation or vindication will make it otherwise. This, so often forgotten, should ever be remembered by those who have the gift of ridicule in any form. For ridicule is a terrible weapon, but an unjust balance. It is the deadly foe of folly, but it is not the test of truth. What is foolish and base it makes appear more foolish and more base; but it aims its dazzling shafts with equal readiness, and often with equal success, against wisdom and honor. Its purpose only justifies it. That may make it harmless, even commendable.



HAM RACHEL OF ALABAMA.—BY M'LENAN.



THE SHIP-YARD.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

WHETHER it was the example of the nautilus, or that of the broad-tailed squirrel, that first taught man to go down to the sea in ships, it is impossible to say. Only this much we do know—that the time has been when the race were as innocent of the navigation of the sea as they were of the air. Even within the time of historical record nations can be found who repudiated utterly the art of navigation as an impracticable thing.

The first ship upon record was the ark—a structure which, though built with high regard to the rules of construction, was not, as far as we have Scriptural history, preluded by other great vessels; and, what is stranger still, did not seem to teach the posterity of its builders any thing beyond the original coracles and rafts. Through thousands of years of attempts at navigation of the sea, it was reserved unto our own day to achieve any thing approaching to scientific control of the great waters, and the combination of beauty, safety, and speed in the ships that sail upon them.

With this short introduction let us together

look through the ship-yards, and see the building of a ship.

The first thing that will strike you, as we enter the territory of the ship-builder, will be the army of stalwart men, bronzed by the sun and weather, and armed every one with a broad, gleaming axe, which they fling with an apparent recklessness that bodes little safety to the groups of eager children who cluster about them, intent on filling their baskets with the scattered chips—realizing once again in our own day the poetry of the gleaners. You will observe that I said “apparent recklessness,” for the hundreds of little snatching fingers and obtrusive toes need be under no apprehension. The blow of that ax-man is as true and certain as that of the Indian master of the sword, who cleft an apple held upon the open palm of his friend by one sweeping stroke without touching the skin. There are quite as marvelous stories told of these wielders of the broad-axe; of the feats they have performed; of their truth of hand and certainty of eye.

You will look over to your right, where, un-



AXEMEN.

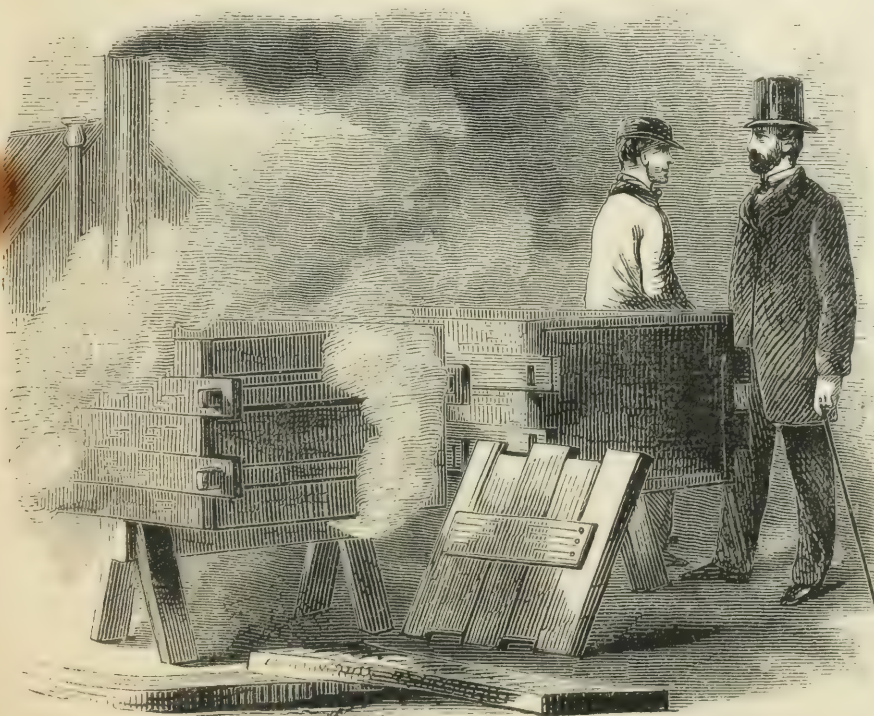
der a shed, you will see sundry men performing strange movements, which, naturally enough, you will associate in your mind with those of the gymnast. We will approach nearer, when you will find that the half score of bowing men are *top sawyers*, bending in response to another half score who are in the pit below—the whole score spending their days in pulling this great-toothed saw backward and forward, through log

and plank, to aid in putting together the wonderful structure that shall arise at our bidding.

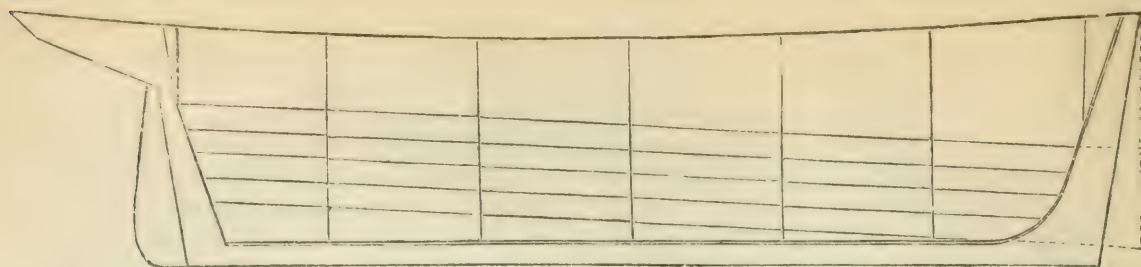
Cast your eyes over the left, where you will see an oblong box raised upon a frame a few feet from the ground, and about thirty feet in length. This is the steam-box; the receptacle of such pieces of timber as may be required especially flexible. To make them so they are inclosed within it for about an hour and a half, the steam is introduced, the timber is saturated, and is easily bent the required curve. Modern vessels require much less of this steam-box than those of a quarter century ago, being straighter in all their lines and larger in their proportions.

Beside this steam-box is the blacksmith's shop, the forge whereon all articles of iron-work appertaining to the ship are made, excepting such as anchors, heavy chain, and whatever massive work may be beyond its limited calibre.

We will now cross the yard to the spot where our ship is to be built.



THE STEAM-CHEST.



THE SHEER PLAN.

As you step occasionally over the great squared logs, can you not let your mind run for a moment back to the solemn, quiet woods where for centuries they dwelt and grew in grandeur, until one day the foot of a man rustled the autumn leaves beneath them? How he gazed up to the lofty branches and along the stout trunk! How he calculated the number of knees, cross-pieces, futtocks, and plank! How he laid his broad-axe to the noble tree, and, unresisted, hewed away unceasingly until the great dweller of the forest came thundering down, and was borne away piecemeal, that art may show what great works she can achieve! But we have no time to be poetical. We stand upon the spot where our task must commence; and yet before, as naval constructors, we can commence our work, we are dependent on the skill of the architect equally with the mason and the carpenter, who await his plans before the house goes up.

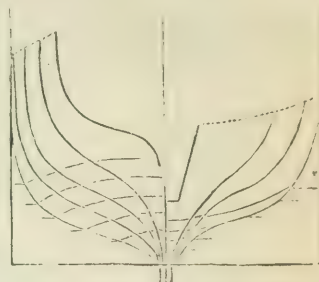
With a bit of chalk let me show you the duty of the naval architect.

The first duty to be performed is the making of the model. This is done by doweling certain thin pieces of cedar and pine together alternately, and from the mass so joined hewing out the form required. This model is from three to six feet in length, and is finished with the utmost care and precision. Upon this model each line of the future ship is carried out in miniature. The displacement of water is calculated, and the two great points for which the naval architect and constructor work are sought for. They are, firstly, that the stem and water-line should be so formed, that while they offer the least possible resistance to the water, they shall at the same time have great buoyancy. Secondly, this water-line must run with perfect smoothness the entire length of the ship, thereby insuring free action of the rudder and good steerage. In the attainment of these ends it is that all the science of the naval architect is lavished.

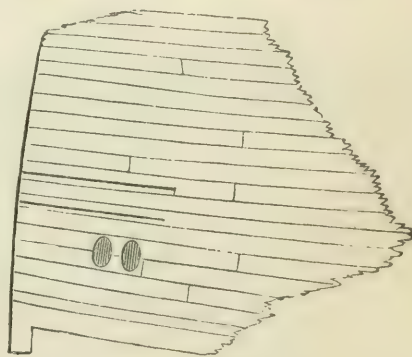
When this model is finished the naval architect commences his drawings. The first or principal drawing is called the *Sheer Drawing*. This is divided into three parts, called the *Sheer Plan*, the *Half-Breadth Plan*, and the *Body Plan*. To understand these drawings and the mode of making them, it is only necessary to

imagine yourself called on at dinner to disserve a turkey without being posted in the ways of carving. As you will naturally do the thing wrong, allow me to suggest that, on the first slash of the knife, you will divide Mr. Turkey in two parts, from the neck to the pope's nose. That is the Sheer Plan. Or, as there is more than one way to do the thing wrong, we will suppose that you see fit to divide the bird by cutting him in two parts, equidistant between those extremes of its person mentioned above.

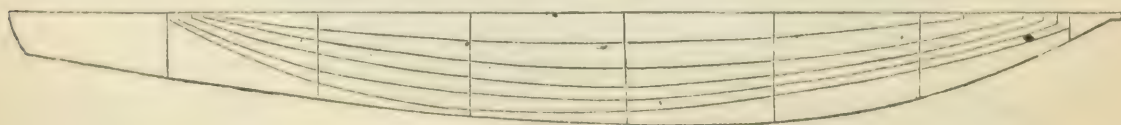
This would be the Body Plan; while by laying it upon the side and slicing it through lengthwise, you will get the Half-Breadth Plan.



From this sheer drawing we, as practical builders, go to work and make construction drawings, which shall show the exact position of every plank and timber in the ship we are about to build. The end gained by this proceeding will be, that every plank and timber can be accurately cut according to the shape wanted, and when brought to its place on the growing ship, can be fitted with little or no trouble. To show



this, I here give you, with a few touches of my chalk, a portion of the outer planking or skin of a ship, according to the construction drawing, that you may see how easy it is, by reducing feet to inches and inches to hundredths, to get out each plank of the required width, length, and thickness to cover certain places.



THE HALF-BREADTH PLAN.

We can now begin hewing out our ship, and if we please putting her together until she looms up to the very skies, and if we do not please, we can number our timbers and planks from one to twenty thousand, and send them to Japan or Patagonia, where they shall, by competent hands, be put together, making a stately ship that shall carry the Japanese or Patagonian stars and stripes all over the world.

If we conclude to make this ship here, we must prepare blocks whereon to lay the keel. This is a simple matter, being only the placing of short, thick pieces of timber, so arranged as to allow for the declivity of the ship, which is equal to $\frac{5}{8}$ ths of an inch for every foot of her length—this inclination being made, as I shall hereafter show, for the purpose of launching.

We now proceed to lay what is termed the *First or False Keel* of our ship, being pieces of wood from four to six inches in thickness, and of the same breadth we intend our keel to be. Elm is the best wood for this purpose, seasoned by immersion in water rather than exposure to air. The object of this false keel is to prevent the ship making lee-way when sailing upon a wind, or should she go ashore, to relieve her by forcing it off and thereby lessen her draught of water.

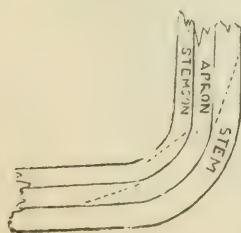
We come now to the laying of the keel, which, supposing we are about to build a first-class ship of 2500 tons, will be composed of pieces of timber about twenty inches square. As one piece of timber will not stretch the length of this great



ship, some certain means must be found to join them. This is done by *doweling*.

I have said that the keel is a piece of timber twenty inches square; but I will make a reservation in this so far as to say that a groove is cut through its whole length on either side, just deep enough to receive the planking.

Our keel being laid, it becomes necessary to go on and set up our timbers, the most important of which is the *stem*. The stem of our ship is of the soundest and most solid pieces of oak we have in the yard. Pieces, I say, for the reason that no single piece can be found of sufficient size to make the stem. We therefore, by our *doweling*, or *scarphing*, as it is termed, join together three pieces to make the size required, allowing the top, or piece farthest away from the water, to be somewhat the largest. Directly behind this we place another piece, which is doweled to the stem and denominated the *apron*. Once more, behind the apron we place another timber, which we call the *stemson*, intended to strengthen the stem.



These three pieces, acting one upon the other by the aid of bolts, dowels, and *scarphing*, form a solid mass of timber calculated to resist heavy thumps, and, if need be, walk through an iceberg.

Having that important part of our ship erected, we will turn our backs upon it, and proceed to put up our stern-post.

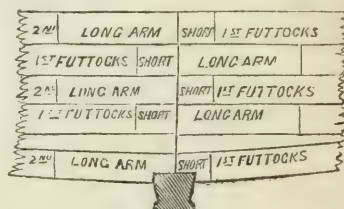
The *stern-post* is—if timber can be found sufficiently large—in one piece. This is a matter of vital importance, from the necessity of great strength, the stern-post being the piece whereon the rudder hangs, and on the safety of which the very existence of the ship depends. This also is of the most solid oak, and is grooved, like the keel and stem, for the reception of planking. The fastening to the keel is made by teeth in the post,



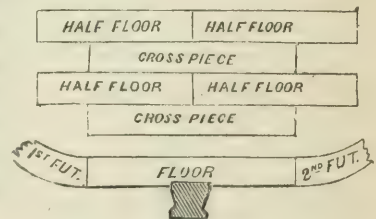
fitting into a mortice in the keel. To strengthen the main-post there is also an inner post doweled to it, as in the stem, making a solid combination of timber of such size as can not be had without joining. In the round stern ship timbers are worked out from this stern-post to form the shape required, and are called *post-timbers*.

We will now proceed toward setting up the frame of our ship, or that portion of the structure that gives it form and shape. This frame will be a numerous family of timbers, rejoicing in the names of cross-pieces, futtocks, top-timbers, floors, half-floors, short and long armed floors, and a few others too tedious to mention, and not at all necessary to our work. We will repudiate all technical terms, and go on with our building or laying the floor.

The floor of the ship is composed of square timbers, laid at right angles across the keel, and fitted to it by a groove. These timbers are not laid upon the keel with an equal balance, but reach alternately to the right or left; whichever end reaches farthest from the keel being termed the long arm, the other end of the same timber, on the opposite side of the keel, being called the short arm.



Another method of laying the floor, or rather what is termed the half-floor, is by a cross-piece laid equally upon the keel, and two timbers meeting on the middle line. For the purpose of making these half-floors and cross-pieces like one solid piece of timber, dowels are used, three inches in diameter, and sunk one and a half inches into both cross-piece and half-floor, and then secured to the keel by bolts.



We have now reached that point of our labor where we are about to raise our ship above the keel. We are about to handle those important timbers called *futtocks*. These, when elevated to their proper positions, will make the frame of the ship, and will much resemble those ana-

tomical preparations of the human frame which you have possibly seen in some doctor's office or museum.

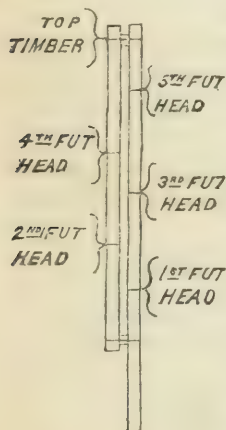
The futtocks are straight or bent timbers, as the curves of the ship may demand, and are fastened with a dowel upon the end to the end of each half-floor, cross-piece, or arm, carrying up the sides of the ship to the required height. According to the position in which they are used



they are termed first, second, third, and so forth, the first and second futtocks being nearest to the keel. To explain this still more minutely, let me say that the first futtocks are attached to the ends of the half-floor or the long arm; the third futtocks on the ends of the first futtocks; the fourth futtocks on the ends of the second futtocks; and the fifth futtocks on the ends of the third futtocks.

In the building of the ship, after speed is considered, lightness, which is the parent of speed, must be sought, as by attention to that point the carrying powers of the ship will be increased.

To insure this lightness we must use as little timber as possible consistent with strength, every stick of the frame being set at such distance apart as will admit of this strength. Three feet nine inches is the regulated distance in which shall be placed one cross-piece and one floor or half-floor, with the futtocks necessary to carry



up the frame. This section of the ship, as here chalked out, being put together on the ground and hoisted to the required position on the growing vessel by means of sheers or tall masts with necessary tackle. Now these floors and futtocks must vary as the building of the ship approaches the stem or stern. This is done by cutting off the floors, as well as giving them a greater cant upward, that they may meet the fut-

tock, which, as they approach toward either end of the ship, have a greater desire to run straight up, making the ship at those points more of the wedge form.

As all these futtocks are raised to the places they are to occupy they are *shored up*. Shores are sticks of timber acting as props to keep the sections of futtocks in their places, the upper end resting against the ribbon or piece of wood fastened temporarily across the futtocks for the purpose of staying.

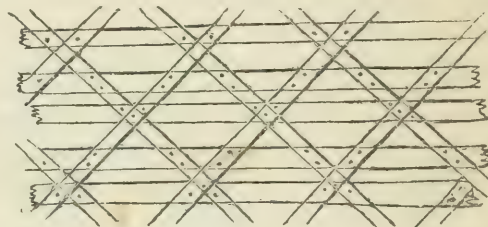
Our stem, stern, and side timbers being all up, the next job must be to introduce the keelsons. The principal keelson is a piece, or pieces, of timber joined the same as the keel and laid directly above it, acting as a strengthener of the vessel lengthwise, and as a means of securing the floors in their proper places. The keelson is laid directly over the keel from stem to stern, and secured by copper bolts driven through the

floor and keel, and by wooden dowels to the floor. Besides the main keelson there are side keelsons, sometimes two, and sometimes four, according to the size of the ship, secured through the floors, futtocks, and outer planking. These side keelsons not only aid in making the ship more strong, but in staying for the timber that makes the stepping of the mast.



Another important point is the filling or closing of all space between the futtocks and below the water-line with timber. This is done that the ship may still be water-tight should she chance to strike upon rocks or ground, and tear off her outer planking. These timbers are fitted closely in the open spaces between the floors and the futtocks, and are well calked before either outer or inner planking is put upon the ship, making her so that without any outside planking whatever she will still float.

The next point is of the internal trussing or bracing the ship with iron. These braces or trusses are bands of iron from three to six inches wide, running across the timbers at acute angles from the side keelsons to the upper timbers and fastened to them by bolts. These tend to give



the frame great strength; in fact, if properly applied, making it impossible for the ship to go to pieces or to become what is technically termed *hogged*—a difficulty produced by the falling of the stem and stern and the rising of the keel, making it curve, and destroying the sailing properties of the vessel.

We have now the frame or outer shell of the ship ready for her decks. These decks will be in number according to the size of the ship. For one of the size we are now building three decks will be necessary, which we must put in as the carpenter puts in the floors of his house.

We first, at the height we intend these decks to be, run a rib of timber longitudinally the whole length of the vessel, securing it to the side timbers by bolting. This is called the *shelf*, and on it rest the beams that stretch across the ship, on which beams the floor of the deck is laid.

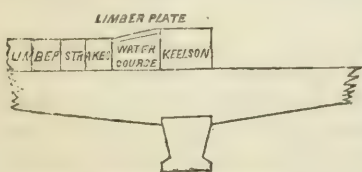


The same rule that applies to the keel, the stem, and the stern-post applies equally to all these vast timbers, whether they be shelves or beams: they must all be joined and made up from small pieces by scarphing or doweling, or

both. These beams, as well as the shelf, are made from the very best of pine, and the deck planking of the same wood, taking care to select it as pitchy as possible.

In speaking here of decks I do not mean to say that we must lay them yet. There is other work to be done first. We have the frame all up, trussed, and bolted, and now we must draw the *skin*, as it is termed, over the ribs of the great monster and put in the timbers and inside ceiling.

This inside planking, which is generally worked on at the same time as the outside or skin, is called the *limber strakes* or *ceiling*. The limber strakes are a little over half the thickness of the keelson, and are worked on to the futtocks inside, in the same manner that an ordinary room floor is laid, with iron or copper bolts reaching only into the futtocks, not through them. Between the keelson and the first limber strakes an open space or gutter is left, called the water-course,

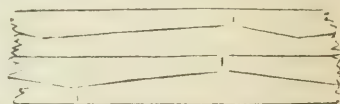


intended as a conveyance for whatever water may find its way into the ship from leakage to the

wells, that the pumps may get at it. It will be the intention of the ship-builder with these limber strakes or inside planking to make them as tight upon the seams as he would outside plank, so that in the event of any injury to the skin of the ship leakage would not ensue. In small vessels it is upon this planking and upon the skin that the steam-box is mostly brought to

bear, that the timbers, especially those of the forward and aft parts of the ship, may be easily bent to the required curves. In a ship of the size we are now building, the lines being so near straight in comparison to the shortness of the pieces of strakes or plank, the steam-box is of little use.

And now we will proceed to put the skin upon our ship, premising a few words upon the difference between English and American modes of planking. The English ship-builders, in planking a ship's bottom, use both English and Dantzic oak, with sometimes fir and elm, below the water-line, on account of its non-liability to split. The English oak being cut from trees largest at the lowest end, the planks come out in such shape as to make it imperatively necessary that the builder, for the sake of saving much stuff, must use them in this angular style. The American plan differs from this in so far that we always use straight



outside timbers, except in such cases as where the form of the ship demands otherwise.

Before putting the planking upon the ship it is the duty of the master-builder to see that his frame stands perfectly true and perpendicular. If it should not do so, he must slacken his shores and ribbons on the one side, and tauten them on the other, until that end is attained according to the plumb-line.

These outside planks, or skin, in a ship of the size we are now building, vary in thickness from four inches to ten, the thickest plank being



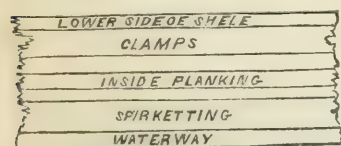
INTERIOR OF THE SHIP.

about the *wales*—or that part of the ship above water, and just below the line of the first, or upper-deck. There is no part of the building of the ship requiring so much care and judgment as does this putting on the skin. Any error in selecting the material, or in bending it wrongly, may cause splits or bruises that eventually, by leakage and decay, may endanger the very life of the ship. As this planking approaches the stem or stern it is thinned off, to admit a more easy bending and fitting to the curves and to the rabbet of the stem and stern-post.

The fastening of this skin to the futtocks, or frame, is done by wooden pegs of locust, called *tree-nails*, the holes for receiving which should be bored several days previous to using, that the sap remaining in the wood may thoroughly dry out. The tree-nail is then introduced, by a plan called double and single fastening—being the alternate driving of one and two tree-nails into each futtock.

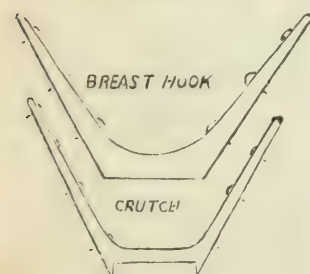


The next item for consideration is the *water-ways*, an internal hoop of timber, passing longitudinally along the ship, just above the decks, serving the same purpose on top that the shelf serves below. The inside planking just under the lower side of the shelf is called the *clamps*; and the same, just above the *water-ways*, the *spirketting*.



Both the clamps and spirketting are more strongly fastened to the timbers of the frame than any other part of the ceiling, that they may lend their aid to the support of the shelf, water-ways, and beams.

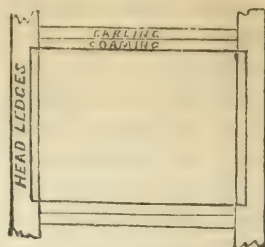
Before I go farther, let me say a word in reference to *breast-hooks* and *crutches*. These are timbers or iron, as the choice may be, intended



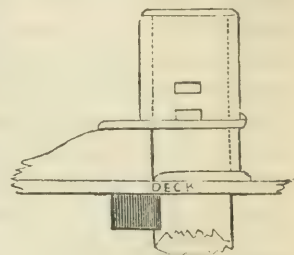
to unite the ship together at both stem and stern, where the floors do not cross the keel. When used forward they are called breast-hooks; when aft, crutches. They are intended to fit upon the keel, stretching out their arms, which are bolted to the side-timbers. They form a part of the general system of strengthening the ship.

We come now to the laying of the deck—or, as technically termed, the *framing* of the deck; the marking out the hatchways and openings, the most important of which are the mast-holes. These mast-holes are always made from three to six inches larger than the masts that are to go in them, the overplus of space being arranged by the insertion of wedges, which keep the mast in its proper position. The frame about the

mast-hole is composed of fore-and-aft partners, cross-partners, and corner chocks. The hatchways are formed square-oblong, the broadest part of the opening running across the ship.—The fore-and-aft pieces are called *coamings*, while those athwart-ship are called *head-ledges*.

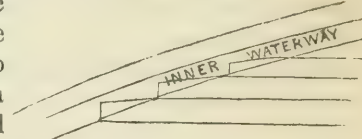


Included in the framing of the deck are the *riding-bitts*, which are intended to receive the cable when the ship is lying at anchor. It is usual, on a ship of the size we are now building, to have two pair of riding-bitts or four. These bitts, for their better security, run through two decks. Sometimes the riding-



bitts are dispensed with, and the windlass, of which I shall speak presently, is used instead.

We have nothing now but to lay our deck, which is a simple work—care only being had, in putting on the outer planking, or skin, to bend and fit the plank well and carefully, avoiding all flaws and strains, that the decks may be perfectly tight, without a chance of springing, or straining from the fastenings. There must be next to the water-way a single plank, laid down and fitted into a rabbet in the water-way, and then gradually cut down on the outer edge until it meets the deck plank; this is called the *inner water-way*.



Upon our ship we shall put three decks—the upper deck, the main deck, and the lower deck; but in vessels of war the names of decks are numerous beyond mention.

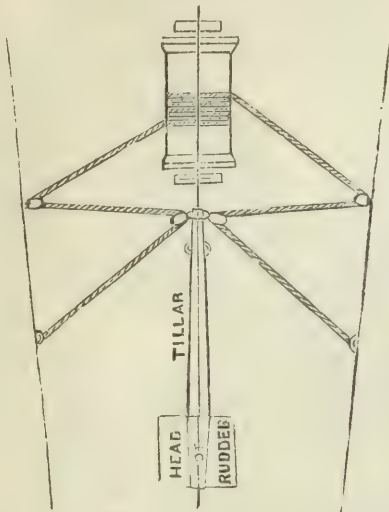
The most important parts yet to be considered are the rudder, the wheel, the capstan, the finished bow and stern, and the calking and coppering of the ship.

The *rudder* is the instrument used to guide the ship—the brain of the great mass. On the construction and proper hanging of this portion much depends. It is made from the very best of oak and elm, the head being round, while at its foot is worked a piece of plank about six inches thick, so that should the ship touch ground, this *sole-piece*, as it is called, will come away, like the false keel, and perhaps free her. The rudder is hung to the ship by pintles and gudgeons, the first attached to the rudder, the last to the stern-post.

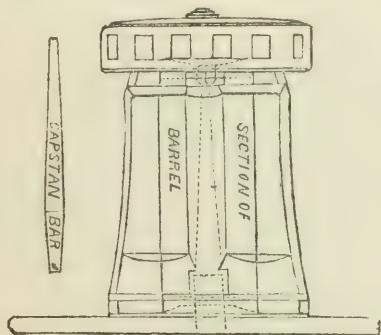


Our rudder being now hung, we will turn our attention to the wheel—the power that holds the rudder in subjection.

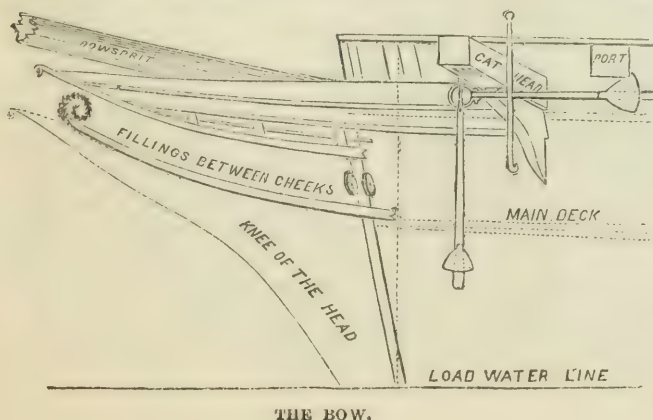
When the rudder is hung, the circular head coming above the deck is morticed to receive the tiller, or piece of wood intended to act as a lever in forcing the rudder to the right or the left, as circumstances may demand. Attached to the end farthest from the rudder-head are the tiller-



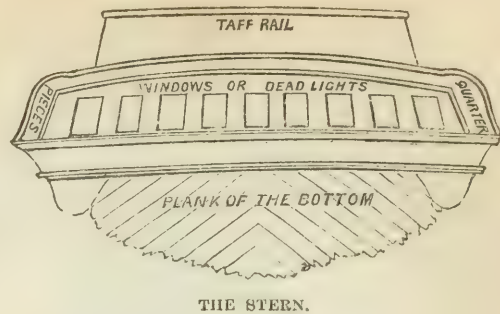
ropes, running through small blocks, and from these upon one end to the side of the vessel, upon the other to the barrel of the wheel, where it is wound seven times about the barrel, so that the barrel, upon being turned, shall slack upon one rope and haul taut upon the other. By this means a power is gained by one man that with the tiller alone could not be gained by four.



The *capstan*, or windlass, in a vessel of our class, should be double, running through two decks, and having two barrels, that two sets of men can work at once. The place of the capstan is in the extreme bow of the ship.



THE BOW.



THE STERN.

And now the artist must explain the bow or head of the ship, and her stern.

We now have our ship, only excepting calking and coppering. The first is generally done upon the outside skin while the ship is upon the stocks; but the inside timbers are often left uncalked until the ship has been several years in use, as it is supposed that as calking tends to stiffen the fabric of a ship, the inner calking comes to her aid in that way after she has been racked and strained.

Calking is the making of the seams impervious to water, and is accomplished by forcing into them, with sharp iron wedges called *calking irons*, oakum, which is old rope, cut into short pieces and picked into threads. After these seams are all filled melted pitch is put over them with a small broom. A mixture is then made of pitch and tar, which is spread over the entire bottom of the ship, as far as the copper is intended to come, as smoothly as possible. The decks are calked in a similar manner, but instead of pitch, marine glue is used to close the seams.

We have now our ship ready for the copper. In many cases this coppering is not done until after the ship is launched, perhaps not until she has made several voyages, when she is taken out upon a dry dock, calked and coppered.

It was not until the beginning of the present century that copper was used upon the bottom of ships, previous to that time a coating of pitch and tar being thought sufficient protection. The clogging of the ship's bottom with vegetable matter, and the ravages of the sea-worm, soon taught the mariner better, and copper sheathing was the result.

It is customary in coppering a ship to use sheets measuring four feet in length by fourteen inches in breadth, and weighing from twenty to thirty-two ounces per superficial foot. These different weights are used upon the same ship, the heaviest about the bows and along the load water-line. A ship of the size we are now building will require about five thousand sheets, weighing a fraction over thirty thousand pounds.

Having reached that point where our ship is ready for launching, let us proceed to launch her. But do not deceive yourself with the idea that our ship is ready for sea; she must first go into the hands of the spar-makers and riggers. We have built the ship; the riggers' duty is



OALKING.

foreign to us, however important it may be to the ship. Therefore, while all things are getting ready for the launch, lend your ears while I speak a few words with regard to ship-building timber.

In our country little is used but oak and pine; but in England experiments have been made in almost every wood under the sun, and the general conclusion has been reached that East India teak is the best. The great difficulty to be overcome is the decay of the timbers with dry-rot, or fungi that grow and extract all the juices of the wood until it crumbles away under the least pressure or strain. Merchant vessels are more subject to this than men-of-war, ventilation being the only means to arrest its progress. By the Marine surveying laws, a ship is only allowed to remain on the first-class list twelve years, it being calculated that in such time decay has well advanced. Cases have been known where a well-built oak ship would in a few months be useless from dry-rot.

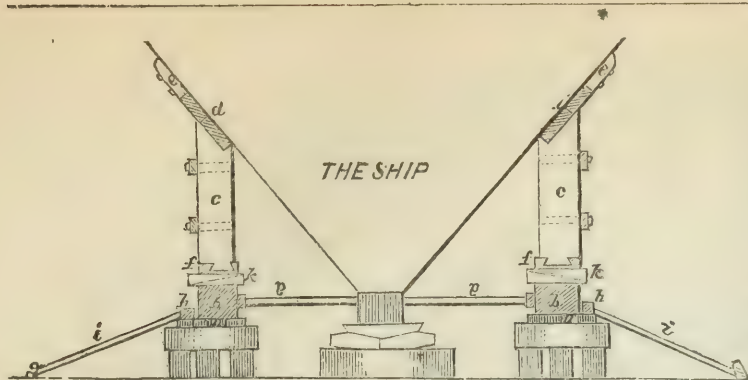
The comparative qualities of wood, according to the English valuation, for ship-building are: *First*, Teak, mahogany, pencil-cedar, Spanish and French oak. *Second*, Red cedar, white oak, and Spanish chestnut. *Third*, American oak, chestnut, larch, tamarac, pitch-pine, and ash. *Fourth*, Red pine, elm, birch, spruce, and beech. *Fifth*, Hemlock. American builders place our oak higher.

Experiments on the power of timber to resist crushing, breaking, and pulling apart, show that yellow pine withstands a pressure of 5375 pounds

to the square inch, ash 8683 pounds, oak 9509 pounds; while the cohesive strength of ash is 17,000 pounds to the square inch, and oak 10,000 pounds. A stick of oak, 8 inches by 12, and 15 feet in length, required a weight of 19,153 tons before it would break. Many experiments have also been made with timber to prevent its decay, sometimes by immersion in liquids, sometimes by drying it in ovens and kilns, and sometimes by injecting chemical substances into its pores. The process of salting timber has been in use for over half a century, and is perhaps the only real practical preserving that has yet been done. Corrosive sublimate, chloride of zinc, sulphate of copper, and kreosote, have all been used with certain success in saturating the fibres of the wood; and timber has been subjected to currents of heated air of 114° Fahrenheit, which reduced its weight 20 per cent. in sixteen days; but with all the success of these experiments none of them have been brought practically to bear in the building of the ship.

Now for the launch. We have a mass of timber, copper, iron, etc., weighing somewhere about 3000 tons, which we are anxious to get into the water with safety to ourselves and it.

As a representation of our ship's bottom I will give you an angle, in looking at which you will be kind enough to imagine that you are standing at the bow of the vessel and looking down her length. I have before mentioned that the keel of the ship is laid on a declivity of $\frac{5}{8}$ ths of an inch to a foot; and now, in our efforts at a successful launch, it will be necessary that we



should give the sliding ways, or plane upon which she is to glide into the waters, a still greater slope. We will even go so far as to give them $\frac{7}{8}$ ths of an inch declivity to each foot of distance. The smaller the vessel the greater is the declivity, much depending on the weight of the mass moved in making its own momentum.

These *sliding ways*, which I shall mark *a*, are smooth plank laid upon heavy timbers, forming a continuous line from the ship to the water, and are laid when the tide is low that they may reach far out. Upon these sliding ways rest the *bilge-ways*, marked *b*, much as the runner of a sled rests on the snow. These bilge-ways, which are about $\frac{5}{8}$ ths of the length of the ship, and connected with her by certain upright timbers—*c*, called *poppets*, and others called *stopping up*, the latter of which are used amidships, the poppets before and abaft. The poppets are confined to the side of the ship by a plank, marked *d*, which is bolted to the ship's side, and farther strengthened by cleats, *e*, which are also screwed

to the bottom. The lower ends of the poppets rest upon a plank, *f*, called a *sole-piece*, which is placed on the upper side of the bilge-ways, the sole-piece having a groove taken out of it to receive a tenon cut in the lower end of the poppet. We have now to provide for these bilge-ways keeping the track when once they begin to move our ship along the sliding ways and toward the water. This is done by placing a timber, called a *shore*, marked *g*,

from the keel of the ship to the inside of the bilge-ways: this prevents the bilge-ways slipping inward, while a strip, entitled a ribbon, will prevent them going outward, nailed along the sliding ways, and secured from any chance of being forced away by a shore reaching from its outside to the ground marked *h* and *i*.

This is the outline of the machinery of the launch. The additions must be made at the time of launching in the shape of wedges, grease, and soft soap. The wedges used are two upon each poppet and are called *slices*, marked *k*. They are inserted between the sole-pieces and the bilge-ways, and, just previous to the hour of launching, men are stationed at them with mallets, who, driving these wedges, raise the huge mass just sufficient to allow the blocks upon which she was built to be removed. This removal is made with all the blocks but those in the foremost part of the ship, which are split away piecemeal, and the great structure rests upon the cradle confined only by a single piece



COOPERING.



THE LAUNCH.

of timber called a *dog-shore*. This dog-shore holds her back from slipping away into the waters by being placed on one end against a secure point on the ship, the other against a cleat on the bilge-ways. To it there is affixed a trigger and a string that, on the word being given, the dog-shore may be pulled away and the ship be free. Only one thing is necessary, which is to see that the sliding ways and the under side of the bilge-ways are well covered with grease, oil, or soft soap, that the least possible friction may ensue, and the stately ship go smoothly into her future home.

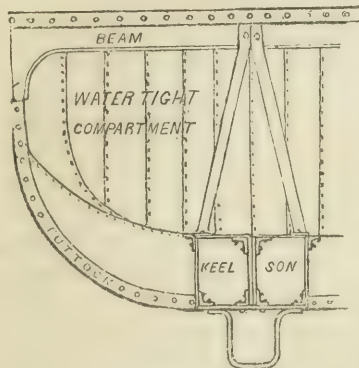
All is now ready! The gorgeous banners and gay streamers are floating and fluttering from every available point. The decks are crowded with happy people. The crowds stand in hushed and breathless expectation. The work is done,

and not even the click of a hammer is heard, nothing but the ripple of the full flood-water that breaks up to the shore, struggling as it were to kiss the great ship that is so soon to nestle upon its bosom.

A fair creature, "God's last, best gift to man," comes forth from the group upon the deck, with a flushed cheek and a sparkling eye, and casts the christening wine against her bows, calling the ship aloud by the name she shall henceforth bear. In an instant the stout voice of the builder is heard ringing over the rail, "Down, dog-shore!" and to the music of a thousand shouts the grand ship glides away with a laughing plunge into the element in which she is to make all her future conquests, whether they be of war or of commerce. Hurrah!

Once more let me, even though we have our

wooden castle finished and out upon her mission, recall your attention to ships. This time I desire to say only a few words about iron ships; and I shall not detain you long, for the very simple reason that the general theory is the same as in wood, making only the difference that, while in large vessels it is wrought in pieces, and the floors and futtocks laid upon and from it, in the smaller the keel is merely a groove made upon the bottom plate by subjecting it to pressure in a mould while hot. Still, with the aid of my chalk, I will

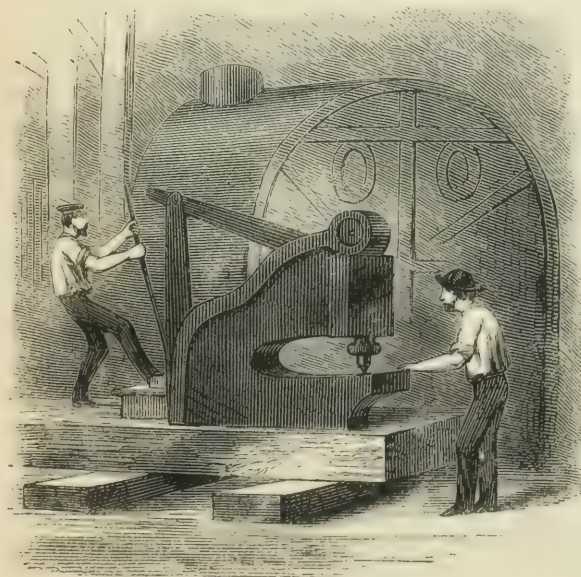


illustrate this fact, and also show you the sectional form of the floors, futtocks, and keelsons.

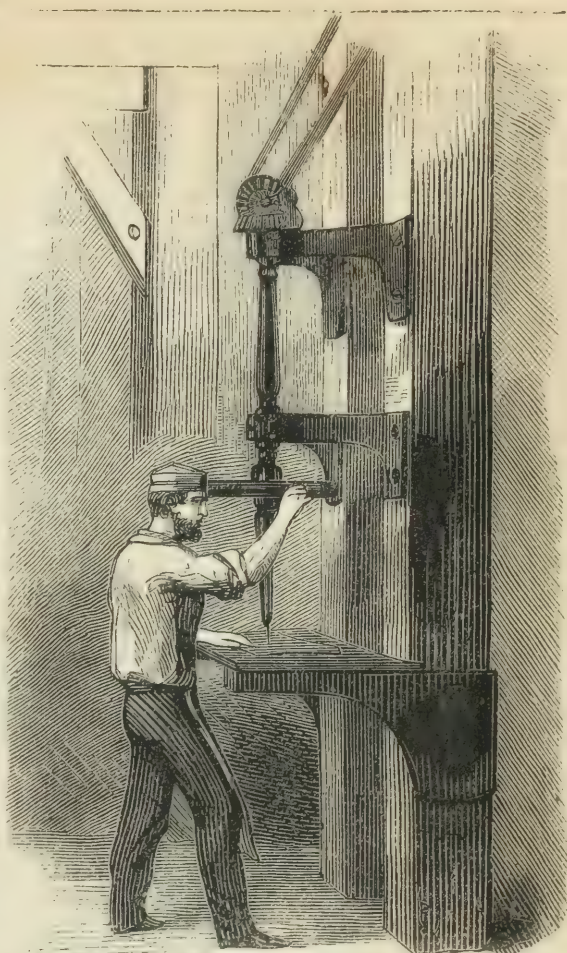
The building of the iron ship is in every respect the same as the making of the steamboat

boiler. The iron sheets only differ in quality, the boiler iron being much the best. These sheets vary in size, according to the calibre of the vessel, but the usual size is three feet by nine. In thickness they vary greatly, ranging from half an inch to seven-eighths, and of course heavy in proportion.

Upon the construction drawings being made for an iron ship they are dispatched to the foundry, and each plate is got out the exact required size. The best of this plate is made in the Pennsylvania foundries, and upon reaching the spot whereon the ship is to be built, requires only the preparation of bending, and punching for the rivets before being added to the frame. To achieve the bending the plate becomes, for a sufficient space to give it a fine red heat, the tenant of the furnace. From its fiery bed it is dragged forth upon a heavy iron floor, where, under the hammers of the moulders, it is brought



PUNCHING MACHINE.



DRILLING MACHINE.

to whatever curve may be required. The next move is to send it through the punching machine, the powerful machinery of which, worked by two men with the aid of steam, cuts a line of holes about its edge, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, with about the same ease that a healthy Miss of twelve would send her teeth through a slice of bread and butter. After this preparation the sheet is ready to become part of the vessel, and is riveted to the sheet that has gone before by overlapping, the rivet being driven from the inside, a second workman on the outside clenching it. In small vessels rivets are used to confine these sheets to the frame, but in large, bolts, the holes for which are drilled by a machine also worked by steam-power, and eating through the iron with a certainty calculated to give you a pain in the bones with the mere idea of your being a piece of iron.

This outside sheeting is graduated in thickness from the keel up, the thickest and best iron being nearest the keel. In small vessels the outside sheeting generally constitutes the ship, perhaps with the addition of inside wood planking; but in large vessels the outer sheeting is precisely the same as in wooden ships, but half the covering of the frame, the inside being covered in a similar manner, making, as it were, one vessel inside the other.

Another matter worthy for consideration is the method followed in iron ships of dividing

into water-tight compartments. The number of these will vary according to the size and capabilities of the ship, each compartment forming a complete floating vessel by itself. The advantage gained by this is, that any accident occurring by which the ship leaks, no matter to how great an extent, she will still float, the water being confined to that compartment in which the injury originated. A notable instance of this can be adduced in the case of the iron steamer that came in collision with the *Arctic*, of the Collins line, the great wooden ship sinking in a very short time, while the iron one, with injuries greater in proportion, floated and found her way to port. These compartments are made simply by partitioning the ship, leaving only openings for the doors, which are made to close with such nicety that all chance of the water making its way past the part it came in on is cut off. This partitioning is done the same as the outer or inner sheeting. Many suppose that an iron ship is all iron. This is a mistake, wood entering into her composition largely, sometimes even to the large part of the inside fittings, beams, decks, and, in fact, every thing but the mere shell of the ship.

And now, my friend, thanking you for your kind attention, and having some conscientious whisperings that I may bore you should I continue, allow me to lead you gently back into the flowery paths of private life. Do not despise this little lesson, for who knows how useful it may be to you yet! Look abroad, you will see your countrymen all over the world showing every body how to do every thing, and perhaps it may be your mission to follow in their footsteps. Who knows! If in the future it should be necessary for you to build a steamer for the Emperor of Timbuctoo, or a ship of the line for our ally the King of Madagascar, remember that we laid our first keel together; and so *au revoir*, which in American is equivalent to throwing an old shoe after you.

CALICO AND CHATTERBOX.

"DO you know, Uncle Frank, that I do not admire your writings?" abruptly remarked my niece, Annie, as one evening I prepared to assume the pen.

We were sitting at the evening table. I was smoking, and Annie, my favorite niece and housekeeper, was busying herself with some fancy-work—that is, she was industriously stitching a bit of white linen, ornamented with blue lines fantastically entangled, like the trailings of morning-glories on the lattice of the old homestead in the country, while here and there, at regular intervals, were perforations which looked extremely like the eyes of fishes, with lids that never shut, staring at you with all their might, as they do from off the marble slabs in Washington Market. For what mysterious purpose the wonderful fabric was intended probably young maidens best know. I have found upon experience that it is not always wisdom for an old bachelor

like myself to suggest innocent inquiries to the "muslin denomination" concerning aught more intangible than a "Havelock," or the unmistakable contour of the sleeve of a "shirt," I being invariably rebuffed by the curt remark that "Gentlemen should not be inquisitive," and "Old bachelors should never ask any questions."

I am an old bachelor, coming forty next May. Threads of silver are already streaking through my black hair. I have never married because I have never found that a wife was indispensable to my happiness, being blessed with plenty of nieces every way accomplished and capable of superintending my limited establishment. I live very quietly, because it suits my taste; yet I like to see my nieces enjoy themselves, and am always happy to receive their friends, that is, to have them receive them, while I smoke my quiet cigar and scribble away in the back parlor. I have ever regarded my pen as my confidential companion, and have rarely felt the need of any other. It may be selfish to live thus, but I have found it so far extremely pleasant. I see quite enough of the world at my office in town, and going to and from it, to give me an agreeable relish for the quiet of home.

I was startled by the expression of such a decided opinion from the lip of my usually quiet and amiable niece. She, to suddenly assume to criticise me, after I had won the reputation in the literary world of "being above the mass!" The remark annoyed me; though the opinion of a young girl like her—what of it? Probably the little sauce-box said it just to plague me—to draw me out, and make me say something to beguile the monotony of the long evening hours, which, to her, with her interminable fancy-work, perhaps were tedious. Of course her opinion was naught when weighed in the balance of my greatness; but turn it which way I might, it was an opinion still, and a pretty decided one, from a representative of the mass of womankind. Then arose three mighty questions in my mind, three as knotty and perplexing queries as vexed St. LEGER, while solving the Enigma of Life: "*What are we? Whence are we? Whither do we go?*"

But mine were:

I. Was it judicious to ignore a woman's opinion?

II. Do not women constitute nearly or quite half of the readers of our magazines?

III. Why should not we defer to them and to their tastes? Their keen intuition often leads them directly to the Right, while we, vaunted wise men, go straggling on through the circuitous by-paths, ever seeking fitful glimpses of the goal which they at once descry.

But the idea of consulting my very common-sense niece about my literary affairs had never before occurred to me, though I was perfectly willing to confide to her superior judgment, young as she was, the most important considerations of actual life, knowing that they would be quite as faithfully attended to as if I, in my

absent-minded way, attempted to see to them myself. Philosophically weighing the distaste she had avowed for my writings, which the greatest of critics had expressed an admiration for, I resolved to coolly sift the matter to the very bottom. It was a subject worthy of the philosopher, and it would doubtless reward the *littérateur* who devoted his whole life and talents to the writing of what others besides himself were to read. Deliberately knocking the ashes from my prime Havana with my little finger, I rather jocosely inquired,

"Your reasons, Calico?"

And here I paused to reflect. Why did I call my niece by the sobriquet "Calico?" There sat the little vixen in her sewing-chair, stitching away as industriously as if engaged upon a wedding garment, her cherry mouth pursed up as was her wont when forming a deliberate opinion—and a thunder-clap I feared it might prove on delivery. Her dark hair neatly combed, her graceful form robed in black silk—her usual evening-dress at home—she presented, if not a very pretty, at least to me a very pleasing home-picture. Regular features, brilliant complexion, eyes that could flash fire, though they seldom did—a *tout ensemble* at once genteel and engaging. Why did I call her "Calico?"

An eminent writer once advanced the opinion—which has now almost become an adage—that unamiable people are seldom, if ever, nicknamed; that is, they are seldom dowered with those hundred-and-one sobriquets and epithets which involuntarily rise upon the tongue at the recognition of certain genial or piquant traits in the character of another. Now, my niece was christened at the sacred font by the name of Annie. To me she was ever "gentle Annie;" but I never thought of calling her so, or, indeed, of calling her by her name at all, and gradually the very sound, sweet as it is, had become almost forgotten in my house. "Puss," "Sis," and a host of others were far more familiar "household words." Why was this? And her last name—"Calico"—how came it about? I will tell you:

Home from the country, the first thing she did was to invest in a couple of calico dresses, price eight cents per yard; and very pretty things they were too. Tidily fitted, and by her own hand, they seemed to me the very things. I remember that one of these said calicoes had a reddish figure, and was corded and buttoned with red, while the other, inclining to blue, was trimmed in keeping. Very artistic they were; very pretty, and very neat. I fancied coffee tasted better for being poured in such tidy costume. The peculiar style of the "eight-pennies" was decidedly novel, lovable, and home-looking, though not in the least "homely," in the usual acceptation of the term; and liking "Puss" better in that fabric than in any other, I came at length to call her by the sobriquet of "Eight-penny," to which she objected, on the ground of its sounding altogether too cheap for a lady of her dignity; she even threatened to "secede"

from my establishment if the obnoxious cognomen was not forthwith abandoned. Thereupon we had recourse to compromise, and both parties amicably agreed that it should be "Calico," and Calico it has been ever since.

To me there is something pretty in the name. It awakens my slumbering ideal of woman; and who has such an exalted ideal of woman as a bachelor of forty years? Did not our grandmothers and mothers wear calico, and our sweethearts of twenty years ago? Did not the school-girls wear calico—the pretty, hoydenish, red-checked misses, whom you flirted with when you wore "roundabouts?" Can you separate your ideal of woman in her domestic sphere from calico? I can not. I never stopped to consider the subject before, but I believe there is philosophy in nicknames; and certainly there is something about a neatly-fitting calico dress in the morning that fits very snugly to a bachelor's heart.

And now Calico, having finished pursing up her lips, commences her formidable disquisition. I knew it was coming, though it is some twenty minutes since she uttered the first fault-finding sentence. Listen:

"Oh, I am no great judge, but they do not suit me—that is, unless I am mentally dressed up, and prepared to read what the old governess would say 'was obviously intended to improve the mind and exalt it to the highest pitch of ideality;' and things bearing such a portentous title or preface frighten me. They are like Tiffany's grand jewelry-shop—we are dazzled by the immense display of glittering gems, but we do not in the least enjoy them. I prefer catching up something that I can read without any mental effort, something that will at once interest and amuse me, and if it combines instruction with entertainment, all the better. I like what appeals to all mankind—or, more personal still, all womankind—something that I can read in my calico dress!"

"And so you do not like my writings, Calico?"

"Oh, I read them, out of compliment to you; but I would not read them if any one else wrote them."

"Thank you! You have the merit at least of being frank in the expression of your opinion."

"Oh, do not be angry. They are very fine, no doubt, but they fail to touch my heart or interest my feelings. You elevate, or try to elevate me to your sphere, for which I have no sympathy; but you never condescend to enter mine, which is wider than yours, and embraces the mass of people. You never wrote any thing *for me* but a little sketch, which I dare say you have long ago forgotten, called the 'Poesy of Home,' and some 'Lines' on my 'Needle-work;' and Calico pouted her lip like a spoiled child that has been deprived of its merited sugar-plums.

"Ah, indeed! I had quite forgotten them. Have you those wonderful productions to which you so flatteringly allude?"

"Yes, uncle, they are safe in my Scrap-Book: and you needn't make fun of them either; for to my mind they are far superior to all the learned things you have written since. If I was an author, I would make myself loved as well as feared."

"Feared! who fears me?"

"Oh, a great many people—almost every one I know. You do not associate with others; you keep aloof from people; and that makes you unpopular. Nobody likes to be avoided by those whom they consider their superiors; and people talk of you as if you were a distant, glittering mental iceberg—not a human being, with sympathies which might and ought to endear you to your kind. But you are not half so cross and cold as you appear, though. Nobody knows any thing of your real kindness of heart but I and—"

"Who, pray?"

"Chatterbox."

This was a cold blanket. A man of my talents—one "far above the mass"—to be truly appreciated only by a couple of giddy girls, who, I dare say, knew not the difference between æsthetics and philosophy! I was obliged to light a fresh cigar in order to keep myself in a tolerable degree of good-humor. Meanwhile, my industrious but very material niece was stitching away on that eternal fancy-work, inweaving her ideality with that interminable "Boar's Head Cotton!" We each have our fancy-work: we are none of us such vile materialists as we would fain make each other believe—not even my niece, Calico. Would that that embroidered web might speak! I begun to fairly grow jealous of it. How selfish of her to inweave all her thoughts in that bit of linen! How that pierced and perforated fabric might reveal a maiden's hopes and dreams, her reveries and air-castles! I am not sure but my niece Calico is quite as ideal as myself, only her thoughts run in other channels, and express or conceal themselves in needle-work, while mine come out strongly and bold in the blackest of ink. But one can be read as well as the other, provided the magic key to the languages is only found; oh, where is the Champollion to explain to me those hieroglyphics of Calico's needle-work! The priceless yellow fabrics in the Egyptian Museum would be eclipsed by the poesy of this embroidered web of to-day; yet Calico and the embroidery both are silent, inscrutable, enigmatical, woman-like!

But of Chatterbox:

I must needs go back some three or four months. Tired and half sick I had returned home, and despondingly thrown myself on the lounge in the back parlor. I have no doubt that my niece would have been ready to bathe my aching brow with Cologne, and would have expressed a due amount of sympathy in my behalf; but to my certain knowledge she had been busy all day. I knew it by the nicely-dusted furniture and the tidy air of things in general—and she probably now was in her own room en-

gaged at her toilet. You see a quiet old bachelor like myself takes considerable notice of what is going on, though he seldom makes any observations, except on paper.

The folding-doors between the parlors were drawn, but not quite closed. Now, while I was lying there on the lounge in the back parlor, the door-bell rung; and when I heard a soft, silvery voice inquiring for my niece I was immediately somewhat interested. I distinguished next a light footfall, and the rustling of a lady's silken dress as she entered the front-parlor; and, old bachelor that I am! I confess to Eve's curiosity, to listening with all my might to what came next. In all, I had three items, upon which speculation, in spite of the headache, begun to build a romance.

1. The Gentle Voice.
2. The Light Footfall.
3. The Rustling Silk Dress.

But the rustling of the robe still continued, as if the fair demoiselle was comfortably and gracefully "settling herself" and her flounces there upon the sofa; and then I knew that she was both young and pretty. Next came the pattering of my niece's gaiters descending the stairs, the click of the high heels upon the oil-cloth reminding me of the beating of castanets; the door opened; there was a rush as of two comets, with ample tails, through the regions of space—a collision, as of said celestial bodies encountering each other, and—

"Joe Nelson! how glad I am to see you!"

"Oh, Annie! how *do* you do?—wanted to see you *so* bad!—couldn't wait till you had called on me—just heard you were home from the country—never got but one letter from you!"

Then followed the usual skirmishing of kisses, embraces, and the mischief knows what.

"Come home with such a cold!" muttered my niece, with a stifled voice, and a peculiar nasal twang that was an incontrovertible proof of the truth of her assertion.

"A cold! mercy: you ought to be home at my house. How I would like to doctor you up! In half an hour I would have you entirely cured. Papa calls me the 'Family Nurse;' now isn't that dignified? I keep an assortment of drugs and herbs constantly on hand: mostly the latter, for I hold to simple remedies, except in seated diseases, and then we always send for the doctor. Now, Annie, put on your things, and come right home with me and stay all night. Your uncle will not miss you. You must be taken care of, dear; for only think, what if you should go off of a 'decline' what would brother Arthur do? Oh, if there is any thing I *do* delight in, it is playing the nurse!"

"No, Joe, I can not possibly leave. I am but just returned from the country, as you know; and there was every thing to see to, for uncle has been playing 'bachelor's hall' in earnest. Bits of paper and ends of cigars were strewn about the parlor carpets from one end of the house to the other, and the carpets did not look as if Biddy had swept them once during my ab-

sence! Then, in the china closet I could not find an uncracked glass, and there were not enough dishes left to set the table! The first thing I did after resting from the fatigue of my journey was to purchase a couple of calico dresses, and after making them, to enter the house-keeping department myself, and try to get things regulated. Uncle was so pleased with my tidy calicoes that he has called me 'Calico' ever since."

"'Calico!' What a funny name!"

"Isn't it? But he's so funny: I warrant if he knew you, Joe Nelson, he would give you as queer a one. But take off your things and stay to dinner. You will have plenty of time to get home before dark. I had just been seeing to the dessert as I went up to dress."

"Oh, if you have been making any thing good I shall require no urging. I'm inclined to enjoy all the good things of this world that come within reach."

And then commenced another rustling of drapery, an untying of bonnet-strings, and a general shaking out of rumpled flounces. By noiselessly changing my position I could catch a vague glimpse of what was going on, and my acute ear (I am not yet beginning to grow deaf) detected the remainder. You must pardon an old bachelor for hearing and seeing all he could; for, being half sick and very cross, it was certainly better to study those young girls' manoeuvres than to brood misanthropically over my personal ills until dinner-time; and every gentleman of my acquaintance is more or less cross just before dinner.

"Now, Joe, you are all fixed. What a pretty dress!"

"Pretty do you call it? Why, it is nothing but a last season's made over! You know it is hard times just now, and we must be economical."

Did my ears deceive me? A lady prating of economy, and a young lady too? I thought only the paterfamilias, or the matron of forty years' experience on "ways and means," were ever known to do that.

"But what have you been doing all the season, Joe? Why haven't you been in the country, too?"

"*Me?* oh, I couldn't be spared. You see all our beaux belong to the army, and sister and I have been so busy making 'Havelocks' and 'shirts,' and, oh, the amount of 'cake!' None of your flimsy baker's stuff, but good, substantial cake that would keep till the glorious Fourth if it wasn't eaten up—though I suppose it has been long ago—poor hungry fellows! And then the amount of 'sandwiches.' I wish you could see us pack their 'haversacks;' wasn't it fun? But after that we had to bid them 'good-by,' and that was *no fun*, I assure you. Oh, Annie, I've cried myself most to death since they went away. Pity me, my dear girl, for my beaux have all gone off and left me!" whimpered the little witch, in a sentimental tone which it was quite impossible to discover was "put on" for effect or genuine.

But how jealous I begun to grow of "those beaux," and how I wished they might all get shot, although I have ever been a staunch Unionist! I had never yet seen Miss Josephine Nelson, the friend of my niece, save the glimpse I caught of her through the interstices between the folding-doors, although she had been a frequent visitor at my house. Perhaps I had returned from my office that day somewhat earlier than usual on account of my slight indisposition, and having entered with my latch-key my niece was not aware of my presence.

"Lost all your beaux, Joe? That's bad."

"Indeed it is! Every one has gone—forsaken me for Columbia, my great rival. How I begin to hate her with her eternal 'Red, White, and Blue!' But mamma doesn't pity me a bit. She says that now I find some time to practice, and a little more time to attend to some useful things besides. But I assure you that it's *dreadful* to be left without a single beau! I've cried myself pale as a ghost."

"Well, if ghosts have such a beautiful bloom on their cheeks, I shall never be much afraid of them," laughed Calico.

"That's because the room is so warm; why don't you throw open the doors and have some air?"

"Never thought of that, but—"

Calico had advanced and pushed the doors apart before she caught sight of my uplifted finger, or heard my whispered "Hush!" But her ample crinoline concealed me, and she immediately stopped.

"Let those doors remain as they were," I whispered, "and tell this Chatterbox you are afraid you will catch more cold."

"'Chatterbox,' indeed! She'd box your ears, uncle, if she heard you call her so."

"She'd do no such thing, Miss Calico. And do you do as I bid you. I will study this unique bit of femininity."

"But listeners never hear any thing good of themselves."

"No matter; replace the doors as they were."

So my niece returned to the front parlor with a quizzical smile upon her lip, which I instinctively knew boded mischief, leaving the doors somewhat further apart than they were before.

"How long you have been opening those doors! So long, that you have quite forgot to leave them open."

"Oh no; but the breeze is strong, and I might catch more cold."

"True; how thoughtless of me! But where is your uncle? Will he be home to dinner?"

"Yes; he usually comes in about this time."

"How do I look, Annie? Is my hair well arranged? Is my head-dress becoming? I never thought of staying to dinner when I came. Remember, I have never seen him yet, and I want to look quite charming. I intend to fascinate him; you promised him to me for a beau."

"Did I?"

"Did you? Indeed you did; and now that

I am in sore need of a 'walking-stick,' I make bold to claim him."

"Why, Joe Nelson!"

"Fact."

"But he's a crabbed, cross old bachelor; very fastidious, very learned, and very dignified, and a little gray; forty years old next May—I know the very day, and must hurry and get those embroidered slippers done for his birthday present. Fancy your having such a beau!"

"No matter. 'Affairs are getting desperate,' as the brokers say in Wall Street. By-and-by, if the war continues, there will not be even a 'crabbed old bachelor' left to impress into our service; so we must take up with what we can get, and be thankful. But I'm impatient to see my lion; won't it be fun to civilize him?"

And the daring wretch clapped her hands and waltzed all round the room. I was boiling with rage and indignation. I was angry at my niece, and I was indignant at the audacious stranger for assuming to monopolize me for a "walking-stick" in default of all other beaux. But the worst was yet to come.

"Oh! I like such magnificent people vastly, and, what is very singular, they always like me. It must be the affinity of opposition that attracts us. Would you believe it, Annie, I have read all your uncle's grand writings and don't understand a word of them!"

"Why, Joe!"

"'Pon my word, I don't."

"Then I confess there are two dunces in the world, when I thought there was only one."

"Annie, what do you mean?"

"Why, that I never could understand them myself."

"What, *you*, Annie?"

"His own niece—living under the same roof with him. He is a perfect enigma to me to this day, and so are his writings; and I do wish he would condescend to write common sense."

"But he's a *genius*, Annie; and you know that is one step either above or below a *fool*."

"Hush!"

"Why 'hush?' he isn't around, is he?"

"He will be soon. But I assure you, Miss Nelson, that my uncle is no fool," replied Calico, indignantly.

"Don't be angry, dear, I only said it in fun. But if he *can*, why *doesn't* he write something that we care for—something to do us good?"

"I'm sure I can not tell; it is a thought that has often puzzled me."

"I'll tell you what let us do."

Here the dinner-bell sounded.

"What, Joe?"

"Let's tutor him into common sense."

As soon as my tormentors had descended to the dining-room I noiselessly arose, opened the door, and stole up stairs to my own apartment. What my feelings were can perhaps be better imagined than described. A "man above the mass" to be the very butt and scape-goat for the merciless ridicule, badinage, and nonsense of

two young girls—and one of them my demure niece. How little do we men know of the sex behind the folding-doors! We write abstruse theories upon woman, and think we understand her, but she outwits us after all, and the puzzle of her enigmatical nature remains unsolved.

I was standing before my mirror giving the last twist to my mustache when the servant knocked and announced:

"Mr. Tupper, dinner waits for you."

Descending the stairs, I suddenly formed a resolution.

"Miss Nelson—my uncle, Mr. Tupper."

"Very happy to see Miss Nelson. Annie, what do you give us for dinner to-day? Peter, uncover. Ah, roast veal—my favorite dish! I am a man of quiet tastes, Miss Nelson, and relish a plain dinner. May I help you to a bit of this stuffed breast?"

"Thank you."

"Some gravy, Miss Nelson?"

"I never take it."

Ah, the young lady actually knew how to dine. I half forgave her impertinence behind the folding-doors. Deliberately unfolding my napkin I now took a good look at her. I had been all along waiting for the chance; knowing when, like an experienced fisherman, to take the tide to hook my fish. I reasoned thus: When she is helped, she will be busied with her knife and fork and not be looking at me; nor was I mistaken. She was too well-bred not to commence eating after being helped; and there she sat, demure as a matron of thirty years, as if no such thing as fun and frolic had ever moved her. Light complexion, blue eyes—I could just discern their local color, for like violets in shadow they were coyly hiding beneath the drooping lids; wavy, golden hair, clinging in ripples to her fair forehead; features decidedly mobile; that is, one moment they might assume one character—as for instance that of a very imp of mischief—and the moment after they might have sat for a Saint Cecilia; a graceful neck, and a bust promising the most luxuriant type of womanhood. Just such a specimen of girlhood was she as one was accustomed to find in opulent country residences twenty or thirty years ago; a type of tangible womanhood, such as woman was ere her physique had dwindled down to a mere wire frame upon which to pad cotton and suspend crinoline. A very Hebe, dowered with the matchless graces of modern refinement.

And the young lady actually knew how to eat with grace! How had I happened to stumble upon such a treasure?

Dinner over, dessert was placed before us, and Peter removing the cover displayed my favorite apple-dumplings! Stare not, conventional reader! I have before said that I was a man of simple tastes; and these dumplings, with their special sauce, were made after the peculiar recipe handed down in our family for many generations: said recipe being now preserved in my niece's Scrap-Book, along with my wonderful lines on her Needle-work and valuable recipes for making

tarts, pickles, and pies. I dare say my mother, my grandmother, and, for aught I know to the contrary, my great grandmother, had each made dumplings after that recipe in their calico dresses! And did I love their revered shades the less for it? Not a bit; they were the more endeared to me from the probability of the case.

"Ah, Calico, these are delicious! I have had no such dessert as this since you have been gone; nothing but bakers' tarts, and the usual run of their greasy, insipid trash, which is enough to give one the dyspepsia."

"I am glad you like them."

Dinner passed off very agreeably. Miss Nelson was both dignified and graceful; who would have ever suspected her of being the Chatterbox of the front parlor? What a strange specimen of femininity?

But to return to the conversation with my niece. Suddenly remembering the idle chat of those two girls, the thought flashed like lightning upon me that Calico had already begun to "tutor" me. Again the door-bell sounded, and *enter* Chatterbox.

"A perfect god-send you are, Joe! Now join with me in persuading uncle to write common sense; something *we* can understand."

"Do, pray, Mr. Tupper; condescend to be human, and remember us poor girls!"

And pleadingly the little imp stood before me, her hands demurely crossed upon her breast, in the very attitude, and with the exact air and pose of one of Carlo Dolce's Madonnas. You may readily believe I leisurely took time to survey her.

"Write *us* a story," pleaded Calico.

"To be put in your famous Scrap-Book, along with your recipes for making pastry, puddings, and pies, eh, Calico?"

"But I'll have mine bound in turkey and gold, like 'Valentine's Manual for '61,' which he sent to papa, and lay it on the parlor table for all my beaux to look at when they come home from the wars, all covered with glory and scars."

Why I was annoyed at this speech it would have been difficult for me to say, but I *was* annoyed. Rather than write a story to be bound in turkey and gold and laid on Miss Nelson's parlor table for her beaux to read, I would much prefer it ever lying perdu in Calico's Scrap-Book, among the old family recipes.

"Young ladies," said I, "I will write you a story—a common-sense story—and the title shall be 'Calico and Chatterbox,' and when I have done it, I shall send for you. I intend to avail myself of your admirable criticism."

"Good!"

"Just what we wanted!"

"Well, now be off with you. I never want people around whispering secrets when I write, and you girls have an immense amount of secrets to whisper. I think if they were woven into a story they would be among the most amusing things ever written. Calico, take Chatterbox up to your room and have a good gossip,

and be very careful that there is no one listening. When next you chat together you may have something else to talk about."

"What does he mean?"

"Uncle, you are not vexed at what I said about your writings this evening, are you?"

"Not very much."

"What does he mean?" again inquired Chatterbox, very anxiously.

"Joe, I can not tell; but he has already begun writing, and we had better be off."

And the two girls left the room very reluctantly and very soberly. That was their last girlhood's gossip: the on-coming shadow of womanhood was already spreading itself over their young hearts. Do they each remember it, I wonder; and are they the less happy now that they have more important things to demand their attention?

But the room is deserted; the light of womanhood has left it; banished by my own decree, it is true, but none the less *banished*. I feel lonely. It is all my own fault that those young girls have quitted it, for they left reluctantly. And is it all my own fault that the blessed light of womanhood should not always shine upon and encircle me? I breathe a sigh—a profound sigh; it wells up from the heavy heart of a man of forty years. I light my cigar and commence:

"A BACHELOR'S IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD."

"Now, dear ladies of America, is just the time to show what stuff you are made of. You who have been lolling on the couch of apathy, dreaming of the luxury—and it *is* a luxury—of one day filling a niche in the vast economy of existence, which none other can so well fill, of nobly acting your part in the grand drama of life—and we all dream of that, no matter what are our stations and sex—arouse! There is a mighty work for you to accomplish.

"You who have firesides, cherish them. You who have parents, brothers, husband, or children, study to render them happy. Concentrate around home those fascinations which you have hitherto recklessly lavished on society in general. The world at large will scarcely thank you for your devotion to its shrine, but the home-circle will. What are your accomplishments? Remember that they are no idle things. The Creator of all good has taken pleasure in dowering you with the capacity to enjoy the æsthetic elements of his marvelous handicraft, and the hunger of the soul for types of created excellence is a taste for art; a yearning for immortality; a line of demarkation between mere physical existence and the vitality of the soul. It may express itself in different ways: the canvas, the marble, the needle even, may determine its peculiar channel or use, but the motive power is the same through all; to create a mark which shall survive the cankering tooth of time, or to strew the graceful flowers of poesy in the dusty highways of life. Without perhaps knowing it, woman is acting an important rôle in the world of art and literature. It is her taste that man finally consults, her dictum upon which he ultimately relies. Intuition and induction are her priceless dower; though man is usually loth to concede how much he defers to his ideal of womanhood. Like a grand castle of the

feudal ages, he is strong and mighty of himself in prosperity, but let adversity come, he clings as for very life to the grand morale of woman: it is the poesy of his life. He may assume to ignore it, but it is dear to him as his own soul, and he can not separate himself from it without doing violence to his better nature. Even though he be venerable, worn out—like a weather-beaten wreck stranded on life's voyage—he dies with the holy word of 'mother' upon his tongue. Woman is the complement to his ideal existence.

"In order that you may be all that he imagines you to be, it is plainly your duty, and should be your pleasure, to cultivate those qualities and attributes with which he so chivalrously endows you. The homage of a manly heart is no idle thing. His ideal of home is holy, and woman is the genius of the shrine; and yet I grieve to say that I know many women who possess and exercise the diabolical art of making man unhappy, and eliciting all his more gloomy and unamiable traits of character, which should be allowed to slumber in oblivion. Who has not, some time in their lives, experienced the benign chill of a soulless household, where the mistress was ever on the alert to entertain strangers, but sedulously niggard of all sweet, genial home-sympathy? Alas! it is too common to need description. Your talents, far from being solely the ministers of an idle hour, are godlike boons committed to your charge, and it should be your pleasure to voluntarily exercise them for the benefit of your family and friends in preference to strangers.

"Do you sing? Many a care-worn man has been indebted to a familiar song, fraught perhaps with the pleasing reminiscences of his youth, for saving him from hours of dark despair; for the heart gets shriveled up, like a seared and withered leaf, like the page when a flame has swept the scroll, in our fierce encounters and wars with the outer world; and if heaven-born music restores the spirit's tone, why should not we be ministered to by those we love? It is not the grandest strain, nor the most melodious voice that deepest touches the heart; the familiar tones of those we love can awaken far deeper emotion. But you are not always gay. You have your annoyances—petty they may be, when compared with ours; and man oftentimes forgets that *because* of their pettiness they are the harder to bear, and to you they are great annoyances. The spirit braces itself up for the shock when it comes in contact with a tangible evil; but the petty trials of woman's life are frequently invisible to man's material eye. Yet, beware of 'household eclipses.'

"Do you converse? Conversation is a gift, a glorious gift, usually ignored by American women. While a Parisienne prides herself on her talent of conversation, an American lady usually ignores it. But what is conversation? The direct, vital communication of Thought—that godlike boon—'the knell of a dead emotion' without the obtrusive intervention of any medium of art. You are not obliged, like the artist, to have recourse to the pencil; nor, like the writer, to assume the pen; nor yet, like the professed musician, to be familiar with the gamut. You have but to be mistress of your native idiom to make others the sharers of your mental wealth, and of the more valuable riches of your heart as well as of your brain.

"Are you a good reader? Few women are; yet who should better know the art of proper enunciation and correct utterance than woman, who, in every clime and age, has more or less of the formation

of the mind of youth, and guides his tottering footsteps in the path of learning? And what so grateful to the ear of man as the poems of our own grand bards repeated by the gentle voice of woman?

"Are you beautiful? Beauty is a priceless dower when physical perfection is a type of the beauty of the soul; but mere faultless physique, unaccompanied by equal moral and mental endowment, does not rank you above a pretty doll.

"But are you plain and retiring? Then you of all others should cherish those amiable qualities that mutually endear the home-circle. Some of the most brilliant savans of the past century, perfectly insensible to the enchantments of physical beauty and mental brilliancy, became fettered for life by the insidious charms of an amiable woman with quiet tastes. But all the vaunted accomplishments sink into naught when compared to the inestimable value of a 'meek and quiet spirit.' There is no sphere in life, no worldly position where woman can not work out her immortal destiny if she wills it. America, more than any other country, should have just reason to glory in her women. To them is given a position and latitude of action withheld them elsewhere. Yet do not foolishly envy those of your sex who have made their marks in the annals of fame, many of them were only struggling for what you have already: 'Home and friends around them.' Seldom has any sordid motive been the instigator of public action in woman, and for her to go forth into the world she must previously have undergone a process of mental naturalization similar to that of the tender, tropical vine, which in its natal clime is beautiful and graceful, seeking support and putting forth delicate tendrils and fragrant flowers, becoming an ornament to the trunk which sustains it. But transplant this delicate vine of the sunny south to an ungenial atmosphere, withhold from it its wonted support, let it be swayed to and fro by the piercing blast, and you will find, if it survive the ordeal, that your graceful, clinging vine is now a sturdy shrub, capable of not only sustaining itself, but in some instances, by the adaptative law of nature, of even putting forth thorns for its protection. Who would now recognize the tender vine? Its gentleness, its grace, its beauty are gone, and gone forever! The sturdy shrub, with its obtrusive thorns, can exist in the ungenial atmosphere, but the original plant has sustained a cruel metamorphosis.

"And thus it is with many of your sex who have made their mark in the annals of fame. The mental history of the distinguished women of either your own or ancient times is too heart-rending to be told. Be happy in your homes and in the genial society of loved ones. If you say that you fail to realize the latent *Poesy of Home* that we prate so much of, be satisfied that others do. We would not have you to 'weary in well-doing;' you are perhaps artistically too near the picture to perceive its merits. You will gaze with a more appreciative eye upon the present when it shall have become sublimated into the 'irrevocable past.'"

Having thus scattered my "Ideal of Womanhood" over a few sheets of paper, I rung the bell and sent for my critics. And they entered, no longer giddy girls, but with the demure steps of womanhood, and quietly seated themselves beside me. And then I read them what I had written, including all that you have been perusing thus far, oh patient reader! and paused for an expression of their opinion.

They were both in tears.

Calico looked as though she would have liked to have thrown her arms about my neck and have a good crying spell upon my shirt-bosom; which would undoubtedly have rumped the well-starched fabric sadly, so that I am very glad she did not, as I am rather particular about the appearance of my immaculate linen. The countenance of Chatterbox was perfectly blank with amazement. She was first to speak.

"Why, Mr. Tupper, did you lie on the lounge in the back parlor the day I called, and listen to all my wild rigmarole about the beaux, and—"

"About the stern necessity of taking up with an old bachelor for a walking-stick, now that they all had deserted you for Columbia; and how you had read all my fine writings and didn't understand a word of them? And then you and Calico formed a famous 'Gunpowder Plot' to blow up the genius and reduce him to common sense. Certainly, I heard it all, and barely survived the fiery ordeal. And now that you have had your fun out—taming the lion—how do you like a bachelor's ideal of womanhood?"

"Oh, very much."

"Thank you, fair Chatterbox; it embodies common sense."

"More than I ever read in any story."

"And you found no difficulty in comprehending it?"

"None whatever."

"How is it with you, Calico? Do you understand your enigmatical uncle any better than you did?"

"I am ashamed of myself, dear uncle, that I never comprehended you any better."

"And I that I never before condescended to be human, and read the hearts of those about me. Chatterbox, I have come to the conclusion that, in order to further my literary advancement, it is necessary for me to keep a special critic whom I can consult about my writings, and who can advise me as to the most judicious way of rendering them acceptable to the mass. Do you think the story I have written likely to prove popular?"

"Oh, very popular."

"With whom, pray?"

"With us ladies."

"Then I am to be a 'ladies' man,' after all."

Just then the door-bell rung and my niece was summoned. The folding-doors were quite shut this time, and my niece entertained her visitor—whoever he was I took no trouble to ascertain—while I, taking the little hand of Chatterbox, commenced speaking in a somewhat lower key.

"Chatterbox, I sometimes have a headache, and sometimes I have a cold which makes me very cross; and sometimes I am in the humor to be 'doctored,' though it would be difficult to say whether I was ailing mentally or physically. Now, I know a young lady who, above all things, likes to play the nurse: do you think that I could engage her to take care of a cross old bachelor?"

Chatterbox was silent; but the little hand I held in mine trembled violently.

"Chatterbox, when you left the room an hour ago, why did you ask, repeatedly, 'What does he mean?' Did you fear me?"

"Not exactly; but a vague thrill, an expectation of something strange came over me."

"And did you talk all your girlish secrets over with Calico—all about the absent beaux, whose haversacks you packed so bountifully—eh, Chatterbox?"

"Oh, we talked over our affairs, *of course*; girls always do when they meet together in their own room; but I didn't say any thing about my beaux, for I didn't happen to think of them."

"But of whom *did* you think, Chatterbox? Come, be honest, and tell me what occupied your thoughts to the exclusion of those terrible beaux."

"Why—I thought—of you, Mr. Tupper, and wondered what you meant by saying that, 'When next you chat together you may have something else to talk about.'"

"Oh, you remember it, then? a foolish speech of mine. You know, Chatterbox, that a genius is the next step, either above or below a fool."

Chatterbox blushed crimson, and stammered,

"But I do not think you are a fool now; and I am very, very sorry I ever said that."

"You are forgiven, dear Chatterbox; and now to prove to you that I am neither a fool nor a Mephistopheles, I will honestly tell you what I meant by those strange words. I think you and Calico have about done with your girlish frolics; that you have finished up this very evening, and that now, suddenly, you are no longer giddy young girls, but WOMEN. You can not go back and be what you were before you heard my 'Ideal of Womanhood.' Confess that it has awakened deeper emotions within your young breast than you have ever before known."

"Yes, it has; I never thought before what a glorious thing it was to be a woman. I always thought that to be happy we must always remain giddy young girls."

"Precisely; a mistake most American ladies make. They seldom learn until too late the art of 'growing old gracefully.' Now, Chatterbox, I have come to the conclusion, for some time past, that you would make somebody an excellent wife; but it is a long time to wait for those beaux to come home from the wars."

"Oh, they were not my *lovers*—only my beaux."

"Very good. But I happen to know somebody you intended to impress into your service when affairs were getting desperate, who pertinaciously refuses to serve you as a walking-stick unless he can volunteer under the banner of Love. I think he had begun to love you before he had even seen your fair face; but you was then so full of fun and mischief that you would have laughed at the idea of a crabbed old bachelor making love—"

"Love!" screamed Calico, bursting into the apartment through those provoking folding-doors

like a seventy-four pound shot through a redoubt. "Uncle Frank, are you talking common sense?"

"The plainest of common sense, Annie; the fruit of your and Chatterbox's tuition."

"And you mean to marry Chatterbox?"

"If I can win her."

"Which you seem in a fair way to do," remarked Calico, as she suddenly disappeared with that strange, quizzical smile that always boded mischief.

I was about renewing my addresses when those troublesome folding-doors, which have figured so extensively in the first act of the drama, again parted with a rumbling noise like distant thunder, and my niece advanced with a broadcloth sleeve encircling her waist, which, on careful scrutiny, I found to appertain to a "fellow" half hidden behind her ample crinoline. Guess my astonishment to find said "fellow" was none other than Arthur Nelson, brother to Chatterbox and junior partner of the firm of Knox, Nelson, and Co., wholesale dry-goods merchants down town. Though he had been a frequent visitor at my house, the idea of his courting my niece had never suggested itself. A very nice young man he was, doubtless, but I had never condescended to exchange a dozen words with him. Alas, how much goes on in this world without one knowing it if one but happens to be "above the mass!" And now the junior partner of the firm of Knox, Nelson, and Co., dry-goods merchants, etc., advanced under convoy of the crinoline, and taking the hand of Calico, said, in a prompt, business-like tone,

"Mr. Tupper, I wish to invest my fortune in this choice lot of dry-goods."

"What? Calico? *my* Calico? The eight-penny baggage? Do you call this common sense, Miss?"

"Excellent sense, uncle; for when a 'man above the mass' makes love to a Chatterbox, Calico will soon be out of fashion."

"Never! fair niece; never! With me Calico will always be in fashion. But 'as you like it,' my dear. I perceive that you are already compromised—hopelessly confiscated. Now, if this rash young speculator considers you a desirable article, with the sanction of the elder heads of the family firm affairs may be arranged on the principle of Debit and Credit. I will take Chatterbox, and he shall have Calico."

"Hold!" cried Calico. "I protest against being bargained away like a bale of dry-goods; from henceforth I repudiate the label *Calico*. Joe Nelson! what has come over you, girl, that you keep so quiet? You surely ought to have a voice in this matter; though I plainly perceive you are no longer a *Chatterbox*. But come up in my room, dear, and let us decide 'when the bargain closes.'"

And so when the girls again met in their own room they had something else to talk about. I was a true prophet, although I am not a Mephistopheles; and I advise all old bachelors who have any courting to do, and whose nieces are around, to keep an eye upon the folding-doors.

CAMP LIFE AT THE RELAY.

THE "Relay House" is an old wooden tavern at the junction of the Baltimore and Ohio and the Washington Railroads. It is small and dingy, with a broad piazza along its front. Hither, on the 14th of last May, came the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment from Washington, following the Sixth toward Baltimore from the South, as they had previously followed it from the North. Some of the incidents of that first march have been narrated. But others, more important and more thrilling, which preceded their junction with the New York Seventh, are yet unwritten. The dash upon the steamer *Maryland* at Havre de Grace, which they supposed to be in the possession of the enemy; the cutting out of the *Constitution*; the grounding of their vessel through the treachery of the pilot; their lying foodless and waterless in the harbor of Annapolis, from Saturday night till Tuesday morning, at the mercy of the foe, who, by putting a ball through the vessel, might have sunk them at once; the welcome appearance of the Seventh, who had left them at Philadelphia; their landing and seizure of the dépôt—all these await a chronicler.

We had been allowed a few weeks' rest at Washington, after opening the way for the nation to its capital; and now, leaving our marble quarters, marching down the magnificent staircase whose panels Lentze will hardly be able to fill with pictures as glorious as that living one which then passed before them, we took the cars, were borne off, and dropped on the side of a hill about half a mile from the Relay House. Opposite to this now-famous hostelry is the dépôt, and between them the track. Along the platform saunter the guards, looking vastly like firemen off duty. They are set to examine the cars from Harper's Ferry, and while these tarry they all slumber and sleep—if they can. A few rods west of the dépôt the road divides. One track turns toward Washington, crossing the Patapsco on a massy stone viaduct; the other bends westward, hugging the northern bank of the river. Just beyond the cleft hill that here juts over the river is a narrow esplanade between the cliff and the stream. Looking frowningly toward Harper's Ferry two guns of the Boston Light Infantry are posted. These command the road to the West. The trains can not run after a certain hour; for the enemy are in force at the Point of Rocks, a few miles above, and might choose to pay us an evening visit. Beyond the viaduct the Southern Railroad runs along the edge of a valley at the base of lofty knolls. On the most prominent of these have just been pitched the tents of our comrades of the Sixth; two guns of the artillery commanding the bridge. A road winding up the hill leads to a comely private residence, standing in a clean grassy grove.

Near the base of this hill lay the troops just landed from the cars, preparing to bivouac. Little fires light up the growing darkness. Live-

ly forms bustle about them. The ship-biscuit and milkless coffee are soon swallowed; and the soldiers, wrapped in their coats and blankets, recline upon the dewy grass. But hardly has the murmur of the camp died away when the shots of sentinels and the alarm-cry of "Baltimore!" breaks the silence. The long roll sounds. We leap to our feet, seize our guns, fall into rank, and rush up the steep hill-side to the camp of the Sixth, and halt to load and prime. The rattle of ramrods and the click of triggers smite the still air. We sweep down the road to the spot whence the cry had come. The alarm was connected with the arrest of Ross Winans. He had been taken from the train coming from Frederick. Some show of resistance had been made, but the affair is soon settled, and we return to our damp couches.

Next morning the brow of the hill opposite the mansion was appropriated to our use; and here, in the soft May air of Maryland, the white canvas town of "Camp Essex" rose like an exhalation. The camp was not arranged precisely according to "regulation," yet nearly enough to give an idea of the ideal law, which in the army, as elsewhere, is fully realized but rarely. Close to the trees was a row of tents—the dépôts of the Commissary and Quarter-Master, and the hospital quarters. The next row was that of the Colonel and his staff; next, the tidy quarters of the Major; then those of the Surgeon and his assistants. The yellow flag of the Surgeon was followed by the white one of the Chaplain, with whom tented the Paymaster. Arms, gold, and the Gospel seldom come into such close conjunction as they did in this tent. At night the Chaplain slept between a box of rifles and a box of money. The third and last of the official rows was that of the Captains. At right angles to these were the streets of the privates, more closely built and more densely populated than those of the officers. Yet crowded into these tents were many who in wealth, culture, and position were fully the equals of their military superiors. The son of an Ex-Senator of the United States, and the son of a "Bell-Everett" electoral candidate—himself a Boston lawyer—do duty with the musket, each enjoying his undivided fifteenth part of the canvas ten-footer with fishermen and shoemakers, carpenters and sailors for comrades.

Our flank companies are representatives of the flanks of the State. Pittsfield on the left, and Salem on the right. Next to the brilliant Salem Zouaves come the Marblehead fishermen. One of these companies deserves special mention, as the first in all the land to respond to the call of the President. At sunrise, the very next morning after the summons left Washington, this company marched from home through a storm of driving sleet, and Faneuil Hall welcomed them first of all to the service of patriotism with which it is identified. As they entered its honored walls, bound on a grander mission than any to which their fathers had responded, the "stone must have cried out of the wall, and the

beam out of the timber have answered it," in honor of the perpetual valor of this most patriotic of towns. In no less than three of the historic pictures which cover the walls of the Rotunda are representatives of Marblehead. The new pictures which shall reproduce this holier war will not be without her heroic presence. Beverley and Gloucester—wonderfully given to fun, frolic, and letter-writing—occupy the next street. Loquacious Lynn and conservative Newburyport share the last two streets. It would never have done to place all the argumentative shoemakers together: there would be no knowing how, with rifles and revolvers in their hands, they might have concluded to carry on their discussions. So Conservatism and Progress were hitched together; and the staid bearers of the name of Cushing and the lively followers of the Senatorial Crispin balanced each other. Outside of the last street was Pittsfield, looking north and west, protecting the camp on its most assailable side. So seven hundred men were housed within four-and-twenty hours after leaving the Capitol.

The view from our camp was charming. At our feet lay a narrow valley through which crept the slumberous Patapsco, covering its face with willows. It had been hard at work miles above driving mills and factories, and seemed to enjoy its release from labor: only temporary, however, for it is soon caught again, driven into sluice ways, and broken upon wheels, only finding lasting peace when it melts into the bosom of the placid Chesapeake. Just at our feet nestled the little village of Elk Ridge Landing—once a port of entry and a haven for ships. But the washings from the hills have choked up the channel, and choked off the trade. Now it seems devoted to the imbibition of whisky, of which, judging from the number of shops, enough is sold to reopen navigation, were it judiciously applied to that purpose. From the hill-top the village had a pleasant aspect, with its two churches, one embowered in trees, and the other standing in a field of blossoming clover, the white tombstones casting a moonlight lustre on the green mounds beneath. But these are almost the only adornments of the village. The main street is a collection of wood and brick houses, with no sidewalks, and few gardens and trees.

The walks around the camp were as delightful as its out-look. Deep ravines, heavily shaded, covered the northern and western sides. Through each of these trickled a tiny brook dancing down to the river. Threading the way through these glens one enters the upland, which opens into varied vistas. Above the viaduct the Patapsco runs through a deep gorge, scattered along which are mills and the dwellings of the workmen. The summits are crowned with the dwellings of the landholders and their tenants. Looking from these eminences the landscape spreads out in those softly undulating lines which rich soils only can exhibit. A hard thin soil requires mines of imported wealth and generations of

culture to give it character. But this rich earth enriches every thing. It thickens and deepens the foliage of the trees, softens the hard edges of the hills, and gives to the whole landscape a royal sweep and fullness.

Such was the out-look from our camp. Let us now look within it, and observe the regular routine of its everyday inner life:

The life of a soldier is one of real and regular work. His hours of rest and labor may not indeed be uniform, but they are none the less regulated. It is not the ten-hour system of the factory, but all-hours system of the ship. The details of the programme of a day in camp can not be as fixed as in other forms of labor; yet its general outlines are the same day after day.

At five o'clock the *reveillé* rattles. A different combination of sounds is appointed for each of the calls of the day—from *reveillé* to taps. They are intended to be harmonious. But our mother's voice arousing us from the happy morning nap did not seem as musical as when proffering her dainties. So this melodious summons never appeared especially fascinating to our drowsy ears. Up spring the soldiers at the ungenial call. Their toilets are instantly made. They leap full-armed from their slumbers. Their close-cropped skulls and unshaven chins need little manipulation. "Fall in, Company A!" rings down the street; and, with variations in the last letter, is repeated over the camp. Out tumble the sleepy-looking men. They range themselves in front of their tents. The roll is called, and in the hottest of the weather they proceed to drill. This is accomplished, much as the sunrise drills of the recitation-room in ancient college days, with great drowsiness of the flesh and profaneness of the spirit. The neighboring brook then affords them a laver and looking-glass. Then comes "pease on trencher," as breakfast was called—for what reason or by what authority we know not; that conjunction, perhaps, transpired sometime at the officers' mess, and they may have innocently supposed the luxury was general.

At the fascinating summons they take their tin plates and dippers, pewter spoons, and iron knives; and headed by their file leader in fun, to the music of the tin-plate march, they proceed to the cook's quarters of their own company. There they lie upon the ground in as complete abandon as was ever witnessed at the Symposia of Alcibiades. The milkless coffee is dipped from a huge kettle, each one being Ganymede to himself. The salt junk is taken from its pile by the five-pronged fork, which is nature's outfit. A wafer of "hard tack" follows the meat; and the history-maker, the Union-saver, the unintentional cause of innumerable future epics, proceeds in Homeric style to strengthen himself for his duty. The bread is buttered, coffee creamed, and meat potatoed with jokes and laughter. They have the music and dancing, if not the fatted calf. Sometimes the true chronicler must confess that grace is

said backward, and the dish is spiced with unseemly execrations.

After breakfast comes the everlasting pipe. At eight is guard-mounting—quite an imposing duty. The band takes its station in front of the camp, and the sections detailed for that service march thither. About one-fourth of the regiment are usually employed. They are formally reviewed, and a portion marched to their appointed posts, while the remainder is reserved for relief. At nine the whole regiment is called together. When in line a company is selected to march to head-quarters for the colors. Preceded by the band and the color-guard they move in silence. The flags are brought forth, saluted by the band in an enlivening air, carried to the front of the line and waved before the troops amidst presented arms, saluting swords, and ringing music. This exciting ceremony shows how completely the army is taught to recognize the standard as the centre of its life. It is the symbol of authority and power.

The regiment is now formed into a hollow square, officers and band standing within the lines. Behind the piled-up drums, and under the banners, the Chaplain leads the devotions of the camp. At the close of his brief prayer the band gives forth the wild warblings of "St. Martin's," the plaintive yearnings of "Sweet Home," the quick step of "Coronation," or the grand march of "Old Hundred." Pre-eminently martial and fitted for the field are these last two. We never tire of them. Only the last ought to be performed in its original movement, which is more rapid and vigorous than the slow step into which it has been drawn out. No "God save the King," or "Marseillaise," or "Star-Spangled Banner" can compare with religious airs in inspiring soldiers with that sublime force and fury that makes them as insensible as martyrs to the fear of death. One can easily understand how the psalm-singing soldiers of Cromwell and Gustavus Adolphus were roused to an almost divine rage by the passionate refrains of the religious hymns to which they marched to battle.

The service closed, the troops are sometimes drilled as a regiment, sometimes in companies or squads, and sometimes dismissed till afternoon. Going round the camp near mid-day, one can see almost every conceivable form which the feeling of ease can assume. The trees in our rear were our favorite resort in the heat of the day; for a tent is a furnace under the central fires of a July sun. The oaks spread their cool roof over the loungers. Stretched on his rubber blanket lies the sleeper, wearied with his last night's march and watching. A Sartor Resartus repatching his patch proves himself a greater than Carlyle in reducing to practice what he merely preached. Others are scanning the morning papers or the New York pictorials, or shuffle and study lesser pictorials, with that intense sobriety of countenance which is always seen on faces that are indulging in questionable sport. Others yet, prone on the belly, are making a

writing-desk of the lap of earth, and pursuing love and homesickness under difficulties. Still another, of a more romantic turn, strolls off, book in hand, to the cooler ravines and water-brooks, or, all human things and thoughts cast aside, listens to the solemn music of the woods.

"After all, there is no company like the woods," said Sir William Hamilton to an American tourist. "I can not understand why you should come over here to look at our cities and ruins. I would give more to see a forest primeval than all the treasures of Europe."

So pass the blazing hours till noon, when the regulation "roast beef" is served up. This dish, like fame, and power, and most military phantasies, is sadly changed when precipitated into reality. Our "roast beef" is not the juicy sirloin that rises at that word before one's olfactories and gustatories, but a half-de-salt-peterized, half-washed, half-cooked article, known to its devourers as "salt horse." This salt beef occasionally gives way to its fresh kindred, but is usually only varied with salter and fatter pork. Potatoes and other vegetables, pudding, pastry, sauces, and gravies have to be supplied from the kitchens of memory. For why shouldn't memory have "kitchens" as well as the "chambers" in which poets have so long quartered her? Does she only sleep and nothing more?

Were it not for the redoubled energies of the tin-dipper band, almost every dinner would be the occasion of a mutiny. As the Chinese calithumpianize the moon in an eclipse out of the mouth of the dragon that is swallowing her, so the uproarious rattling of plates and dippers, with the more uproarious rattling of merry voices, frightens away the dragon of discontent. This worse than prison fare is utterly needless, and is unworthy of the Government. There is no reason why it can not afford its defenders the moderate fare to which the poorest have become accustomed. It could be easily done. Let the Department allow the privates to commute their rations, as it does the officers. If there should be any conflict because it could not tell how many might choose to avail themselves of the privilege, let it grant the favor on the application of a company or a regiment. On thirty cents per day they could live vastly better than they do. This was tried in not a few cases. Men who utterly refused the Government fare supported themselves well from the vendors round the camp for less than that sum. Others "boarded themselves" in a home-like and decent manner within that allowance. If this is too small, Government ought to allow more. Three dollars per week is the usual price for the board of laboring men. This sum might be allowed with less cost to the country than its present mode of supplying the commissariat. If it were done, regiments would procure their own caterer and live like men. The abominations of the sutler and liquor-seller flourish chiefly because of this treatment. Let it be changed, and we shall hear but little of these official and unofficial robbers.

The afternoon glides away like the morning, till about four o'clock, when the daily regimental drill occurs. These are hours of hard work. Long marches, practice in firing, bayonet exercise, forming into squares, and into line of battle; marching in companies and in double-quick; charging imaginary batteries and battalions; and other evolutions and movements keep the troops in violent action for several hours. This work was executed on the field where they made their first bivouac, or on the slopes and plains beyond the river. Toward sunset they are marched to the camp, and the dress parade closes the regimental day. The troops are drawn up in line of battle, and the order, "Parade, rest!" given by each Captain to his command. The band "beats off;" that is, marches down and back in front of the regiment, playing slowly down, and a quick step back. The officers step four paces in front, the Major and Lieutenant-colonel in advance of the rest. The sergeants march to the centre of the column, and make their report to the Adjutant. He reports to the Colonel, and steps behind him. There is then a brisk exercise in arms, and the order of "Parade, rest!" is repeated. The officers sheath their swords, proceed to the centre, face the Colonel, and under the lead of the Adjutant march up to him, touching their hats as they approach, and, encircling him, hear his remarks and orders. Returning to their posts, the regiment breaks up into companies, each of which, marching to its quarters under the lead of the sergeants, is disbanded. Then comes the unchangeable "hard tack" and coffee, and the day's work is done.

Not, however, with all. At eight o'clock the force detailed for night-duty appears before the tent of the Adjutant, with coats, and blankets, and loaded rifles. The countersign is given them, and the officer of the night marches them to their posts. Near the camp sentinels pace lazily their brief rounds. Farther out stand a line of pickets, and yet farther another. To each of the outermost stations the three were sent together, who are to relieve each other during the night. This is preferable to sending them forth at their appointed hours, as it gives them company in their loneliness, and is a protective against sleeping and in case of attack. It is the "three brothers" practice of emigration, so marked in our early history, applied to new circumstances.

The camp puts on its liveliest air in the evening. Man has much of the wild as well as the tame beast in his composition. Darkness seems to be needed to wake him up. He goes forth to his labor till the evening, and then he goes forth to his enjoyment. And the latter is much more natural as well as agreeable than the former. It is hard work to get up a passion of the oratorical, poetical, or even the tenderer sort in the daytime. Out of many a tent issues the notes of comic, plaintive, patriotic, and even pious music. Fierce discussions, political, military, or personal, rage in other quarters. Some-

times the sportful disposition demands larger scope for indulgence, and pours through the candle-lighted streets. The elephant, well known to the exhausted frequenters of watering-place parlors, is seen waddling through the camp, a gray army blanket forming an admirable hide for his Trojan horse viscera. High on their comrade's shoulders the stilted warriors stride. On a platform, supported by half a dozen most willing subjects, Jeff Davis, kneeling, blindfolded, with a rope round his neck, and an executioner at his side, moves to his death.

Through the lively but usually not boisterous sounds may sometimes be heard the voice of social worship issuing from the clerical tent. Here are clustered a little band of praying men, who are encouraging one another to fight manfully the good fight of faith. At times this is the centre of attraction, and many come in and, sitting on the straw, join in the songs of Zion, or listen to the experience and exhortations of their Christian comrades. There are few scenes pleasanter than this. And many are the soldiers that, after the war is over, will recall with gratitude the sacred moments thus spent in the tent of the Chaplain, or under the soft sky of summer, or round the camp-fires of winter.

At ten the tattoo beats its warning notes, and, half an hour later, three taps on the drum order lights to be extinguished and sounds to cease. They, however, still linger in odd corners and official quarters. At times the spirit of fun breaks the chains of law and slumber, and ranges wildly through the camp. Gradually its devotees become exhausted, and cease to "vex with mirth the drowsy ear of night." The sentinels pace their beats, announcing the hours, adding sometimes amusing commentaries, chiefly as to the delay of their relief. So the belated straggler, ignorant of the countersign, appears at a post, and its guardsman calls for the corporal of the guard, with the number of the post at which his presence is wanted. "Corporal of the guard number one!" goes the rounds till it reaches that officer, who usually favors the wanderer with blanketless accommodations at the guard-house. Or the shot of a distant picket and the cry of "Baltimore!" cuts the air and the cords of sleep. This watchword of danger was adopted probably because our foes were at the beginning of that household. Instantly the long roll sends forth its thrilling summons, the most exciting of all the calls of the camp. The sharp voices of the Captains follow. The clear orders of the Colonel overtop all other sounds. The shorn Samsons shake off the Delilah of sleep, and the streets are black with armed men. There is a pause for further orders. Scouts are sent out to the picket whence came the alarm. It is found, perhaps, to arise from an assault by a stealthy foe, but more commonly from a wandering cow, or a particularly stern and soldier-looking stump, or from the dreaming fears of a napping sentinel. The excitement dies away, and the men fall back to their hard couches and soft dreams.

Rainy days have their appropriate variation

of damp and dullness, of mud and misery. Glee is then wrung out of the lips as the water from the clothes, and Jacob Faithful and Mark Tapley become the patron saints.

The line of demarkation between the Sabbath and its secular neighbors is very narrow in camp. The reveillé raves on the Sabbath as usual. Fast is broken in the same untempting way. Then comes a new but not very sacred scene. Inspection of tents, arms, and persons is appointed for that day. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and if the greater virtue can not be secured the less is rigidly required. Gun, man, and tent must be set in order. The first is first attended to, as being the most important and most difficult of cleansing, according to the regulation standard. In and around every tent they are driving at their task. Those on duty the night previous are excused from inspection, and lie among their busy fellows wrapped in sleep. The guns being ready, tents demand attention. These are swept and garnished. Knapsacks, coats, and blankets, carefully folded, have each their appointed place, and must be found in them. The débris around the tents and in the streets is carefully removed to the rear and burned. Officers and men are alike required to obey this order. So the burnishing, arranging, sweeping, and burning that is going on over the whole camp gives it a lively and, in a degree, home-like aspect. After this work is accomplished they put their persons in order, and the neighboring brooks are filled with splashing mermen. They contrive, in their dress, to get a faint reminiscence of former Sundays; though coarse, cowhide shoes, ignorant of blacking, and the blue shirts, blouses, and baggy pantaloons, in which they have lived night and day for months, but poorly suggest the jaunty black coat, shining collar, fancy tie, "loud" patterned "vest" and "pants," and glittering patent-leathers, in which they were wont to march forth victorious on such mornings at home. Still they did the best they could under the circumstances, and their sweet-hearts, could they but have seen them, would have no doubt esteemed them, in their patriotic garb, the superiors of Beau Brummel, or even of Solomon himself in all his glory.

At the hour of ten inspection is ordered. The regiment is drawn up in companies, the colors, staff, and band in front. The Colonel inspects his staff first, and they follow him on his tour. The band relieves the tedium of the task by music. As the officer approaches a company they "present" and then "order" arms. The ramrods dance in the barrels to show that they are unloaded. Each gun is taken and examined, and the ramrod drawn and passed through the white-gloved hand. If it is soiled, glove, gun, and man are condemned. The constant putting on and off of gloves is not common in the volunteer service. It would be an expensive operation, considering the way in which the arms are kept. The examination concluded, the troops are dismissed in companies and drawn up before their tents, while the Colonel and his

staff pursue their tour of inspection thither. The quarters are sometimes adorned with flowers, giving them a very agreeable aspect. The whole of the forenoon is occupied in this duty.

In the afternoon religious services are held; the two regiments united in this, assembling on the lawn in front of the mansion. On the grass under the trees, compact together, in companies, by hundreds and by fifties, reclined from twelve to fifteen hundred men. Most of them have a true church air of respect and reverence, though some on the outskirts smoked their pipes and kept up a low conversation. A few buried their faces in the grass and slept. If like privilege was granted a city congregation as many would probably avail themselves of it. Would not a deacon or vestryman occasionally like to recline at full length on the velvet cushions in a more velvet sleep? Would not some church-going weed-burners delight to relieve the wearisomeness of the discourse with the fragrance of a dainty Habana? When as free an expression of prevalent feelings is allowed in the church as in the army, it may be found that the soldiers are not alone in their irreverent indulgences. On the veranda and the terrace before it are seated the officers, singers, and neighbors. The Chaplain stands on the flag-stone under the banners and behind the drums, which are now "drums ecclesiastic" no less than military. In the air of a delicious dolphin-dying day he reads a sacred lyric. The choir bodies it forth in an all-animating voice. There is no singing like that of a multitude of men in the open air. It can "create a soul under the ribs of death." The Scriptures are read, prayer follows, and an exhortation is given—brief, simple, fraternal, patriotic, and religious, inciting to moral and Christian courage in the great duty which is laid upon all. Singing follows, and a short drill concludes the services in a true military style.

These exercises are enjoyed, provided they are unconstrained and brief. Formal sermonizing is counted a bore. "Firstly," "Secondly," and so on, they can not away with. The war, among its benefits, will not pass by the pulpit. The hundreds of chaplains will learn much, and communicate of their learning to their profession. Pompous discourses, carefully drawn and quartered, will give way to simple, earnest, familiar *talks* on Christian doctrine and duty. Ministers should sit in their chairs like professors or physicians, on a level with their audience, and converse with them on religious subjects, personal and doctrinal, they being expected to respond freely, whether with questions or otherwise. Such was the practice of Dr. Judson in the market-places of Burmah, and is still the custom of many missionaries. Such was the usage of the early Church, as narrated in sacred history and embodied in the very words that we have metamorphosed to mean solitary and prolix discourses. "Homily" and "sermon" signified practically, as they do etymologically, simply "talk," and even when they assumed the form of exhortation or exegesis it was without single

texts or formal arrangement; and to the time of Chrysostom the audience were permitted to interrupt the speaker with questions and propositions, as they now often do a political orator.

The camp is a grand iconoclast. It grinds to powder many notions on dress, food, beds, and shelter. It will have no small effect on preaching. The religious teacher will find a guide in the greatest of the teachers of Athens—walking in the Academy, and charming every one he met no less by his familiar manners than by his pleasantries and penetration, and by the higher thoughts to which he conversationally led them. He will find his chief model in the Great Teacher himself. His "sermons" were conversations, uttered sitting on the Mounts of Beatitudes and Olives, at Jacob's Well, in the house with Nicodemus, or walking by Tiberias, or reclining at the table of Pharisee and publican. The divinest of them, as reported by John, was spoken without book, or bands, or pulpit, or gesture, but while simply leaning on his elbow at a festival. This unrestrained talk from a full heart is the true model. May the army contribute to its revival, and the soldiers convert the chaplains and the chaplains convert the clergy! Then may the clergy hope to convert the world.

Our Sabbath evenings resembled their Puritan ancestry, though the spinning-wheel and wash-tub were not in lively exercise. One tent usually had its praying company. The camp sang with them those cheerful airs which are the blossoming of the most gladsome of Christian faiths. Uncongenial sounds were largely suppressed, and all, consciously or subconsciously, observed the consecrated hours.

Thus passed two months at the Relay. On the first of July came an order from General Banks for half of the regiment to prepare to march. They proceed to Baltimore and bivouac on a smooth hill on the Carroll place, near the house often frequented by Washington and his revolutionary associates. Little did they imagine that its grounds would be covered with thousands of Northern troops in arms to sustain the Government they had established, and that, too, against the very kindred of guest and host. This house was the head-quarters to-day of as great patriots as frequented it then. That night Marshal Kane was arrested. Within a week the rest of the regiment moves, and our camp is pitched under the fine old oaks on the place of General Stewart. This is the spot which Frederica Bremer so enthusiastically describes in her "*Homes in a New World.*" We enjoyed the views of Baltimore, and the bay on which she dwells; but our host's absence in Virginia prevented the hospitalities which we might have otherwise received.

The country was regretfully exchanged for the city. The spot made dear by novel perils, excitements, and duties was abandoned. The fields so long trodden down by the soldiers were remanded to their proprietor. The prospect that rose so often like a new world on our awakening eyes was transferred to the living galleries within.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

THERE are few American authors whose names are more familiar to the reader than that of Halleck. The selection of his subjects—although frequently ephemeral in character—and the delicacy of sentiment and appropriateness of diction in which he clothed them, served to bestow on his writings a popularity which graver and perhaps more durable poetical contributions have often failed to obtain.

He was born and now resides in the quiet little village of Guilford, in the State of Connecticut, about midway between New Haven and New London, and in close proximity with Long Island Sound. The village itself, which numbers about two thousand inhabitants, is one of the oldest in the State, many of the tombstones in its grave-yard, hoary and venerable in appearance, bear indications of having been placed in their present position two centuries ago, when the stern and rigid rule of the Puritans, which gave rise to the famous code of "Connecticut blue laws," was in the ascendant. The epitaphs of these silent chroniclers, but more especially the old and worn parchment records of the proceedings of the town council, furnish many and rather curious illustrations of the manners of this period, and will well repay the perusal of the lover of antiquarian lore. Guilford still retains many of the old structures of this period, slightly modernized, it is true, and imbedded in the groups of trees with which the older settlers strove to beautify, for the use of future generations, the public square and its environs, around which the greater part of the village is clustered.

In one of the most antiquated of these, a large wooden structure, surrounded by a spacious veranda, and overlooking the public square, the poet resides. His style of living is simple and unostentatious. His bachelor establishment, for he has never married, is presided over by his sister. Although no longer young, age has come upon him with a kindly and gentle influence, neither sapping up those exuberant springs of fancy which made him in earlier life so charming and popular a companion, nor casting a shadow over a naturally frank and joyous temperament. With his fellow-townpeople Halleck is the simplest and most agreeable of personages. Known to, and knowing each, he has a kind word of salutation for every one he meets, and a capital story to tell to those who, like himself, have leisure to hear and taste to appreciate it.

Upon the "Head," by which name the promontory that juts far out into the sea in the neighborhood of Guilford, known as Sachem's Head, is familiarly called—for Guilford and its environs have long been celebrated for their salubrity as a resort during the warm months of summer—has sprung up a spacious and well-kept hotel, which in the season is the resort of a gay and fashionable company. At the "Head" Halleck is always a welcome vis-

itor, and his arrival is ever sure to produce some little bustle among the inmates of this retired but really beautiful watering-place. Indeed he is here looked upon as in some sort a part of their property—a kind of local lion, which they have a right to include among the attractions of the place. Halleck submits good-humoredly to all this, and talks so pleasantly that no one regrets a tarry at the "Head" if, during his sojourn, he happens to make his acquaintance. Tarrytown had its Irving, Cooperstown its Cooper, Boston its Longfellow and its Prescott; but what are these to the good people of Guilford and the "Head" so long as they possess their Halleck.

While on a summer visit to the "Head" years ago, but yet long after he had ceased to write for the press, I made Halleck's acquaintance. His appearance at that time was very much as he is represented in the portrait by Charles Elliott, from which an excellent engraving has been made for the "Homes of American Authors," except that time has somewhat silvered his head and impressed the countenance with a few tell-tale lines not observed in the picture; but the same genial, good-humored smile, the same frank expression, and the same restive and sparkling eye, delineated by the painter, were present in the living personification before me. I should have selected him without difficulty from this resemblance; but knowing little of his private life, I was agreeably surprised by his very cordial manner and great conversational powers. We had both ample leisure, and a desire to be amused. An acquaintance thus pleasantly begun has continued since without interruption, with the most agreeable appreciation of each other on either side, and certainly with a very high estimate of Halleck's social qualities on mine. In our varied wanderings through life chance occasionally throws us together, and I never fail to improve the opportunity to obtain something from Halleck's early reminiscences or fund of reading.

He always struck me as most at home in the English classics, and is particularly rich in anecdotes of the men of this best period of English literature. With the works and public acts of the statesmen of this time he is quite familiar, and does not hesitate to draw comparisons from this source by no means complimentary to the American statesmen of the present day. An amusing contretemps grew out of this circumstance about the time to which I allude, from which the parties extricated themselves very adroitly by the mutual good-breeding and knowledge of society of the two.

"Pray tell me," said Halleck, "what charming young lady that is with whom I have been conversing for the last half hour?" For he is fond of ladies' society, and is a great favorite with them.

I replied that it was the daughter of a gentleman, naming him, then high in office at Washington.

"How unfortunate!" replied Halleck. "I

have just given her my opinion regarding the status of our public men, and I am sure she will believe I intended to allude personally to her father."

"Nonsense," replied I, "she is too well-bred to entertain such an idea; but how did she receive your remarks?"

"Why she cordially concurred in them," said he, "and with much discrimination for so very young a lady." She was scarcely eighteen.

"As I thought," I replied. "I am sure you have lost nothing in her regard."

"I will, however," said he, "return and explain." And he accordingly rejoined the young lady, and informed her of his want of knowledge of her relationship to a statesman whom he held in such high esteem as her father, and who in all allusions to their inferiority should be singled out as one of the few exceptions.

She, with equal frankness, assured him that she was not only satisfied that he did not intend to include her father, but that she had already seen enough of public men to be able to appreciate the justice of his remarks.

Like most men who have obtained celebrity as a popular writer, his autograph is eagerly sought for. Our fair visitors at the "Head" did not form an exception to the rule in respect to their desire to possess this kind of memento, as the following incident will demonstrate.

We were about to have a fancy-ball, and I was assigned the duty of specifying the characters to be assumed. Among the guests was a gay and highly-accomplished lady, who often startled the sober villagers of Guilford by her daring feats of horsemanship, and would frequently whirl through their quiet streets upon a mettled steed at a speed on the jockey side of three minutes. Both the lady and her steed were the frequent subject of the village gossips, who were astonished on one occasion to observe her, accompanied by another lady, remarkable for great personal beauty, rein up at the door of the bachelor poet. They were, in fact, the bearers of a letter from me to Halleck, requesting him to send me the novel, written by Scott, containing the character of Di Vernon, with which I wished to invest our daring horsewoman on the occasion. The note sent by Halleck with the volume was one of the most playful and witty I have ever seen from his pen. As it contained an exceedingly graceful allusion to the lady in connection with the village gossip, and a not less complimentary one to her companion, I was obliged to part with it to the bearers, between whom a playful contention arose for its possession, which was finally settled by one retaining the original and the other a copy.

Halleck's notions of government struck me at the time as somewhat remarkable. He was a member of neither dominant party, and carefully avoided any interference either in local or general elections. He was, on the whole, more favorably inclined to monarchy than republicanism, and certainly favored a strong rather than a weak government. I must confess that I was

not a little startled to hear such enunciations, sustained with much good reasoning, from the lips of the author of the bold and masterly poem of Marco Bozzaris, whom he has justly styled "the Epaminondas of Modern Greece," and whose whole effect turns upon devotion to the cause of liberty. I can now perceive by the processes of my own mind how this transformation could have taken place in his.

But although Halleck's earlier and later years have been passed in Guilford, his more active ones were spent in the busy commercial metropolis, and in pursuits apparently the most uncongenial to the development of a poetical taste. While a youth he entered the banking-house of Jacob Barker, of New York, one of the boldest and most prominent commercial men of his day, as a clerk. His colleagues in this establishment, Daniel Embury, now the President of the Atlantic Bank of Brooklyn, and Benjamin R. Winthrop, the present recipient of a princely estate, and a large contributor to public charities, remember their more distinguished associate with feelings of real pride unmixed with the slightest taint of envy. He was, they say, a noble youth, and a remarkably excellent companion—clear-sighted, witty, and by nature a poet, and what is the more remarkable, was an excellent accountant, and rose rapidly to the position of cashier. He afterwards went into business for himself as a merchant, as he playfully mentions in the following exquisite poem, written for the album of a daughter of Samuel Woodworth, author of "The Old Oaken Bucket:"

A POET'S DAUGHTER.

"A Lady asks the Minstrel's rhyme."

A Lady asks? There was a time
When, musical as play-bell's chime
To wearied boy,
That sound would summon dreams sublime,
Of pride and joy.

But now the spell hath lost its sway,
Life's first-born fancies first decay,
Gone are the plumes and pennons gay
Of young Romance;
There linger but her ruins gray,
And broken lance.

'Tis a new world—no more to maid,
Warrior, or bard, is homage paid;
The bay-tree's, laurel's, myrtle's shade,
Men's thoughts resign;
*I'm busy in the sugar trade
And cotton line.**

"'Tis youth, 'tis beauty asks; the green
And growing leaves of seventeen
Are round her; and, half hid, half seen,
A violet flower,
Nursed by the virtues she hath been
From childhood's hour."

Blind passion's picture—yet for this
We woo the life-long bridal kiss
And blend our every hope of bliss
With hers we love;
Unmindful of the serpent's hiss
In Eden's grove.

* In the printed edition these lines are altered thus:
"Heaven placed us here to vote and trade,
Twin tasks divine!"

Beauty—the fading rainbow's pride,
 Youth—'twas the charm of her who died
 At dawn, and by her coffin's side
 A grandsire stands,
 Age-strengthened, like the oak storm-tried
 Of mountain lands.

Youth's coffin—hush the tale it tells!
 Be silent, memory's funeral bells!
 Lone in one heart, her home, it dwells
 Untold till death,
 And where the grave-mound greenly swells
 O'er buried faith.

“But what if hers are rank and power,
 Armies her train, a throne her bower,
 A kingdom's gold her marriage dower,
 Broad seas and lands?
 What if from bannered hall and tower
 A queen commands?”

A queen? Earth's regal moons have set.
 Where perished Marie Antoinette?
 Where's Bordeaux's mother? Where the jet-
 Black Haytian dame?
 And Lusitania's coronet?
 And Angoulême?

Empires to-day are upside down,
 The castle kneels before the town,
 The monarch fears a printer's frown,
 A brickbat's range;
 Give me, in preference to a crown,
 Five shillings change.

“But her who asks, though first among
 The good, the beautiful, the young,
 The birthright of a spell more strong
 Than these hath brought her;
 She is your kinswoman in song,
 A Poet's daughter.”

A Poet's daughter? Could I claim
 The consanguinity of fame,
 Veins of my intellectual frame!
 Your blood would glow
 Proudly to sing that gentlest name
 Of aught below.

A Poet's daughter—dearer word
 Lip hath not spoken nor listener heard,
 Fit theme for song of bee and bird
 From morn till even,
 And wind-harp by the breathing stirred
 Of star-lit heaven.

My spirit's wings are weak, the fire
 Poetic comes but to expire,
 Her name needs not my humble lyre
 To bid it live;
 She hath already from her sire
 All bard can give.

In 1822 Halleck visited Europe, and traveled in Great Britain, France, Switzerland, etc. Soon after his return he received an offer from John Jacob Astor to fill a highly responsible position in connection with the management of his vast estate, which post he occupied until the decease of Mr. Astor, when, finding himself possessed of a reasonable competence, he retired from his position in this employ, and has since lived for the most part in his native town. He was one of the original Trustees of the Astor Library, but resigned on removing to Connecticut.

When Halleck first became a resident of New York in 1803, it had neither assumed the metropolitan importance nor proportions to which it has since attained, but it lacked nothing in self-importance. Indeed, it is questionable whether Boston, with all its self-complacency, was more than a match for the good city of “Gotham” at

this period. Its great men were very great men—at least in the eyes of their immediate worshippers—and their movements were recorded with as much care, if not with as much formality, as if duly chronicled in a Court Journal. Among Halleck's earliest poetical compositions were some admirable and witty hits at these very important characters—conceived in no spirit of spleen, but written with such genuine good-humor as to render his castigations popular with, if not palatable to, the good people of the town.

The original conception of these satires was due to Joseph Rodman Drake, a young gentleman of rare promise, who had already written four of them before he admitted Halleck into the partnership, which continued until severed by the early death of their originator.

Dr. De Kay, a very clever and well-educated young medical man, while spending a summer at Guilford, made the acquaintance of Halleck's sister, who, on his return to town, gave him a note of introduction to her brother, and the two became warm friends. One of the wittiest sketches in “The Croakers” is the tea-party of the Doctor. Dr. De Kay knew Drake, and was the confidant of Halleck, and probably one of the very few who had any knowledge of his poetical ability. He introduced the two to each other, and by this means was instrumental in forming the literary partnership alluded to. Dr. De Kay, who had a decided literary taste, soon abandoned the practice of medicine; wrote a clever book of travels in Turkey, and published, as Zoologist to the State of New York, some valuable contributions to Natural History. He died, near New York, a few years since.

“The Croakers” were, for the most part, confined to local incidents, and were intended to satirize the follies of the day, or, at all events, to amuse by their reference to well-known personages. These were continued, conjointly, by Drake and Halleck, under the signature of “Croaker and Co.,” and were published in the newspapers during the year 1819, for the most part in the *Evening Post*, at that time the chief literary paper of the town.

These pieces, to the number of fifty, have recently been collected together and published in an authentic form, and in the best style of book-making, by the Bradford Club, one of whose rules is that no member shall sell a book. The publication, which was made in 1860, contains copious notes explanatory of the text, and is accompanied by handsome engravings of Drake and Halleck. Several of the pieces from the pens of both of these authors are brought to light in this publication for the first time, and all are so carefully annotated that they can be readily comprehended by a reader unfamiliar with the local incidents of New York of that day, although it must be confessed that those whose hits are of a purely local nature have lost their chief interest with the disappearance of the circumstances to which they owed their origin. Fortunately, however, all are not of this class. The “American Flag,” by Drake, which has been repub-

lished in every variety of form, and recently elegantly illustrated by Darley, originally appeared in the *Evening Post*. Nor are the lines by Halleck, commencing

"The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom Pleasure's shrine,"

scarcely less exquisite in versification or melody than those of his distinguished associate; and although not so widely known, are yet to be ranked among the popular productions of our poet.

Drake died, in 1820, of consumption, and Halleck, who had tenderly watched by his bedside during the long and anxious hours of his lingering illness, embalmed his memory in the poetical tribute to be found in his works on this subject. A tribute, in which he declares that the intensity of his sorrow has deprived him of the power to weave in verse a eulogy worthy of his subject, or consonant with his own grief. But Halleck's was not a temperament long to suffer from the poignancy of sorrow. Keenly attached to Drake while living, and attentive during his illness to his slightest want, when death had rent asunder the friendship that bound them together, after the first display of his grief, and with the consciousness that

"The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket,"

he chased the shadow from his brow, and although he never after found a friend with whom he so deeply sympathized, yet it was not long before his companions found in him the same frank, jovial, and gay fellow they had been accustomed to consider him, before this loss of one of their number had so shocked their sensibilities. Indeed from the perusal of Halleck's writings this tendency to gayety seems ever uppermost, and not unfrequently displays itself most unexpectedly, if not in a most unbecoming manner, as if the writer in his graver moods was constantly on his good behavior, and ever and anon, like a frolicsome school-boy kept under restraint, startles our gravity by some malapropos but witty remark. As an illustration of this I would refer to the closing lines of the pathetic poem of Alnwick Castle, which, after celebrating in fitting measure the event when,

"Seated by gallant Hotspur's side
His Katherine was a happy bride,
A thousand years ago,"

he terminates with the ludicrous incident of his visit to the castle.

But it is not always by his writings that we detect the true character of the author. We all know under what painful circumstances Cowper composed the laughable ballad of "John Gilpin," and how very near to madness was Byron when writing the most facetious portions of *Beppo* and *Don Juan*. Nor is it in the humor displayed in conversation that a gay heart is always to be found: as an illustration of which I may cite the case of Cardini. During the time of this great wit in Rome, a distinguished med-

ical man of that city was called upon by a stranger who desired to consult him on account of an extreme depression of spirits which he was unable to chase away. After a careful examination the medical gentleman, who was unable to discover any bodily disease, advised him to seek gay society, to divert his mind from his own reflections, and especially to seek out one Cardini, who convulsed the city by his witty sallies.

"Alas!" replied the stranger, with a deep-drawn sigh, "I am that Cardini."

I remember too an interview I had with Burton, the comedian, a year or two previous to his death, which exemplified this point. He had but a short time before, while fulfilling an engagement in Philadelphia, become suddenly and alarmingly ill. On consulting Dr. Pancost, the eminent surgeon, he had decided that he was laboring under a disease of the heart, which must inevitably prove fatal. He however expressed some hope of ultimate recovery, which I endeavored to dissuade him from, under the belief that it is better for a person laboring under an incurable malady to know the worst, in order to be prepared for the final result. I advised him to abandon the stage, give up his theatrical management, and with his abundant means endeavor to lead, for the short time he might be spared, a life of ease, and one consonant with his approaching end.

"I can not abandon the stage," he replied; "it furnishes me with an excitement which I can not live without. I should be driven to think of myself, and should go crazy."

He invited me to come that evening and witness the effect. He was already on the bills for Sir Toby Belch. I accepted his invitation, and never knew him to be more humorous, or more fully appreciated by the audience, who were convulsed with laughter. How little did they think that the source of all this merriment was, at that very moment, a gloomy, morose man, who had a full consciousness that he carried in his person an incurable malady that must inevitably terminate his life in a short period!

In Halleck's case, however, the humor was doubtless genuine, and sparkled up from a spirit overflowing with good-nature, and frank social qualities which made him in all circles a welcome guest, and procured for him many an invitation which, under other circumstances, one so young had hardly a right to expect.

Previous to Halleck's association with Drake in the production of the "Croakers," he had already made his appearance, although anonymously, as an author, in a poem entitled "Twilight," which appeared in the *Evening Post* a few months previous to his acquaintance with Drake. At this time Mr. William Coleman, a man of much literary taste, as well as a very sensitive one, was its sole editor. He was very tenacious as to the contents of the paper, and scrupulous about the productions of new contributors. When Halleck's poem was handed to him he gave it to the printer without comment, which was considered by those who knew his

fastidious tastes as a remarkable instance of appreciation. He did not learn the name of its author for some months after.

"Fanny," his longest poem, in fifteen hundred lines, was composed in 1819. "Alnwick Castle" and "Burns" were composed after his visit to Europe in 1822-'23, and were first published in a volume, in connection with other poems, in 1827. A collected edition of his works was published in 1852. Other editions of his poems have from time to time been issued.

When "Fanny" first appeared it attracted universal attention in town, and was eagerly read. Apart from the admirable manner in which the story was told, it derived additional piquancy from the circumstance that every one supposed it to be a satire, and each could picture in his imagination the personages it was intended to caricature. This, however, is doubtless a mistake, as the author declares, and apparently with much sincerity, that the creation is purely an ideal one. The edition was soon exhausted, and its author for some time hesitated to allow a second to be published. Its scarcity enhanced the desire to peruse it, and it went rapidly from hand to hand among friends, and not unfrequently sold at fabulous prices—ten dollars having been often given for a copy of it. Its authorship was attributed to a number of prominent literary men, but suspicion never rested on Halleck, who quietly enjoyed the bewilderment of the town without divulging his own secret.

In like manner the authorship of the "Croakers" was for some time concealed, and as they were exceedingly popular, many attempts were made to imitate them, but without success. Coleman says, "We have received several imitations of 'Croakers,' but none of them partake in any degree of the inspiration of his pen." Much discussion arose as to the individual merits of "Croaker" and "Croaker, Jun.," but it was finally shown that they were both from the same pen, the separate productions of Drake and Halleck appearing indifferently under the same signatures.

At last Coleman, upon being closely questioned, revealed the authorship, and Halleck suddenly, and much to his own surprise, became famous. He had always been remarkable for great modesty, and never, while in company, where allusions were made to his own productions, betrayed by word or look his own connection with them. That a part of this arose from the gratification which an individual who is able to set the whole community at bay quietly enjoys there can be no doubt; but yet, at the same time, something is chargeable to that inherent modesty which Halleck, in the full tide of his popularity as a poet, and when he was a welcome guest at the houses of the most witty and fashionable, was remarkable for.

"He possessed," said Mr. Winthrop, in speaking to me one day of Halleck, "this trait in contradistinction to myself or any other person in the employment of Barker and Co. Whenever Mr. Barker would dictate a business letter to

Halleck, which he was accustomed to do with great rapidity, and while occupied with several other things at the same moment, Halleck would quietly place on paper precisely what had been dictated. After it was presented to Mr. Barker he would often discover that it was irregular, and would frequently remark, 'Why, this is nonsense.' 'I know it,' Halleck would quietly reply. 'Why, then, did you not correct me at the time?' demanded the principal. 'Because,' modestly replied Halleck, 'I might confuse your thoughts, and you have now an opportunity of rejecting what displeases you.'" And Halleck was right, for whenever any other clerk attempted to point out an error of this kind in the process of dictation to this eccentric but masterly business man, he would become confused, and by his manner express his dissatisfaction at the interference.

While Halleck was a resident of New York he occupied, for many years, bachelor apartments in what is now far down Broadway. On one occasion, while standing opposite his lodgings observing the progress of a conflagration which was consuming the neighboring buildings, a gentleman with whom he was casually conversing suddenly said, "I see that the fire is making progress to the opposite house. I must go and secure my luggage before it is too late." "And so must I," rejoined Halleck. Each looked at the other for a moment in some surprise. "Do you occupy apartments in this house?" at last demanded the stranger. "I do," replied Halleck; "and you—?" An explanation showed that they had been fellow-lodgers for years, and although not altogether unknown to each other, had now for the first time become aware of the fact. This might readily happen in New York at the present time, but it is difficult to see how it could have occurred in the more primitive days of the city.

Since my acquaintance with Halleck he has always, when in town, occupied apartments at Bixby's. Now Bixby's is just the place for a bachelor, and certainly it is for a poet. Every body calls in at Bixby's. Poor Charles Leupp used to go to Bixby's, Verplanck goes to Bixby's, the author of the "Sparrow-Grass Papers" goes to Bixby's. "Ik Marvel," when in town, is to be found at Bixby's. Bayard Taylor, whenever he can find rest for his weary feet, settles down at Bixby's; and last, but not least, Halleck, whether up town or down town, whenever in town is sure to be found at Bixby's.

He is now quite averse to social visits, and is very rarely induced to accept an invitation out, even from his oldest friends. Should I do so, he has often said, in declining my own offers, I should never come to town without being obliged to occupy my whole time in visiting my old friends, who now excuse me on the ground that I pay no visits; and he is doubtless right, for I know of no one whose companionship would be more eagerly sought, could it be obtained, than Halleck's. Age seems to have come upon him with such a genial touch that few can be found

so versatile in conversation, so witty, and yet withal so considerate of the feelings of others.

The only house in which I knew him to visit on any thing like social terms was that of Mr. Leupp. Alas! that hospitable mansion, with its genial host, its witty and intellectual guests, and its perfect *bonhomie*, is now forever closed. Charles M. Leupp, who had married a daughter of Gideon Lee, late Mayor of the city of New York (she died long ago), and succeeded to his business, acquired a very handsome estate, which he took pleasure in dispensing in the most liberal manner. His residence on Madison Square was an extensive and palatial one, but its chief charm consisted in an admirable gallery of modern paintings, which contained many of the best specimens of the works of our native contemporary artists, to whom he was a frequent and generous patron. Leupp was a man of very refined taste and kind feeling, and was particularly attached to his friends. He derived great pleasure in the society of men of letters, and by his own social qualities succeeded in attaching many of the more eminent literary men of the day warmly to him. With Bryant he was on terms of great intimacy, and twice visited Europe in his company. At his informal receptions Verplanck, the last of the surviving literary men of his time; his *bon ami*, John Gourley; Clemson, the son-in-law of Calhoun, and a very clever chemist; Hackett, the original Rip Van Winkle, and the very best Falstaff of his age, mingled conspicuously with the guests. The last time I met Halleck at Leupp's he left early, and was accompanied by Leupp to a street car, in which he returned to his lodgings. Upon the breaking up of the company it was found that Halleck's umbrella—he always carries one—was in the umbrella-stand, but upon reflection Leupp remembered that in his hurry he had taken one with him. It proved to be Leupp's, who wrote to him, begging to retain possession of the one left by him, a new silk one, as a souvenir, and to accept his own, an old cotton one, in return. Mr. Leupp died in 1860, deeply lamented.

Although never disputatious, Halleck was pretty certain in conversation to assume the weaker side, often, it appeared to me, to see what arguments could be urged by those who took the

opposite; but his chief forte lay in narrating the facts with which his mind was stored. He is an acute observer of men and things, and the more impartial because he lives in a world apart from the great actors of the drama of life, neither partaking of their ambitions nor their jealousies. He is, moreover, imbued with a high sense of religious feeling. His constant declaration to me has been, that all nature teaches the sublimest truths of religion; he loves to contemplate it in nature, and in man's worship he loves it best in its most idealized form, and in its most gorgeous displays. In the grand and imposing ceremonies of the Mass, amidst the peal of the organ, the rich decorations of the altar, and the burning incense, he finds a more truthful delineation of his own conceptions of a befitting worship of man to his Maker than in any other. His sentiments, in this respect, are strikingly in correspondence with those expressed by Byron:

On one occasion Sir Walter Scott called Byron's attention to the stories then afloat concerning his altered religious feeling.

"I suppose," said Byron, "you are one of those who fancy that I will become a Methodist?"

"No, my lord," replied Scott, "I should rather suppose that one of your temperament would be attracted by the gorgeous ceremonies of the Church of Rome."

"Perhaps so," said Byron, musing. "It is not improbable."

About a month after my interview with Irving at the Astor Library I met Halleck in the reading-room of the Mercantile Library. This was in the beginning of July, and the weather was any thing but cool. We expressed our mutual surprise at meeting each other in town, when all the world was rustivating in the country. He had run up for a day or two from Guilford, and professional engagements kept me at my post. I told him that, with some discomforts, I had been repaid by a few advantages, among the best of which I reckoned my interview with Irving, and the delightful mood in which I found him.

"Ah," said Halleck, "Irving is always a pleasant companion with those he likes; but he is taciturn if he thinks a crowd is listening to what he says, and apt to be dumb in the presence of a dull or stupid person."

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER XLV.

SHOWING HOW MRS. ORME COULD BE VERY WEAK-MINDED.

I VENTURE to think, I may almost say to hope, that Lady Mason's confession at the end of the last chapter will not have taken any body by surprise. If such surprise be felt, I must have told my tale badly. I do not like such revulsions of feeling with regard to my

characters as surprises of this nature must generate. That Lady Mason had committed the terrible deed for which she was about to be tried, that Mr. Furnival's suspicion of her guilt was only too well founded, that Mr. Dockwrath with his wicked ingenuity had discovered no more than the truth, will, in its open revelation, have caused no surprise to the reader; but it did cause terrible surprise to Sir Peregrine Orme.

And now we must go back a little and en-

deavor to explain how it was that Lady Mason had made this avowal of her guilt. That she had not intended to do so when she entered Sir Peregrine's library is very certain. Had such been her purpose she would not have asked Mrs. Orme to visit her at Orley Farm. Had such a course of events been in her mind she would not have spoken of her departure from The Cleeve as doubtful. No. She had intended still to keep her terrible secret to herself; still to have leaned upon Sir Peregrine's arm as on the arm of a trusting friend. But he had overcome her by his generosity; and in her fixed resolve that he should not be dragged down into this abyss of misery the sudden determination to tell the truth, at least to him, had come upon her. She did tell him all; and then, as soon as the words were out of her mouth, the strength which had enabled her to do so deserted her, and she fell at his feet overcome by weakness of body as well as spirit.

But the words which she spoke did not at first convey to his mind their full meaning. Though she had twice repeated the assertion that she was guilty, the fact of her guilt did not come home to his understanding as a thing that he could credit. There was something, he doubted not, to surprise and harass him—something which, when revealed and made clear, might or might not affect his purpose of marrying—something which it behooved this woman to tell before she could honestly become his wife, something which was destined to give his heart a blow. But he was very far as yet from understanding the whole truth. Let us think of those we love best, and ask ourselves how much it would take to convince us of their guilt in such a matter. That thrusting of the lie down the throat of Joseph Mason had become to him so earnest a duty, that the task of believing the lie to be on the other side was no easy one. The blow which he had to suffer was a cruel blow. Lady Mason, however, was merciful, for she might have enhanced the cruelty ten-fold.

He stood there wondering and bewildered for some minutes of time, while she, with her face hidden, still clung round his knees. "What is it?" at last he said. "I do not understand." But she had no answer to make to him. Her great resolve had been quickly made and quickly carried out, but now the reaction left her powerless. He stooped down to raise her, but when he moved she fell prone upon the ground; he could hear her sobs as though her bosom would burst with them.

And then by degrees the meaning of her words began to break upon him. "I am guilty of all this with which they charge me." Could that be possible? Could it be that she had forged that will; that with base, premeditated contrivance she had stolen that property; stolen it, and kept it from that day to this—through all these long years? And then he thought of her pure life, of her womanly, dignified repose, of her devotion to her son—such devotion indeed!—of her sweet pale face and soft voice! He

thought of all this, and of his own love and friendship for her—of Edith's love for her! He thought of it all, and he could not believe that she was guilty. There was some other fault, some much lesser fault than that, with which she charged herself. But there she lay at his feet, and it was necessary that he should do something toward lifting her to a seat.

He stooped and took her by the hand, but his feeble strength was not sufficient to raise her. "Lady Mason," he said, "speak to me. I do not understand you. Will you not let me seat you on the sofa?"

But she, at least, had realized the full force of the revelation she had made, and lay there covered with shame, broken-hearted, and unable to raise her eyes from the ground. With what inward struggles she had played her part during the last few months no one might ever know! But those struggles had been kept to herself. The world, her world, that world for which she had cared, in which she had lived, had treated her with honor and respect, and had looked upon her as an ill-used, innocent woman. But now all that would be over. Every one now must know what she was. And then, as she lay there, that thought came to her. Must every one know it? Was there no longer any hope for her? Must Lucius be told? She could bear all the rest, if only he might be ignorant of his mother's disgrace—he for whom all had been done! But no. He and every one must know it. Oh! if the beneficent Spirit that sees all and pities all would but take her that moment from the world!

When Sir Peregrine asked her whether he should seat her on the sofa, she slowly picked herself up, and, with her head still crouching toward the ground, placed herself where she before had been sitting. He had been afraid that she would have fainted, but she was not one of those women whose nature easily admits of such relief as that. Though she was always pale in color and frail-looking, there was within her a great power of self-sustenance. She was a woman who with a good cause might have dared any thing. With the worst cause that a woman could well have, she had dared and endured very much. She did not faint, nor gasp as though she were choking, nor become hysteric in her agony; but she lay there, huddled up in the corner of the sofa, with her face hidden, and all those feminine graces forgotten which had long stood her in truth so royally. The inner, true, living woman was there at last—that and nothing else.

But he—what was he to do? It went against his heart to harass her at that moment; but then it was essential that he should know the truth. The truth, or a suspicion of the truth, was now breaking upon him; and if that suspicion should be confirmed, what was he to do? It was at any rate necessary that every thing should be put beyond a doubt.

"Lady Mason," he said, "if you are able to speak to me—"

"Yes," she said, gradually straightening herself, and raising her head, though she did not look at him—"yes, I am able." But there was something terrible in the sound of her voice. It was such a sound of agony that he felt himself unable to persist.

"If you wish it I will leave you, and come back—say in an hour."

"No, no—do not leave me." And her whole body was shaken with a tremor as though of an ague fit. "Do not go away, and I will tell you every thing. I did it."

"Did what?"

"I—forged the will. I did it all.—I am guilty."

There was the whole truth now, declared openly and in the most simple words, and there was no longer any possibility that he should doubt. It was very terrible—a terrible tragedy. But to him at this present moment the part most frightful was his and her present position. What should he do for her? How should he counsel her? In what way so act that he might best assist her without compromising that high sense of right and wrong which in him was a second nature. He felt at the moment that he would still give his last shilling to rescue her—only that there was the property! Let the heavens fall, justice must be done there. Even a wretch such as Joseph Mason must have that which was clearly his own.

As she spoke those last words she had risen from the sofa, and was now standing before him resting with her hands upon the table, like a prisoner in the dock.

"What!" he said; "with your own hands?"

"Yes; with my own hands. When he would not do justice to my baby, when he talked of that other being the head of his house, I did it, with my own hands—during the night."

"And you wrote the names—yourself?"

"Yes; I wrote them all." And then there was again silence in the room; but she still stood, leaning on the table, waiting for him to speak her doom.

He turned away from the spot in which he had confronted her and walked to the window. What was he to do? How was he to help her? And how was he to be rid of her? How was he to save his daughter from further contact with a woman such as this? And how was he to bid his daughter behave to this woman as one woman should behave to another in her misery? Then too he had learned to love her himself—had yearned to call her his own; and though this, in truth, was a minor sorrow, it was one which at the moment added bitterness to the others. But there she stood, still waiting her doom, and it was necessary that that doom should be spoken by him.

"If this can really be true—"

"It is true. You do not think that a woman would falsely tell such a tale as that against herself!"

"Then I fear that this must be over between you and me."

There was a relief to her, a sort of relief, in those words. The doom, as so far spoken, was so much a matter of course that it conveyed no penalty. Her story had been told in order that that result might be attained with certainty. There was almost a tone of scorn in her voice as she said, "Oh yes; all that must be over."

"And what next would you have me do?" he asked.

"I have nothing to request," she said. "If you must tell it to all the world, do so."

"Tell it; no. It will not be my business to be an informer."

"But you must tell it. There is Mrs. Orme."

"Yes; to Edith!"

"And I must leave the house. Oh, where shall I go when he knows it? And where will he go?" Wretched, miserable woman, but yet so worthy of pity! What a terrible retribution for that night's work was now coming on her!

He again walked to the window to think how he might answer these questions. Must he tell his daughter? Must he banish this criminal at once from his house? Every one now had been told of his intended marriage; every one had been told through Lord Alston, Mr. Furnival, and such as they. That, at any rate, must now be untold. And would it be possible that she should remain there, living with them at The Cleeve, while all this was being done? In truth, he did not know how to speak. He had not hardness of heart to pronounce her doom.

"Of course I shall leave the house," she said, with something almost of pride in her voice. "If there be no place open to me but a jail, I will do that. Perhaps I had better go now and get my things removed at once. Say a word of love for me to her—a word of respectful love." And she moved as though she were going to the door.

But he would not permit her to leave him thus. He could not let the poor, crushed, broken creature wander forth in her agony to bruise herself at every turn, and to be alone in her despair. She was still the woman whom he had loved; and over and beyond that, was she not the woman who had saved him from a terrible downfall by rushing herself into utter ruin for his sake? He must take some steps in her behalf—if he could only resolve what those steps should be. She was moving to the door, but stopping her, he took her by the hand. "You did it," he said, "and he, your husband, knew nothing of it?" The fact itself was so wonderful, that he had hardly as yet made even that all his own.

"I did it, and he knew nothing of it. I will go now, Sir Peregrine; I am strong enough."

"But where will you go?"

"Ah me, where shall I go?" And she put the hand which was at liberty up to her temple, brushing back her hair as though she might thus collect her thoughts. "Where shall I go? But he does not know it yet. I will go now to Orley Farm. When must he be told? Tell me that. When must he know it?"

"No, Lady Mason; you can not go there to-day. It's very hard to say what you had better do."

"Very hard," she echoed, shaking her head.

"But you must remain here at present—at The Cleeve, I mean; at any rate, for to-day. I will think about it. I will endeavor to think what may be the best."

"But—we can not meet now. She and I—Mrs. Orme?" And then again he was silent; for in truth the difficulties were too many for him. Might it not be best that she should counterfeit illness, and be confined to her own room? But then he was averse to recommend any counterfeit; and if Mrs. Orme did not go to her in her assumed illness, the counterfeit would utterly fail of effect in the household. And then, should he tell Mrs. Orme? The weight of these tidings would be too much for him if he did not share them with some one. So he made up his mind that he must tell them to her—though to no other one.

"I must tell her," he said.

"Oh yes," she replied; and he felt her hand tremble in his, and dropped it. He had forgotten that he thus held her as all these thoughts pressed upon his brain.

"I will tell it to her, but to no one else. If I might advise you, I would say that it will be well for you now to take some rest. You are agitated, and—"

"Agitated! yes. But you are right, Sir Peregrine. I will go at once to my room. And then—"

"Then, perhaps, in the course of the morning, you will see me again."

"Where?—will you come to me there?"

"I will see you in her room, in her dressing-room. She will be down stairs, you know." From which last words the tidings were conveyed to Lady Mason that she was not to see Mrs. Orme again.

And then she went, and as she slowly made her way across the hall she felt that all of evil, all of punishment that she had ever anticipated, had now fallen upon her. There are periods in the lives of some of us—I trust but of few—when, with the silent inner voice of suffering, we call on the mountains to fall and crush us, and on the earth to gape open and take us in; when, with an agony of intensity, we wish that our mothers had been barren. In those moments the poorest and most desolate are objects to us of envy, for their sufferings can be as nothing to our own. Lady Mason, as she crept silently across the hall, saw a servant-girl pass down toward the entrance to the kitchen, and would have given all, all that she had in the world, to have changed places with that girl. But no change was possible to her. Neither would the mountains crush her, nor would the earth take her in. There was her burden, and she must bear it to the end. There was the bed which she had made for herself, and she must lie upon it. No escape was possible to her. She had herself mixed the cup, and she must now drink of it to the dregs.

Slowly and very silently she made her way up to her own room, and having closed the door behind her sat herself down upon the bed. It was as yet early in the morning, and the servant had not been in the chamber. There was no fire there although it was still mid-winter. Of such details as these Sir Peregrine had remembered nothing when he recommended her to go to her own room. Nor did she think of them at first as she placed herself on the bed-side. But soon the bitter air pierced her through and through, and she shivered with the cold as she sat there. After a while she got herself a shawl, wrapped it close around her, and then sat down again. She bethought herself that she might have to remain in this way for hours, so she rose again and locked the door. It would add greatly to her immediate misery if the servants were to come while she was there, and see her in her wretchedness. Presently the girls did come, and being unable to obtain entrance were told by Lady Mason that she wanted the chamber for the present. Whereupon they offered to light the fire, but she declared that she was not cold. Her teeth were shaking in her head, but any suffering was better than the suffering of being seen.

She did not lie down, or cover herself further than she was covered with that shawl, nor did she move from her place for more than an hour. By degrees she became used to the cold. She was numbed, and, as it were, half dead in all her limbs, but she had ceased to shake as she sat there, and her mind had gone back to the misery of her position. There was so much for her behind that was worse! What should she do when even this retirement should not be allowed to her? Instead of longing for the time when she should be summoned to meet Sir Peregrine, she dreaded its coming. It would bring her nearer to that other meeting when she would have to bow her head and crouch before her son.

She had been there above an hour, and was in truth ill with the cold when she heard—and scarcely heard—a light step come quickly along the passage toward her door. Her woman's ear instantly told her who owned that step, and her heart once more rose with hope. Was she coming there to comfort her, to speak to the poor bruised sinner one word of feminine sympathy? The quick light step stopped at the door, there was a pause, and then a low, low knock was heard. Lady Mason asked no question, but dropping from the bed hurried to the door and turned the key. She turned the key, and as the door was opened half hid herself behind it—and then Mrs. Orme was in the room.

"What! you have no fire?" she said, feeling that the air struck her with a sudden chill. "Oh, this is dreadful! My poor, poor dear!" And then she took hold of both Lady Mason's hands. Had she possessed the wisdom of the serpent as well as the innocence of the dove she could not have been wiser in her first mode of addressing the sufferer. For she knew it all.



LADY MASON AFTER HER CONFESSION.

During that dreadful hour Sir Peregrine had told her the whole story; and very dreadful that hour had been to her. He, when he attempted to give counsel in the matter, had utterly failed. He had not known what to suggest, nor could she say what it might be wisest for them all to do; but on one point her mind

had been at once resolved. The woman who had once been her friend, whom she had learned to love, should not leave the house without some sympathy and womanly care. The guilt was very bad; yes, it was terrible; she acknowledged that it was a thing to be thought of only with shuddering. But the guilt of twenty years

ago did not strike her senses so vividly as the abject misery of the present day. There was no pity in her bosom for Mr. Joseph Mason when she heard the story, but she was full of pity for her who had committed the crime. It was twenty years ago, and had not the sinner repented? Besides, was she to be the judge? "Judge not, and ye shall not be judged," she said, when she thought that Sir Peregrine spoke somewhat harshly in the matter. So she said, altogether misinterpreting the Scripture in her desire to say something in favor of the poor woman.

But when it was hinted to her that Lady Mason might return to Orley Farm without being again seen by her, her woman's heart at once rebelled. "If she has done wrong," said Mrs. Orme—

"She has done great wrong—fearful wrong," said Sir Peregrine.

"It will not hurt me to see her because she has done wrong. Not see her while she is in the house! If she were in the prison, would I not go to see her?" And then Sir Peregrine had said no more, but he loved his daughter-in-law all the better for her unwonted vehemence.

"You will do what is right," he said—"as you always do." Then he left her; and she, after standing for a few moments while she shaped her thoughts, went straight away to Lady Mason's room.

She took Lady Mason by both her hands, and found that they were icy cold. "Oh, this is dreadful!" she said. "Come with me, dear." But Lady Mason still stood, up by the bed-head, whither she had retreated from the door. Her eyes were still cast upon the ground, and she leaned back as Mrs. Orme held her, as though by her weight she would hinder her friend from leading her from the room.

"You are frightfully cold," said Mrs. Orme.

"Has he told you?" said Lady Mason, asking the question in the lowest possible whisper, and still holding back as she spoke.

"Yes; he has told me; but no one else—no one else." And then for a few moments nothing was spoken between them.

"Oh, that I could die!" said the poor wretch, expressing in words that terrible wish that the mountains might fall upon her and crush her.

"You must not say that. That would be wicked, you know. He can comfort you. Do you not know that He will comfort you, if you are sorry for your sins and go to Him?"

But the woman in her intense suffering could not acknowledge to herself any idea of comfort. "Ah me!" she exclaimed, with a deep bursting sob which went straight to Mrs. Orme's heart. And then a convulsive fit of trembling seized her so strongly that Mrs. Orme could hardly continue to hold her hands.

"You are ill with the cold," she said. "Come with me, Lady Mason, you shall not stay here longer."

Lady Mason then permitted herself to be led out of the room, and the two went quickly down

the passage to the head of the front stairs, and from thence to Mrs. Orme's room. In crossing the house they had seen no one and been seen by no one; and Lady Mason when she came to the door hurried in, that she might again hide herself in security for the moment. As soon as the door was closed Mrs. Orme placed her in an arm-chair which she wheeled up to the front of the fire, and seating herself on a stool at the poor sinner's feet chafed her hands within her own. She took away the shawl and made her stretch out her feet toward the fire, and thus seated close to her she spoke no word for the next half hour as to the terrible fact that had become known to her. Then, on a sudden, as though the ice of her heart had thawed from the warmth of the other's kindness, Lady Mason burst into a flood of tears, and flinging herself upon her friend's neck and bosom begged with earnest piteousness to be forgiven.

And Mrs. Orme did forgive her. Many will think that she was wrong to do so, and I fear it must be acknowledged that she was not strong-minded. By forgiving her I do not mean that she pronounced absolution for the sin of past years, or that she endeavored to make the sinner think that she was no worse for her sin. Mrs. Orme was a good churchwoman, but not strong, individually, in points of doctrine. All that she left mainly to the woman's conscience and her own dealings with her Saviour—merely saying a word of salutary counsel as to a certain spiritual pastor who might be of aid. But Mrs. Orme forgave her—as regarded herself. She had already, while all this was unknown, taken this woman to her heart as pure and good. It now appeared that the woman had not been pure, had not been good!—And then she took her to her heart again! Criminal as the woman was, disgraced and debased, subject almost to the heaviest penalties of outraged law and justice, a felon against whom the actual hands of the law's myrmidons would probably soon prevail, a creature doomed to bear the scorn of the lowest of her fellow-creatures—such as she was, this other woman, pure and high, so shielded from the world's impurity that nothing ignoble might touch her—this lady took her to her heart again, and promised in her ear with low, sweet words of consolation that they should still be friends. I can not say that Mrs. Orme was right. That she was weak-minded I feel nearly certain. But, perhaps, this weakness of mind may never be brought against her to her injury, either in this world or in the next.

I will not pretend to give the words which passed between them at that interview. After a while Lady Mason allowed herself to be guided all in all by her friend's advice as though she herself had been a child. It was decided that for the present—that is, for the next day or two—Lady Mason should keep her room at The Cleeve as an invalid. Counterfeit in this there would be none certainly, for indeed she was hardly fit for any place but her own bed. If inclined and able to leave her room, she should be

made welcome to the use of Mrs. Orme's dressing-gown. It would only be necessary to warn Peregrine that for the present he must abstain from coming there. The servants, Mrs. Orme said, had heard of their master's intended marriage. They would now hear that this intention had been abandoned. On this they would put their own construction, and would account in their own fashion for the fact that Sir Peregrine and his guest no longer saw each other. But no suspicion of the truth would get abroad when it was seen that Lady Mason was still treated as a guest at The Cleeve. As to such future steps as might be necessary to be taken, Mrs. Orme would consult with Sir Peregrine, and tell Lady Mason from time to time. And as for the sad truth, the terrible truth—that, at any rate, for the present, should be told to no other ears. And so the whole morning was spent, and Mrs. Orme saw neither Sir Peregrine nor her son till she went down to the library in the first gloom of the winter evening.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A WOMAN'S IDEA OF FRIENDSHIP.

SIR PEREGRINE after the hour that he had spent with his daughter-in-law—that terrible hour during which Lady Mason had sat alone on the bedside—returned to the library, and remained there during the whole of the afternoon. It may be remembered that he had agreed to ride through the woods with his grandson; but that purpose had been abandoned early in the day, and Peregrine had in consequence been hanging about the house. He soon perceived that something was amiss, but he did not know what. He had looked for his mother, and had indeed seen her for a moment at her door; but she had told him that she could not then speak to him. Sir Peregrine also had shut himself up, but about the hour of dusk he sent for his grandson; and when Mrs. Orme, on leaving Lady Mason, went down to the library she found them both together.

They were standing with their backs to the fire, and the gloom in the room was too dark to allow of their faces being seen, but she felt that the conversation between them was of a serious nature. Indeed what conversation in that house could be other than serious on that day? "I see that I am disturbing you," she said, preparing to retreat. "I did not know that you were together."

"Do not go, Edith," said the old man. "Peregrine, put a chair for your mother. I have told him that all this is over now between me and Lady Mason."

She trembled as she heard the words, for it seemed to her that there must be danger now in even speaking of Lady Mason—danger with reference to that dreadful secret, the divulging of which would be so fatal.

"I have told him," continued Sir Peregrine,

"that for a few minutes I was angry with him when I heard from Lady Mason that he had spoken to her; but I believe that, on the whole, it is better that it should have been so."

"He would be very unhappy if any thing that he had done had distressed you," said Mrs. Orme, hardly knowing what words to use or how to speak. Nor did she feel quite certain as yet how much had been told to her son, and how much was concealed from him.

"No, no, no," said the old man, laying his arm affectionately on the young man's shoulder. "He has done nothing to distress me. There is nothing wrong—nothing wrong between him and me. Thank God for that! But, Perry, we will think now of that other matter. Have you told your mother any thing about it?" And he strove to look away from the wretchedness of his morning's work to something in his family that still admitted of a bright hope.

"No, Sir, not yet. We won't mind that just now." And then they all remained silent, Mrs. Orme sitting, and the two men still standing with their backs toward the fire. Her mind was too intent on the unfortunate lady up stairs to admit of her feeling interest in that other unknown matter to which Sir Peregrine had alluded.

"If you have done with Perry," she said at last, "I would be glad to speak to you for a minute or two."

"Oh yes," said Peregrine, "we have done." And then he went.

"You have told him," said she, as soon as they were left together.

"Told him; what, of her? Oh no. I have told him that that—that idea of mine has been abandoned." From this time forth Sir Peregrine could never endure to speak of his proposed marriage, nor to hear it spoken of. "He conceives that this has been done at her instance," he continued.

"And so it has," said Mrs. Orme, with much more of decision in her voice than was customary with her.

"And so it has," he repeated after her.

"Nobody must know of this," said she, very solemnly, standing up and looking into his face with eager eyes—"nobody but you and I."

"All the world, I fear, will know it soon," said Sir Peregrine.

"No, no. Why should all the world know it? Had she not told us we should not have known it. We should not have suspected it. Mr. Furnival, who understands these things—he does not think her guilty."

"But, Edith—the property!"

"Let her give that up—after a while—when all this has passed by. That man is not in want. It will not hurt him to be without it a little longer. It will be enough for her to do that when this trial shall be over."

"But it is not hers. She can not give it up. It belongs to her son—or is thought to belong to him. It is not for us to be informers, Edith—"

"No, no; it is not for us to be informers. We must remember that."

"Certainly. It is not for us to tell the story of her guilt; but her guilt will remain the same, will be acted over and over again every day, while the proceeds of the property go into the hands of Lucius Mason. It is that which is so terrible, Edith—that her conscience should have been able to bear that load for the last twenty years! A deed done, that admits of no restitution, may admit of repentance. We may leave that to the sinner and his conscience, hoping that he stands right with his Maker. But here, with her, there has been a continual theft going on from year to year—which is still going on. While Lucius Mason holds a sod of Orley Farm true repentance with her must be impossible. It seems so to me." And Sir Peregrine shuddered at the doom which his own rectitude of mind and purpose forced him to pronounce.

"It is not she that has it," said Mrs. Orme. "It was not done for herself."

"There is no difference in that," said he, sharply. "All sin is selfish, and so was her sin in this. Her object was the aggrandizement of her own child; and when she could not accomplish that honestly she did it by fraud, and—and—and— Edith, my dear, you and I must look at this thing as it is. You must not let your kind heart make your eyes blind in a matter of such moment."

"No, father; nor must the truth make our hearts cruel. You talk of restitution and repentance. Repentance is not the work of a day. How are we to say by what struggles her poor heart has been torn?"

"I do not judge her."

"No, no; that is it. We may not judge her—may we? But we may assist her in her wretchedness. I have promised that I will do all I can to aid her. You will allow me to do so—you will, will you not?" And she pressed his arm and looked up into his face, entreating him. Since first they two had known each other he had never yet denied her a request. It was a law of his life that he would never do so. But now he hesitated, not thinking that he would refuse her, but feeling that on such an occasion it would be necessary to point out to her how far she might go without risk of bringing censure on her own name. But in this case, though the mind of Sir Peregrine might be the more logical, the purpose of his daughter-in-law was the stronger. She had resolved that such communication with crime would not stain her, and she already knew to what length she would go in her charity. Indeed, her mind was fully resolved to go far enough.

"I hardly know as yet what she intends to do; any assistance that you can give her must, I should say, depend on her own line of conduct."

"But I want your advice as to that. I tell you what I purpose. It is clear that Mr. Furnival thinks she will gain the day at this trial."

"But Mr. Furnival does not know the truth."

"Nor will the judge and the lawyers, and all the rest. As you say so properly, it is not for us to be the informers. If they can prove it, let them. But you would not have her tell them all against herself?" And then she paused, waiting for his answer.

"I do not know. I do not know what to say. It is not for me to advise her."

"Ah, but it is for you," she said; and as she spoke she put her little hand down on the table with an energy which startled him. "She is here—a wretched woman, in your house. And why do you know the truth? Why has it been told to you and me? Because without telling it she could not turn you from that purpose of yours. It was generous, father—confess that; it was very generous."

"Yes, it was generous," said Sir Peregrine.

"It was very generous. It would be base in us if we allowed ourselves to forget that. But I was telling you my plan. She must go to this trial."

"Oh yes; there will be no doubt as to that."

"Then—if she can escape, let the property be given up afterward."

"I do not see how it is to be arranged. The property will belong to Lucius, and she can not give it up then. It is not so easy to put matters right when guilt and fraud have set them wrong."

"We will do the best we can. Even suppose that you were to tell Lucius afterward—you yourself! if that were necessary, you know."

And so by degrees she talked him over; but yet he would come to no decision as to what steps he himself must take. What if he himself should go to Mr. Round, and pledge himself that the whole estate should be restored to Mr. Mason, of Groby, on condition that the trial were abandoned? The world would probably guess the truth after that; but the terrible trial, and the more terrible punishment which would follow it, might be thus escaped. Poor Sir Peregrine! Even when he argued thus within himself, his conscience told him that in taking such a line of conduct he himself would be guilty of some outrage against the law by aiding a criminal in her escape. He had heard of misprision of felony; but nevertheless, he allowed his daughter-in-law to prevail. Before such a step as this could be taken the consent of Lady Mason must of course be obtained; but as to that Mrs. Orme had no doubt. If Lucius could be induced to abandon the property without hearing the whole story, it would be well. But if that could not be achieved—then the whole story must be told to him. "And you will tell it," Mrs. Orme said to him. "It would be easier for me to cut off my right arm," he answered; "but I will do my best."

And then came the question as to the place of Lady Mason's immediate residence. It was evident to Mrs. Orme that Sir Peregrine expected that she would at once go back to Orley Farm—not exactly on that day, nor did he say on the day following. But his words made it

very manifest that he did not think it right that she should, under existing circumstances, remain at The Cleeve. Sir Peregrine, however, as quickly understood that Mrs. Orme did not wish her to go away for some days.

"It would injure the cause if she were to leave us quite at once," said Mrs. Orme.

"But how can she stay here, my dear—with no one to see her; with none but the servants to wait upon her?"

"I should see her," said Mrs. Orme, boldly.

"Do you mean constantly—in your old, friendly way?"

"Yes, constantly; and," she added after a pause, "not only here, but at Orley Farm also." And then there was another pause between them.

Sir Peregrine certainly was not a cruel man, nor was his heart by any means hardened against the lady with whom circumstances had lately joined him so closely. Indeed, since the knowledge of her guilt had fully come upon him, he had undertaken the conduct of her perilous affairs in a manner more confidential even than that which had existed while he expected to make her his wife. But, nevertheless, it went sorely against the grain with him when it was proposed that there should still exist a close intimacy between the one cherished lady of his household and the woman who had been guilty of so base a crime. It seemed to him that he might touch pitch and not be defiled—he or any man belonging to him. But he could not reconcile it to himself that the widow of his son should run such risk. In his estimation there was something almost more than human about the purity of the only woman that blessed his hearth. It seemed to him as though she were a sacred thing, to be guarded by a shrine—to be protected from all contact with the pollutions of the outer world. And now it was proposed to him that she should take a felon to her bosom as her friend!

"But will that be necessary, Edith?" he said; "and after all that has been revealed to us now, will it be wise?"

"I think so," she said, speaking again with a very low voice. "Why should I not?"

"Because she has shown herself unworthy of such friendship; unfit for it, I should say."

"Unworthy! Dear father, is she not as worthy and as fit as she was yesterday? If we saw clearly into each other's bosoms, whom should we think worthy?"

"But you would not choose for your friend one—one who could do such a deed as that?"

"No; I would not choose her because she had so acted; nor perhaps, if I knew all beforehand, would I open my heart to one who had so done. But it is different now. What are love and friendship worth if they can not stand against such trials as these?"

"Do you mean, Edith, that no crime would separate you from a friend?"

"I have not said that. There are circumstances always. But if she repents, as I am

sure she does, I can not bring myself to desert her. Who else is there that can stand by her now; what other woman? At any rate I have promised her, and you would not have me break my word."

Thus she again gained her point, and it was settled that for the present Lady Mason should be allowed to occupy her own room—her own room, and occasionally Mrs. Orme's sitting-room, if it pleased her to do so. No day was named for her removal, but Mrs. Orme perfectly understood that the sooner such a day could be fixed the better Sir Peregrine would be pleased. And, indeed, his household, as at present arranged, was not a pleasant one. The servants had all heard of his intended marriage, and now they must also hear that that intention was abandoned. And yet the lady would remain up stairs as a guest of his! There was much in this that was inconvenient; but under circumstances as they now existed, what could he do?

When all this was arranged and Mrs. Orme had dressed for dinner, she again went to Lady Mason. She found her in bed, and told her that at night she would come to her and tell her all. And then she instructed her own servant as to attending upon the invalid. In doing this she was cunning in letting a word fall here and there, that might teach the woman that that marriage purpose was all over; but nevertheless there was so much care and apparent affection in her mode of speaking, and she gave her orders for Lady Mason's comfort with so much earnestness, that no idea could get abroad in the household that there had been any cause for absolute quarrel.

Late at night, when her son had left her, she did go again to her guest's room, and sitting down by the bedside she told her all that had been planned, pointing out, however, with much care that, as a part of those plans, Orley Farm was to be surrendered to Joseph Mason. "You think that is right, do you not?" said Mrs. Orme, almost trembling as she asked a question so pertinent to the deed which the other had done, and to that repentance for the deed which was now so much to be desired.

"Yes," said the other, "of course it will be right." And then the thought that it was not in her power to abandon the property occurred to her also. If the estate must be voluntarily surrendered, no one could so surrender it but Lucius Mason. She knew this, and felt at the moment that of all men he would be the least likely to do so, unless an adequate reason was made clearly plain to him. The same thought at the same moment was passing through the minds of them both; but Lady Mason could not speak out her thought, and Mrs. Orme would not say more on that terrible day to trouble the mind of the poor creature whose sufferings she was so anxious to assuage.

And then Lady Mason was left alone, and having now a partner in her secret, slept sounder than she had done since the tidings first reached her of Mr. Dockwrath's vengeance.



BREAD SAUCE IS SO TICKLISH.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE GEM OF THE FOUR FAMILIES.

AND now we will go back to Noningsby. On that evening Graham ate his pheasant with a relish although so many cares sat heavy on his mind, and declared, to Mrs. Baker's great satis-

faction, that the cook had managed to preserve the bread sauce uninjured through all the perils of delay which it had encountered.

"Bread sauce is so ticklish; a simmer too much and it's clean done for," Mrs. Baker said, with a voice of great solicitude. But she had been accustomed perhaps to patients whose ap-

petites were fastidious. The pheasant and the bread sauce and the mashed potatoes, all prepared by Mrs. Baker's own hands to be eaten as spoon-meat, disappeared with great celerity; and then, as Graham sat sipping the solitary glass of sherry that was allowed to him, meditating that he would begin his letter the moment the glass was empty, Augustus Staveley again made his appearance.

"Well, old fellow," said he, "how are you now?" and he was particularly careful so to speak as to show by his voice that his affection for his friend was as strong as ever. But in doing so he showed also that there was some special thought still present in his mind—some feeling which was serious in its nature, if not absolutely painful.

"Staveley," said the other, gravely, "I have acquired knowledge to-day which I trust I may carry with me to my grave."

"And what is that?" said Augustus, looking round to Mrs. Baker, as though he thought it well that she should be out of the room before the expected communication was made. But Mrs. Baker's attention was so riveted by her patient's earnestness that she made no attempt to go.

"It is a wasting of the best gifts of Providence," said Graham, "to eat a pheasant after one has really done one's dinner."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Augustus.

"So it is, Sir," said Mrs. Baker, thinking that the subject quite justified the manner.

"And of no use whatsoever to eat only a little bit of one as a man does then. To know what a pheasant is you should have it all to yourself."

"So you should, Sir," said Mrs. Baker, quite delighted and very much in earnest.

"And you should have nothing else. Then, if the bird be good to begin with, and has been well hung—"

"There's a deal in that," said Mrs. Baker.

"Then, I say, you'll know what a pheasant is. That's the lesson which I have learned to-day, and I give it you as an adequate return for the pheasant itself."

"I was almost afraid it would be spoilt by being brought up the second time," said Mrs. Baker. "And so I said to my lady; but she wouldn't have you woke, nohow." And then Mrs. Baker, having heard the last of the lecture, took away the empty wine-glass and shut the door behind her.

"And now I'll write those two letters," said Graham. "What I've written hitherto I wrote in bed, and I feel almost more awkward now I am up than I did then."

"But what letters are they?"

"Well, one to my laundress, to tell her I shall be there to-morrow; and one to Mary Snow, to say that I'll see her the day after."

"Then, Felix, don't trouble yourself to write either. You positively won't go to-morrow—"

"Who says so?"

"The governor. He has heard from my mo-

ther exactly what the doctor said, and declares that he won't allow it. He means to see the doctor himself before you stir. And he wants to see you also. I am to tell you he'll come to you directly after breakfast."

"I shall be delighted to see your father, and am very much gratified by his kindness; but—"

"But what?"

"I am a free agent, I suppose, to go when I please?"

"Not exactly. The law is unwritten; but by traditional law a man laid up in his bedroom is not free to go and come. No action for false imprisonment would lie if Mrs. Baker kept all your clothes away from you."

"I should like to try the question."

"You will have the opportunity, for you may be sure that you'll not leave this to-morrow."

"It would depend altogether on the evidence of the doctor."

"Exactly so. And as the doctor in this case would clearly be on the side of the defendants, a verdict on behalf of the plaintiff would not be by any means attainable." After that the matter was presumed to be settled, and Graham said no more as to leaving Noningsby on the next day. As things turned out afterward, he remained there for another week.

"I must at any rate write a letter to Mary Snow," he said. And to Mary Snow he did write some three or four lines, Augustus sitting by the while. Augustus Staveley would have been very glad to know the contents, or rather the spirit of those lines; but nothing was said about them, and the letter was at last sealed up and intrusted to his care for the post-bag. There was very little in it that could have interested Augustus Staveley or any one else. It contained the ordinary, but no more than the ordinary terms of affection. He told her that he found it impracticable to move himself quite immediately. And then as to that cause of displeasure—that cause of supposed displeasure as to which both Mary and Mrs. Thomas had written, he declared that he did not believe that any thing had been done that he should not find it easy to forgive after so long an absence.

Augustus then remained there for another hour, but not a word was said between the young men on that subject which was nearest, at the moment, to the hearts of both of them. Each was thinking of Madeline, but neither of them spoke as though any such subject were in their thoughts.

"Heaven and earth!" said Augustus at last, pulling out his watch. "It only wants three minutes to seven. I shall have a dozen messages from the judge before I get down, to know whether he shall come and help me change my boots. I'll see you again before I go to bed. Good-by, old fellow!" And then Graham was again alone.

If Lady Staveley were really angry with him for loving her daughter—if his friend Staveley were in very truth determined that such love must under no circumstances be sanctioned—

would they treat him as they were treating him? Would they, under such circumstances, make his prolonged stay in the house an imperative necessity? He could not help asking himself this question, and answering it with some gleam of hope. And then he acknowledged to himself that it was ungenerous in him to do so. His remaining there—the liberty to remain there which had been conceded to him—had arisen solely from the belief that a removal in his present state would be injudicious. He assured himself of this over and over again, so that no false hope might linger in his heart. And yet hope did linger there, whether false or true. Why might he not aspire to the hand of Madeline Staveley—he who had been assured that he need regard no woman as too high for his aspirations.

"Mrs. Baker," he said that evening, as that excellent woman was taking away his tea-things, "I have not heard Miss Staveley's voice these two days."

"Well, no; no more you have," said she. "There's two ways, you know, Mr. Graham, of going to her part of the house. There's the door that opens at the end of the passage by her mamma's room. She's been that way, and that's the reason, I suppose. There ain't no other, I'm sure."

"One likes to hear one's friends if one can't see them; that's all."

"To be sure one does. I remember as how when I had the measles—I was living with my lady's mother, as maid to the young ladies. There was four of 'em, and I dressed 'em all—God bless 'em! They've all got husbands now and grown families—only there ain't one among 'em equal to our Miss Madeline, though there's some of 'em much richer. When my lady married him—the judge, you know—he was the poorest of the lot. They didn't think so much of him when he came a-courting in those days."

"He was only a practicing barrister then."

"Oh yes; he knew well how to practice, for Miss Isabella—as she was then—very soon made up her mind about him. Laws, Mr. Graham, she used to tell me every thing in them days. They didn't want her to have nothing to say to Mr. Staveley at first; but she made up her mind, and though she wasn't one of them as has many words, like Miss Furnival down there, there was no turning her."

"Did she marry at last against their wish?"

"Oh dear, no; nothing of that sort. She wasn't one of them flighty ones neither. She just made up her own mind and bided. And now I don't know whether she hasn't done about the best of 'em all. Them Oliphants is full of money, they do say—full of money. That was Miss Louisa, who came next. But, Lord love you, Mr. Graham, he's so crammed with gout as he can't ever put a foot to the ground; and as cross—as cross as cross. We goes there sometimes, you know. Then the girls is all plain; and young Mr. Oliphant, the son—why, he never so much as speaks to his own father; and though they're rolling in money, they say

he can't pay for the coat on his back. Now our Mr. Augustus, unless it is that he won't come down to morning prayers and always keeps the dinner waiting, I don't think there's ever a black look between him and his papa. And as for Miss Madeline—she's the gem of the four families. Every body gives that up to her."

If Madeline's mother married a barrister in opposition to the wishes of her family—a barrister who then possessed nothing but his wits—why should not Madeline do so also? That was of course the line which his thoughts took. But then, as he said to himself, Madeline's father had been one of the handsomest men of his day, whereas he was one of the ugliest; and Madeline's father had been encumbered with no Mary Snow. A man who had been such a fool as he, who had gone so far out of the regular course, thinking to be wiser than other men, but being in truth much more silly, could not look for that success and happiness in life which men enjoy who have not been so lamentably deficient in discretion! 'Twas thus that he lectured himself; but still he went on thinking of Madeline Staveley.

There had been some disagreeable confusion in the house that afternoon after Augustus had spoken to his sister. Madeline had gone up to her own room, and had remained there chewing the cud of her thoughts. Both her sister and her brother had warned her about this man. She could, moreover, divine that her mother was suffering under some anxiety on the same subject. Why was all this? Why should these things be said and thought? Why should there be uneasiness in the house on her account in this matter of Mr. Graham? She acknowledged to herself that there was much uneasiness—and she almost acknowledged to herself the cause.

But while she was still sitting over her own fire, with her needle untouched beside her, her father had come home, and Lady Staveley had mentioned to him that Mr. Graham thought of going on the next day.

"Nonsense, my dear," said the judge. "He must not think of such a thing. He can hardly be fit to leave his room yet."

"Pottinger does say that it has gone on very favorably," pleaded Lady Staveley.

"But that's no reason he should destroy the advantages of his healthy constitution by insane imprudence. He's got nothing to do. He wants to go merely because he thinks he is in your way."

Lady Staveley looked wishfully up in her husband's face, longing to tell him all her suspicions. "But as yet her grounds for them were so slight that even to him she hesitated to mention them.

"His being here is no trouble to me, of course," she said.

"Of course not. You tell him so, and he'll stay," said the judge. "I want to see him to-morrow myself; about this business of poor Lady Mason's."

Immediately after that he met his son. And

Augustus also told him that Graham was going.

"Oh no; he's not going at all," said the judge. "I've settled that with your mother."

"He's very anxious to be off," said Augustus, gravely.

"And why? Is there any reason?"

"Well; I don't know." For a moment he thought he would tell his father the whole story; but he reflected that his doing so would be hardly fair toward his friend. "I don't know that there is any absolute reason; but I'm quite sure that he is very anxious to go."

The judge at once perceived that there was something in the wind, and during that hour in which the pheasant was being discussed up in Graham's room, he succeeded in learning the whole from his wife. Dear, good, loving wife! A secret of any kind from him was an impossibility to her, although that secret went no further than her thoughts.

"The darling girl is so anxious about him, that—that I'm afraid," said she.

"He's by no means a bad sort of man, my love," said the judge.

"But he's got nothing—literally nothing," said the mother.

"Neither had I, when I went a-wooing," said the judge. "But, nevertheless, I managed to have it all my own way."

"You don't mean really to make a comparison?" said Lady Staveley. "In the first place, you were at the top of your profession."

"Was I? If so, I must have achieved that distinction at a very early age." And then he kissed his wife very affectionately. Nobody was there to see, and under such circumstances a man may kiss his wife even though he be a judge, and between fifty and sixty years old. After that he again spoke to his son, and in spite of the resolves which Augustus had made as to what friendship required of him, succeeded in learning the whole truth.

Late in the evening, when all the party had drunk their cups of tea, when Lady Staveley was beginning her nap, and Augustus was making himself agreeable to Miss Furnival—to the great annoyance of his mother, who half rousing herself every now and then, looked sorrowfully at what was going on with her winking eyes—the judge contrived to withdraw with Madeline into the small drawing-room, telling her, as he put his arm round her waist, that he had a few words to say to her.

"Well, papa," said she, as at his bidding she sat herself down beside him on the sofa. She was frightened, because such summonses were very unusual; but nevertheless her father's manner toward her was always so full of love that even in her fear she felt a comfort in being with him.

"My darling," he said, "I want to ask you one or two questions—about our guest here who has hurt himself—Mr. Graham."

"Yes, papa." And now she knew that she was trembling with nervous dread.

"You need not think that I am in the least angry with you, or that I suspect you of having done or said, or even thought any thing that is wrong. I feel quite confident that I have no cause to do so."

"Oh, thank you, papa."

"But I want to know whether Mr. Graham has ever spoken to you—as a lover?"

"Never, papa."

"Because under the circumstances of his present stay here, his doing so would, I think, have been ungenerous."

"He never has, papa, in any way—not a single word."

"And you have no reason to regard him in that light?"

"No, papa." But in the speaking of these last two words there was a slight hesitation—the least possible shade of doubt conveyed, which made itself immediately intelligible to the practiced ear of the judge.

"Tell me all, my darling; every thing that there is in your heart, so that we may help each other if that may be possible."

"He has never said any thing to me, papa."

"Because your mamma thinks that you are more anxious about him than you would be about an ordinary visitor."

"Does she?"

"Has any one else spoken to you about Mr. Graham?"

"Augustus did, papa; and Isabella, some time ago."

"Then I suppose they thought the same."

"Yes; I suppose they did."

"And now, dear, is there any thing else you would like to say to me about it?"

"No, papa, I don't think there is."

"But remember this always; that my only wishes respecting you, and your mother's wishes also, are to see you happy and good."

"I am very happy, papa."

"And very good also to the best of my belief." And then he kissed her, and they went back again into the large drawing-room.

Many of my readers, and especially those who are old and wise—if I chance to have any such—will be inclined to think that the judge behaved foolishly in thus cross-questioning his daughter on a matter, which, if it were expedient that it should die away, would die away the more easily the less it were talked about. But the judge was an odd man in many of the theories of his life. One of them, with reference to his children, was very odd, and altogether opposed to the usual practice of the world. It was this—that they should be allowed, as far as was practicable, to do what they liked. Now the general opinion of the world is certainly quite the reverse—namely this, that children, as long as they are under the control of their parents, should be hindered and prevented in those things to which they are most inclined. Of course the world in general, in carrying out this practice, excuses it by an assertion—made to themselves or others—that children customarily like

those things which they ought not to like. But the judge had an idea quite opposed to this. Children, he said, if properly trained, would like those things which were good for them. Now it may be that he thought his daughter had been properly trained.

"He is a very clever young man, my dear; you may be sure of that," were the last words which the judge said to his wife that night.

"But then he has got nothing," she replied; "and he is so uncommonly plain."

The judge would not say a word more, but he could not help thinking that this last point was one which might certainly be left to the young lady.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE ANGEL OF LIGHT UNDER A CLOUD.

ON the following morning, according to appointment, the judge visited Felix Graham in his room. It was only the second occasion on which he had done so since the accident, and he was therefore more inclined to regard him as an invalid than those who had seen him from day to day.

"I am delighted to hear that your bones have been so amenable," said the judge. "But you must not try them too far. We'll get you down stairs into the drawing-room, and see how you get on there by the next few days."

"I don't want to trouble you more than I can help," said Felix, sheepishly. He knew that there were reasons why he should not go into that drawing-room, but of course he could not guess that those reasons were as well known to the judge as they were to himself.

"You sha'n't trouble us—more than you can help. I am not one of those men who tell my friends that nothing is a trouble. Of course you give trouble."

"I am so sorry!"

"There's your bed to make, my dear fellow, and your gruel to warm. You know Shakspeare pretty well by heart, I believe, and he puts that matter—as he did every other matter—in the best and truest point of view. Lady Macbeth didn't say she had no labor in receiving the king. 'The labor we delight in physics pain,' she said. Those were her words, and now they are mine."

"With a more honest purpose behind," said Felix.

"Well, yes; I've no murder in my thoughts at present. So that is all settled, and Lady Staveley will be delighted to see you down stairs to-morrow."

"I shall be only too happy," Felix answered, thinking within his own mind that he must settle it all in the course of the day with Augustus.

"And now perhaps you will be strong enough to say a few words about business."

"Certainly," said Graham.

"You have heard of this Orley Farm case, in which our neighbor Lady Mason is concerned."

"Oh yes; we were all talking of it at your table; I think it was the night, or a night or two, before my accident."

"Very well; then you know all about it. At least as much as the public knows generally. It has now been decided on the part of Joseph Mason—the husband's eldest son, who is endeavoring to get the property—that she shall be indicted for perjury."

"For perjury!"

"Yes; and in doing that, regarding the matter from his point of view, they are not deficient in judgment."

"But how could she have been guilty of perjury?"

"In swearing that she had been present when her husband and the three witnesses executed the deed. If they have any ground to stand on—and I believe they have none whatever—but if they have, they would much more easily get a verdict against her on that point than on a charge of forgery. Supposing it to be the fact that her husband never executed such a deed, it would be manifest that she must have sworn falsely in swearing that she saw him do so."

"Why, yes; one would say so."

"But that would afford by no means conclusive evidence that she had forged the surreptitious deed herself."

"It would be strong presumptive evidence that she was cognizant of the forgery."

"Perhaps so—but uncorroborated would hardly bring a verdict after such a lapse of years. And then, moreover, a prosecution for forgery, if unsuccessful, would produce more painful feeling. Whether successful or unsuccessful it would do so. Bail could not be taken in the first instance, and such a prosecution would create a stronger feeling that the poor lady was being persecuted."

"Those who really understand the matter will hardly thank them for their mercy."

"But then so few will really understand it. The fact, however, is that she will be indicted for perjury. I do not know whether the indictment has not been already laid. Mr. Furnival was with me in town yesterday, and at his very urgent request I discussed the whole subject with him. I shall be on the Home Circuit myself on these next spring assizes, but I shall not take the criminal business at Alston. Indeed I should not choose that this matter should be tried before me under any circumstances, seeing that the lady is my near neighbor. Now Furnival wants you to be engaged on the defense as junior counsel."

"With himself?"

"Yes; with himself—and with Mr. Chaffanbrass."

"With Mr. Chaffanbrass!" said Graham, in a tone almost of horror—as though he had been asked to league himself with all that was most disgraceful in the profession; as indeed perhaps he had been.

"Yes—with Mr. Chaffanbrass."

"Will that be well, judge, do you think?"

"Mr. Chaffanbrass no doubt is a very clever man, and it may be wise in such a case as this to have the services of a barrister who is perhaps unequalled in his power of cross-examining a witness."

"Does his power consist in making a witness speak the truth, or in making him conceal it?"

"Perhaps in both. But here, if it be the case, as Mr. Furnival suspects, that witnesses will be suborned to give false evidence—"

"But surely the Rounds would have nothing to do with such a matter as that?"

"No, probably not. I am sure that old Richard Round would abhor any such work as you or I would do. They take the evidence as it is brought to them. I believe there is no doubt that at any rate one of the witnesses to the codicil in question will now swear that the signature to the document is not her signature."

"A woman—is it?"

"Yes; a woman. In such a case it may perhaps be allowable to employ such a man as Mr. Chaffanbrass; and I should tell you also, such another man as Mr. Solomon Aram."

"Solomon Aram, too! Why, judge, the Old Bailey will be left bare."

"The shining lights will certainly be down at Alston. Now under those circumstances will you undertake the case?"

"Would you—in my place?"

"Yes; if I were fully convinced of the innocence of my client at the beginning."

"But what if I were driven to change my opinion as the thing progressed!"

"You must go on, in such a case, as a matter of course."

"I suppose I can have a day or two to think of it?"

"Oh yes. I should not myself be the bearer to you of Mr. Furnival's message, were it not that I think that Lady Mason is being very cruelly used in the matter. If I were a young man in your position, I should take up the case *con amore*, for the sake of beauty and womanhood. I don't say that that Quixotism is very wise; but still I don't think it can be wrong to join yourself even with such men as Chaffanbrass and Mr. Solomon Aram, if you can feel confident that you have justice and truth on your side." Then after a few more words the interview was over, and the judge left the room, making some further observation as to his hope of seeing Graham in the drawing-room on the next day.

On the following morning there came from Peckham two more letters from Graham, one of course from Mary Snow, and one from Mrs. Thomas. We will first give attention to that from the elder lady. She commenced with much awe, declaring that her pen trembled within her fingers, but that nevertheless she felt bound by her conscience and that duty which she owed to Mr. Graham to tell him every thing that had occurred—"word by word"—as she expressed it. And then Felix, looking at the letter, saw that he held in his hand two sheets

of letter paper, quite full of small writing, the latter of which was crossed. She went on to say that her care had been unrelaxing, and her solicitude almost maternal; that Mary's conduct had on the whole been such as to inspire her with "undeviating confidence;" but that the guile of the present age was such, especially in respect to female servants—who seemed, in Mrs. Thomas's opinion, to be sent in these days express from a very bad place for the express assistance of a very bad gentleman—that it was impossible for any woman, let her be ever so circumspect, to say "what was what, or who was who." From all which Graham learned that Mrs. Thomas had been "done;" but by the middle of the third page he had as yet learned nothing as to the manner of the doing.

But by degrees the long reel unwinded itself; angel of light, and all. Mary Snow had not only received but had answered a lover's letter. She had answered that lover's letter by making an appointment with him; and she had kept that appointment—with the assistance of the agent sent express from that very bad gentleman. All this Mrs. Thomas had only discovered afterward by finding the lover's letter, and the answer which the angel of light had written. Both of these she copied verbatim, thinking probably that the original documents were too precious to be intrusted to the post; and then ended by saying that an additional year of celibacy, passed under a closer espionage, and with more severe moral training, might still, perhaps, make Mary Snow fit for the high destiny which had been promised to her.

The only part of this letter which Felix read twice was that which contained the answer from the angel of light to her lover. "You have been very wicked to address me," the angel of light said, severely. "And it is almost impossible that I should ever forgive you!" If only she could have brought herself to end there! But her nature, which the lover had greatly belied in likening it to her name, was not cold enough for this. So she added a few more words very indiscreetly. "As I want to explain to you why I can never see you again, I will meet you on Thursday afternoon, at half past four, a little way up Clapham Lane, at the corner of the doctor's wall, just beyond the third lamp." It was the first letter she had ever written to a lover, and the poor girl had betrayed herself by keeping a copy of it.

And then Graham came to Mary Snow's letter to himself, which, as it was short, the reader shall have entire:

"MY DEAR MR. GRAHAM,—I never was so unhappy in my life, and I am sure I don't know how to write to you. Of course I do not think you will ever see me again unless it be to upbraid me for my perfidy, and I almost hope you won't, for I should sink into the ground before your eyes. And yet I didn't mean to do any thing very wrong, and when I did meet him I wouldn't as much as let him take me by the hand—not of my own accord. I don't know what she has said to you, and I think she ought to have let me read it; but she speaks to me now in such a way that I don't know how to bear it. She has rummaged

among every thing I have got, but I am sure she could find nothing except those two letters. It wasn't my fault that he wrote to me, though I know now I ought not to have met him. He is quite a genteel young man, and very respectable in the medical line; only I know that makes no difference now, seeing how good you have been to me. I don't ask you to forgive me, but it nearly kills me when I think of poor papa.

"Yours always, most unhappy, and very sorry for what I have done,
MARY SNOW."

Poor Mary Snow! Could any man under such circumstances have been angry with her? In the first place, if men will mould their wives, they must expect that kind of thing; and then, after all, was there any harm done? If ultimately he did marry Mary Snow, would she make a worse wife because she had met the apothecary's assistant at the corner of the doctor's wall, under the third lamp-post? Graham, as he sat with the letters before him, made all manner of excuses for her; and this he did the more eagerly, because he felt that he would have willingly made this affair a cause for breaking off his engagement, if his conscience had not told him that it would be unhandsome in him to do so.

When Augustus came he could not show the letters to him. Had he done so it would have been as much as to declare that now the coast was clear as far as he was concerned. He could not now discuss with his friend the question of Mary Snow, without also discussing the other question of Madeline Staveley. So he swept the letters away, and talked almost entirely about the Orley Farm case.

"I only wish I were thought good enough for the chance," said Augustus. "By Heavens! I would work for that woman as I never could work again for any fee that could be offered me."

"So would I; but I don't like my fellow-laborers."

"I should not mind that."

"I suppose," said Graham, "there can be no possible doubt as to her absolute innocence?"

"None whatever. My father has no doubt. Furnival has no doubt. Sir Peregrine has no doubt—who, by-the-by, is going to marry her."

"Nonsense!"

"Oh, but he is, though. He has taken up her case *con amore* with a vengeance."

"I should be sorry for that. It makes me think him a fool, and her—a very clever woman."

And so that matter was discussed, but not a word was said between them about Mary Snow, or as to that former conversation respecting Madeline Staveley. Each felt then there was a reserve between them; but each felt also that there was no way of avoiding this. "The governor seems determined that you sha'n't stir yet a while," Augustus said as he was preparing to take his leave.

"I shall be off in a day or two at the furthest all the same," said Graham.

"And you are to drink tea down stairs to-night. I'll come and fetch you as soon as we're out of the dining-room. I can assure you that

your first appearance after your accident has been duly announced to the public, and that you are anxiously expected." And then Staveley left him.

So he was to meet Madeline that evening. His first feeling at the thought was one of joy, but he soon brought himself almost to wish that he could leave Noningsby without any such meeting. There would have been nothing in it—nothing that need have called for observation or remark—had he not told his secret to Augustus. But his secret had been told to one, and might be known to others in the house. Indeed he felt sure that it was suspected by Lady Staveley. It could not, as he said to himself, have been suspected by the judge, or the judge would not have treated him in so friendly a manner, or have insisted so urgently on his coming down among them.

And then, how should he carry himself in her presence? If he were to say nothing to her, his saying nothing would be remarked; and yet he felt that all his powers of self-control would not enable him to speak to her in the same manner that he would speak to her sister. He had to ask himself, moreover, what line of conduct he did intend to follow. If he was still resolved to marry Mary Snow, would it not be better that he should take this bull by the horns and upset it at once? In such case, Madeline Staveley must be no more to him than her sister. But then he had two intentions. In accordance with one he would make Mary Snow his wife; and in following the other he would marry Miss Staveley. It must be admitted that the two brides which he proposed to himself were very different. The one that he had moulded for his own purposes was not, as he admitted, quite equal to her of whom nature, education, and birth had had the handling.

Again he dined alone; but on this occasion Mrs. Baker was able to elicit from him no enthusiasm as to his dinner. And yet she had done her best, and placed before him a sweet-bread and dish of sea-kale that ought to have made him enthusiastic. "I had to fight with the gardener for that like any thing," she said, singing her own praises when he declined to sing them.

"Dear me! They'll think that I am a dreadful person to have in the house."

"Not a bit. Only they sha'n't think as how I'm going to be said 'no' to in that way when I've set my mind on a thing. I know what's going, and I know what's proper. Why, laws, Mr. Graham, there's heaps of things there, and yet there's no getting of 'em—unless there's a party or the like of that. What's the use of a garden, I say, or of a gardener either, if you don't have garden stuff? It's not to look at. Do finish it now—after all the trouble I had, standing over him in the cold while he cut it."

"Oh dear, oh dear, Mrs. Baker, why did you do that?"

"He thought to perish me, making believe it took him so long to get at it; but I'm not so

easy perished; I can tell him that! I'd have stood there till now but what I had it! Miss Madeline see'd me as I was coming in, and asked me what I'd been doing."

"I hope you didn't tell her that I couldn't live without sea-kale?"

"I told her that I meant to give you your dinner comfortable as long as you had it up here; and she said—; but laws, Mr. Graham, you don't care what a young lady says to an old woman like me. You'll see her yourself this evening, and then you can tell her whether or no the sea-kale was worth the eating! It's not so badly biled; I will say that for Hannah Cook, though she is rampagious sometimes." He longed to ask her what words Madeline had used, even in speaking on such a subject as this; but he did not dare to do so. Mrs. Baker was very fond of talking about Miss Madeline, but Graham was by no means assured that he should find an ally in Mrs. Baker if he told her all the truth.

At last the hour arrived, and Augustus came to convoy him down to the drawing-room. It was now many days since he had been out of that room, and the very fact of moving was an excitement to him. He hardly knew how he might feel in walking down stairs, and could not quite separate the nervousness arising from his shattered bones from that other nervousness which came from his—shattered heart. The word is undoubtedly a little too strong, but as it is there, there let it stay. When he reached the drawing-room he almost felt that he had better decline to enter it. The door, however, was opened, and he was in the room before he could make up his mind to any such step, and he found himself being walked across the floor to some especial seat, while a dozen kindly anxious faces were crowding round him.

"Here's an arm-chair, Mr. Graham, kept expressly for you, near the fire," said Lady Staveley. "And I am extremely glad to see you well enough to fill it."

"Welcome out of your room, Sir," said the judge. "I compliment you, and Pottinger also, upon your quick recovery; but allow me to tell you that you don't yet look like a man fit to rough it alone in London."

"I feel very well, Sir," said Graham.

And then Mrs. Arbuthnot greeted him, and Miss Furnival, and four or five others who were of the party, and he was introduced to one or two whom he had not seen before. Marian too came up to him—very gently, as though he were as brittle as glass, having been warned by her mother. "Oh, Mr. Felix," she said, "I was so unhappy when your bones were broken. I do hope they won't break again."

And then he perceived that Madeline was in the room and was coming up to him. She had in truth not been there when he first entered, having thought it better, as a matter of strategy, to follow upon his footsteps. He was getting up to meet her, when Lady Staveley spoke to him.

"Don't move, Mr. Graham. Invalids, you know, are chartered."

"I am very glad to see you once more down stairs," said Madeline, as she frankly gave him her hand—not merely touching his—"very, very glad. But I do hope you will get stronger before you venture to leave Noningsby. You have frightened us all very much by your terrible accident."

All this she said in her peculiarly sweet silver voice, not speaking as though she were dismayed and beside herself, or in a hurry to get through a lesson which she had taught herself. She had her secret to hide, and had schooled herself how to hide it. But in so schooling herself she had been compelled to acknowledge to herself that the secret did exist. She had told herself that she must meet him, and that in meeting him she must hide it. This she had done with absolute success. Such is the peculiar power of women; and her mother, who had listened not only to every word, but to every tone of her voice, gave her exceeding credit.

"There's more in her than I thought there was," said Sophia Furnival to herself, who had also listened and watched.

"It has not gone very deep with her," said the judge, who on this matter was not so good a judge as Miss Furnival.

"She cares about me just as Mrs. Baker does," said Graham to himself, who was the worst judge of them all. He muttered something quite unintelligible in answer to the kindness of her words; and then Madeline, having gone through her task, retired to the further side of the round table, and went to work among the tea-cups.

And then the conversation became general, turning altogether on the affairs of Lady Mason. It was declared as a fact by Lady Staveley that there was to be a marriage between Sir Peregrine Orme and his guest, and all in the room expressed their sorrow. The women were especially indignant. "I have no patience with her," said Mrs. Arbuthnot. "She must know that such a marriage at his time of life must be ridiculous, and injurious to the whole family."

The women were very indignant—all except Miss Furnival, who did not say much, but endeavored to palliate the crimes of Lady Mason in that which she did say. "I do not know that she is more to blame than any other lady who marries a gentleman thirty years older than herself."

"I do, then," said Lady Staveley, who delighted in contradicting Miss Furnival. "And so would you too, my dear, if you had known Sir Peregrine as long as I have. And if—if—if—but it does not matter. I am very sorry for Lady Mason—very. I think she is a woman cruelly used by her own connections; but my sympathies with her would be warmer if she had refrained from using her power over an old gentleman like Sir Peregrine, in the way she has done." In all which expression of sentiment the reader will know that poor dear Lady Staveley was wrong from the beginning to the end.

"For my part," said the judge, "I don't

see what else she was to do. If Sir Peregrine asked her, how could she refuse?"

"My dear!" said Lady Staveley.

"According to that, papa, every lady must marry any gentleman that asks her," said Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"When a lady is under so deep a weight of obligation I don't know how she is to refuse. My idea is that Sir Peregrine should not have asked her."

"And mine too," said Felix. "Unless indeed he did it under an impression that he could fight for her better as her husband than simply as a friend."

"And I feel sure that that is what he did think," said Madeline, from the further side of the table. And her voice sounded in Graham's ears as the voice of Eve may have sounded to Adam. No; let him do what he might in the world—whatever might be the form in which his future career should be fashioned, one thing was clearly impossible to him. He could not marry Mary Snow. Had he never learned to know what were the true charms of feminine grace and loveliness it might have been possible for him to do so, and to have enjoyed afterward a fair amount of contentment. But now even contentment would be impossible to him under such a lot as that. Not only would he be miserable, but the woman whom he married would be wretched also. It may be said that he made up his mind definitely, while sitting in that arm-chair, that he would not marry Mary Snow. Poor Mary Snow! Her fault in the matter had not been great.

When Graham was again in his room, and the servant who was obliged to undress him had left him, he sat over his fire, wrapped in his dressing-gown, bethinking himself what he would do. "I will tell the judge every thing," he said at last. "Then, if he will let me into his house after that, I must fight my own battle." And so he betook himself to bed.

SHAYS'S REBELLION.

THE practical workings of that great early error of the Fathers—namely, the admission of the principle of independent State sovereignty into their scheme of government for the emancipated colonies—soon bore mischievous fruit; so mischievous, that the same Fathers hastened to correct the dangerous evil by forming a National Government, composed of the whole *people*, wherein the *States*, as such, were made subordinate.

The fruit of that political error was early developed in Massachusetts—a State which, as a Colony and a freed Commonwealth, had worked nobly, side by side with Virginia, in the front rank of patriotism during the war for Independence, then just closed. The impulses of her people were naturally generous, patriotic, and righteous; but the poverty engendered by the war, the pressure of public debt, demanding heavy taxation for relief, and the wickedness of

selfish demagogues, seduced many of them from the paths of duty as good citizens, and placed them in the attitude of rebels before the world.

Soon after the close of the Revolution Massachusetts found itself burdened with a debt of \$5,000,000, incurred chiefly during that struggle; and also subjected to a call for as much more by the Continental Congress, as its quota for the liquidation of the National debt. The impoverished people looked upon this burden with dismay, and a large number of them, the dupes of designing men, were taught to believe that their State being now sovereign, and perfectly independent of the National Government, was not legally bound to pay any portion of the National debt. Such doctrine, dishonest in fact, was legal, so far as any thing to the contrary could be found in the *Articles of Confederation*, which formed the old organic law of the inchoate Republic. This doctrine had been promulgated in all the States, and the General Congress found themselves powerless. Each State collected its own revenues, and applied them first to its own use. The National Treasury was exhausted. Its resources were dried up. The public credit was prostrated. The National Government was brought into contempt at home and abroad; and the League of States soon found that the powerful solvent known as "State Rights" was rapidly reducing the bond to a rope of sand. Anarchy was lighting the torch of Discord, preparatory to laying in ashes the fair fabric for the dwelling-place of rational liberty erected by Washington and his compatriots. A feeling prevailed that every man was "a law unto himself." It was fairly argued that, if the *States* were absolutely independent of the National Government, the *counties* must be independent of the States, and the *towns* of the counties, and *individuals* of all municipal law; for in this, as

"In Nature's chain, whatever link you strike,

Tenth or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike."

Upon the latter postulate—a necessary conclusion of "State Rights" logic—those who engaged in "Shays's Rebellion," in Massachusetts, in the years 1785 and 1786, based their action. They assumed the right, each for himself, to judge of the propriety of any law passed by his State Legislature, and to obey or defy it according to his own pleasure. This was a germ of Nullification that was watered by politicians during Washington's administrations; blossomed in the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of 1798-'99; promised ample products in New England in 1812-'14; bore its first ripe fruit in 1832-'33; and produced an abundant harvest in 1861-'62.

The Legislature of Massachusetts, in 1785-'86, had a controlling number of members in whom the people felt but little confidence; and the upright men of that body were subjected to unjust suspicions because they were found in bad company. The acts of the Legislature were watched with the keenest scrutiny, and designing politicians, taking advantage of this wide-spread jealousy, persuaded the least-informed of the

population, in various parts of the State, that they had a right, by irregular conventions and by force, to rid themselves of the restraints of government and laws, and even to overturn both and establish new ones. Fortunately for the safety of the Commonwealth it had a Governor, in the person of James Bowdoin, an unswerving patriot of the Revolution, then almost sixty years of age, whose firmness and leniency conducted the vessel of state safely through one of the severest storms to which it was ever exposed. He lamented the feebleness of the National Government; exhorted the people to give it strength; and called upon them to vindicate their patriotism by submitting cheerfully to heavy taxation, in order to provide means for sustaining the State and National credit. For that purpose it was found that the sum to be raised in 1786 was about a million and a half of dollars. The Legislature timidly and somewhat reluctantly seconded the Governor's views, by providing for the assessment and collection of the taxes, and in laying the appalling exhibit of indebtedness before the people. Having discharged his duty the Governor prorogued the Legislature early in July (1785) to the month of January following.

The demagogues were soon busily engaged in stirring up the people. In several counties conventions of the inhabitants were held, and measures were adopted well calculated to clog the movements of the Government by resisting taxation and suppressing courts of justice. These assemblages and their proceedings were so alarming that the Governor called an extraordinary session of the Legislature in September, when the alleged grievances of the people were laid before them. These were more numerous than weighty. The malcontents chiefly complained of the excise law; of the application of the revenue from imposts to the payment of the national taxes; of the enormity of the poll-tax; of the high valuation of farm-lands; of the compensation allowed to the officers of the late war, who held the notes of the State for the amount due them; of the costs of civil suits and the collection of debts; of the growing riches and influence of lawyers at the expense of the people; of the existence of courts of common pleas, which they regarded as useless; of the salaries of all public officers; of many of the provisions of the State Constitution, especially that portion which provided for a State Senate—a body which they held to be superfluous, and a useless public burden; in a word, of the whole machinery of Government as a scheme to oppress the people.

One of the most important of the conventions held previous to the meeting of the Legislature assembled at Hatfield, in Hampshire County. It was composed of delegates from about fifty towns. They professed to disapprove of all mobs and riots; yet three weeks afterward not less than fifteen hundred men, many of them delegates of the convention, and nearly all of them armed, appeared at Northampton, the shire of the county, and prevented the sitting of the Court of Common Pleas. The convention, which

was in session three days, considered many alleged grievances, including all above enumerated, and demanded the emission of bills of credit that should be made a legal tender in all transactions of the Commonwealth. They ordered their proceedings to be published, and copies of them to be sent into other counties where symptoms of discontent had been exhibited.

On hearing of the seditious movement at Northampton, the Governor issued a temperate proclamation, forbidding assemblages of the people for unlawful purposes, and calling upon the officers of the Government and all good citizens to aid in suppressing such dangerous combinations. This proclamation only served to increase the zeal of the demagogues and the discontents of their dupes, and to bring into more immediate action the disorderly spirit that prevailed in almost every part of the State. Grown bold by the evidences of strength around them, the leaders, especially in Worcester, Middlesex, Bristol, and Berkshire counties, became more open in their exhibition of disloyalty. On the first of September three hundred armed men appeared at Worcester, and prevented the holding of a Court of Common Pleas there. Soon afterward a larger body of insurgents assembled near Springfield, where the Supreme Court was about to be held, for the purpose of preventing its sitting also. These, the most formidable in number, arms, and personal character of any that had yet appeared, were led by DANIEL SHAYS, who had been an officer in the Continental army, and was then in the prime of life, being forty-five years of age. He was an enthusiastic, daring, and ambitious man; cool and cautious, persevering and not very scrupulous as to the means used for accomplishing his purposes, whatever they might be.

The vigilant Governor, anticipating this demonstration, took measures to give the insurgents a proper reception at Springfield. He ordered Major-General Shepard, commander of the divisions of militia in that District, to assemble a sufficient number to take possession of and hold the Court-house, and to protect the Court in its proceedings. Shepard collected about six hundred of the militia, many of them men of much substance both in wealth and character. Shays heard of these preparations, but was not dismayed. He appeared before Springfield at the time for the assembling of the Court, with a large number of followers, all well-armed, and most of them of the poorer and least-informed classes. The Court assembled, and the proceedings went on for three days without much interruption. Shays attempted to communicate with the Court, but his messages were treated with disdain. He was greatly exasperated, and it was thought that he would attack General Shepard. The alarm of the inhabitants became so great and painful that the Court finally adjourned, and on the morning of the fourth day Shays and his followers disappeared, to the great relief of the people. They were a lawless mob. They insulted every man who would not join

them or approve their conduct; and others, more timid, threatened with severe punishments in the event of non-compliance, fell into their ranks and shared their odium.

In Bristol County similar disorders occurred. There, too, the vigilant Governor, Bowdoin, provided defenses for the Court. Major-General Cobb, the commander of the militia in that district, and who was also Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, was directed to summon the militia to Taunton, the capital of the county. There the Court assembled at the appointed time, and there, too, the insurgents appeared in numbers much greater than the militia. But the firm and spirited conduct of General Cobb kept them at bay. He went out boldly alone and confronted them. He spoke to them kindly but firmly, and concluded by telling them that he intended to "sit as a judge or die as a general." He was well known to most of them. They believed his words; and also believing prudence to be the better part of valor, they dispersed without attempting any interference with the Court. That body, however, thought it best to adjourn, on account of the great alarm of the inhabitants, and the difficulty in procuring the presence of witnesses. Not long afterward the insurgents attempted to prevent the sitting of the Supreme Court in Bristol County; but they were promptly met and dispersed by the resolute General Cobb.

In Middlesex, at about this time, the insurgents unexpectedly appeared in force, and forbade the judges, about to open a Court of Common Pleas, entering upon their duties. This demonstration surprised the people. A convention had lately been held in the county, but was thinly attended, and it was the impression of the most intelligent men that the Governor's proclamation would deter the malcontents from committing any overt acts. The Court was entirely unprotected, and was compelled to obey the insurgents, whose leaders were a few men in that county, bold and bad, who were constantly exciting the heavily-taxed people against the Government. At their command the more reckless of the inhabitants had formed the expedition that broke up the Middlesex Court.

When the Legislature met, at near the close of September, the Governor laid before them a full statement of all insurgent movements up to that time, and the causes which had brought the members together. He condemned the conduct of the malcontents, and recommended the adoption of efficient measures for the total suppression of the incendiary and revolutionary spirit then pervading almost the entire Commonwealth. The Legislature were in agreement with him, and while they offered to do every thing in their power to redress any real grievance, they gave the insurgents to understand that the whole civil and military power of the Commonwealth would be brought to bear upon them; that their unlawful acts would be visited with such punishment as might be necessary to vindicate the majesty of the law. The Legislature could not

annihilate the public debt, nor omit the employment of means for the collection of taxes; but they could and did pass acts for the immediate relief of the people, and for making their pecuniary burdens somewhat less, by deferring the collection of a part of the tax to a future day. They also provided for lessening the expenses of suits at law; for making specific articles a legal tender for taxes instead of specie, and other measures for relief. At the same time, resolved to act vigorously against all offenders who should set the laws at defiance, they suspended the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, in accordance with the spirit of the English Constitution, for eight months. These acts afforded great relief to the Governor, whose firmness had been denounced as severity, and whose zeal in sustaining the laws was construed into a want of feeling for the real distresses of the people.

The Legislature issued an address to the people, setting forth the indebtedness of the State and National Governments; urging them to consider the sacred duty of sustaining the public credit, municipal and national; and appealing to them in the name of patriotism and good citizenship to discountenance all unlawful acts. This was followed by examples of economy on the part of some of the most influential men in the State, who agreed to discourage the use of foreign articles, persuaded that much of the distress occasioned by private indebtedness was chargeable to the extravagant use of fabrics and other articles from beyond the seas, which commanded enormous prices and corresponding profits, and which, on account of these profits, and the absence of any efficient commercial regulations in American ports, were brought into the country in great abundance.

Winter approached, but the insurgent spirit was not subdued—scarcely checked. While the Legislature was yet in session early in November there were indications that an attempt would be made to interfere with the sittings of the Supreme Court about to be held in Middlesex. General Brooks, a gallant officer of the Revolution, in command of the militia of that district, was ordered to have a strong force in readiness to march to Cambridge if necessary. Among those summoned, and held in readiness, were three regiments and four artillery companies of Middlesex, and one company of infantry and one of artillery in Boston. This formidable display made the malcontents of Middlesex invisible and silent at that time.

The Legislature adjourned after a session of six weeks. Their dispersion was the signal for greater activity on the part of the insurgents. They held several meetings in the Western counties, and severely censured the measures recently adopted by the Legislature. They resolved, by acclamation, to resist the execution of the laws of the State; and every where, among unprincipled men, the most lawless and alarming spirit was manifested. The leniency of the Governor was called cowardice. The acts of the Legislature were denounced as instru-

ments of tyranny. The people were excited by inflammatory appeals. They were incited to acts of violence, and the courts of justice were again interfered with.

Toward the close of November the sitting of the General Court of Sessions at Worcester was prevented by an armed mob, who, taught by demagogues and believing that they owed no other obedience to Government but in so far as they might approve its measures, declared that they had the right, if they chose, to dispense with all laws which were obnoxious to them, and that they intended to set the State authorities at defiance. In Hampshire and Middlesex similar bold demonstrations were made. The Governor perceived that the time for argument and persuasion was at an end, and that the safety of the Commonwealth, now really in danger, must be secured by energetic measures. He accordingly issued a general order for the major-generals throughout the State to see that the militia, under their respective commands, were equipped and ready to respond to any sudden demand for their services. This order inflamed the leaders of the malcontents and their deluded followers, and the insurrection began to assume the alarming form of a rebellion. The leaders, expecting severe punishment in the event of failure, became desperate, and were ready to employ desperate measures for the accomplishment of their wicked scheme. They also hoped to secure a sufficient number of adherents or defenders to procure the Governor's pardon in the event of their failure. They were doomed to be disappointed.

In December a large number of the insurgents assembled at Concord, expecting to be joined by others from Bristol, Worcester, and Hampshire. Their object was to prevent the sitting of the Court at Cambridge—the dictation of measures to the Governor—and the suspension, for a time at least, of the usual processes of law. It is evident that while these objects were acknowledged, they intended, if possible, to seize the capital, take possession of the archives, and proclaim a provisional government. But the project failed, and three of the leading traitors of Middlesex soon found themselves within the walls of Boston jail. The Sheriff, in the execution of his warrant for their arrest, was accompanied by a number of influential gentlemen and a company of Boston cavalry who volunteered their services.

At the same time loyal citizens on horseback traversed the neighboring counties to ascertain the temper of the people. They found widespread discontent, and ignorance of the relations of the people to the Government. They talked bitterly about being coerced to obey laws which they did not like, and the tyranny of the Government in adopting measures to subjugate an independent people by compelling them to comply with the requisitions of the law. Men of this stamp, to the number of at least a thousand, led by Shays, soon appeared at Worcester, notwithstanding the country was covered with deep

snow. They prevented the sitting of the Court, and billeted themselves upon the inhabitants; while Shays, and his confederates from other counties, devised a scheme for marching on the capital and rescuing their friends from the Boston jail. The project found wings. Great agitation and alarm ensued. Major-General Lincoln, a veteran officer of the Revolution, was directed to take measures for defending the capital. The militia were summoned to immediate preparation; and the firing of a cannon upon Fort Hill—one of the three eminences in Boston—was to be the signal for them to hasten to the appointed rendezvous.

The scheme of the insurgents was abandoned. They were likely to starve at Worcester; so Shays and his followers waded through the deep snow to Rutland, twelve miles distant, and found shelter in some dilapidated Continental barracks. There they suffered exceedingly from cold and hunger, and the tears of penitence and bitter regret were seen on many cheeks. But penitential tears were likely to prove of no avail; for the time when submission to the laws and the taking of the oath of allegiance would have secured their pardon was passed. It is supposed that even Shays, perceiving how desperate were the fortunes of his unholy enterprise, made informal overtures at this time to the Executive for pardon on the condition that he should abandon his disloyal schemes. But the Governor would not listen to a rebel in arms, nor trust to the word of a traitor when unaccompanied by concurrent deeds.

Shays and his followers, desperate but determined—for success or utter ruin was the alternative presented—turned their faces westward, and marched upon Springfield for the purpose of interfering with the sitting of the Court appointed for the 26th of December, and, if strong enough, to seize the Continental arsenal at that place. They arrived there on the 25th, took possession of the Court-house, and presented to the judges a written declaration that the Court should not transact business. The powerless judges were compelled to submit.

When intelligence of these proceedings reached the Governor, and information of symptoms of similar movements elsewhere was communicated to him, he determined to put forth the power of the Commonwealth which the people had placed in his hands. It was evident that longer forbearance with the rebels would be positively mischievous. His leniency was construed by them as weakness, and his generous appeals to their patriotism as the voice of timidity. It was the opinion of intelligent men that if the rebellion should not be crushed immediately, before it should assume more formidable proportions, civil war would be inevitable. Accordingly, early in January (1787), the Governor called out the militia of Suffolk, Middlesex, Essex, Worcester, and Hampshire, to the number of 4400, for thirty days. Two companies of artillery from Suffolk and Middlesex were also called into the service, and Major-General Lincoln was

appointed to the chief command. For the support of this little army the State borrowed of patriotic citizens \$20,000, the treasury being empty. At the same time the Governor circulated through all the insurgent districts an address to the people, kind and conciliatory, yet firm in tone, communicating important information concerning public affairs, appealing to the patriotism and good sense of the discontented, and assuring the incorrigible that their proceedings were criminal, and that "such opposition to the Government and the laws could not be longer endured." "Your actions," he said, "whatever may be your real or pretended motives, tend directly to anarchy and confusion in the State."

While the militia were mustering—two thousand of them near Boston, where Lincoln took the immediate command of them, and the remainder in other parts of the State—Shays was extremely busy in augmenting his insurgent army to meet them. Evidently much alarmed, he also again made overtures to the Executive for pardon and oblivion. He sent a petition to the Supreme Executive Council to that effect; but the style and temper of the document were such as men in his condition should never presume to display, for he was humbly imploring a judge for mercy. The Governor regarded the petition itself as highly reprehensible, because it impudently proposed changes in the mode of administering justice as preliminary to making a pardon satisfactory to the insurgents; and was signed by names whose owners never saw the paper. The petition was of course rejected, and Shays and his followers stood before the world as doomed outlaws.

With a courage and perseverance worthy of all praise when exercised in a good cause, Shays resolved to continue his attitude of defiance of the State laws. He issued an appeal to his "suffering fellow-citizens," urging them to join him "in support of their rights," which he alleged the Government had denied them; and, contrary to the general opinion, his forces, even in this desperate strait, increased rather than diminished. Encouraged by this, he hastened to attempt to execute that important part of his plan which contemplated the seizure of the arsenal at Springfield before Lincoln could reach there with his troops. Anticipating such design, the Governor directed General Shepard, of the Hampshire District, to assemble a thousand militia there for the protection of the courts and the arsenal. He had also been directed by the Continental Congress to take measures for the security of public property there. The militia responded with alacrity, and Shepard soon found himself at the head of eleven hundred men, well armed, and having cannon from the arsenal.

Shays, meanwhile, had been concentrating all the malcontents in arms, near Springfield, hoping to have a sufficient force there, before the arrival of Lincoln, to disperse Shepard's militia and gain possession of the arsenal. By the middle of January his forces amounted to over

eighteen hundred men, and the situation of Shepard was really a critical one. The insurgents greatly outnumbered his own troops, and they were desperate. Lincoln was still at Worcester, fifty miles distant, and could not give him immediate relief. It was evident that he must rely upon his own resources, and trust to the superiority of his weapons, the advantage of cannon, and the aid of that Providence which defends the right.

The friends of the rebels in arms attempted to detain Lincoln at Worcester by pretended desires for negotiation. Lincoln was not deceived. He knew their object to be delay in giving support to Shepard, and he moved forward as rapidly as possible. Of this Shays was informed by a spy, and he took immediate measures for attacking Shepard. He had about four hundred men at West Springfield, under Luke Day, and about as many more from Berkshire, under Eli Parsons, who were not far off. These he ordered to join him on the east side of the Connecticut River on the 25th, before the "Lincolnites" could reach him. Day was unable to comply, but in a letter, intercepted by General Shepard, he promised to be with Shays on the 26th. The latter waited until the afternoon of the 25th, when, not doubting Day's speedy arrival, and fearing that of Lincoln, he marched to attack Shepard and capture the arsenal, at about four o'clock.

Shays approached in open column. General Shepard sent a flag, warning him to desist, and informing him that he was defending the arsenal under the authority of both the State and of the Congress. Shays and his followers had little regard for either, and continued to advance. The General sent a second message, forbidding them to approach any nearer, declaring that if they did, he should fire upon them. This had no other effect than to call from one of the rebel leaders, with a defiant shout, the reply, "*That is all we want;*" evidently expecting that bloodshed would fire the insurgent heart and set the State in a blaze. They advanced more rapidly, when Shepard ordered his two cannon to fire blank cartridges, hoping to intimidate the assailants. They advanced still more rapidly, when he pointed his artillery at the centre of their column, fired, and killed three and wounded one. A wild cry of *murder* went up from the rear of the insurgent column, and the whole body, thrown into the greatest confusion, heedless of the efforts of Shays, fled, panic-stricken, to Ludlow, ten miles distant, leaving their slain behind them. The arsenal was saved. Had the rebels captured it, the event would have given them great *prestige* and power.

Shays was not discouraged, notwithstanding two hundred men deserted him after the flight from Springfield. Day joined him with his four hundred Berkshire men, and he prepared to make another effort to capture the arsenal. But General Lincoln arrived on the 27th with four regiments of infantry, a battalion of artillery, and a company of cavalry, to the great joy of the terrified inhabitants.

Pursuit of the rebels was immediately commenced. Lincoln crossed the Connecticut River on the ice with the greater portion of his troops, to disperse some armed insurgents at West Springfield, while Shepard, with the Hampshire militia, pursued Shays up the river. Those on the west side of the stream retreated in disorder to Northampton, and those under Shays to Amherst.

The insurgents still held out and defied the Government. Their leaders, expecting no mercy, hoped, with a gambler's faith, that some turn of affairs might give them success. They also counted on large support not yet developed, believing that there was a divided Commonwealth, the preponderance of strength being on the side of those who were "fighting for independence." They even expected "foreign aid" from sympathizers in the border States.

Lincoln's movements were so energetic that he prevented the concentration of insurgent bands. The service was formidable. The snow was deep and the weather was intensely cold. It was difficult to subsist a large force in that then comparatively sparsely populated country. Some of Shepard's troops were made prisoners by a band of insurgents; and for a while it seemed doubtful whether Lincoln or Shays would be the successful leader.

At this time there was a class of men in Massachusetts who were really favorable to the insurgents, but were too cowardly to declare their opinions, or to openly engage in the rebellion. They formed a treacherous *Peace Party*, more despicable than the armed leaders of the rebellion. They affected to censure the conduct of the insurgents for overt acts of opposition to the Government. They attempted to hold conventions in several counties, declaring that such meetings were necessary, on account of the great discontents of the people, to avert the horrors of civil war. To avoid that they were ready to yield every thing to the insurgents—to them *peace* was professedly preferable to *law* and *good government*. But many of the leaders of this peace party were known to be sympathizers with the rebels, and hypocritical in their professions; and their deceptive movement was so frowned upon by every loyal citizen that they soon withdrew from the presence of public contempt.

From Hadley General Lincoln addressed a letter to Shays at Pelham (in the same county, about twenty miles distant), in which he set forth the criminality of his proceedings and the personal consequences that would ensue to all under his banner of rebellion to the Government. In the name of that Government, as its authorized agent, he directed him to read the letter to his deluded followers, assuring him that if he did not comply, he should march upon him with increased energy. Shays replied, proposing as a condition for such submission, unconditional pardon for all. If this could not be granted, he asked for a suspension of hostilities until the matter could be brought before the Legislature, then about to assemble, and the result of their deliberations might be known. Lincoln had no

authority to promise pardon, nor had he any inclination to grant a suspension of hostilities, asked for no other purpose than to have delay give strength to the insurgents. He therefore prepared to move forward.

The Legislature met at the close of January. Shays and other leaders sent in a petition, in which they acknowledged their error in taking up arms against the Government, and promised to lay them down under a guaranty of unconditional pardon for all. The Government would not listen to rebels in arms, but adopted measures for reinforcing Lincoln. Shays meanwhile had marched with his main body to Petersham (about twelve miles from Pelham), where subsistence would be more certain. Lincoln pursued him. He left Hadley late in the evening, and reached Petersham early the next morning, having marched thirty miles in a severe snow-storm, and the mercury at zero. Many of his men were badly frozen; but all their discomforts were forgotten when the result of this extraordinary march was found to be complete success. The insurgents were surprised. They fled in every direction, and in the greatest disorder, without firing a gun. One hundred and fifty of them were made prisoners. The leaders and the remainder escaped. Some returned quietly to their homes, and others, more active and criminal, fled from the State.

With the dispersion of Shays's followers the back of the rebellion was broken. Yet it continued to show signs of life for weeks afterward, especially in Berkshire County, where the malcontents were very numerous, and where they expected and received aid from discontented men in New York and Vermont, who were chiefly natives of Massachusetts. Their hostility continued to be so bold and menacing that about five hundred loyal citizens of Berkshire formed themselves into a Home Guard for mutual protection and the support of the Government. Some collisions between them and the insurgents ensued; but the spirit of the latter soon began to falter, and at length the greater portion of them laid down their arms and took the oath of allegiance, while some of the most criminal fled from the State. Similar movements occurred in other parts of the Commonwealth. They were the dying convulsions of a rebellion whose hideous apparition haunted for a long time the peaceful citizens of the counties of Massachusetts bordering on Connecticut. Before the blossoms of spring appeared it was dead and buried.

The Legislature authorized special sessions of the Supreme Judicial Court in the counties where the rebellion had been most apparent, for the trial of insurgents. The Governor made application to the executives of the several adjoining States for the arrest of the fugitive rebels within their respective jurisdictions; and every proper measure was used to bring the chief criminals to justice. But toward the great body of the malcontents who had taken up arms extreme lenity marked the course of the Govern-

ment. It was well known that the rebellion was the work of a few designing politicians, who, by means of falsehood and sophistry, had deceived the illy-informed people. Three Commissioners were appointed to consider the cases of these deluded ones, and the result was, that in April no less than three hundred who had taken up arms against the Government were pardoned. Others, more culpable, were indicted for treason, fourteen of whom were convicted and sentenced to death. Eight of them received pardon from the Governor, and the remainder were reprieved conditionally. Others, among whom were some magistrates, were convicted of seditious practices and punished; and one member of the State Legislature, found guilty of open opposition to civil authority, was sentenced to sit upon the gallows, and pay a heavy fine. Shays, the chief leader in the rebellion, who fled to the State of New York, escaped arrest. Finally, the legal veil of oblivion was drawn over that episode in our national history known as SHAYS'S REBELLION. The chief was pardoned, and he lived many years as a respected citizen in the village of Sparta, in Livingston County, New York. He died there on the 29th of September, 1825, at the age of eighty-five years.

MY SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.

"**I**S the editor in? Can I see him?" I heard the words before I saw the speaker. The voice was sweet, rich, and youthful, with a certain quality of strength and hope in it. I think one often hears in a voice a great deal besides the words it utters. I was a man of notions, of whims, if you will—an old bachelor. Not so very old though—don't busy your imagination with dyed whiskers and a scratch. I was thirty-five, and that is what Mr. Dickens and the rest of the middle-aged novelists call a young man. At any rate, my heart was neither withered nor frozen, old bachelor's heart as it was. I did not believe all men knaves, and all women schemers. That I was not married was not owing to any distrust of the sex, any cold cynicism, or mocking incredulity. It was simply that while I had admired some women, and esteemed many, I had never happened to *love* any. So much by way of explaining the interest I felt in youth and beauty every where; the spontaneous kindness and championship which certain acquaintances of mine—already *blasé* at twenty-four—were wont to laugh at as Quixotic knight-errantry.

I looked up after the words I had heard, and the speaker was just coming round the tall desk which hid the door from my view.

Young—her voice had told me so—not more than seventeen, and with a sunny, winsome countenance, not beautiful exactly, but better than that. Looking into her face it needed no subtle physiognomical lore to know what manner of woman she was. Those large brown eyes, shy yet honest, full of pride as well as of tenderness; that brow, broad and fair and open,

with the hair brushed back like a child's above the delicate little ear; the straight nose, with the thin, expressive nostril; the mouth, which could close in calm scorn, or dimple into sweetest gentleness—looking at them, I knew her as well as if I had known her all her life—understood the quick impulses of that warm, rich nature. She was very plainly dressed. It was little that I knew about feminine fashions, but I recognized in the simple muslin frock, the plain straw bonnet, and the untrimmed mantle indications of delicate taste and a slender purse.

Do not fancy that I looked at my visitor for the space of time which it has taken you to read this description. I made my observations along with my bow, and gave her my approbation and a chair together. There was a suggestive-looking white roll in her hand. Her errand was evident enough, even if she had not made it known at once, with a straight-forward simplicity quite in accordance with her face.

"Do you buy manuscripts, Mr. Fraser?"

"When they please me, yes."

The smile with which I answered her provoked a responding one, and she said, with a little blush,

"Of course I was not quite inexperienced enough to think you bought them without reading. I wanted to ask if you would read mine, and purchase it if you should like it."

"Certainly," I said, reaching my hand for the neat little roll. "I will look over it, and let you know my decision."

"I know, of course, that you have a great deal to do; but if you *could* read it soon I should be glad. It is my first venture, and its success is very important to me. Indeed I have taken great pains with it."

Of course my sympathies were aroused. Speaking in a business point of view, tender-heartedness was my besetting sin. I seemed to read a whole life-story in her crimson cheek, the eagerness of her manner, and the tremor which quivered through her voice. My fancy began picturing sick parents, hungry brothers and sisters, and I know not what other fantastic shapes of gloom and wretchedness. I resolved to find out for myself if she were in need; and I answered her as if it were the most customary thing in the world for the editor of a magazine that receives more than a hundred manuscripts in a month to call at the house of each anxious and waiting contributor with his sentence of hope or despair. She would know no better, she had seen so little of life:

"Where shall I find you, when I have read your story and am ready to communicate my decision?"

She handed me a card on which her address was delicately penciled. It was in a quiet, respectable part of the town, through which I passed daily on my way to and from my office.

"I hope it will please you," she said, rising to go, and there was a wistful pathos in her voice, an expression on her face of mingled hope and apprehension, which haunted me all day.

I did not undo the manuscript until I had reached home at night. It should have the benefit of my after-dinner mood—of the hour when I could look most complacently on men and things.

What a neat little affair it was! No question that she had, as she said, taken great pains with it. It was a pleasure to me, bored with such reams of paper covered with worse than Egyptian hieroglyphs, only to glance at that free, clear, yet dainty chirography. But there, alas! its excellence ended. She had evidently read a great many novels, and seen very little of life.

She had one heroine who was constantly drawing herself up to her full height—a stately creature, with raven hair and flashing, midnight eyes. Then there was the inevitable contrast—a gentle girl, with blue eyes and wealth of sunny tresses, who always bounded into the room; who wore white dresses even in January, and had no end of roses and myrtle flowers, with whose petals it seemed to be her chief business to litter the carpet. The hero, whom they both loved, what a desperado he was, to be sure! Picture to yourself his Spanish cloak, in which his martial figure was wrapped at all hours; his pale, sad face, with wild eyes, and haggard lines of care; his contempt of the world, which he had not loved and which had not loved him. Imagine the kisses and blisses with which the pages were embalmed; the impassioned thee-and-thou declarations, the stolen meetings, and grand climax; the wedding of the hero and the blue-eyed sister, and the black convent veil falling between the dark-eyed one and the world.

It was clear enough that any genius which Miss Ruth Hastings possessed lay in a far different channel from the writing of stories. The stuff—I spoke of it with editorial contempt and indifference—was execrable! Of course I must return it.

And yet, poor little thing! she had said it was of great importance to her, and she had taken so much pains with it! My good angel suggested that I should buy it—for myself, of course, not the firm—and pay her for it at our usual rates. I could make her understand how much accepted manuscript our safes contained, and that she must not look immediately for the appearance of her story.

This plan settled, I felt a great deal better. I took out my meerschaum, one of my bachelor comforts, and tipping back my chair and putting up my feet, like a born Yankee as I was, watched for an hour the blue smoke curling so gracefully upward, and saw, through or in it, a hazy vision of a girl's face, frank and innocent as a child's, earnest and tender as a woman's.

It was past seven o'clock in the afternoon of the next day that I found myself at the locality indicated by the card of my little contributor. The house was a small, modest one, neat and pleasant-looking, standing behind two horse-chestnut trees, blazing with their June wealth of blossoms. There was no indication surely of destitution or discomfort—perhaps the twenty-

five dollars in my waistcoat pocket were going to be thrown away after all; and my brown-eyed literary aspirant was only suffering from a commonplace desire to be printed, or, at best, a feminine attraction toward the shop windows.

I went up the steps and rang the bell, feeling a little as if I had been imposed upon, slightly cross, and unamiable.

The door was opened by a boy twelve years old, perhaps, in whose face I could trace a strong family likeness to my visitor of the day before. I inquired for Miss Hastings.

"Sister is not in just now, but my mother is. Won't you walk into the parlor and speak to her?"

This was not exactly what I had hoped. If I must pay for matter which I could not use, I felt at least determined that I would be thanked by those brown eyes. I went in, resolving, if possible, to lengthen my stay until Miss Ruth's return.

A delicate, gentle-looking woman rose to meet me as I entered.

"My name is Fraser," I said, answering her glance of inquiry. "I had a little matter of business which I wished to arrange with your daughter."

She smiled.

"Oh yes, Ruth was expecting you. She would be very sorry to miss your visit. She went out of an errand for me, and I am sure she can not be gone much longer. If you are not in too great haste, perhaps you would sit down and wait till her return."

I explained that I was in no haste at all—could wait just as well as not; better, in fact, since it would save me the trouble of coming again.

So I sat and talked for half an hour with Mrs. Hastings. I do not think I am an inquisitive person. I do not ask many questions, and I abhor above all things the man who cross-examines his friends as if he were a lawyer, and they were on the witness stand. I certainly never knew how it was that I contrived, in that half hour, to learn so much of the personal history of the Hastings family. I discovered that Mrs. Hastings had been left a widow two years before; that she was not by any means in actual want, though her income was so small since the death of her husband that there were many luxuries she must resign, unless there were some way of increasing the family fund. Ruth had always been her father's pet. She was not used to exertion of any kind. She had no vocation for a teacher, and the only resource she had been able to think of was her pen. They had always said at Rutgers that Ruth had a fine gift for composition, Mrs. Hastings remarked, with a little motherly pride.

I would not for the world have wounded her by suggesting the difference between the elements required for a pretty school theme and those necessary for the success of a story in a popular magazine. I was becoming every moment more interested in the Hastings family,

and more anxious to assist them, if possible, without wounding their pride. I am not of those who can not recognize any destitution except the absence of bread and potatoes. I confess to a yet keener sympathy for the genteel poor—for delicate women, accustomed to being sheltered from all the cares and worries of life, and then suddenly left to confront the world alone, and turn the thoughts which have hitherto been tinged with no sadness, present or prophetic, to the gloomy problem of getting through the year on an insufficient income. I understood now why that poor little thing had taken so much pains, and how truly that first venture was very important to her.

After a while she came. I heard the door open, and a light, quick step cross the hall.

"Oh, mamma!" cried the young, cheery voice—a voice that *would* be young, and cheery, and hopeful, no matter how dark the clouds were which might encompass her life; and then seeing me, she paused in the door, and I had an instant, before she spoke again, to engrave on my heart another picture of her simple, girlish loveliness. She wore the same dress, and the same black silk mantle flung round her shoulders with careless grace, but she had pulled off her bonnet in the hall, and was holding it by its strings. I could see the shape of her head, and the outline of the hair waving away from her face, and coiled heavily at the back of her slender neck. I had not quite realized how pretty she was before. In a moment she came up to me.

"How kind of you," she said, extending her hand with a frank smile, "to have read my manuscript so soon. But I have felt almost sure, ever since I left it, that you would have to reject it. People never do succeed at first, I believe, and you must not think I shall be disappointed to meet the same fate with so many others."

"If your expectations have been so moderate you will be all the more gratified to hear that the story is accepted. I have come to pay you for it."

I placed the money in her hand.

"So much?" she said, blushing in that pretty, girlish way of hers. "Surely this must be more than you pay to beginners?"

"We pay at one rate for all manuscript which we take. If good enough for our use it is no matter whether the author has ever written before or not."

She thanked me heartily; and then with a shy joy, very pretty to see, she crossed the room and laid the money in her mother's lap.

"My first earnings!" she said, in a voice that tried to be gay, but had a note of pathos thrilling through it. Mrs. Hastings looked at me with a smile half apologetic, and said,

"You must not think the poor child loves money too well. You can hardly understand how many pleasant and comfortable things such a sum as this represents to us."

I staid a few moments after that—long enough

to discover into what a refined and pleasant family circle chance had brought me; and to wish that, instead of being a solitary bachelor, living in lodgings which nobody cared to make pleasant, I was a son or brother in that little household, and had a right to sit down at night in that quiet, home-like room.

Before I left I intimated that it would be some time, perhaps, before the story would appear—we had so many on hand accepted previously.

"When I see it in print," she answered, "you must not be surprised if I send you another;" and then I went away.

The family interested me more than I had ever been interested on such brief acquaintance in my whole life. I could not bear to lose sight of them; but what possible pretext could I find for continuing my visits? Miss Ruth had intimated that she should not write again until she saw her story in print, and no one knew better than I what a long day off that event was likely to be.

Two weeks passed away and the very apparent impossibility of meeting again my little brown-eyed special contributor—I called her that because no eyes save mine were ever likely to read her story—only stimulated my wishes into eagerness. I confess to thinking of her a good deal. I even took out, now and then, her remarkable manuscript, and reperused it until I actually began to feel a kindly and familiar interest in the blue-eyed and black-eyed heroines, and to look with more complacency on the formidable hero with his Spanish cloak. If things had gone on for any length of time in that manner, I am not sure that I shouldn't have persuaded myself that the story was good enough to publish, were it only for the hope of her bringing me another.

It happened that I found my good fortune at length, where I least looked for it, in the columns of a morning paper. In the list of board and lodging advertisements I saw one of a room, with breakfast and tea, at No. 11 Blank Street; the very house. My resolve was taken in a moment. I had no ties to bind me where I was. A week's rent in advance would be a sufficient compensation to a landlady, who had never tried to oblige me, for the loss of her lodger. If possible I would become an inmate of that quiet, pleasant house behind the horse-chestnut trees.

Evening found me again in the little parlor. Mrs. Hastings was alone, and I did my errand, making the excuse that the location was so much nearer my place of business than my present lodgings. She seemed heartily rejoiced at my application. There were so many similar advertisements, she said, that she had hardly ventured to hope hers would attract any one, still she had thought the experiment worth trying. She owned her house, and with a responsible lodger they could get along very comfortably. It was certainly an unexpected piece of good fortune that I, with whom they already felt acquainted, should be disposed to come.

I did not see that night the brown-eyed authoress of "The Rival Sisters; or, The Mysterious Lover," but that mattered little when I was presently to be an inmate of the same dwelling.

The next evening I joined them at tea. My possessions had previously arrived, and my room was in readiness for me. I felt at once comfortable and at home. They received me as one who was to belong to the family, to share their household interests, and be one of themselves. How I blessed my stars that I found myself at last among people who had never known what it was to keep lodgers "for a living."

Of course my acquaintance with Ruth progressed rapidly. She regarded me, or I thought so, as a kind of safe, elderly friend. She borrowed my books; she came to me with all her little difficulties, sang me her new songs, and deferred so much to my opinion that I ought to have been both grateful and satisfied.

But I wasn't.

I began to discover that I wanted something more and different. It is not pleasant to be met with the simple gayety and frankness of a niece or a sister by the woman whom you would fain woo to love you. And I found out, by my very vexation at Ruth's innocent friendliness, that it was her love I wanted—that at last my day of doom had come. The blind god, whose shafts had been powerless against me for so long, had found the one spot which the waters of the Styx had never touched.

I used to think, sometimes, while I sat smoking in my room at night, what my life would be with her to share it. Looking into the blue smoke, curling up and away, I saw pleasant home-pictures—scenes which even in such dim vision made heart and pulse thrill with something dearer and sweeter than the lost youth which was slipping away from me. She would make me young again—she, with her fair child's face, her cheery voice, her gay, pleasant ways. If I could only win her love! But was there any hope of that, when her little brother did not receive my kindness or claim my attentions with any more simplicity and unconsciousness than she?

Toward autumn my condition grew yet more forlorn. A young gentleman, a friend of the family, who, it seemed, had been rusticated for a few months, returned to town, and began very often to form one of the family circle. Two or three evenings in the week he was sure to drop in. I was told what a fine young man he was, but—tastes differ—I hated him. I did not like his looks; he was too slender, too handsome for a man; foppish, decidedly; and then his singing! It might be very well, but if Ruth Hastings were all I had thought her, would she not want a husband with some higher ambition than to stand behind her chair and sing airs from "The Bohemian Girl?" To confess the truth, I believe I hated him because he *was* younger and handsomer than I, and because he had somehow found out that it was a pleasant thing to

look into certain brown eyes, to hear a certain gladsome voice. Hatred is a habit, and to this day I can not meet that fellow—Augustus Deering his name was—without an inclination to cross over to the other side of the street.

At last I was taken very ill. I do not know whether my mental disquiet had any thing to do with it. Perhaps it was staying in town all summer, and being somewhat overworked. At all events, sick I was, and for weeks I was hardly able to think at all. No one would talk to me—the physician had enjoined perfect quiet, and I lay there too weak to be any thing but obedient.

After a while I commenced to mend. Before any one else saw it I felt a change in myself. My mental power began to come back to me. I began to think. The old heartache kept me company, and my mind moved on again in the same troubled channel. I lay and pondered gloomily on my life, half tempted to curse my fate, which had taught me my heart's needs only to laugh at the tantalizing mockery of my vain desires.

Ruth waited on me more than any one else. My symptoms had not been severe enough to require a professed nurse, and she and her mother had tended me as if I were indeed one of themselves. I was ungrateful. That sweet face in my room gave me no pleasure. I shrank from the light touch of the kindly hands, and one afternoon, with a sick man's exacting and unreasoning petulance, I asked her why her mother could not just as well sit with me. Her eyes filled with sudden tears, and her voice had a sad, reproachful cadence I had never heard in it before.

"Have I neglected you?" she asked, gently. "Do I not do what you wish? Why do you dislike my being here?"

"No," I grumbled. "You don't neglect me, you do all I wish, but I know you are tired of sitting here. It is about the time Mr. Deering is in the habit of coming. You had better go and see whether he is in the parlor."

She smiled.

"Oh no, he hasn't been here this long time. I believe he is very busy."

Then she was silent again, going on with some fanciful feminine trifle on which she was at work. As I lay and thought how I had treated her, my heart smote me. I felt that I had behaved like a brute. I had manifested my gratitude for her care by almost turning her out of the room. And then I wondered if there were another woman in the world sweet-tempered enough not to have taken me at my word and gone out, leaving me to bear alone my mortification and self-reproach. After a while I murmured, half involuntarily—

"Ruth, come here."

She came in a moment, laying down her work.

"What did you wish?" in those cheery tones whose very blitheness went farther toward my healing than any medicine.

"Only to ask you to forgive me," I said, just touching with penitent lips the hand that rested for a moment on my pillow.

"Don't ask that. One never has any thing to forgive in sick people. They have a right to be a little unreasonable sometimes."

"I spoke to you savagely, but I shall never do so again. I *am* going to send you out, though. It makes me sad to see you confining yourself indoors, all these bright October days, for my sake. If you want to please me, you will go out now and walk for a while, and let Mrs. Hastings sit with me while you are gone."

She obeyed me, and presently her mother came in, with her pleasant, friendly face, and her kind inquiries about my health.

Then she sat silently for a time—I had so long been too ill for conversation that they had all left off the habit of talking to me. I lay there thinking earnestly. I loved Ruth Hastings, but her widowed mother, who had loved her so long, and would be so lonely without her, had the first claim on her. I would not seek to win the daughter unless the mother were willing to receive me as a son, and we could all make one family together. I made up my mind to ask her.

"Mrs. Hastings," I said, "I love Ruth. Do you think me too old to marry her, if I could win her heart?"

"Not too old, certainly; but indeed I never thought you cared for her in that way at all."

"I should have told you long ago, only that I fancied Mr. Deering loved her, and was in a fair way to win her."

"He did love her, at least he said so, but she could not return his regard. He has not been here in a long time."

"So she told me, and that gave me courage to speak to-night; but I must feel sure of your consent before I say any thing to her. I do not want to take her from you; but if you are willing I should be your son, I shall feel that in winning Ruth—if I can win her—I do no wrong."

Her voice trembled as she answered me:

"I am willing, more than willing, Mr. Fraser. If Ruth loves you, I shall ask no higher happiness than such security for her future as I should feel in trusting her to your care and tenderness."

It was not long before we heard her come in—the dear child! Her mother rose to go out.

"Not a word of what we have said, Mrs. Hastings," I entreated, as she went.

"Surely not—you shall plead your own cause in your own way and time."

Soon my door opened again. This time it was Ruth who entered. A sweet, subtle fragrance came in with her. I saw a bunch of tea-roses and heliotropes in her hand. She busied herself a moment with their arrangement, and then she came and set the little vase containing them on the stand at my bedside. I reached out my hand and took in it the fingers fluttering among the flower petals.

"Ruth," I said, "I wish we could all live

here together always. It is very sweet, after such a lonely life as I have had, to be so tenderly cared for by you and your dear mother."

I could see, as she stood there in the twilight, the sudden blush that flushed her cheeks. She answered me gayly:

"You would be the first to tire of that. Some day you will find a wife to take care of you, and then you won't need us any more."

I held the little hand tighter. I said, earnestly,

"I shall never find a wife, Ruth, unless I find her here. I love you, and if I could make you happy I would ask no more. But if *you* are not my wife no one will ever be. Could you love me, Ruth?"

"Could I help it?"

The words were very low, but I heard them. The little hand lay still in mine—the bright head bent lower—the dear lips timidly touched my brow—my wife was won.

When we had been married three weeks, Ruth asked me what was in that drawer in my writing-table, which was always kept locked.

"How did you know it was always locked?" I asked, speaking with pretended sternness. "Are *all* women curious? Did you never read the tragic history of Blue Beard and his closet? Ah, my Fatima, that drawer contains a keepsake; I received it from the first woman I ever loved."

The look of sadness which stole into her brown eyes reproached me. The voice was more mournful than I had ever heard it before as it murmured,

"I thought you had never loved any one else, Mark?"

"Did I say I had?" I answered, with wicked satisfaction.

"Just the same. You said that drawer contained a keepsake, and I know *I* never gave you one."

"No, you were always chary of your tokens; but I *bought* this."

I turned the key, and opening the little drawer, I took out the manuscript of "The Rival Sisters" and laid it before her.

"Why did you never ask me when that would appear?" I said, looking into her slightly vexed face.

"Because I began to think, after I knew you, that you had only bought it to do me a favor, and my pride wouldn't let me speak of it. What poor trash you must have found it!"

"Very," I said, solemnly. "Decidedly your talent is not for writing stories. Three weeks ago to-day you found your true sphere. But I bought your manuscript for my own sake. I wanted it then for a keepsake of the stranger who had charmed my bachelor fancy; and I value it now more than any thing I have in the world, except the bride it was the means of winning me."

Ruth has made me a perfect wife, but she has never written any more stories.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE her anxious mistresses were thus talking her over the servant lay on her humble bed and slept. They knew she did, for they heard her heavy breathing through the thin partition-wall. Whether, as Hilary suggested, she was too ignorant to notice the days of the week or month, or, as Selina thought, too stupid to care for any thing beyond eating, drinking, and sleeping, Elizabeth manifested no anxiety about herself or her destiny. She went about her work just as usual; a little quicker and readier, now she was becoming familiarized to it; but she said nothing. She was undoubtedly a girl of silent and undemonstrative nature.

"Sometimes still waters run deep," said Miss Hilary.

"Nevertheless, there are such things as canals," replied Johanna. "When do you mean to have your little talk with her?"

Hilary did not know. She was sitting, rather more tired than usual, by the school-room fire, the little people having just departed for their Saturday half-holiday. Before clearing off the *débris* which they always left behind, she stood a minute at the window, refreshing her eyes with the green field opposite, and the far-away wood, crowned by a dim white monument, visible in fair weather, on which those bright brown eyes had a trick of lingering, even in the middle of school-hours. For the wood and the hill beyond belonged to a nobleman's "show" estate, five miles off—the only bit of real landscape beauty that Hilary had ever beheld. There, during the last holidays but one, she, her sisters, her nephew, and, by his own special request, Mr. Lyon, had spent a whole long, merry, mid-summer day. She wondered whether such a day would ever come again!

But spring was coming again, any how: the field looked smiling and green, specked here and there with white dots which, she opined, might possibly be daisies. She half wished she was not too old and dignified to dart across the road, leap the sunk fence, and run to see.

"I think, Johanna—Hark, what can that be!"

For at this instant somebody came tearing down the stairs, opened the front door, and did—exactly what Hilary had just been wishing to do.

"It's Elizabeth, without her bonnet or shawl, with something white flying behind her. How she is dashing across the field! What can she be after? Just look."

But loud screams from Selina's room, the front one, where she had been lying in bed all morning, quite obliterated the little servant from their minds. The two sisters ran hastily up stairs.

Selina was sitting up, in undisguised terror and agitation.

"Stop her! Hold her! I'm sure she has gone mad. Lock the door—or she'll come back and murder us all."

"Who? Elizabeth! Was she here? What has been the matter?"

But it was some time before they could make out any thing. At last they gathered that Elizabeth had been waiting upon Miss Selina, putting vinegar-cloths on her head, and doing various things about the room. "She is very handy when one is ill," even Selina allowed.

"And I assure you I was talking most kindly to her: about the duties of her position, and how she ought to dress better, and be more civil-behaved, or else she never could expect to keep any place. And she stood in her usual sulky way of listening, never answering a word—with her back to me, staring right out of window. And I had just said, 'Elizabeth, my girl'—indeed, Hilary, I was talking to her in my very kindest way—"

"I've no doubt of it—but do get on."

"When she suddenly turned round, snatched a clean towel from a chair-back, and another from my head—actually from my very head, Johanna—and out she ran. I called after her, but she took no more notice than if I had been a stone. And she left the door wide open—blowing upon me. Oh, dear; she has given me my death of cold." And Selina broke into piteous complainings.

Her elder sister soothed her as well as she could, while Hilary ran down to the front door and looked, and inquired every where for Elizabeth. She was not to be seen on field or road; and along that quiet terrace not a soul had even perceived her quit the house.

"It's a very odd thing," said Hilary, returning. "What can have come over the girl? You are sure, Selina, that you said nothing which—"

"Now I know what you are going to say. You are going to blame me. Whatever happens in this house you always blame me. And perhaps you're right. Perhaps I am a nuisance—a burden—would be far better dead and buried. I wish I were!"

When Selina took this tack, of course her sisters were silenced. They quieted her a little, and then went down and searched the house all over.

All was in order; at least in as much order as was to be expected the hour before dinner. The bowl of half-peeled potatoes stood on the back-kitchen "sink;" the roast was down before the fire; the knives were ready for cleaning. Evidently Elizabeth's flight had not been premeditated.

"It's all nonsense about her going mad. She has as sound a head as I have," said Hilary to Johanna, who began to look seriously uneasy. "She might have run away in a fit of passion, certainly; and yet that is improbable; her temper is more sullen than furious. And having no lack of common sense she must know that doing a thing like this is enough to make her lose her place at once."

"Yes," said Johanna, mournfully, "I'm afraid after this she must go."

"Wait and see what she has to say for herself," pleaded Hilary. "She will surely be back in two or three minutes."

But she was not, nor even in two or three hours.

Her mistresses' annoyance became displeasure, and that again subsided into serious apprehension. Even Selina ceased talking over and over the incident which gave the sole information to be arrived at; rose, dressed, and came down to the kitchen. There, after long and anxious consultation, Hilary, observing that "Somebody had better do something," began to prepare the dinner, as in pre-Elizabethan days; but the three ladies' appetites were small.

About three in the afternoon, Hilary, giving utterance to the hidden alarm of all, said—

"I think, sisters, I had better go down as quickly as I can to Mrs. Hand's."

This agreed, she stood consulting with Johanna as to what could possibly be said to the mother in case that unfortunate child had not gone home, when the kitchen door opened, and the culprit appeared.

Not, however, with the least look of a culprit. Hot she was, and breathless; and with her hair down about her ears, and her apron rolled up round her waist, presented a most forlorn and untidy aspect; but her eyes were bright, and her countenance glowing.

She took a towel from under her arm. "There's one on 'em—and you'll get back—the other—when it's washed."

Having blurted out this, she leaned against the wall, trying to recover her breath.

"Elizabeth! Where have you been? How dared you go? Your behavior is disgraceful—most disgraceful, I say. Johanna, why don't you speak to your servant?" (When, for remissness in reproving others, the elder sister fell herself under reproof, it was always emphatically "*your sister*"—"your nephew"—"*your servant*.")

But, for once, Miss Selina's sharp voice failed to bring the customary sullen look to Elizabeth's face, and when Miss Leaf, in her milder tones, asked where she had been, she answered unhesitatingly—

"I've been down the town."

"Down the town!" the three ladies cried, in one chorus of astonishment.

"I've been as quick as I could, missis. I runned all the way, there and back; but it was a good step, and he was some'at heavy, though he is but a little 'un."

"He! who on earth is *he*?"

"Deary me! I never thought of axing; but his mother lives in Hall Street. Somebody saw me carrying him to the doctor, and went and told her. Oh! he was welly killed, Miss Leaf—the doctor said so; but he'll do now, and you'll get your towel clean washed to-morrow."

While Elizabeth spoke so incoherently, and with such unwonted energy and excitement, Johanna looked as if she thought her sister's fears were true, and the girl had really gone mad; but Hilary's quicker perceptions jumped at a different conclusion.

"Quiet yourself, Elizabeth," said she, taking a firm hold of her shoulder, and making her sit down, when the rolled-up apron dropped, and showed itself all covered with blood-spots. Selina screamed outright.

Then Elizabeth seemed to become half-conscious that she had done something blamable, or was at least a suspected character. Her warmth of manner faded; the sullen cloud of dogged resistance to authority was rising in her poor dirty face, when Hilary, beginning with, "Now, we are not going to scold you; but we must hear the reason of this," contrived by adroit questions, and not a few of them, to elicit the whole story.

It appeared that, while standing at Miss Selina's window, Elizabeth had watched three little boys, apparently engaged in a very favorite amusement of little boys in that field, going quickly behind a horse, and pulling out the longest and handsomest hairs in his tail to make fishing-lines of. She saw the animal give a kick, and two of the boys ran away; the other did not stir. For a minute or so she noticed a black lump lying in the grass; then, with the quick instinct for which nobody had ever given her credit, she guessed what had happened, and did immediately the wisest and only thing possible under the circumstances, namely, to snatch up a towel, run across the field, bind up the child's head as well as she could, and carry it, bleeding and insensible, to the nearest doctor, who lived nearly a mile off.

She did not tell—and they only found it out afterward—how she had held the boy while under the doctor's hands, the skull being so badly fractured that the frightened mother fainted at the sight: how she had finally carried him home, and left him comfortably settled in bed, his senses returned, and his life saved.

"Ay, my arms do ache above a bit," she said, in answer to Miss Leaf's questions. "He wasn't quite a baby—nigh upon twelve, I reckon; but then he was very small of his age. And he looked just as if he was dead—and he bled so."

Here, just for a second or two, the color left the big girl's lips, and she trembled a little. Miss Leaf went to the kitchen cupboard, and took out their only bottle of wine—administered in rare doses, exclusively as medicine.

"Drink this, Elizabeth; and then go and wash your face and eat your dinner. We will talk to you by-and-by."

Elizabeth looked up with a long, wistful stare of intense surprise, and then added, "Have I done any thing wrong, missis?"

"I did not say so. But drink this; and don't talk, child."

She was obeyed. By-and-by Elizabeth disappeared into the back kitchen, emerged thence with a clean face, hands, and apron, and went about her afternoon business as if nothing had happened.

Her mistresses' threatened "talk" with her never came about. What, indeed, could they say? No doubt the little servant had broken the strict letter of domestic law by running off in that highly eccentric and inconvenient way; but, as Hilary tried to explain by a series of most ingenious ratiocinations, she had fulfilled, in the spirit of it, the very highest law—that of charity. She had also shown prompt courage, decision, practical and prudent forethought, and, above all, entire self-forgetfulness.

"And I should like to know," said Miss Hilary, warming with her subject, "if those are not the very qualities which go to constitute a hero."

"But we don't want a hero; we want a maid-of-all-work."

"I'll tell you what we want, Selina. We want a *woman*; that is, a girl with the making of a good woman in her. If we can find that, all the rest will follow. For my part, I would rather take this child, rough as she is, but with her truthfulness, conscientiousness, kindness of heart, and evident capability of both self-control and self-devotedness, than the most finished servant we could find. My advice is—keep her."

This settled the matter, since it was a curious fact that the "advice" of the youngest Miss Leaf was, whether they knew it or not, almost equivalent to a family ukase.

When Elizabeth had brought in the tea-things, which she did with especial care, apparently wishing to blot out the memory of the morning's escapade by astonishingly good behavior for the rest of the day, Miss Leaf called her, and asked if she knew that her month of trial ended this day?

"Yes, ma'am," with the strict formal courtesy, something between that of the old-world family domestic—as her mother might have been to the Miss Elizabeth Something she was named after—and the abrupt "dip" of the modern National school girl; which constituted Elizabeth Hand's sole experience of manners.

"If you had not been absent I should have gone to speak to your mother to-day. Indeed Miss Hilary was going when you came in; but it would have been with a very different intention from what we had in the morning. However, that is not likely to happen again."

"Eh?" said Elizabeth, inquiringly.

Miss Leaf hesitated, and looked uneasily at her two sisters. It was always a trial to her shy nature to find herself the mouth-piece of the family; and this same shyness made it still more difficult to break through the stiff barriers which seemed to rise up between her, a gentlewoman

well on in years, and this coarse working-girl. She felt, as she often complained, that with the kindest intentions she did not quite know how to talk to Elizabeth.

"My sister means," said Hilary, "that as we are not likely to have little boys half killed in the field every day, she trusts you will not be running away again as you did this morning. She feels sure that you would not do such a thing, putting us all to so great annoyance and uneasiness, for any less cause than such as happened to-day. You promise that?"

"Yes, Miss Hilary."

"Then we quite forgive you as regards ourselves. Nay"—feeling in spite of Selina's warning nudge, that she had hardly been kind enough—"we rather praise than blame you, Elizabeth. And if you like to stay with us and will do your best to improve, we are willing to keep you as our servant."

"Thank you, ma'am. Thank you, Miss Hilary. Yes, I'll stop."

She said no more—but sighed a great sigh, as if her mind were relieved—"So," thought Hilary, "she was not so indifferent to us as we imagined"—and bustled back into her kitchen.

"Now for the clothing of her," observed Miss Leaf, also looking much relieved that the decision was over. "You know what we agreed upon; and there is certainly no time to be lost. Hilary, my dear, suppose you bring down your brown merino?"

Hilary went without a word.

People who inhabit the same house, eat, sit, and sleep together—loving one another and sympathizing with one another, ever so deeply and dearly—nevertheless inevitably have momentary seasons when the intense solitude in which we all live, and must expect ever to live, at the depth of our being, forces itself painfully upon the heart. Johanna must have had many such seasons when Hilary was a child; Hilary had one now.

She unfolded the old frock, and took out of its pocket, a hiding-place at once little likely to be searched and harmless if discovered, a poor little memento of that happy mid-summer day.

"*Dear Miss Hilary. To-morrow, then; I shall come. Yours truly, Robert Lyon.*"

The only scrap of note she had ever received; he always wrote to Johanna; as regularly as ever, or more so, now Ascott was gone; but only to Johanna. She read over the two lines, wondered where she should keep them now that Johanna might not notice them; and then recoiled, as if the secret were a wrong to that dear sister who loved her so well.

"But nothing makes me love her less; nothing ever could. She thinks me quite happy, as I am; and yet—oh, if I did not miss him so!"

And the aching, aching want which sometimes came over her began again. Let us not blame her. God made all our human needs. God made love. Not merely affection but actual *love*—the necessity to seek and find out some

other being, not another but the complement of one's self—the "other half," who brings rest and strength for weakness, sympathy in aspiration, and tenderness for tenderness, as no other person ever can. Perhaps, even in marriage, this love is seldom found, and it is possible in all lives to do without it. Johanna had done so. But then she had been young, and was now growing old; and Hilary was only twenty, with a long life before her. Poor child, let us not blame her!

She was not in the least sentimental, her natural disposition inclining her to be more than cheerful, actually gay. She soon recovered herself, and when, a short time after, she stood, scissors in hand, demonstrating how very easy it was to make something out of nothing, her sisters never suspected how very near tears had lately been to those bright eyes, which were always the sunshine of the house.

"You are giving yourself a world of trouble," said Selina. "If I were you I would just make over the dress to Elizabeth, and let her do what she could with it."

"My dear, I always find I give myself twice the trouble by expecting people to do what they can't do. I have to do it myself afterward. Prove how a child who can't even handle a needle and thread is competent to make a gown for herself, and I shall be most happy to secede in her favor."

"Nay," put in the eldest sister, afraid of a collision of words, "Selina is right; if you do not teach Elizabeth to make her own gowns how can she learn?"

"Johanna, you are the brilliantest of women! and you know you don't like the parlor littered with rags and cuttings. You wish to get rid of me for the evening? Well, I'll go! Hand me the work-basket and the bundle, and I'll give my first lesson in dress-making to our South-Sea Islander."

But Fate stood in the way of Miss Hilary's good intentions.

She found Elizabeth not as was her wont, always busy, over the perpetual toil of those who have not yet learned the mysterious art of arrangement and order, nor, as sometimes, hanging sleepily over the kitchen fire, waiting for bedtime; but actually sitting, sitting down at the table. Her candle was flaring on one side of her; on the other was the school-room ink-stand, a scrap of waste paper, and a pen. But she was not writing; she sat with her head on her hands, in an attitude of disconsolate idleness, so absorbed that she seemed not to hear Hilary's approach.

"I did not know you could write, Elizabeth."

"No more I can," was the answer, in the most doleful of voices. "It bean't no good. I've forgotten all about it. T' letters wonna join."

"Let me look at them." And Hilary tried to contemplate gravely the scrawled and blotted page, which looked very much as if a large spider had walked into the ink-bottle and then

walked out again on a tour of investigation. "What did you want to write?" asked she, suddenly.

Elizabeth blushed violently. "It was the woman, Mrs. Cliffe, t' little lad's mother, you know; she wanted somebody to write to her husband as is at work in Birmingham, and I said I would. I'd learned at the National, but I've forgotten it all. I'm just as Miss Selina says—I'm good for nowt."

"Come, come, never fret;" for there was a sort of choke in the girl's voice. "There's many a good person who never learned to write. But I don't see why you should not learn. Shall I teach you?"

Utter amazement, beaming gratitude, succeeded one another, plain as light, in Elizabeth's eyes; but she only said, "Thank you, Miss Hilary."

"Very well. I have brought you an old gown of mine, and was going to show you how to make it up for yourself, but I'll look over your writing instead. Sit down, and let me see what you can do."

In a state of nervous trepidation, pitiful to behold, Elizabeth took the pen. Terrible scratches resulted; blots innumerable; and one fatal deluge of ink, which startled from their seats both mistress and maid, and made Hilary thankful that she had taken off her better gown for a common one, as, with sad thriftiness, the Misses Leaf always did of evenings.

When Elizabeth saw the mischief she had done, her contrition and humility were unbounded. "No, Miss Hilary, you can't make nothin' of me. I be too stupid. I'll give it up."

"Nonsense!" And the bright active little lady looked steadily into the heavy face of this undeveloped girl, half child, half woman, until some of her own spirit seemed to be reflected there. Whether the excitement of the morning had roused her, or her mistresses' kindness had touched Elizabeth's heart, and—as in most women—the heart was the key to the intellect; or whether the gradual daily influence of her changed life during the last month had been taking effect, now for the first time to appear—certain it is that Hilary had never perceived before what an extremely intelligent face it was; what good sense was indicated in the well-shaped head and forehead; what tenderness and feeling in the deep-set gray eyes.

"Nonsense," repeated she. "Never give up any thing; I never would. We'll try a different plan, and begin from the beginning, as I do with my little scholars. Wait, while I fetch a copy-book out of the parlor press."

She highly amused her sisters with a description of what she called "her newly-instituted Polynesian Academy;" returned, and set to work to guide the rough, coarse hand through the mysteries of caligraphy.

To say this was an easy task would not be true. Nature's own laws and limits make the using of faculties which have been unused for generations very difficult at first. To suppose

that a working man, the son of working men, who applies himself to study, does it with as little trouble as your upper-class children, who have been unconsciously undergoing education ever since the cradle, is a great mistake. All honor, therefore, to those who do attempt, and to ever so small a degree succeed in, the best and surest culture of all, self-culture.

Of this honor Elizabeth deserved her share.

"She is stupid enough," Hilary confessed, after the lesson was over; "but there is a dogged perseverance about the girl which I actually admire. She blots her fingers, her nose, her apron, but she never gives in; and she sticks to the grand principle of one thing at a time. I think she did two whole pages of a's, and really performed them satisfactorily, before she asked to go on to b's. Yes! I believe she will do."

"I hope she will do her work, any how," said Selina, breaking into the conversation rather crossly. "I'm sure I don't see the good of wasting time over teaching Elizabeth to write, when there's so much to be done in the house by one and all of us, from Monday morning till Saturday night."

"Ay, that's it," answered Hilary, meditatively. "I don't see how I ever shall get time to teach her, and she is so tired of nights when the work is all done; she'll be dropping asleep with the pen in her hand—I have done it myself before now."

Ay, in those days when, trying so hard to "improve her mind," and make herself a little more equal and companionable to another mind she knew, she had, after her daily house cares and her six hours of school-teaching, attempted at nine p.m. to begin close study on her own account. And though with her strong will she succeeded tolerably, still, as she told Johanna, she could well understand how slow was the "march of intellect" (a phrase which had just then come up) among day-laborers and the like; and how difficult it was for these Mechanics Institutions, which were now talked so much of, to put any new ideas into the poor tired heads, rendered sluggish and stupid with hard bodily labor.

"Suppose I were to hold my Polynesian Academy on a Sunday?" and she looked inquiringly at her sisters, especially Johanna.

Now the Misses Leaf were old-fashioned country-folk, who lived before the words Sabbatarian and un-Sabbatarian had ever got into the English language. They simply "remembered the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;" they arranged so as to make it for all the household a day of rest; and they went regularly to church once—sometimes Selina and Hilary went twice. For the intervening hours, their usual custom was to take an afternoon walk in the fields: begun chiefly for Ascott's sake, to keep the lad out of mischief, and put into his mind better thoughts than he was likely to get from his favorite Sunday recreation of sitting on the wall throwing stones. After he left for London there was Elizabeth to be thought of; and they decided

that the best Sabbath duty for the little servant was to go and see her mother. So they gave her every Sunday afternoon free; only requiring that she should be at home punctually after church-time, at eight o'clock. But from thence till bedtime was a blank two hours, which, Hilary had noticed, Elizabeth not unfrequently spent in dozing over the fire.

"And I wonder," said she, giving the end of her long meditation out loud, "whether going to sleep is not as much Sabbath-breaking as learning to write? What do you say, Johanna?"

Johanna, simple, God-fearing woman as she was, to whom faith and love came as natural as the breath she drew, had never perplexed herself with the question. She only smiled acquiescence. But Selina was greatly shocked. Teaching to write on a Sunday! Bringing the week-day work into the day of rest! Doing one's own pleasure on the holy day! She thought it exceedingly wrong. Such a thing had never been heard of in their house. Whatever else might be said of them, the Leafs were always a respectable family as to keeping Sunday. Nobody could say that even poor Henry—

But here Selina's torrent of words stopped.

When conversation revived, Hilary, who had been at first half annoyed and half amused, resumed her point seriously.

"I might say that writing isn't Elizabeth's week-day work, and that teaching her is not exactly doing my own pleasure; but I won't creep out of the argument by a quibble. The question is, *What* is keeping the Sabbath-day 'holy?' I say—and I stick to my opinion—that it is by making it a day of worship, a rest day—a cheerful and happy day—and by doing as much good in it as we can. And therefore I mean to teach Elizabeth on a Sunday."

"She'll never understand it. She'll consider it 'work.'"

"And if she did, work is a more religious thing than idleness. I am sure I often feel that, of the two, I should be less sinful in digging potatoes in my garden, or sitting mending stockings in my parlor, than in keeping Sunday as some people do—going to church genteelly in my best clothes, eating a huge Sunday dinner, and then nodding over a good book, or taking a regular Sunday nap, till bedtime."

"Hush, child!" said Johanna, reprovingly; for Hilary's cheeks were red, and her voice angry. She was taking the hot, youthful part, which, in its hatred of shams and forms, sometimes leads—and not seldom led poor Hilary—a little too far on the other side. "I think," Miss Leaf added, "that our business is with ourselves, and not with our neighbors. Let us keep the Sabbath according to our conscience. Only, I would take care never to do any thing which jarred against my neighbor's feelings. I would, like Paul, 'eat no meat while the world standeth' rather than 'make my brother to offend.'"

Hilary looked in her sister's sweet, calm face, and the anger died out of her own.

"Shall I give up my academy?" she said, softly.

"No, my love. It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day, and teaching a poor ignorant girl to write is an absolute good. Make her understand that, and you need not be afraid of any harm ensuing."

"You never will make her understand," said Selina, sullenly. "She is only a servant."

"Nevertheless I'll try."

Hilary could not tell how far she succeeded in simplifying to the young servant's comprehension this great question, involving so many points—such as the following of the spirit and the letter, the law of duty and the compulsion of love, which, as she spoke, seemed opening out so widely and awfully that she herself involuntarily shrank from it, and wondered that poor finite creatures should ever presume to squabble about it at all.

But one thing the girl did understand—her young mistress's kindness. She stood watching the little delicate hand that had so patiently guided hers, and now wrote copy after copy for her future benefit. At last she said—

"You're taking a deal o' trouble wi' a poor wench, and it's very kind in a lady like you."

Miss Hilary was puzzled what answer to make. True enough, it was "kind," and she was "a lady;" and between her and Mrs. Hand's rough daughter was an unmistakable difference and distinction. That Elizabeth perceived it was proved by her growing respectfulness of manner—the more respectful, it seemed, the more she herself improved. Yet Hilary could not bear to make her feel more sharply than was unavoidable the great gulf that lies and ever must lie—not so much between mistress and servant, in their abstract relation—(and yet that is right, for the relation and authority is ordained of God)—but between the educated and the ignorant, the coarse and the refined.

"Well," she said, after a pause of consideration, "you always have it in your power to repay my 'kindness,' as you call it. The cleverer you become the more useful you will be to me; and the more good you grow the better I shall like you."

Elizabeth smiled—that wonderfully bright, sudden smile which seemed to cover over all her plainness of feature.

"Once upon a time," Hilary resumed by-and-by, "when England was very different from what it is now, English ladies used to have what they call 'bower-women,' whom they took as girls, and brought up in their service; teaching them all sorts of things—cooking, sewing, spinning, singing, and, probably, except that the ladies of that time were very ill-educated themselves, to read and write also. They used to spend part of every day among their bower-women; and as people can only enjoy the company of those with whom they have some sympathies in common, we must conclude that—"

Here Hilary stopped, recollecting she must be discoursing miles above the head of *her* little

bower-maiden, and that, perhaps, after all, her theory would be best kept to herself, and only demonstrated practically.

"So, Elizabeth, if I spend a little of my time in teaching you, you must grow up my faithful and attached bower-maiden?"

"I'll grow up any thing, Miss Hilary, if it's to please you," was the answer, given with a smothered intensity that quite startled the young mistress.

"I do believe the girl is getting fond of me," said she, half touched, half laughing, to Johanna. "If so, we shall get on. It is just as with our school-children, you know. We have to seize hold of their hearts first, and their heads afterward. Now, Elizabeth's head may be uncommonly tough, but I do believe she likes me."

Johanna smiled; but she would not for the world have said—never encouraging the smallest vanity in her child—that she did not think this circumstance so very remarkable.

CHAPTER V.

A HOUSEHOLD exclusively composed of women has its advantages and its disadvantages. It is apt to become somewhat narrow in judgment, morbid in feeling, absorbed in petty interests, and bounding its vision of outside things to the small horizon which it sees from its own fireside. But, on the other hand, by this fireside often abides a settled peace and purity, a long-suffering, generous forbearance, and an enduring affectionateness which the other sex can hardly comprehend or credit. Men will not believe, what is nevertheless the truth, that we can "stand alone" much better than they can; that we can do without them far easier, and with less deterioration of character, than they can do without us; that we are better able to provide for ourselves interests, duties, and pleasures; in short, strange as it may appear, that we have more real self-sustaining independence than they.

Of course, that the true life, the highest life, is that of man and woman united no one will be insane enough to deny; I am speaking of the substitute for it, which poor humanity has so often to fall back upon and make the best of—a better best very frequently than what appears best in the eyes of the world. In truth, many a troubled, care-ridden, wealthy family, torn with dissensions, or frozen up in splendid formalities, might have envied that quiet, humble, maiden household of the Misses Leaf, where their only trial was poverty, and their only grief the one which they knew the worst of, and had met patiently for many a year—poor Selina's "way."

I doubt not it was good for Elizabeth Hand that her first place—the home in which she received her first impressions—was this feminine establishment, simple and regular, in which was neither waste nor disorder allowed. Good, too, that while her mistresses' narrow means restrict-

ed her in many things enjoyed by servants in richer families, their interests, equally narrow, caused to be concentrated upon herself a double measure of thought and care. She became absolutely "one of the family," sharing in all its concerns. From its small and few carnal luxuries—such as the cake, fruit, or pot of preserve, votive offerings from pupils' parents—up to the newspaper and the borrowed book, nothing was either literally or metaphorically "locked up" from Elizabeth.

This grand question of locking-up had been discussed in full conclave the day after her month of probation ended, the sisters taking opposite sides, as might have been expected. Selina was for the immediate introduction of a locksmith and a key-basket.

"While she was only on trial, it did not so much signify; besides, if it did, we had only buttons on the press-doors; but now she is our regular servant we ought to institute a regular system of authority. How can she respect a family that never locks up any thing?"

"How can we respect a servant from whom we lock up every thing?"

"Respect a servant! What do you mean, Hilary?"

"I mean that if I did not respect a servant I would be very sorry to keep her one day in any house of mine."

"Wait till you've a house of your own to keep, Miss," said Selina, crossly. "I never heard such nonsense. Is that the way you mean to behave to Elizabeth? leave every thing open to her—clothes, books, money; trust her with all your secrets; treat her as your most particular friend?"

"A girl of fifteen would be rather an inconvenient particular friend! And I have happily few secrets to trust her with. But if I could not trust her with our coffee, tea, sugar, and so on, and bring her up from the very first in the habit of being trusted, I would recommend her being sent away to-morrow."

"Very fine talking; and what do you say, Johanna?—if that is not an unnecessary question after Hilary has given her opinion."

"I think," replied the elder sister, taking no notice of the long-familiar innuendo, "that in this case Hilary is right. How people ought to manage in great houses I can not say; but in our small house it will be easier and better not to alter our simple ways. Trusting the girl—if she is a good girl—will only make her the more trust-worthy; if she is bad, we shall the sooner find it out and let her go."

But Elizabeth did not go. A year passed; two years; her wages were raised, and with them her domestic position. From a "girl" she was converted into a regular servant; her pinafores gave place to grown-up gowns and aprons; and her rough head, at Miss Selina's incessant instance, was concealed by a cap—caps being considered by that lady as the proper and indispensable badge of servanthood.

To say that during her transition state, or

even now that she had reached the cap era, Elizabeth gave her mistresses no trouble, would be stating a self-evident improbability. What young lass under seventeen, of any rank, does not cause plenty of trouble to her natural guardians? Who can "put an old head on young shoulders?" or expect from girls at the most unformed and unsatisfactory period of life that complete moral and mental discipline, that unflinching self-control, that perfection of temper, and every thing else—which, of course, all mistresses always have?

I am obliged to confess that Elizabeth had a few—nay, not a few—most obstinate faults; that no child tries its parents, no pupil its school-teachers, more than she tried her three mistresses at intervals. She was often thoughtless and careless, brusque in her manner, slovenly in her dress; sometimes she was downright "bad," filled full—as some of her elders and betters are, at all ages—with absolute naughtiness; when she would sulk for hours and days together, and make the whole family uncomfortable, as many a servant can make many a family small as that of the Misses Leaf.

But still they never lost what Hilary termed their "respect" for Elizabeth; they never found her out in a lie, a meanness, or an act of deception or dishonesty. They took her faults as we must take the surface-faults of all connected with us—patiently rather than resentfully, seeking to correct rather than to punish. And though there were difficult elements in the household, such as there being three mistresses to be obeyed, the youngest mistress a thought too lax and the second one undoubtedly too severe, still no girl could live with these high-principled, much-enduring women without being impressed with two things which the serving class are slowest to understand—the dignity of poverty, and the beauty of that which is the only effectual law to bring out good and restrain evil—the law of loving-kindness.

Two fracas, however, must be chronicled, for after both the girl's dismissal hung on a thread. The first was when Mrs. Cliffe, mother of Tommy Cliffe, who was nearly killed in the field, being discovered to be an ill sort of woman, and in the habit of borrowing from Elizabeth stray shillings, which were never returned, was forbidden the house, Elizabeth resented it so fiercely that she sulked for a whole week afterward.

The other and still more dangerous crisis in Elizabeth's destiny was when a volume of Scott's novels, having been missing for some days, was found hidden in her bed, and she lying awake reading it, was thus ignominiously discovered at eleven P.M. by Miss Selina, in consequence of the gleam of candle-light from under her door.

It was true neither of these errors were actual moral crimes. Hilary even roused a volley of sharp words upon herself by declaring they had their source in actual virtues; that a girl who would stint herself of shillings, and hold resolutely to any liking she had, even if unworthy, had a creditable amount of both self-denial and

fidelity in her disposition. Also that a tired-out maid-of-all-work, who was kept awake of nights by her ardent appreciation of the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," must possess a degree of both intellectual and moral capacity which deserved cultivation rather than blame. And though this surreptitious pursuit of literature under difficulties could not of course be allowed, I grieve to say that Miss Hilary took every opportunity of not only giving the young servant books to read, but of talking to her about them. And also that a large proportion of these books were—to Miss Selina's unmitigated horror—absolutely fiction! stories, novels, even poetry—books that Hilary liked herself—books that had built up in her her own passionate dream of life; wherein all the women were faithful, tender, heroic, self-devoted; and all the men were—something not unlike Robert Lyon.

Did she do harm? Was it, as Selina and even Johanna said sometimes, "dangerous" thus to put before Elizabeth a standard of ideal perfection, a Quixotic notion of life—life in its full purpose, power, and beauty—such as otherwise never could have crossed the mind of this poor working girl, born of parents who, though respectable and worthy, were in no respect higher than the common working-class? I will not argue the point: I am not making Elizabeth a text for a sermon; I am simply writing her story.

One thing was certain, that by degrees the young woman's faults lessened; even that worst of them, the unmistakable bad temper, not aggressive, but obstinately sullen, which made her and Miss Selina sometimes not on speaking terms for a week together. But she simply "sulked;" she never grumbled or was pert; and she did her work just as usual—with a kind of dogged struggle not only against the superior powers but against something within herself much harder to fight with.

"She makes me feel more sorry for her than angry with her," Miss Leaf would sometimes say, coming out of the kitchen with that grieved face, which was the chief sign of displeasure her sweet nature ever betrayed. "She will have uphill work through life, like us all, and more than many of us, poor child!"

But gradually Elizabeth, too, copying involuntarily the rest of the family, learned to put up with Miss Selina; who, on her part, kept a sort of armed neutrality. And once, when a short but sharp illness of Johanna's shook the household from its even tenor, startled every body out of their little tempers, and made them cling together and work together in a sort of fear-stricken union against one common grief, Selina allowed that they might have gone farther and fared worse on the day they engaged Elizabeth.

After this illness of his aunt Ascott came home. It was his first visit since he had gone to London; Mr. Ascott, he said, objected to holidays. But now, from some unexplained feeling, Johanna in her convalescence longed after the boy—no longer a boy, however, but nearly

twenty, and looking fully his age. How proud his aunts were to march him up the town, and hear every body's congratulations on his good looks and polished manners! It was the old story—old as the hills! I do not pretend to invent any thing new. Women, especially maiden aunts, will repeat the tale till the end of time, so long as they have youths belonging to them on whom to expend their natural tendency to clinging fondness, and ignorant, innocent hero-worship. The Misses Leaf—ay, even Selina, whose irritation against the provoking boy was quite mollified by the elegant young man—were no wiser than their neighbors.

But there was one person in the household who still obstinately refused to bow the knee to Ascott. Whether it was, as psychologists might explain, some instinctive polarity in their natures; or whether, having once conceived a prejudice, Elizabeth held on to it like grim death; still there was the same unspoken antagonism between them. The young fellow took little notice of her, except to observe "that she hadn't grown any handsomer;" but Elizabeth watched him with a keen severity that overlooked nothing, and resisted, with a passive pertinacity that was quite irresistible, all his encroachments on the family habits, all the little self-pleasing ways which Ascott had been so used to of old, that neither he nor his aunts apparently recognized them as selfish.

"I canna bear to see him" ("can not," suggested her mistress, who not seeing any reason why Elizabeth should not speak the Queen's English as well as herself, had instituted *h's*, and stopped a few more glaring provincialisms). "I can not bear to see him, Miss Hilary, lolling on the arm-chair, when Missis looks so tired and pale, and sitting up o' nights, burning double fires, and going up stairs at last with his boots on, waking every body. I dunnot like it, I say."

"You forget; Mr. Ascott has his studies. He must work for his next examination."

"Why doesn't he get up of a morning, then, instead of lying in bed, and keeping the breakfast about till ten? Why can't he do his learning by daylight? Daylight's cheaper than mould candles, and a deal better for the eyes."

Hilary was puzzled. A truth was a truth, and to try and make it out otherwise, even for the dignity of the family, was something from which her honest nature revolted. Besides, the sharp-sighted servant would be the first to detect the inconsistency of one law of right for the parlor and another for the kitchen. So she took refuge in silence and in the apple-pudding she was making.

But she resolved to seize the first opportunity of giving Ascott, by way of novelty, the severest lecture that tongue of aunt could bestow. And this chance occurred the same afternoon, when the other two aunts had gone out to tea, to a house which Ascott voted "slow," and declined going to. She remained to make tea for him, and in the mean time took him for a constitutional up and down the public walks hard by.

Ascott listened at first very good-humoredly ; once or twice calling her "a dear little prig," in his patronizing way—he was rather fond of patronizing his Aunt Hilary. But when she seriously spoke of his duties, as no longer a boy but a man, who ought now to assume the true, manly right of thinking for and taking care of other people, especially his aunts, Ascott began to flush up angrily.

"Now, stop that, Aunt Hilary ; I'll not have you coming Mr. Lyon over me."

"What do you mean?"

For of late Ascott had said very little about Mr. Lyon—not half so much as Mr. Lyon, in his steadily persistent letters to Miss Leaf, told her about her nephew Ascott.

"I mean that I'll not be preached to like that by a woman. It's bad enough to have to stand it from a man ; but then Lyon's a real sharp fellow, who knows the world, which women don't, Aunt Hilary. Besides, he coaches me in my Latin and Greek ; so I let him pitch into me now and then. But I won't let *you* ; so just stop it, will you."

Something new in Ascott's tone—speaking more of the resentful fierceness of the man than the pettishness of the boy—frightened his little aunt, and silenced her. By-and-by she took comfort from the reflection that, as the lad had in his anger betrayed, he had beside him in London a monitor whose preaching would be so much wiser and more effectual than her own that she determined to say no more.

The rare hearing of Mr. Lyon's name—for, time and absence having produced their natural effect, except when his letters came, he was seldom talked about now—set Hilary thinking.

"Do you go to see him often?" she said at last.

"Who?—Mr. Lyon?" And Ascott, delighted to escape into a fresh subject, became quite cheerful and communicative. "Oh, bless you ! he wouldn't care for my going to him. He lives in a two-pair back, only one room, 'which serves him for kitchen and parlor and all ;' dines at a cook-shop for nine-pence a day, and makes his own porridge night and morning. He told me so once, for he isn't a bit ashamed of it. But he must be precious hard-up sometimes. However, as he contrives to keep a decent coat on his back, and pay his classes at the University, and carry off the very best honors going there, nobody asks any questions. That's the good of London, Aunt Hilary, said the young fellow, drawing himself up with great wisdom. "Only look like a gentleman, behave yourself as such, and nobody asks any questions."

"Yes," acquiesced vaguely Aunt Hilary. And then her mind wandered yearningly to the solitary student in the two-pair back. He might labor and suffer ; he might be ill ; he might die, equally solitary, and "nobody would ask any questions." This phase of London life let a new light in upon her mind. The letters to Johanna had been chiefly filled with whatever he thought would interest them. With his char-

acteristic Scotch reserve he had said very little about himself, except in the last, wherein he mentioned that he had "done pretty well" at college this term, and meant to "go in for more work" immediately.

What this work entailed—how much more toil, how much more poverty—Hilary knew not. Perhaps even his successes, which Ascott went on to talk of, had less place in her thoughts than the picture of the face she knew, sharpened with illness, wasted with hard work and solitary care.

"And I can not help him—I can not help him!" was her bitter cry ; until, passing from the dream-land of fancy, the womanly nature asserted itself. She thought if it had been, or if it were to be, her blessed lot to be chosen by Robert Lyon, how she would take care of him ! what an utter slave she would be to him ! How no penury would frighten her, no household cares oppress or humble her, if done for him and for his comfort. To her brave heart no battle of life seemed too long or too sore, if only it were fought for him and at his side. And as the early-falling leaves were blown in gusts across her path, and the misty autumn night began to close in, nature herself seemed to plead in unison with the craving of her heart, which sighed that youth and summer last not always ; and that, "be it ever so humble," as the song says, there is no place so bright and beautiful as the fireside of a loveful home.

While the aunt and nephew were strolling thus, thinking of very different things, their own fire, newly lit—Ascott liked a fire—was blazing away in solitary glory, for the benefit of all passers-by. At length one—a gentleman—stopped at the gate, and looked in, then took a turn to the end of the terrace, and stood gazing in once more. The solitude of the room apparently troubled him ; twice his hand was on the latch before he opened it and knocked at the front-door.

Elizabeth appeared, which seemed to surprise him.

"Is Miss Leaf at home?"

"No, Sir."

"Is she well ? Are all the family well?" and he stepped right into the passage, with the freedom of a familiar foot.

("I should ha' slammed the door in his face," was Elizabeth's comment afterward ; "only, you see, Miss Hilary, he looked a real gentleman.")

The stranger and she mutually examined one another.

"I think I have heard of you," said he, smiling. "You are Miss Leaf's servant—Elizabeth Hand."

"Yes, Sir," still grimly, and with a determined grasp of the door-handle.

"If your mistresses are likely to be home soon, will you allow me to wait for them ? I am an old friend of theirs. My name is Lyon."

Now Elizabeth was far too much one of the family not to have heard of such a person. And his knowing her was a tolerable proof of his identity ; besides, unconsciously, the girl was

influenced by that look and mien of true gentlemanhood, as courteous to the poor maid-of-all-work as he would have been to any duchess born; and by that bright, sudden smile, which came like sunshine over his face, and like sunshine warmed and opened the heart of every one that met it.

It opened that of Elizabeth. She relaxed her Cerberus keeping of the door, and even went so far as to inform him that Miss Leaf and Miss Selina were out to tea, but Miss Hilary and Mr. Ascott would be at home shortly. He was welcome to wait in the parlor if he liked.

Afterward, seized with mingled curiosity and misgiving, she made various errands to go in and look at him; but she had not courage to address him, and he never spoke to her. He sat by the window, gazing out into the gloaming. Except just turning his head at her entrance, she did not think he had once stirred the whole time.

Elizabeth went back to her kitchen, and stood listening for her young mistress's familiar knock. Mr. Lyon seemed to have listened too, for before she could reach it the door was already opened.

There was a warm greeting—to her great relief; for she knew she had broken the domestic laws in admitting a stranger unawares—and then Elizabeth heard them all three go into the parlor, where they remained talking, without ringing for either tea or candles, a full quarter of an hour.

Miss Hilary at last came out, but much to Elizabeth's surprise went straight up into her bedroom without entering the kitchen at all.

It was some minutes more before she descended; and then, after giving her orders for tea, and seeing that all was arranged with special neatness, she stood absently by the kitchen-fire. Elizabeth noticed how wonderfully bright her eyes were, and what a soft happy smile she had. She noticed it, because she had never seen Miss Hilary look exactly like that before; and she never did again.

"Don't you be troubling yourself with waiting about here," she said; and her mistress seemed to start at being spoken to. "I'll get the tea all right, Miss Hilary. Please go back into the parlor."

Hilary went in.

BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.

THE fields with fall'n snow were white,
The cold moon cut the winter sky,
As handsome cousin Madge and I
Looked from the window on the night.

Between us and the shadowy room
The curtain hung a mist of lace;
The moon's light on her clear, calm face
Shone like a lily when in bloom.

In earnest tones I told my love,
The words I spoke were mixed with sighs;
Her gaze was fixed upon the skies,
Her lips were mute—they did not move.

"Speak, Madge," I said; I drew aside
The curtain, and about her face
I held the folds of snowy lace;
"Behold," I said, "a blooming bride!"

She laughed, and like an answer rang
The merry sound of bells, that near
And nearer came; and voices clear,
That broke in laughter as they sang.

And bounding o'er the crusted snow,
Before the gate, with shout and noise,
They stopped, and romping girls and boys
Came in with faces all aglow.

And seated round the blazing hearth,
In song and jest the time was spent;
The sparkling cider circling went,
The dumb walls echoed to our mirth.

When Madge across my eyelids drew
A crimson scarf she often wore,
And led me out upon the floor,
The ringing laughter louder grew—

And shook the windows with our tread,
As round and round the spacious room,
From secret corners hid in gloom,
Where'er I went the players fled.

Till, groping, led by sounds, at last
I reached a doubtful hand, and grasped
An arm, and then a waist I clasped;
"'Tis Madge!" I cried, and held her fast.

Mid clapping hands and shout and call,
"Speak, Madge!" I said, "you shall not go."
In tender accents, soft and low,
Her answer came—three words in all—

That lifted from my inner sight
The cloud that veiled my mental eyes;
And shining under pleasant skies
I saw the future fair and bright.

THE CONTEST IN AMERICA.

[The following article, copied from *Fraser's Magazine*, is by JOHN STUART MILL. He has fallen into two or three trifling errors of fact. Thus: Congress has passed no law abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, or making an appropriation for indemnifying the slave-owners; and the suggestion for reconstructing the boundaries of Virginia, Delaware, and Maryland is found, as will be seen by our Monthly Record for January, not in the President's Message, but in the Report of the Secretary of War. The recommendation that the white population alone should constitute the basis of representation refers solely to Maryland, and does not imply the abrogation of the Constitutional provision by which five slaves are counted as three persons as a basis of representation. These slight errors do not lessen the value of the article as embodying the views of our contest held by the ablest political thinker of Great Britain.—ED. HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

THE cloud which for the space of a month hung gloomily over the civilized world, black with far worse evils than those of simple war, has passed from over our heads without bursting. The fear has not been realized that the only two first-rate Powers who are also free nations would take to tearing each other in pieces, both the one and the other in a bad and odious cause. For while, on the American side, the war would have been one of reckless persistency in wrong, on ours it would have been a war in alliance with, and, to practical purposes, in defense and propagation of, slavery. We had, indeed, been wronged. We had suffered an indignity, and something more than an indignity, which, not to have resented, would have been to invite a constant succession of insults and injuries from the same and from every other quarter. We could have acted no otherwise than we have done: yet it is impossible to think, without something like a shudder, from what we have escaped. We, the emancipators of the slave—who have wearied every Court and Government in Europe and America with our protests and remonstrances, until we goaded them into at least ostensibly co-operating with us to prevent the enslaving of the negro—we, who for the last half century have spent annual sums equal to the revenue of a small kingdom in blockading the African coast, for a cause in which we not only had no interest, but which was contrary to our pecuniary interest, and which many believed would ruin, as many among us still, though erroneously, believe that it has ruined, our colonies—we should have lent a hand to setting up, in one of the most commanding positions of the world, a powerful republic, devoted not only to slavery, but to pro-slavery propagandism—should have helped to give a place in the community of nations to a conspiracy of slave-owners, who have broken their connection with the American Federation on the sole ground, ostentatiously proclaimed, that they thought an attempt would be made to restrain, not slavery itself, but their purpose of spreading slavery wherever migration or force could carry it.

A nation which has made the professions that England has, does not with impunity, under however great provocation, betake itself to frustrating the objects for which it has been calling

on the rest of the world to make sacrifices of what they think their interest. At present all the nations of Europe have sympathized with us; have acknowledged that we were injured, and declared, with rare unanimity, that we had no choice but to resist, if necessary by arms. But the consequences of such a war would soon have buried its causes in oblivion. When the new Confederate States, made an independent Power by English help, had begun their crusade to carry negro slavery from the Potomac to Cape Horn, who would then have remembered that England raised up this scourge to humanity not for the evil's sake, but because somebody had offered an insult to her flag? Or even if forgotten, who would then have felt that such a grievance was a sufficient palliation of the crime? Every reader of a newspaper to the furthest ends of the earth would have believed and remembered one thing only—that at the critical juncture which was to decide whether slavery should blaze up afresh with increased vigor or be trodden out—at the moment of conflict between the good and the evil spirit—at the dawn of a hope that the demon might now at last be chained and flung into the pit, England stepped in, and, for the sake of cotton, made Satan victorious.

The world has been saved from this calamity, and England from this disgrace. The accusation would indeed have been a calumny. But to be able to defy calumny, a nation, like an individual, must stand very clear of just reproach in its previous conduct. Unfortunately, we ourselves have given too much plausibility to the charge. Not by any thing said or done by us as a Government or as a nation, but by the tone of our press, and in some degree, it must be owned, the general opinion of English society. It is too true that the feelings which have been manifested since the beginning of the American contest—the judgments which have been put forth, and the wishes which have been expressed concerning the incidents and probable eventualities of the struggle—the bitter and irritating criticism which has been kept up, not even against both parties equally, but almost solely against the party in the right, and the ungenerous refusal of all those just allowances which no country needs more than our own, whenever its circumstances are as near to those of America as a cut finger is to an almost mortal wound—these facts, with minds not favorably disposed to us, would have gone far to make the most odious interpretation of the war in which we have been so nearly engaged with the United States appear by many degrees the most probable. There is no denying that our attitude toward the contending parties (I mean our moral attitude, for politically there was no other course open to us than neutrality) has not been that which becomes a people who are as sincere enemies of slavery as the English really are, and have made as great sacrifices to put an end to it where they could. And it has been an additional misfortune that some

of our most powerful journals have been for many years past very unfavorable exponents of English feeling on all subjects connected with slavery: some, probably, from the influences, more or less direct, of West Indian opinions and interests: others from inbred Toryism, which, even when compelled by reason to hold opinions favorable to liberty, is always adverse to it in feeling; which likes the spectacle of irresponsible power exercised by one person over others; which has no moral repugnance to the thought of human beings born to the penal servitude for life, to which for the term of a few years we sentence our most hardened criminals, but keeps its indignation to be expended on "rabid and fanatical abolitionists" across the Atlantic, and on those writers in England who attach a sufficiently serious meaning to their Christian professions to consider a fight against slavery as a fight for God.

Now, when the mind of England, and it may almost be said, of the civilized part of mankind, has been relieved from the incubus which had weighed on it ever since the *Trent* outrage, and when we are no longer feeling toward the Northern Americans as men feel toward those with whom they may be on the point of struggling for life or death; now, if ever, is the time to review our position, and consider whether we have been feeling what ought to have been felt, and wishing what ought to have been wished, regarding the contest in which the Northern States are engaged with the South.

In considering this matter, we ought to dismiss from our minds as far as possible those feelings against the North, which have been engendered not merely by the *Trent* aggression, but by the previous anti-British effusions of newspaper writers and stump orators. It is hardly worth while to ask how far these explosions of ill-humor are any thing more than might have been anticipated from ill-disciplined minds, disappointed of the sympathy which they justly thought they had a right to expect from the great anti-slavery people, in their really noble enterprise. It is almost superfluous to remark that a democratic Government always shows worst where other Governments generally show best, on its outside; that unreasonable people are much more noisy than the reasonable; that the froth and scum are the part of a violently fermenting liquid that meets the eyes, but are not its body and substance. Without insisting on these things, I contend that all previous cause of offense should be considered as canceled by the reparation which the American Government has so amply made; not so much the reparation itself, which might have been so made as to leave still greater cause of permanent resentment behind it, but the manner and spirit in which they have made it. These have been such as most of us, I venture to say, did not by any means expect. If reparation were made at all, of which few of us felt more than a hope, we thought that it would have been made obviously as a concession to prudence, not to principle.

We thought that there would have been truckling to the newspaper editors and supposed fire-eaters who were crying out for retaining the prisoners at all hazards. We expected that the atonement, if atonement there were, would have been made with reservations, perhaps under protest. We expected that the correspondence would have been spun out, and a trial made to induce England to be satisfied with less; or that there would have been a proposal of arbitration; or that England would have been asked to make concessions in return for justice; or that if submission was made, it would have been made, ostensibly, to the opinion and wishes of Continental Europe. We expected any thing, in short, which would have been weak, and timid, and paltry. The only thing which no one seemed to expect is what has actually happened. Mr. Lincoln's Government have done none of these things. Like honest men, they have said, in direct terms, that our demand was right; that they yielded to it because it was just; that if they themselves had received the same treatment they would have demanded the same reparation; and that if what seemed to be the American side of a question was not the just side, they would be on the side of justice; happy as they were to find, after their resolution had been taken, that it was also the side which America had formerly defended. Is there any one, capable of a moral judgment or feeling, who will say that his opinion of America and American statesmen is not raised by such an act, done on such grounds? The act itself may have been imposed by the necessity of the circumstances; but the reasons given, the principles of action professed, were their own choice. Putting the worst hypothesis possible, which it would be the height of injustice to entertain seriously, that the concession was really made solely to convenience, and that the profession of regard for justice was hypocrisy—even so, the ground taken, even if insincerely, is the most hopeful sign of the moral state of the American mind which has appeared for many years. That a sense of justice should be the motive which the rulers of a country rely on to reconcile the public to an unpopular, and what might seem a humiliating act; that the journalists, the orators, many lawyers, the Lower House of Congress, and Mr. Lincoln's own naval secretary, should be told in the face of the world, by their own Government, that they have been giving public thanks, presents of swords, freedom of cities, all manner of heroic honors to the author of an act which, though not so intended, was lawless and wrong, and for which the proper remedy is confession and atonement; that this should be the accepted policy (supposing it to be nothing higher) of a Democratic Republic, shows even unlimited democracy to be a better thing than many Englishmen have lately been in the habit of considering it, and goes some way toward proving that the aberrations even of a ruling multitude are only fatal when the better instructed have not the virtue or the courage to front them

boldly. Nor ought it to be forgotten, to the honor of Mr. Lincoln's Government, that in doing what was in itself right they have done also what was best fitted to allay the animosity which was daily becoming more bitter between the two nations so long as the question remained open. They have put the brand of confessed injustice upon that rankling and vindictive resentment, with which the profligate and passionate part of the American press has been threatening us in the event of concession, and which is to be manifested by some dire revenge, to be taken, as they pretend, after the nation is extricated from its present difficulties. Mr. Lincoln has done what depended on him to make this spirit expire with the occasion which raised it up; and we shall have ourselves chiefly to blame if we keep it alive by the further prolongation of that stream of vituperative eloquence, the source of which, even now, when the cause of quarrel has been amicably made up, does not seem to have run dry.*

Let us, then, without reference to these jars, or to the declamations of newspaper writers on either side of the Atlantic, examine the American question as it stood from the beginning; its origin, the purpose of both the combatants, and its various possible or probable issues.

There is a theory in England, believed perhaps by some, half believed by many more, which is only consistent with original ignorance, or complete subsequent forgetfulness, of all the antecedents of the contest. There are people who tell us that, on the side of the North, the question is not one of Slavery at all. The North, it seems, have no more objection to Slavery than the South have. Their leaders never say one word implying disapprobation of it. They are ready, on the contrary, to give it new guarantees; to renounce all that they have been contending for; to win back, if opportunity offers, the South to the Union by surrendering the whole point.

If this be the true state of the case, what are the Southern chiefs fighting about? Their apologists in England say that it is about tariffs, and similar trumpery. *They* say nothing of the kind. They tell the world, and they told their own citizens when they wanted their votes, that the object of the fight was slavery. Many years ago, when General Jackson was President, South Carolina did nearly rebel (she never was near

separating) about a tariff; but no other State abetted her, and a strong adverse demonstration from Virginia brought the matter to a close. Yet the tariff of that day was rigidly protective. Compared with that, the one in force at the time of the secession was a free-trade tariff. This latter was the result of several successive modifications in the direction of freedom; and its principle was not protection for protection, but as much of it only as might incidentally result from duties imposed for revenue. Even the Morrill Tariff (which never could have been passed but for the Southern secession) is stated by the high authority of Mr. H. C. Carey to be considerably more liberal than the reformed French Tariff under Mr. Cobden's Treaty; inso-much that he, a Protectionist, would be glad to exchange his own protective tariff for Louis Napoleon's free-trade one. But why discuss on probable evidence notorious facts? The world knows what the question between the North and South has been for many years, and still is. Slavery alone was thought of, alone talked of. Slavery was battled for and against on the floor of Congress and in the plains of Kansas; on the Slavery question exclusively was the party constituted which now rules the United States; on slavery Frémont was rejected, on slavery Lincoln was elected; the South separated on slavery, and proclaimed slavery as the one cause of separation.

It is true enough that the North are not carrying on war to abolish slavery in the States where it legally exists. Could it have been expected, or even perhaps desired, that they should? A great party does not change suddenly, and at once, all its principles and professions. The Republican party have taken their stand on law, and the existing Constitution of the Union. They have disclaimed all right to attempt any thing which that Constitution forbids. It does forbid interference by the Federal Congress with slavery in the Slave States, but it does not forbid their abolishing it in the District of Columbia; and this they are now doing, having voted, I perceive, in their present pecuniary straits, a million of dollars to indemnify the slave-owners of the District. Neither did the Constitution, in their own opinion, require them to permit the introduction of slavery into the Territories, which were not yet States. To prevent this the Republican party was formed, and to prevent it they are now fighting, as the slave-owners are fighting to enforce it.

The present Government of the United States is not an abolitionist government. Abolitionists, in America, mean those who do not keep within the Constitution; who demand the destruction (as far as slavery is concerned) of as much of it as protects the internal legislation of each State from the control of Congress; who aim at abolishing slavery wherever it exists, by force if need be, but certainly by some other power than the constituted authorities of the Slave States. The Republican party neither aim nor profess to aim at this object. And

* I do not forget one regrettable passage in Mr. Seward's letter, in which he said that "if the safety of the Union required the detention of the captured persons, it would be the right and duty of this Government to detain them." I sincerely grieve to find this sentence in the dispatch, for the exceptions to the general rules of morality are not a subject to be lightly or unnecessarily tampered with. The doctrine in itself is no other than that professed and acted on by all governments—that self-preservation, in a State, as in an individual, is a warrant for many things which at all other times ought to be rigidly abstained from. At all events, no nation which has ever passed "laws of exception," which ever suspended the Habeas Corpus Act, or passed an Alien Bill in dread of a Chartist insurrection, has a right to throw the first stone at Mr. Lincoln's Government.

when we consider the flood of wrath which would have been poured out against them if they did, by the very writers who now taunt them with not doing it, we shall be apt to think the taunt a little misplaced. But though not an Abolitionist party, they are a Free-soil party. If they have not taken arms against slavery, they have against its extension. And they know, as we may know if we please, that this amounts to the same thing. The day when slavery can no longer extend itself is the day of its doom. The slave-owners know this, and it is the cause of their fury. They know, as all know who have attended to the subject, that confinement within existing limits is its death-warrant. Slavery, under the conditions in which it exists in the States, exhausts even the beneficent powers of nature. So incompatible is it with any kind whatever of skilled labor that it causes the whole productive resources of the country to be concentrated on one or two products, cotton being the chief, which require, to raise and prepare them for the market, little besides brute animal force. The cotton cultivation, in the opinion of all competent judges, alone saves North American slavery; but cotton cultivation, exclusively adhered to, exhausts in a moderate number of years all the soils which are fit for it, and can only be kept up by traveling farther and farther westward. Mr. Olmsted has given a vivid description of the desolate state of parts of Georgia and the Carolinas, once among the richest specimens of soil and cultivation in the world; and even the more recently colonized Alabama, as he shows, is rapidly following in the same downhill track. To slavery, therefore, it is a matter of life and death to find fresh fields for the employment of slave-labor. Confine it to the present States, and the owners of slave property will either be speedily ruined, or will have to find means of reforming and renovating their agricultural system, which can not be done without treating the slaves like human beings, nor without so large an employment of skilled, that is, of free labor, as will widely displace the unskilled, and so depreciate the pecuniary value of the slave, that the immediate mitigation and ultimate extinction of slavery would be a nearly inevitable and probably rapid consequence.

The Republican leaders do not talk to the public of these almost certain results of success in the present conflict. They talk but little, in the existing emergency, even of the original cause of quarrel. The most ordinary policy teaches them to inscribe on their banner that part only of their known principles in which their supporters are unanimous. The preservation of the Union is an object about which the North are agreed; and it has many adherents, as they believe, in the South generally. That nearly half the population of the Border Slave States are in favor of it is a patent fact, since they are now fighting in its defense. It is not probable that they would be willing to fight directly against slavery. The Republicans well

know that if they can re-establish the Union they gain every thing for which they originally contended; and it would be a plain breach of faith with the Southern friends of the Government if, after rallying them round its standard for a purpose of which they approve, it were suddenly to alter its terms of communion without their consent.

But the parties in a protracted civil war almost invariably end by taking more extreme, not to say higher grounds of principle than they began with. Middle parties and friends of compromise are soon left behind; and if the writers who so severely criticise the present moderation of the Free-soilers are desirous to see the war become an abolition war, it is probable that if the war lasts long enough they will be gratified. Without the smallest pretension to see further into futurity than other people, I at least have foreseen and foretold from the first that if the South were not promptly put down the contest would become distinctly an anti-slavery one; nor do I believe that any person accustomed to reflect on the course of human affairs in troubled times can expect any thing else. Those who have read, even cursorily, the most valuable testimony to which the English public have access concerning the real state of affairs in America—the letters of the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Russell—must have observed how early and rapidly he arrived at the same conclusion, and with what increasing emphasis he now continually reiterates it. In one of his recent letters he names the end of next summer as the period by which, if the war has not sooner terminated, it will have assumed a complete anti-slavery character. So early a term exceeds, I confess, my most sanguine hopes; but if Mr. Russell be right, Heaven forbid that the war should cease sooner; for if it lasts till then it is quite possible that it will regenerate the American people.

If, however, the purposes of the North may be doubted or misunderstood, there is at least no question as to those of the South. They make no concealment of *their* principles. As long as they were allowed to direct all the policy of the Union; to break through compromise after compromise, encroach step after step, until they reached the pitch of claiming a right to carry slave property into the Free States, and, in opposition to the laws of those States, hold it as property there, so long they were willing to remain in the Union. The moment a President was elected of whom it was inferred from his opinions, not that he would take any measures against slavery where it exists, but that he would oppose its establishment where it exists not—that moment they broke loose from what was, at least, a very solemn contract, and formed themselves into a Confederation professing as its fundamental principle not merely the perpetuation but the indefinite extension of slavery. And the doctrine is loudly preached through the new Republic that slavery, whether black or white, is a good in itself, and the proper condition of the working-classes every where.

Let me, in a few words, remind the reader what sort of a thing this is which the white oligarchy of the South have banded themselves together to propagate, and establish, if they could, universally. When it is wished to describe any portion of the human race as in the lowest state of debasement, and under the most cruel oppression in which it is possible for human beings to live, they are compared to slaves. When words are sought by which to stigmatize the most odious despotism, exercised in the most odious manner, and all other comparisons are found inadequate, the despots are said to be like slave-masters or slave-drivers. What by a rhetorical license the worst oppressors of the human race, by way of stamping on them the most hateful character possible, are said to be, these men in very truth are. I do not mean that all of them are hateful personally, any more than all the inquisitors or all the buccaneers. But the position which they occupy, and the abstract excellence of which they are in arms to vindicate, is that which the united voice of mankind habitually selects as the type of all hateful qualities. I will not bandy chicanery about the more or less of stripes or other torments which are daily requisite to keep the machine in working order, nor discuss whether the Legrees or the St. Clairs are more numerous among the slave-owners of the Southern States. The broad facts of the case suffice. One fact is enough. There are, Heaven knows, vicious and tyrannical institutions in ample abundance on the earth. But this institution is the only one of them all which requires to keep it going that human beings should be burned alive. The calm and dispassionate Mr. Olmsted affirms that there has not been a single year for many years past in which this horror is not known to have been perpetrated in some part or other of the South. And not upon negroes only; the *Edinburgh Review*, in a recent number, gave the hideous details of the burning alive of an unfortunate Northern huckster by Lynch law, on the mere suspicion of having aided in the escape of a slave. What must American slavery be if deeds like these are necessary under it?—and if they are not necessary and are yet done, is not the evidence against slavery still more damning? The South are in rebellion not for simple slavery; they are in rebellion for the right of burning human creatures alive.

But we are told, by a strange misapplication of a true principle, that the South had a *right* to separate; that their separation ought to have been consented to the moment they showed themselves ready to fight for it; and that the North, in resisting it, are committing the same error and wrong which England committed in opposing the original separation of the thirteen colonies. This is carrying the doctrine of the sacred right of insurrection rather far. It is wonderful how easy and liberal and complying people can be in other people's concerns. Because they are willing to surrender their own past, and have no objection to join in reprobation

of their great-grandfathers, they never put themselves the question what they themselves would do in circumstances far less trying, under far less pressure of real national calamity. Would those who profess these ardent revolutionary principles consent to their being applied to Ireland, or India, or the Ionian Islands? How have they treated those who did attempt so to apply them? But the case can dispense with any mere *argumentum ad hominem*. I am not frightened at the word rebellion. I do not scruple to say that I have sympathized more or less ardently with most of the rebellions, successful and unsuccessful, which have taken place in my time. But I certainly never conceived that there was a sufficient title to my sympathy in the mere fact of being a rebel; that the act of taking arms against one's fellow-citizens was so meritorious in itself, was so completely its own justification, that no question need be asked concerning the motive. It seems to me a strange doctrine that the most serious and responsible of all human acts imposes no obligation on those who do it of showing that they have a real grievance; that those who rebel for the power of oppressing others exercise as sacred a right as those who do the same thing to resist oppression practiced upon themselves. Neither rebellion, nor any other act which affects the interests of others, is sufficiently legitimated by the mere will to do it. Secession may be laudable, and so may any other kind of insurrection; but it may also be an enormous crime. It is the one or the other, according to the object and the provocation. And if there ever was an object which, by its bare announcement, stamped rebels against a particular community as enemies of mankind, it is the one professed by the South. Their right to separate is the right which Cartouche or Turpin would have had to secede from their respective countries, because the laws of those countries would not suffer them to rob and murder on the highway. The only real difference is that the present rebels are more powerful than Cartouche or Turpin, and may possibly be able to effect their iniquitous purpose.

Suppose, however, for the sake of argument, that the mere will to separate were in this case, or in any case, a sufficient ground for separation, I beg to be informed *whose* will? The will of any knot of men who, by fair means or foul, by usurpation, terrorism, or fraud, have got the reins of government into their hands? If the inmates of Parkhurst Prison were to get possession of the Isle of Wight, occupy its military positions, enlist one part of its inhabitants in their own ranks, set the remainder of them to work in chain gangs, and declare themselves independent, ought their recognition by the British Government to be an immediate consequence? Before admitting the authority of any persons, as organs of the will of the people, to dispose of the whole political existence of a country, I ask to see whether their credentials are from the whole, or only from a part. And first, it is necessary to ask, Have the slaves been con-

sulted? Has *their* will been counted as any part in the estimate of collective volition? They are a part of the population. However natural in the country itself, it is rather cool in English writers who talk so glibly of the ten millions (I believe there are only eight), to pass over the very existence of four millions who must abhor the idea of separation. Remember, *we* consider them to be human beings, entitled to human rights. Nor can it be doubted that the mere fact of belonging to a Union in some parts of which slavery is reprobated, is some alleviation of their condition, if only as regards future probabilities. But even of the white population, it is questionable if there was in the beginning a majority for secession any where but in South Carolina. Though the thing was predetermined, and most of the States committed by their public authorities before the people were called on to vote; though in taking the votes terrorism in many places reigned triumphant; yet even so, in several of the States, secession was carried only by narrow majorities. In some the authorities have not dared to publish the numbers; in some it is asserted that no vote has ever been taken. Further (as was pointed out in an admirable letter by Mr. Carey), the Slave States are intersected in the middle, from their northern frontier almost to the Gulf of Mexico, by a country of free labor—the mountain region of the Alleghanies and their dependencies, forming parts of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama, in which, from the nature of the climate and of the agricultural and mining industry, slavery to any material extent never did, and never will, exist. This mountain zone is peopled by ardent friends of the Union. Could the Union abandon them, without even an effort, to be dealt with at the pleasure of an exasperated slave-owning oligarchy? Could it abandon the Germans who, in Western Texas, have made so meritorious a commencement of growing cotton on the borders of the Mexican Gulf by free labor? Were the right of the slave-owners to secede ever so clear, they have no right to carry these with them; unless allegiance is a mere question of local proximity, and my next neighbor, if I am a stronger man, can be compelled to follow me in any lawless vagaries I choose to indulge.

But (it is said) the North will never succeed in conquering the South; and since the separation must in the end be recognized, it is better to do at first what must be done at last; moreover, if it did conquer them, it could not govern them when conquered, consistently with free institutions. With no one of these propositions can I agree.

Whether or not the Northern Americans *will* succeed in reconquering the South I do not affect to foresee. That they *can* conquer it, if their present determination holds, I have never entertained a doubt; for they are twice as numerous, and ten or twelve times as rich. Not by taking military possession of their country, or marching an army through it, but by wearing

them out, exhausting their resources, depriving them of the comforts of life, encouraging their slaves to desert, and excluding them from communication with foreign countries. All this, of course, depends on the supposition that the North does not give in first. Whether they *will* persevere to this point, or whether their spirit, their patience, and the sacrifices they are willing to make, will be exhausted before reaching it, I can not tell. They may, in the end, be wearied into recognizing the separation. But to those who say that because this may have to be done at last, it ought to have been done at first, I put the very serious question—On what terms? Have they ever considered what would have been the meaning of separation if it had been assented to by the Northern States when first demanded? People talk as if separation meant nothing more than the independence of the seceding States. To have accepted it under that limitation would have been, on the part of the South, to give up that which they have seceded expressly to preserve. Separation, with them, means at least half the Territories; including the Mexican border, and the consequent power of invading and overrunning Spanish America for the purpose of planting there the “peculiar institution” which even Mexican civilization has found too bad to be endured. There is no knowing to what point of degradation a country may be driven in a desperate state of its affairs; but if the North *ever*, unless on the brink of actual ruin, makes peace with the South, giving up the original cause of quarrel, the freedom of the Territories; if it resigns to them when out of the Union that power of evil which it would not grant to retain them in the Union—it will incur the pity and disdain of posterity. And no one can suppose that the South would have consented, or in their present temper ever will consent, to an accommodation on any other terms. It will require a succession of humiliations to bring them to that. The necessity of reconciling themselves to the confinement of slavery within its existing boundaries, with the natural consequence, immediate mitigation of slavery, and ultimate emancipation, is a lesson which they are in no mood to learn from any thing but disaster. Two or three defeats in the field, breaking their military strength, though not followed by an invasion of their territory, may possibly teach it to them. If so, there is no breach of charity in hoping that this severe schooling may promptly come. When men set themselves up, in defiance of the rest of the world, to do the devil's work, no good can come of them until the world has made them feel that this work can not be suffered to be done any longer. If this knowledge does not come to them for several years, the abolition question will by that time have settled itself. For assuredly Congress will very soon make up its mind to declare all slaves free who belong to persons in arms against the Union. When that is done, slavery, confined to a minority, will soon cure itself; and the pecuniary value of the negroes belonging to loyal

masters will probably not exceed the amount of compensation which the United States will be willing and able to give.

The assumed difficulty of governing the Southern States as free and equal commonwealths, in case of their return to the Union, is purely imaginary. If brought back by force, and not by voluntary compact, they will return without the Territories, and without a Fugitive Slave Law. It may be assumed that, in that event, the victorious party would make the alterations in the Federal Constitution which are necessary to adapt it to the new circumstances, and which would not infringe, but strengthen, its democratic principles. An article would have to be inserted prohibiting the extension of slavery to the Territories, or the admission into the Union of any new Slave State. Without any other guarantee, the rapid formation of new Free States would insure to freedom a decisive and constantly-increasing majority in Congress. It would also be right to abrogate that bad provision of the Constitution (a necessary compromise at the time of its first establishment) whereby the slaves, though reckoned as citizens in no other respect, are counted, to the extent of three-fifths of their number, in the estimate of the population for fixing the number of representatives of each State in the Lower House of Congress. Why should the masters have members in right of their human chattels, any more than of their oxen and pigs? The President, in his Message, has already proposed that this salutary reform should be effected in the case of Maryland, additional territory, detached from Virginia, being given to that State as an equivalent: thus clearly indicating the policy which he approves, and which he is probably willing to make universal.

As it is necessary to be prepared for all possibilities, let us now contemplate another. Let us suppose the worst possible issue of this war—the one apparently desired by those English writers whose moral feeling is so philosophically indifferent between the apostles of slavery and its enemies. Suppose that the North should stoop to recognize the new Confederation on its own terms, leaving it half the Territories, and that it is acknowledged by Europe, and takes its place as an admitted member of the community of nations. It will be desirable to take thought beforehand what are to be our own future relations with a new Power, professing the principles of Attila and Genghis Khan as the foundation of its Constitution. Are we to see with indifference its victorious army let loose to propagate their national faith at the rifle's mouth through Mexico and Central America? Shall we submit to see fire and sword carried over Cuba and Porto Rico, and Hayti and Liberia conquered and brought back to slavery? We shall soon have causes enough of quarrel on our own account. When we are in the act of sending an expedition against Mexico to redress the wrongs of private British subjects, we should do well to reflect in time that the President of the new Republic, Mr. Jefferson Davis, was the original in-

ventor of repudiation. Mississippi was the first State which repudiated. Mr. Jefferson Davis was Governor of Mississippi, and the Legislature of Mississippi had passed a Bill recognizing and providing for the debt, which Bill Mr. Jefferson Davis vetoed. Unless we abandon the principles we have for two generations consistently professed and acted on, we should be at war with the new Confederacy within five years about the African slave-trade. An English Government will hardly be base enough to recognize them, unless they accept all the treaties by which America is at present bound; nor, it may be hoped, even if *de facto* independent, would they be admitted to the courtesies of diplomatic intercourse unless they granted, in the most explicit manner, the right of search. To allow the slave-ships of a Confederation formed for the extension of slavery to come and go free and unexamined between America and the African coast, would be to renounce even the pretense of attempting to protect Africa against the man-stealer, and abandon that Continent to the horrors, on a far larger scale, which were practiced before Granville Sharp and Clarkson were in existence. But even if the right of intercepting their slavers were acknowledged by treaty, which it never would be, the arrogance of the Southern slaveholders would not long submit to its exercise. Their pride and self-conceit, swelled to an inordinate height by their successful struggle, would defy the power of England as they had already successfully defied that of their Northern countrymen. After our people by their cold disapprobation, and our press by its invective, had combined with their own difficulties to damp the spirit of the Free States, and drive them to submit and make peace, we should have to fight the Slave States ourselves at far greater disadvantages, when we should no longer have the wearied and exhausted North for an ally. The time might come when the barbarous and barbarizing Power, which we by our moral support had helped into existence, would require a general crusade of civilized Europe to extinguish the mischief which it had allowed, and we had aided, to rise up in the midst of our civilization.

For these reasons I can not join with those who cry Peace, peace! I can not wish that this war should not have been engaged in by the North, or that being engaged in, it should be terminated on any conditions but such as would retain the whole of the Territories as free soil. I am not blind to the possibility that it may require a long war to lower the arrogance and tame the aggressive ambition of the slave-owners to the point of either returning to the Union or consenting to remain out of it with their present limits. But war, in a good cause, is not the greatest evil which a nation can suffer. War is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things: the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks nothing *worth* a war, is worse. When a people are used as mere human instruments for firing cannon or thrusting bayonets, in the service and for the selfish purposes

of a master, such war degrades a people. A war to protect other human beings against tyrannical injustice—a war to give victory to their own ideas of right and good, and which is their own war, carried on for an honest purpose by their free choice—is often the means of their regeneration. A man who has nothing which he is willing to fight for, nothing which he cares more about than he does about his personal safety, is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself. As long as justice and injustice have not terminated *their* ever-renewing fight for ascendancy in the affairs of mankind, human beings must be willing, when need is, to do battle for the one against the other. I am far from saying that the present struggle, on the part of the Northern Amer-

icans, is wholly of this exalted character—that it has arrived at the stage of being altogether a war for justice, a war of principle. But there was from the beginning, and now is, a large infusion of that element in it; and this is increasing, will increase, and, if the war lasts, will in the end predominate. Should that time come, not only will the greatest enormity which still exists among mankind as an institution receive far earlier its *coup de grâce* than there has ever, until now, appeared any probability of; but in effecting this the Free States will have raised themselves to that elevated position in the scale of morality and dignity which is derived from great sacrifices consciously made in a virtuous cause, and the sense of an inestimable benefit to all future ages, brought about by their own voluntary efforts.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXXI.

NARRATES THAT FAMOUS JOKE ABOUT MISS GRIGSBY.

FOR once Philip found that he had offended without giving general offense. In the confidence of female intercourse Mrs. Mugford had already, in her own artless but powerful language, confirmed her husband's statement regarding Mr. Bickerton, and declared that B. was a beast, and she was only sorry that Mr. F. had not hit him a little harder. So different are the opinions which different individuals entertain of the same event! I happen to know that Bickerton, on his side, went away averring that we were quarrelsome, under-bred people; and that a man of any refinement had best avoid that kind of society. He does really and seriously believe himself our superior, and will lecture almost any gentleman on the art of being one. This assurance is not at all uncommon with

your *parvenu*. Proud of his newly-acquired knowledge of exhausting the contents of an egg, the well-known little boy of the apologue rushed to impart his knowledge to his grandmother, who had been for many years familiar with the process which the child had just discovered. Which of us has not met with some such instructors? I know men who would be ready to step forward and teach Taglioni how to dance, Tom Sayers how to box, or the Chevalier Bayard how to be a gentleman. We most of us know such men, and undergo, from time to time, the ineffable benefit of their patronage.

Mugford went away from our little entertainment vowing, by George, that Philip shouldn't want for a friend at the proper season; and this proper season very speedily arrived. I laughed one day, on going to the *Pall Mall Gazette* office, to find Philip installed in the sub-editor's room, with a provision of scissors, wafers, and paste-pots, snipping paragraphs from this paper and that, altering, condensing, giving titles, and so forth; and, in a word, in regular harness. The three-headed calves, the great prize gooseberries, the old maiden ladies of wonderful ages who at length died in country places—it was wonderful (considering his little experience) how Firmin hunted out these. He entered into all the spirit of his business. He prided himself on the clever titles which he found for his paragraphs. When his paper was completed at the week's end he surveyed it fondly—not the leading articles, or those profound and yet brilliant literary essays which appeared in the *Gazette*—but the births, deaths, marriages, markets, trials, and what not. As a shop-boy, having decorated his master's window, goes into the street, and, pleased, surveys his work; so the fair face of the *Pall Mall Gazette* rejoiced Mr. Firmin, and Mr. Bince, the printer of the paper. They looked with an honest pride upon the result of their joint labors. Nor did Firmin relish pleasantries

on the subject. Did his friends allude to it, and ask if he had shot any especially fine *canard* that week? Mr. Philip's brow would corrugate and his cheeks redden. He did not like jokes to be made at his expense: was not his a singular antipathy?

In his capacity of sub-editor the good fellow had the privilege of taking and giving away countless theatre orders, and panorama and diorama tickets: the *Pall Mall Gazette* was not above accepting such little bribes in those days, and Mrs. Mugford's familiarity with the names of opera-singers, and splendid appearance in an opera-box, was quite remarkable. Friend Philip would bear away a heap of these cards of admission, delighted to carry off our young folks to one exhibition or another. But once at the diorama, where our young people sat in the darkness, very much frightened as usual, a voice from ~~out~~ the midnight gloom cried out, "*Who has come in with orders from the Pall Mall Gazette?*" A lady, two scared children, and Mr. Sub-editor Philip, all trembled at this dreadful summons. I think I should not dare to print the story even now, did I not know that Mr. Firmin was traveling abroad. It was a blessing the place was dark, so that none could see the poor sub-editor's blushes. Rather than cause any mortification to this lady, I am sure Philip would have submitted to rack and torture. But, indeed, her annoyance was very slight, except in seeing her friend annoyed. The humor of the scene surpassed the annoyance in the lady's mind, and caused her to laugh at the mishap; but I own our little boy (who is of an aristocratic turn, and rather too sensitive to ridicule from his school-fellows) was not at all anxious to talk upon the subject, or to let the world know that he went to a place of public amusement "with an order."

As for Philip's landlady, the Little Sister, she, you know, had been familiar with the press, and press-men, and orders for the play for years past. She looked quite young and pretty, with her kind smiling face and neat tight black dress, as she came to the theatre—it was to an Easter piece—on Philip's arm, one evening. Our children saw her from their cab, as they, too, were driving to the same performance. It was "Look, mamma! There's Philip and the Little Sister!" And then came such smiles, and nods, and delighted recognitions from the cab to the two friends on foot! Of course I have forgotten what was the piece which we all saw on that Easter evening. But those children will never forget; no, though they live to be a hundred years old, and though their attention was distracted from the piece by constant observation of Philip and his companion in the public boxes opposite.

Mr. Firmin's work and pay were both light, and he accepted both very cheerfully. He saved money out of his little stipend. It was surprising how economically he could live with his little landlady's aid and counsel. He would come to us, recounting his feats of parsimony with a

childish delight: he loved to contemplate his sovereigns, as week by week the little pile accumulated. He kept a noble eye upon sales, and purchased now and again articles of furniture. In this way he brought home a piano to his lodgings, on which he could no more play than he could on the tight-rope; but he was given to understand that it was a very fine instrument; and my wife played on it one day when we went to visit him, and he sat listening, with his great hands on his knees, in ecstasies. He was thinking how one day, please Heaven, he should see other hands touching the keys—and player and instrument disappeared in a mist before his happy eyes. His purchases were not always lucky. For example, he was sadly taken in at an auction about a little pearl ornament. Some artful Hebrews at the sale conspired and ran him up, as the phrase is, to a price more than equal to the value of the trinket. "But you know who it was for, ma'am," one of Philip's apologists said. "If she would like to wear his ten fingers he would cut 'em off and send 'em to her. But he keeps 'em to write her letters and verses—and most beautiful they are, too."

"And the dear fellow, who was bred up in splendor and luxury, Mrs. Mugford, as you, ma'am, know too well—he won't drink no wine now. A little whisky and a glass of beer is all he takes. And his clothes—he who used to be so grand—you see how he is now, ma'am. Always the gentleman, and, indeed, a finer or grander looking gentleman never entered a room; but he is saving—you know for what, ma'am."

And, indeed, Mrs. Mugford *did* know; and so did Mrs. Pendennis and Mrs. Brandon. And these three women worked themselves into a perfect fever, interesting themselves for Mr. Firmin. And Mugford, in his rough, funny way, used to say, "Mr. P., a certain Mr. Heff has come and put our noses out of joint. He has, as sure as my name is Hem. And I am getting quite jealous of our sub-editor, and that is the long and short of it. But it's good to see him haw-haw Bickerton if ever they meet in the office, that it is! Bickerton won't bully *him* any more, I promise you!"

The conclaves and conspiracies of these women were endless in Philip's behalf. One day I let the Little Sister out of my house, with a handkerchief to her eyes, and in a great state of flurry and excitement, which perhaps communicates itself to the gentleman who passes her at his own door. The gentleman's wife is, on her part, not a little moved and excited. "What do you think Mrs. Brandon says? Philip is learning short-hand. He says he does not think he is clever enough to be a writer of any mark; but he can be a reporter, and with this and his place at Mr. Mugford's, he thinks he can earn enough to— Oh, he is a fine fellow!" I suppose feminine emotion stopped the completion of this speech. But when Mr. Philip slouched in to dinner that day his hostess did homage before him: she loved him; she treated him with a tender respect and sympathy which her like

are ever wont to bestow upon brave and honest men in misfortune.

Why should not Mr. Philip Firmin, barrister-at-law, bethink him that he belonged to a profession which has helped very many men to competence, and not a few to wealth and honors? A barrister might surely hope for as good earnings as could be made by a newspaper reporter. We all know instances of men who, having commenced their careers as writers for the press, had carried on the legal profession simultaneously, and attained the greatest honors of the bar and the bench. "Can I sit in a Pump-court garret waiting for attorneys?" asked poor Phil; "I shall break my heart before they come. My brains are not worth much: I should addle them altogether in poring over law books. I am not at all a clever fellow, you see; and I haven't the ambition and obstinate will to succeed which carry on many a man with no greater capacity than my own. I may have as good brains as Bickerton, for example; but I am not so *bumptious* as he is. By claiming the first place wherever he goes he gets it very often. My dear friends, don't you see how modest I am? There never was a man less likely to get on than myself—you must own that; and I tell you that Charlotte and I must look forward to a life of poverty, of cheese-parings, and second-floor lodgings at Pentonville or Islington. That's about my mark. I would let her off, only I know she would not take me at my word—the dear little thing! She has set her heart upon a hulking pauper: that's the truth. And I tell you what I am going to do. I am going seriously to learn the profession of poverty, and make myself master of it. What's the price of cowheel and tripe? You don't know. I do; and the right place to buy 'em. I am as good a judge of sprats as any man in London. My tap in life is to be small-beer henceforth, and I am growing quite to like it, and think it is brisk, and pleasant, and wholesome." There was not a little truth in Philip's account of himself, and his capacities and incapacities. Doubtless, he was not born to make a great name for himself in the world. But do we like those only who are famous? As well say we will only give our regard to men who have ten thousand a year, or are more than six feet high.

While of his three female friends and advisers, my wife admired Philip's humility, Mrs. Brandon and Mrs. Mugford were rather disappointed at his want of spirit, and to think that he aimed so low. I shall not say which side Firmin's biographer took in this matter. Was it my business to applaud or rebuke him for being humble-minded, or was I called upon to advise at all? My amiable reader, acknowledge that you and I in life pretty much go our own way. We eat the dishes we like because we like them, not because our neighbor relishes them. We rise early, or sit up late; we work, idle, smoke, or what not, because we choose so to do, not because the doctor orders. Philip, then, was like you and me, who will have our own way when

we can. Will we not? If you won't, you do not deserve it. Instead of hungering after a stalled ox, he was accustoming himself to be content with a dinner of herbs. Instead of braving the tempest, he chose to take in sail, creep along shore, and wait for calmer weather.

So, on Tuesday of every week let us say, it was this modest sub-editor's duty to begin sniping and pasting paragraphs for the ensuing Saturday's issue. He cut down the parliamentary speeches, giving due favoritism to the orators of the *Pall Mall Gazette* party, and meagre outlines of their opponents' discourses. If the leading public men on the side of the *Pall Mall Gazette* gave entertainments, you may be sure they were duly chronicled in the fashionable intelligence; if one of their party wrote a book it was pretty sure to get praise from the critic. I am speaking of simple old days, you understand. Of course there is *no* puffing, or jobbing, or false praise, or unfair censure now. Every critic knows what he is writing about, and writes with no aim but to tell truth.

Thus Philip, the dandy of two years back, was content to wear the shabbiest old coat; Philip, the Philippus of one-and-twenty, who rode showy horses, and rejoiced to display his horse and person in the Park, now humbly took his place in an omnibus, and only on occasions indulged in a cab. From the roof of the larger vehicle he would salute his friends with perfect affability, and stare down on his aunt as she passed in her barouche. He never could be quite made to acknowledge that she purposely would not see him; or he would attribute her blindness to the quarrel which they had had, not to his poverty and present position. As for his cousin Ringwood, "That fellow would commit any baseness," Philip acknowledged; "and it is I who have cut *him*," our friend averred.

A real danger was lest our friend should in his poverty become more haughty and insolent than he had been in his days of better fortune, and that he should make companions of men who were not his equals. Whether was it better for him to be slighted in a fashionable club, or to swagger at the head of the company in a tavern parlor? This was the danger we might fear for Firmin. It was impossible not to confess that he was choosing to take a lower place in the world than that to which he had been born.

"Do you mean that Philip is lowered because he is poor?" asked an angry lady, to whom this remark was made by her husband—man and wife being both very good friends to Mr. Firmin.

"My dear," replies the worldling of a husband, "suppose Philip were to take a fancy to buy a donkey and sell cabbages? He would be doing no harm; but there is no doubt he would lower himself in the world's estimation."

"Lower himself!" says the lady, with a toss of her head. "No man lowers himself by pursuing an honest calling. No man!"

"Very good. There is Grundsell, the green-grocer, out of Tuthill Street, who waits at our

dinners. Instead of asking him to wait, we should beg him to sit down at table; or perhaps we should wait, and stand with a napkin behind Grundsell."

"Nonsense!"

"Grundsell's calling is strictly honest, unless he abuses his opportunities and smuggles away—"

"—smuggles away stuff and nonsense!"

"Very good; Grundsell is *not* a fitting companion, then, for us, or the nine little Grundsell's for our children. Then why should Philip give up the friends of his youth, and forsake a club for a tavern parlor? You can't say our little friend, Mrs. Brandon, good as she is, is a fitting companion for him?"

"If he had a good little wife, he would have a companion of his own degree; and he would be twice as happy; and he would be out of all danger and temptation—and the best thing he can do is to marry directly!" cries the lady. "And, my dear, I think I shall write to Charlotte and ask her to come and stay with us."

There was no withstanding this argument. As long as Charlotte was with us we were sure Philip would be out of harm's way, and seek for no other company. There was a snug little bedroom close by the quarters inhabited by our own children. My wife pleased herself by adorning this chamber, and uncle Mac happening to come to London on business about this time, the young lady came over to us under his convoy, and I should like to describe the meeting between her and Mr. Philip in our parlor. No doubt it was very edifying. But my wife and I were not present, *vous concevez*. We only heard one shout of surprise and delight from Philip as he went into the room where the young lady was waiting. We had but said, "Go into the parlor, Philip. You will find your old friend, Major Mac, there. He has come to London on business, and has news of—" There was no need to speak, for here Philip straightway bounced into the room.

And then came the shout. And then out came Major Mac, with such a droll twinkle in his eyes! What artifices and hypocrisies had we not to practice previously, so as to keep our secret from our children, who assuredly would have discovered it! I must tell you that the *paterfamilias* had guarded against the innocent prattle and inquiries of the children regarding the preparation of the little bedroom, by informing them that it was intended for Miss Grigsby, the governess, with whose advent they had long been threatened. And one of our girls, when the unconscious Philip arrived, said, "Philip, if you go into the parlor you will find *Miss Grigsby, the governess, there*." And then Philip entered into that parlor, and then arose that shout, and then out came uncle Mac, and then etc., etc. And we called Charlotte Miss Grigsby all dinner-time; and we called her Miss Grigsby next day; and the more we called her Miss Grigsby the more we all laughed. And the baby, who could not speak plain yet, called her Miss Gibby, and laughed loudest of all; and

it was such fun. But I think Philip and Charlotte had the best of the fun, my dears, though they may not have laughed quite so loud as we did.

As for Mrs. Brandon, who, you may be sure, speedily came to pay us a visit, Charlotte blushed, and looked quite beautiful when she went up and kissed the Little Sister. "He *have* told you about me, then!" she said, in her soft little voice, smoothing the young lady's brown hair. "Should I have known him at all but for you, and did you not save his life for me when he was ill?" asked Miss Baynes. "And mayn't I love every body who loves him?" she asked. And we left those women alone for a quarter of an hour, during which they became the most intimate friends in the world. And all our household, great and small, including the nurse (a woman of a most jealous, domineering, and uncomfortable fidelity), thought well of our gentle young guest, and welcomed Miss Grigsby.

Charlotte, you see, is not so exceedingly handsome as to cause other women to perjure themselves by protesting that she is no great things after all. At the period with which we are concerned she certainly had a lovely complexion, which her black dress set off, perhaps. And when Philip used to come into the room she had always a fine garland of roses ready to offer him, and growing upon her cheeks, the moment he appeared. Her manners are so entirely unaffected and simple that they can't be otherwise than good; for is she not grateful, truthful, unconscious of self, easily pleased, and interested in others? Is she very witty? I never said so—though that she appreciated *some* men's wit (whose names need not be mentioned) I can not doubt. "I say," cries Philip, on that memorable first night of her arrival, and when she and other ladies had gone to bed; "by George! isn't she glorious, I say! What can I have done to win such a pure little heart as that? *Non sum dignus*. It is too much happiness—too much, by George!" And his voice breaks behind his pipe, and he squeezes two fists into eyes that are brimful of joy and thanks. Where Fortune bestows such a bounty as this, I think we need not pity a man for what she withdraws. As Philip walks away at midnight (walks away? is turned out of doors, or surely he would have gone on talking till dawn), with the rain beating in his face, and fifty or a hundred pounds for all his fortune in his pocket, I think there goes one of the happiest of men—the happiest and richest. For is he not possessor of a treasure which he could not buy, or would not sell, for all the wealth of the world?

My wife may say what she will, but she assuredly is answerable for the invitation to Miss Baynes, and for all that ensued in consequence. At a hint that she would be a welcome guest in our house in London, where all her heart and treasure lay, Charlotte Baynes gave up straightway her dear aunt at Tours, who had been kind to her; her dear uncle, her dear mamma, and all her dear brothers—following that natural law

which ordains that a woman, under certain circumstances, shall resign home, parents, brothers, sisters, for the sake of that one individual who is henceforth to be dearer to her than all. Mrs. Baynes, the widow, growled a complaint at her daughter's ingratitude, but did not refuse her consent. She may have known that little Hely, Charlotte's volatile admirer, had fluttered off to another flower by this time, and that a pursuit of that butterfly was in vain: or she may have heard that he was going to pass the spring—the butterfly season—in London, and hoped that he perchance might again light on her girl. Howbeit, she was glad enough that her daughter should accept an invitation to our house, and owned that as yet the poor child's share of this life's pleasures had been but small. Charlotte's modest little trunks were again packed, then, and the poor child was sent off, I won't say with how small a provision of pocket-money, by her mother. But the thrifty woman had but little, and of it was determined to give as little as she could. "Heaven will provide for my child," she would piously say; and hence interfered very little with those agents whom Heaven sent to befriend her children. "Her mother told Charlotte that she would send her some money next Tuesday," the Major told us; "but, between ourselves, I doubt whether she will. Between ourselves, my sister-in-law is always going to give money next Tuesday: but somehow Wednesday comes, and the money has not arrived. I could not let the little maid be without a few guineas, and have provided her out of a half-pay purse; but mark me, that pay-day Tuesday will never come." Shall I deny or confirm the worthy Major's statement? Thus far I will say, that Tuesday most certainly came; and a letter from her mamma to Charlotte, which said that one of her brothers and a younger sister were going to stay with aunt Mac; and that as Char was so happy with her most hospitable and kind friends, a fond, widowed mother, who had given up all pleasures for herself, would not interfere to prevent a darling child's happiness.

It has been said that three women, whose names have been given up, were conspiring in the behalf of this young person and the young man, her sweet-heart. Three days after Charlotte's arrival at our house my wife persists in thinking that a drive into the country would do the child good, orders a brougham, dresses Charlotte in her best, and trots away to see Mrs. Mugford at Hampstead. Mrs. Brandon is at Mrs. Mugford's, of course quite by chance; and I feel sure that Charlotte's friend compliments Mrs. Mugford upon her garden, upon her nursery, upon her luncheon, upon every thing that is hers. "Why, dear me," says Mrs. Mugford (as the ladies discourse upon a certain subject), "what does it matter? Me and Mugford married on two pound a week, and on two pound a week my dear eldest children were born. It was a hard struggle sometimes, but we were all the happier for it; and I'm sure if a man won't

risk a little he don't deserve much. I know I would risk, if I were a man, to marry such a pretty young dear. And I should take a young man to be but a mean-spirited fellow who waited and went shilly-shallying when he had but to say the word and be happy. I thought Mr. F. was a brave, courageous gentleman—I did, Mrs. Brandon. Do you want me for to have a bad opinion of him? My dear, a little of that cream. It's very good. We 'ad a dinner yesterday, and a cook down from town on purpose." This speech, with appropriate imitations of voice and gesture, was repeated to the present biographer by the present biographer's wife, and he now began to see in what webs and meshes of conspiracy these artful women had enveloped the subject of the present biography.

Like Mrs. Brandon, and the other matron, Charlotte's friend, Mrs. Mugford became interested in the gentle young creature, and kissed her kindly, and made her a present on going away. It was a brooch in the shape of a thistle, if I remember aright, set with amethysts and a lovely Scottish stone called a carumgorum. "She ain't no style about her; and I confess, from a general's daughter, brought up on the Continent, I should have expected better. But we'll show her a little of the world and the opera, Brandon, and she'll do very well—of that I make no doubt." And Mrs. Mugford took Miss Baynes to the opera, and pointed out the other people of fashion there assembled. And delighted Charlotte was! I make no doubt there was a young gentleman of our acquaintance at the back of the box who was very happy too. And this year Philip's kinsman's wife, LADY RINGWOOD, had a box, in which Philip saw her and her daughters, and little Ringwood Twysden paying assiduous court to her ladyship. They met in the crush-room by chance again, and Lady Ringwood looked hard at Philip and the blushing young lady on his arm. And it happened that Mrs. Mugford's carriage—the little one-horse trap which opens and shuts so conveniently—and Lady Ringwood's tall, emblazoned chariot of state stopped the way together. And from the tall emblazoned chariot the ladies looked not unkindly at the trap which contained the beloved of Philip's heart; and the carriages departed each on its own way: and Ringwood Twysden, seeing his cousin advancing toward him, turned very pale, and dodged at a double-quick down an arcade. But he need not have been afraid of Philip. Mr. Firmin's heart was all softness and benevolence at that time. He was thinking of those sweet, sweet eyes that had just glanced to him a tender good-night; of that little hand which a moment since had hung with fond pressure on his arm. Do you suppose in such a frame of mind he had leisure to think of a nauseous little reptile crawling behind him? He was so happy that night that Philip was King Philip again. And he went to the Haunt, and sang his song of *Garryowen-na-gloria*, and greeted the boys assembled, and spent at least three shillings over his supper and drinks. But the

next day being Sunday, Mr. Firmin was at Westminster Abbey, listening to the sweet church chants, by the side of the very same young person whom he had escorted to the opera on the night before. They sate together so close that one must have heard exactly as well as the other. I dare say it is edifying to listen to anthems *à deux*. And how complimentary to the clergyman to have to wish that the sermon was longer! Through the vast cathedral aisles the organ-notes peal gloriously! Ruby and topaz and amethyst blaze from the great church windows. Under the tall arcades the young people went together. Hand in hand they passed, and thought no ill.

Do gentle readers begin to tire of this spectacle of billing and cooing? I have tried to describe Mr. Philip's love affairs with as few words and in as modest phrases as may be—omitting the raptures, the passionate vows, the reams of correspondence, and the usual commonplaces of his situation. And yet, my dear madam, though you and I may be past the age of billing and cooing; though your ringlets, which I remember a lovely auburn, are now—well—are now a rich purple and green black, and my brow may be as bald as a cannon-ball—I say, though we are old, we are not too old to forget. We may not care about the pantomime much now, but we like to take the young folks, and see them rejoicing. From the window where I write, I can look down into the garden of a certain square. In that garden I can at this moment see a young gentleman and lady of my acquaintance pacing up and down. They are talking some such talk as Milton imagines our first parents engaged in; and yonder garden is a paradise to my young friends. Did they choose to look outside the railings of the square, or at any other objects than each other's noses, they might see—the tax-gatherer we will say—with his book, knocking at one door, the doctor's brougham at a second, a hatchment over the windows of a third mansion, the baker's boy discoursing with the housemaid over the railings of a fourth. But what to them are these phenomena of life? Arm in arm my young folks go pacing up and down their Eden, and discoursing about that happy time which I suppose is now drawing near—about that charming little snuggery for which the furniture is ordered, and to which, Miss, your old friend and very humble servant will take the liberty of forwarding his best regards and a neat silver tea-pot. I dare say, with these young people, as with Mr. Philip and Miss Charlotte, all occurrences of life seem to have reference to that event which forms the subject of their perpetual longing and contemplation. There is the doctor's brougham driving away, and Imogene says to Alonzo, "What anguish I shall have if you are ill!" Then there is the carpenter putting up the hatchment. "Ah, my love, if you were to die, I think they might put up a hatchment for both of us!" says Alonzo, with a killing sigh. Both sympathize with Mary and the baker's boy whispering over the railings. Go

to, gentle baker's boy, we also know what it is to love!

The whole soul and strength of Charlotte and Philip being bent upon marriage, I take leave to put in a document which Philip received at this time, and can imagine that it occasioned no little sensation:

"ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK.

"And so you are returned to the great city—to the *fumum*, the *strepitum*, and I sincerely hope the *opes* of our Rome! Your own letters are but brief; but I have an occasional correspondent (there are few, alas! who remember *the exile*!) who keeps me *au courant* of my Philip's history, and tells me that you are industrious, that you are cheerful, that you prosper. Cheerfulness is the companion of Industry, Prosperity their offspring. That that prosperity may attain *the fullest growth* is an absent father's fondest prayer. Perhaps ere long I shall be able to announce to you that I too am prospering. I am engaged in pursuing a scientific discovery here (it is medical, and connected with my own profession), of which the results *ought* to lead to Fortune, unless the jade has forever deserted George Brand Firmin! So you have embarked in the drudgery of the press, and have become a member of *the fourth estate*. It has been despised, and press-man and poverty were for a long time supposed to be synonymous. But the power, the wealth of the press are daily developing, and they will increase yet further. I confess I should have liked to hear that my Philip was pursuing his profession of the bar, at which honor, splendid competence, nay, aristocratic rank, are the prizes of *the bold, the industrious, and the deserving*. Why should you not? Should I not still hope that you may gain legal eminence and position? A father who has had much to suffer, who is descending the vale of years alone and in a distant land, would be soothed in his exile if he thought his son would one day be able to repair the shattered fortunes of his race. But it is not yet, I fondly think, too late. You may yet qualify for the bar, and one of its prizes may fall to you. I confess it was not without a pang of grief I heard from our kind little friend Mrs. B. you were studying short-hand in order to become a newspaper reporter. And has Fortune, then, been so relentless to me that my son is to be compelled to follow such a calling? I shall try and be resigned. I had hoped higher things for you—for me.

"My dear boy, with regard to your romantic attachment for Miss Baynes, which our good little Brandon narrates to me in her *peculiar orthography*, but with much *touching simplicity*, I make it a rule not to say a word of comment, of warning, or remonstrance. As sure as you are your father's son, you will take your own line in any matter of attachment to a woman, and all the fathers in the world won't stop you. In Philip of four-and-twenty I recognize his father thirty years ago. My father scolded, entreated, quarreled with me, never forgave me. I will learn to be more generous toward my son. I may grieve, but I bear you no malice. If ever I achieve wealth again, you shall not be deprived of it. I suffered so myself from a harsh father that I will never be one to my son!

"As you have put on the livery of the Muses, and regularly entered yourself of the Fraternity of the Press, what say you to a little addition to your income by letters addressed to my friend, the editor of the new journal called here the *Gazette of the Upper Ten Thousand*. It is the fashionable journal published here; and your qualifications are precisely those which would make your services valuable as a contributor. Doctor Geraldine, the editor, is not, I believe, a relative of the Leinster family, but a self-made man, who arrived in this country some years since poor, and an exile from his native country. He advocates Repeal politics in Ireland; but with these of course you need have nothing to do. And he is much too liberal to expect these from his contributors. I have been of service professionally to Mrs. Geraldine and himself. My friend of the *Emerald* introduced me to the Doctor. Terrible enemies in print, in private they are perfectly good friends, and the little passages of arms between the two journalists serve rather to amuse than to irritate. 'The grocer's boy from Ormond Quay' (Geraldine once, it appears, engaged in that useful but humble calling), and the 'miscreant from

Cork!—the editor of the *Emerald* comes from that city—assail each other in public, but drink whisky-and-water *galore* in private. If you write for Geraldine, of course you will say nothing disrespectful about *grocers' boys*. *His dollars are good silver*, of that you may be sure. Dr. G. knows a part of your history: he knows that you are now fairly engaged in literary pursuits; that you are a man of education, a gentleman, a man of the world, a man of courage. I have answered for your possessing all these qualities. (The Doctor, in his droll, humorous way, said that if you were a chip of the old block you would be just what he called 'the grit.') Political treatises are not so much wanted as personal news regarding the notabilities of London, and these, I assured him, you were the very man to be able to furnish. You, who know every body; who have lived with the great world—the world of lawyers, the world of artists, the world of the university—have already had an experience which few gentlemen of the press can boast of, and may turn that experience to profit. Suppose you were to trust a little to your imagination in composing these letters? There can be no harm in being *poetical*. Suppose an *intelligent correspondent* writes that he has met the D-ke of W-ll-ngt-n, had a private interview with the Pr-m-r, and so forth, who is to say him nay? And this is the kind of talk our *gobemouches* of New York delight in. My worthy friend, Doctor Geraldine, for example—between ourselves his name is Finnigan, but his private history is *strictly entre nous*—when he first came to New York astonished the people by the copiousness of his anecdotes regarding the *English aristocracy*, of whom he knows as much as he does of the Court of Peking. He was smart, ready, sarcastic, amusing; he found readers: from one success he advanced to another, and the *Gazette of the Upper Ten Thousand* is likely to make *this worthy man's fortune*. You really may be serviceable to him, and may justly earn the *liberal remuneration* which he offers for a weekly letter. Anecdotes of men and women of fashion—the more gay and lively the more welcome—the *quicquid agunt homines*, in a word—should be the *farrago libelli*. Who are the reigning beauties of London? and Beauty, you know, has a rank and fashion of its own. Has any one lately won or lost on the turf or at play? What are the clubs talking about? Are there any duels? What is the last scandal? Does the good old duke keep his health? Is that affair over between the Duchess of This and Captain That?

"Such is the information which our *badards* here like to have, and for which my friend the Doctor will pay at the rate of — dollars per letter. Your name need not appear at all. The remuneration is certain. *C'est à prendre ou à laisser*, as our lively neighbors say. Write in the first place in confidence to me; and in whom can you confide more safely than in your father?

"You will, of course, pay your respects to your relative, the new lord of Ringwood. For a young man whose family is so powerful as yours, there can surely be no derogation in entertaining some feudal respect, and who knows whether and how soon Sir John Ringwood may be able to help his cousin? By-the-way, Sir John is a Whig, and your paper is a Conservative. But you are, above all, *homme du monde*. In such a subordinate place as you occupy with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a man's private politics do not surely count at all. If Sir John Ringwood, your kinsman, sees any way of helping you, so much the better, and of course your politics will be those of your family. I have no knowledge of him. He was a very quiet man at college, where, I regret to say, your father's friends were not of the quiet sort at all. I trust I have repented. I have sown my wild oats. And ah! how pleased I shall be to hear that my Philip has bent *his* proud head a little, and is ready to submit more than he used of old to the customs of the world. Call upon Sir John, then. As a Whig gentleman of large estate, I need not tell you that he will expect *respect* from you. He is your kinsman; the representative of your grandfather's gallant and noble race. He bears the name your mother bore. To *her* my Philip was always gentle, and for her sake you will comply with the wishes of

"Your affectionate father, G. B. F.

"I have not said a word of compliment to Mademoiselle. I wish her so well that I own I wish she were about to marry a richer suitor than my dear son. With fortune

ever permit me to embrace my daughter-in-law, and take your children on my knee? You will speak kindly to them of their grandfather, will you not? Poor General Baynes, I have heard, used violent and unseemly language regarding me, which I most heartily pardon. I am grateful when I think that *I never did General B. an injury*; grateful and proud to accept benefits from my own son. These I treasure up in my heart; and still hope I shall be able to repay with something more substantial than my fondest prayers. Give my best wishes, then, to Miss Charlotte, and try and teach her to think kindly of her Philip's father."

Miss Charlotte Baynes, who kept the name of Miss Grigsby, the governess, among all the roguish children of a facetious father, was with us one month, and her mamma expressed great cheerfulness at her absence, and at the thought that she had found such good friends. After two months, her uncle, Major MacWhirter, returned from visiting his relations in the North, and offered to take his niece back to France again. He made this proposition with the jolliest air in the world, and as if his niece would jump for joy to go back to her mother. But to the Major's astonishment, Miss Baynes turned quite pale, ran to her hostess, flung herself into that lady's arms, and then there began an osculatory performance which perfectly astonished the good Major. Charlotte's friend, holding Miss Baynes tight in her embrace, looked fiercely at the Major over the girl's shoulder, and defied him to take her away from that sanctuary.

"Oh, you dear, good dear friend!" Charlotte gurgled out, and sobbed I know not what more expressions of fondness and gratitude.

But the truth is, that two sisters, or mother and daughter, could not love each other more heartily than these two personages. Mother and daughter forsooth! You should have seen Charlotte's piteous look when sometimes the conviction would come on her that she ought at length to go home to mamma; such a look as I can fancy Clytemnestra casting on Agamemnon, when, in obedience to a painful sense of duty, he was about to—to use the sacrificial knife. No, we all loved her. The children would howl at the idea of parting with their Miss Grigsby. Charlotte, in return, helped them to very pretty lessons in music and French—served hot, as it were, from her own recent studies at Tours—and a good daily governess operated on the rest of their education to every body's satisfaction.

And so months rolled on, and our young favorite still remained with us. Mamma fed the little maid's purse with occasional remittances; and begged her hostess to supply her with all necessary articles from the milliner. Afterward, it is true, Mrs. General Baynes.....But why enter upon these painful family disputes in a chapter which has been devoted to sentiment?

As soon as Mr. Firmin received the letter above faithfully copied (with the exception of the pecuniary offer, which I do not consider myself at liberty to divulge) he hurried down from Thornhaugh Street to Westminster. He dashed by Buttons, the page; he took no notice of my wondering wife at the drawing-room door; he rushed to the second floor, bursting open the

school-room door, where Charlotte was teaching our dear third daughter to play *In my Cottage near a Wood*.

"Charlotte! Charlotte!" he cried out.

"La, Philip! don't you see Miss Grigsby is giving us lessons?" said the children.

But he would not listen to those wags, and still beckoned Charlotte to him. That young woman rose up and followed him out of the door, as, indeed, she would have followed him

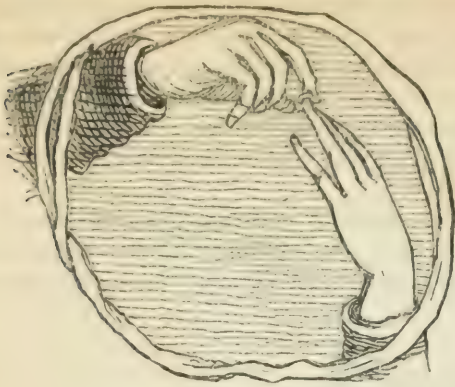
out of the window; and there, on the stairs, they read Doctor Firmin's letter, with their heads quite close together, you understand.

"Two hundred a year more," said Philip, his heart throbbing so that he could hardly speak; "and your fifty—and two hundred the *Gazette*—and—"

"Oh, Philip!" was all Charlotte could say, and then— There was a pretty group for the children to see, and for Mr. Walker to draw!



A LETTER FROM NEW YORK.



CHAPTER XXXII.

WAYS AND MEANS.

OF course any man of the world who is possessed of decent prudence will perceive that the idea of marrying on four hundred and fifty pounds a year so secured as was Master Philip's income, was preposterous and absurd. In the first place, you can't live on four hundred and fifty pounds a year, that is a certainty. People do live on less, I believe. But a life without a brougham, without a decent home, without claret for dinner, and a footman to wait, can hardly be called existence. Philip's income might fail any day. He might not please the *American paper*. He might quarrel with the *Pall Mall Gazette*. And then what would remain to him? Only poor little Charlotte's fifty pounds a year! So Philip's most intimate male friend—a man of the world, and with a good deal of experience—argued. Of course I was not surprised that Philip did not choose to take my advice; though I did not expect he would become so violently angry, call names almost, and use most rude expressions, when, *at his express desire*, this advice was tendered to him. If he did not want it, why did he ask for it? The advice might be unwelcome to him, but why did he choose to tell me at my own table, over my own claret, that it was the advice of a sneak and a worldling? My good fellow, that claret, though it is a second growth, and I can afford no better, costs seventy-two shillings a dozen. How much is six times three hundred and sixty-five? A bottle a day is the least you can calculate (the fellow would come to my house and drink two bottles to himself, with the utmost nonchalance). A bottle per diem of that light claret—of that second growth stuff—costs one hundred and four guineas a year, do you understand? or, to speak plainer with you, *one hundred and nine pounds four shillings!*

"Well," says Philip, "*après?* We'll do without. Meantime I will take what I can get!" and he tosses off about a pint as he speaks (these *mousseline* glasses are not only enormous, but they break by dozens). He tosses off a pint of my *Larose*, and gives a great roar of laughter, as if he had said a good thing!

Philip Firmin is coarse and offensive at times, and Bickerton in holding this opinion is not altogether wrong.

"I'll drink claret when I come to you, old

boy," he says, grinning; "and at home I will have whisky-and-water."

"But suppose Charlotte is ordered claret?"

"Well, she can have it," says this liberal lover; "a bottle will last her a week."

"Don't you see," I shriek out, "that even a bottle a week costs something like—six by fifty-two—eighteen pounds a year?" (I own it is really only fifteen twelve; but in the hurry of argument a man *may* stretch a figure or so.) "Eighteen pounds for Charlotte's claret; as much, at least, you great boozy toper, for your whisky and beer. Why, you actually want a tenth part of your income for the liquor you consume! And then clothes; and then lodging; and then coals; and then doctor's bills; and then pocket-money; and then sea-side for the little dears. Just have the kindness to add all these things up, and you will find that you have about two-and-ninepence left to pay the grocer and the butcher."

"What you call prudence," says Philip, thumping the table, and, of course, breaking a glass, "I call cowardice—I call blasphemy! Do you mean, as a Christian man, to tell me that two young people, and a family if it should please Heaven to send them one, can not subsist upon five hundred pounds a year? Look round, Sir, at the myriads of God's creatures who live, love, are happy and poor, and be ashamed of the wicked doubt which you utter!" And he starts up, and strides up and down the dining-room, curling his flaming mustache, and rings the bell fiercely, and says, "Johnson, I've broke a glass. Get me another!"

In the drawing-room, my wife asks what we two were fighting about? And as Charlotte is up stairs telling the children stories as they are put to bed, or writing to her dear mamma, or what not, our friend bursts out with more rude and violent expressions than he had used in the dining-room over my glasses which he was smashing, tells my own wife that I am an atheist, or at best a miserable skeptic and Sadducee: that I doubt of the goodness of Heaven, and am not thankful for my daily bread. And, with one of her kindling looks directed toward the young man, of course my wife sides with him. Miss Char presently came down from the young folks, and went to the piano, and played us Beethoven's *Dream of Saint Jerome*, which always soothes me, and charms me, so that I fancy it is a poem of Tennyson in music. And our children, as they sink off to sleep overhead, like to hear soft music, which soothes them into slumber, Miss Baynes says. And Miss Charlotte looks very pretty at her piano; and Philip lies gazing at her, with his great feet and hands tumbled over one of our arm-chairs. And the music, with its solemn cheer, makes us all very happy and kind-hearted, and ennoble us somehow as we listen. And my wife wears her *benedictory* look whenever she turns toward these young people. She has worked herself up to the opinion that yonder couple ought to marry. She can give chapter and verse for her belief.

To doubt about the matter at all is wicked, according to her notions. And there are certain points upon which, I humbly own, that I don't dare to argue with her.

When the women of the house have settled a matter, is there much use in man's resistance? If my harem orders that I shall wear a yellow coat and pink trowsers, I know that, before three months are over, I shall be walking about in *rose-tendre* and canary-colored garments. It is the perseverance which conquers, the daily return to the object desired. Take my advice, my dear Sir, when you see your womankind resolute about a matter, give up at once, and have a quiet life. Perhaps to one of these evening entertainments, where Miss Baynes played the piano, as she did very pleasantly, and Mr. Philip's great clumsy fist turned the leaves, little Mrs. Brandon would come tripping in, and as she surveyed the young couple, her remark would be, "Did you ever see a better suited couple?" When I came home from chambers, and passed the dining-room door, my eldest daughter, with a knowing face, would bar the way and say, "You mustn't go in there, papa! Miss Grigsby is there, and Master Philip is *not to be disturbed at his lessons!*" Mrs. Mugford had begun to arrange marriages between her young people and ours from the very first day she saw us; and Mrs. M.'s ch. filly Toddles, rising two years, and our three-year old colt Billyboy, were rehearsing in the nursery the endless little comedy which the grown-up young persons were performing in the drawing-room.

With the greatest frankness Mrs. Mugford gave her opinion that Philip, with four or five hundred a year, would be no better than a sneak if he delayed to marry. How much had she and Mugford when *they* married, she would like to know? "Emily Street, Pentonville, was where *we* had apartments," she remarked; "we were pinched sometimes; but we owed nothing: and our housekeeping books I can show you." I believe Mrs. M. actually brought these dingy relics of her honey-moon for my wife's inspection. I tell you my house was peopled with these friends of matrimony. Flies were forever in requisition, and our boys were very sulky at having to sit for an hour at Shoolbred's, while certain ladies lingered there over blankets, table-cloths, and what not. Once I found my wife and Charlotte flitting about Wardour Street, the former lady much interested in a great Dutch cabinet, with a glass cupboard and corpulent drawers. And that cabinet was, ere long, carted off to Mrs. Brandon's, Thornhaugh Street; and in that glass cupboard there was presently to be seen a neat set of china for tea and breakfast. The end was approaching. That event, with which the third volume of the old novels used to close, was at hand. I am afraid our young people can't drive off from St. George's in a chaise and four, and that no noble relative will lend them his castle for the honey-moon. Well: some people can not drive to happiness even

with four horses; and other folks can reach the goal on foot. My venerable Muse stoops down, unlooses her *cothurnus* with some difficulty, and prepares to fling that old shoe after the pair.

Tell, venerable Muse! what were the marriage gifts which friendship provided for Philip and Charlotte? Philip's cousin, Ringwood Twysden, came simpering up to me at Bays's Club one afternoon, and said: "I hear my precious cousin is going to marry. I think I shall send him a broom to sweep a crossin'." I was nearly going to say, "This was a piece of generosity to be expected from your father's son;" but the fact is, that I did not think of this withering repartee until I was crossing St. James's Park on my way home, when Twysden of course was out of ear-shot. A great number of my best witticisms have been a little late in making their appearance in the world. If we could but hear the *unspoken* jokes, how we should all laugh; if we could but speak them, how witty we should be! When you have left the room, you have no notion what clever things I was going to say when you balked me by going away. Well, then, the fact is, the Twysden family gave Philip nothing on his marriage, being the exact sum of regard which they professed to have for him.

MRS. MAJOR MACWHIRTER gave the bride an Indian brooch, representing the Taj Mahal at Agra, which General Baynes had given to his sister-in-law in old days. At a later period, it is true, Mrs. Mac asked Charlotte for the brooch back again; but this was when many family quarrels had raged between the relatives—quarrels which to describe at length would be to tax too much the writer and the readers of this history.

MRS. MUGFORD presented an elegant plated coffee-pot, six drawing-room almanacs (spoils of the *Pall Mall Gazette*), and fourteen richly-cut jelly-glasses, most useful for negus, if the young couple gave evening parties, which diners they would not be able to afford.

MRS. BRANDON made an offering of two table-cloths and twelve dinner-napkins, most beautifully worked, and I don't know how much house-linen.

THE LADY OF THE PRESENT WRITER—Twelve tea-spoons in bullion, and a pair of sugar-tongs. Mrs. Baynes, Philip's mother-in-law, sent him also a pair of sugar-tongs, of a light manufacture, easily broken. He keeps a tong to the present day, and speaks very satirically regarding that relic.

PHILIP'S INN OF COURT—A bill for commons and Inn taxes, with the Treasurer's compliments.

And these, I think, formed the items of poor little Charlotte's meagre trousseau. Before Cinderella went to the ball she was almost as rich as our little maid. Charlotte's mother sent a grim consent to the child's marriage, but declined herself to attend it. She was ailing and poor. Her year's widowhood was just over. She had her other children to look after. My impression is that Mrs. Baynes thought that she

could be out of Philip's power so long as she remained abroad, and that the general's savings would be secure from him. So she delegated her authority to Philip's friends in London, and sent her daughter a moderate wish for her happiness, which may or may not have profited the young people.

"Well, my dear? You are rich compared to what I was when I married," little Mrs. Brandon said to her young friend. "You will have a good husband. That is more than I had. You will have good friends; and I was almost alone for a time, until it pleased God to befriend me." It was not without a feeling of awe that we saw these young people commence that voyage of life on which henceforth they were to journey together; and I am sure that of the small company who accompanied them to the silent little chapel where they were joined in marriage there was not one who did not follow them with tender good-wishes and heart-felt prayers. They had a little purse provided for a month's holiday. They had health, hope, good spirits, good friends. I have never learned that life's trials were over after marriage; only lucky is he who has a loving companion to share them. As for the lady with whom Charlotte had staid before her marriage, she was in a state of the most lachrymose sentimentality. She sate on the bed in the chamber which the little maid had vacated. Her tears flowed copiously. She knew not why; she could not tell how the girl had wound herself round her maternal heart. And I think if Heaven had decreed this young creature should be poor, it had sent her many blessings and treasures in compensation.

Every respectable man and woman in London will, of course, pity these young people, and reprobate the mad risk which they were running; and yet—by the influence and example of a sentimental wife, probably—so madly sentimental have I become, that I own sometimes I almost fancy these misguided wretches are to be envied.

A melancholy little chapel it is where they were married, and stands hard by our house. We did not decorate the church with flowers, or adorn the beadles with white ribbons. We had, I must confess, a dreary little breakfast, not in the least enlivened by Mugford's jokes, who would make a speech *de circonstance*, which was not, I am thankful to say, reported in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "We sha'n't charge you for advertising the marriage *there*, my dear," Mrs. Mugford said. "And I've already took it myself to Mr. Burjoyce." Mrs. Mugford had insisted upon pinning a large white favor upon John, who drove her from Hampstead; but that was the only ornament present at the nuptial ceremony, much to the disappointment of the good lady. There was a very pretty cake, with two doves in sugar on the top, which the Little Sister made and sent, and no other hymeneal emblem. Our little girls as bridesmaids appeared, to be sure, in new bonnets and dresses, but every body else looked so quiet and demure that, when we went into the church, three or four

street urchins knocking about the gate said, "Look at 'em. They're going to be 'ung." And so the words are spoken, and the indissoluble knot is tied. Amen. For better, for worse, for good days or evil, love each other, cling to each other, dear friends. Fulfill your course, and accomplish your life's toil. In sorrow, soothe each other; in illness, watch and tend. Cheer, fond wife, the husband's struggle; lighten his gloomy hours with your tender smiles, and gladden his home with your love. Husband, father, whatsoever your lot, be your heart pure, your life honest. For the sake of those who bear your name, let no bad action sully it. As you look at those innocent faces, which ever tenderly greet you, be yours, too, innocent, and your conscience without reproach. As the young people kneel before the altar-railing, some such thoughts as these pass through a friend's mind who witnesses the ceremony of their marriage. Is not all we hear in that place meant to apply to ourselves, and to be carried away for everyday cogitation?

After the ceremony we sign the book, and walk back demurely to breakfast. And Mrs. Mugford does not conceal her disappointment at the small preparations made for the reception of the marriage party. "I call it shabby, Brandon; and I speak my mind. No favors. Only your cake. No speeches to speak of. No lobster-salad; and wine on the side-board. I thought your Queen Square friends knew how to do the thing better! When one of *my* girls is married, I promise you we sha'n't let her go out of the back-door; and at least we shall have the best four grays that Newman's can furnish. It's my belief your young friend is getting too fond of money, Brandon, and so I have told Mugford." But these, you see, were only questions of taste. Good Mrs. Mugford's led her to a green satin dress and a pink turban, when other ladies were in gray or quiet colors. The intimacy between our two families dwindled immediately after Philip's marriage; Mrs. M., I am sorry to say, setting us down as shabby-genteel people, and she couldn't bear screwing—never could!

Well: the speeches were spoken. The bride was kissed, and departed with her bridegroom: they had not even a valet and lady's-maid to bear them company. The route of the happy pair was to be Canterbury, Folkestone, Boulogne, Amiens, Paris, and Italy perhaps, if their little stock of pocket-money would serve them so far. But the very instant when half was spent, it was agreed that these young people should turn their faces homeward again; and meanwhile the printer and Mugford himself agreed that they would do Mr. Sub-editor's duty. How much had they in the little purse for their pleasure-journey? That is no business of ours, surely; but with youth, health, happiness, love, among their possessions, I don't think our young friends had need to be discontented. Away then they drive in their cab to the railway station. Farewell, and Heaven bless you, Char-

lotte and Philip! I have said how I found my wife crying in her favorite's vacant bedroom. The marriage-table did coldly furnish forth a funeral kind of dinner. The cold chicken choked us all, and the jelly was but a sickly compound to my taste, though it was the Little Sister's most artful manufacture. I own for one I was quite miserable. I found no comfort at clubs, nor could the last new novel fix my attention. I saw Philip's eyes, and heard the warble of Charlotte's sweet voice. I walked off from Bays's, and through Old Parr Street, where Philip had lived, and his parents entertained me as a boy; and then tramped to Thornhaugh Street, rather ashamed of myself. The maid said mistress was in Mr. Philip's rooms, the two pair—and what was that I heard on the piano as I entered the apartment? Mrs. Brandon sat there hemming some chintz window curtains, or bed curtains, or what not: by her side sate my own eldest girl stitching away very resolutely; and at the piano—the piano which Philip had bought—there sate my own wife picking out that *Dream of Saint Jerome* of Beethoven, which Charlotte used to play so delicately. We had tea out of Philip's tea-things, and a nice hot cake, which consoled some of us. But I have known few evenings more melancholy than that. It feels like the first night at school after the holidays, when we all used to try and appear cheerful, you know. But ah! how dismal the gayety was; and how dreary that lying awake in the night, and thinking of the happy days just over!

The way in which we looked forward for letters from our bride and bridegroom was quite a curiosity. At length a letter arrived from these personages; and as it contains no secret, I take the liberty to print it *in extenso*.

"AMIENS, Friday. PARIS, Saturday.

"DEAREST FRIENDS—(For the dearest friends you *are* to us, and will continue to be *as long as we live*)—We perform our promise of writing to you to say that we are *well*, and *safe*, and *happy*! Philip says I mustn't use dashes, but I can't *help* it. He says, he supposes I am *dashing* off a letter. You know his joking way. Oh, what a blessing it is to see him so happy! And if he is happy, I am. I tremble to think *how* happy. He sits opposite me, smoking his cigar, looking so noble! *I like it*, and I went to our room and *brought him this one*. He says, 'Char, if I were to say bring me your head, you would order a waiter to cut it off.' Pray, did I not promise three days ago to love, honor, and obey him, and am I going to break my promise already? I hope not. I pray not. All my life I hope I shall be trying to keep that promise of mine. We liked Canterbury almost as much as dear Westminster. We had an open carriage, and took a *glorious drive* to Folkestone, and in the crossing Philip was ill, and I wasn't. And he looked very droll: and he was in a dreadful bad humor; and that was my first appearance as nurse. I think I should like him to be a *little* ill sometimes, so that I may sit up and take care of him. We went through the cords at the custom-house at Boulogne; and I remembered how, two years ago, I passed through those very cords with my poor papa, and he stood outside, and saw us! We went to the Hôtel des Bains. We walked about the town. We went to the Tintalleries, where we used to live, and to your house in the Haute Ville, where I remember *every thing as if it was yesterday*. Don't you remember, as we were walking one day, you said, 'Charlotte, there is the steamer coming; there is the smoke of his funnel;' and I said, 'What steamer?' and you said, 'The Philip, to be

sure.' And he came up, smoking his pipe! We passed over and over the old ground where we used to walk. We went to the pier, and gave money to the poor little hunchback who plays the guitar, and he said, '*Merci, Madame.*' How droll it sounded! And that good kind Marie at the Hôtel des Bains remembered us, and called us '*mes enfants.*' And if you were not the most good-natured woman *in the world*, I think I should be ashamed to write such nonsense.

"Think of Mrs. Brandon having knitted me a purse, which she gave me as we went away from *dear, dear* Queen Square; and when I opened it, there were five sovereigns in it! When we found what the purse contained, Philip used one of his great *jurons* (as he always does when he is most tender-hearted), and he said that woman was an angel, and that we would keep those five sovereigns, and never change them. Ah! I am thankful my husband has such friends! I will love all who love him—you most of all. For were not you the means of bringing this noble heart to me? I fancy I have known *bigger people* since I have known you, and some of your friends. Their talk is simpler, their thoughts are greater than—those with whom I used to live. P. says, Heaven has given Mrs. Brandon such a great heart, that she must have a good intellect. If loving my Philip be wisdom, I know some one who will be very wise!

"If I was not in a very great hurry to see mamma, Philip said we might stop a day at Amiens. And we went to the Cathedral, and to whom, do you think, it is dedicated? to *my* saint: to SAINT FIRMIN! and oh! I prayed to Heaven to give me strength to devote my life to *my saint's service*, to love him always, as a pure, true wife: in sickness to guard him, in sorrow to soothe him. I will try and *learn* and *study*, not to make my intellect equal to his—very few women can hope for that—but that I may better comprehend him, and give him a companion more worthy of him. I wonder whether there are many men in the world as clever as our husbands? Though Philip is so modest. He says he is not clever *at all*. Yet I know he is, and grander, somehow, than other men. I said nothing, but I used to listen at Queen Square; and some who came who thought best of themselves, seemed to me pert, and worldly, and small; and some were like princes somehow. My Philip is one of the princes. Ah, dear friend! may I not give thanks where thanks are due, that I am chosen to be the wife of a true gentleman? Kind, and brave, and loyal Philip! Honest and generous—above deceit or selfish scheme. Oh! I hope it is not wrong to be so happy!

"We wrote to mamma and dear Madame Smolensk to say we were coming. Mamma finds Madame de Valentino's boarding-house even dearer than dear Madame Smolensk's. I *don't mean* a pun! She says she has found out that Madame de Valentino's real name is Cornichon; that she was a person of the worst character, and that cheating at *écarté* was practiced at her house. She took up her own two francs and another two-franc piece from the card-table, saying that Colonel Boulotte was cheating, and by rights the money was hers. She is going to leave Madame de Valentino at the end of her month, or as soon as our children, who have the measles, can move. She desired that on no account I would come to see her at Madame V.'s; and she brought Philip £12 10s. in five-franc pieces, which she laid down on the table before him, and said it was my first quarter's payment. It is not due yet, I know. 'But do you think I will be beholden,' says she, 'to a man like you!' And P. shrugged his shoulders, and put the *rouleau* of silver pieces into a drawer. He did not say a word, but, of course, I saw he was ill-pleased. 'What shall we do with your fortune, Char?' he said, when mamma went away. And a part we spent at the opera and at Véry's restaurant, where we took our dear kind Madame Smolensk. Ah, how good that woman was to me! Ah, how I suffered in that house when mamma wanted to part me from Philip! We walked by and saw the windows of the room where that horrible, horrible tragedy was performed, and Philip shook his fist at the green *jalousies*. 'Good Heavens!' he said, 'how, my darling, how I was made to suffer there!' I bear no malice. I will do no injury. But I never can forgive: never! I can forgive mamma, who made my husband so unhappy; but can I love her again? Indeed and indeed I have tried. Often and often in my dreams that horrid

tragedy is acted over again; and they are taking him from me, and I feel as if I should die. When I was with you I used often to be afraid to go to sleep for fear of that dreadful dream, and I kept one of his letters under my pillow so that I might hold it in the night. And now! No one can part us!—oh, no one!—until the end comes!

"He took me about to all his old *bachelor haunts*; to the Hôtel Poussin, where he used to live, which is very dingy but comfortable. And he introduced me to the landlady in a Madras handkerchief, and to the landlord (with ear-rings and with no coat on), and to the little boy who *frottes* the floors. And he said, '*Tiens*' and '*merci, Madame!*' as we gave him a five-franc piece out of my *fortune*. And then we went to the café opposite the Bourse, where Philip used to write his letters; and then we went to the Palais Royal, where Madame de Smolensk was in waiting for us. And then we went to the play. And then we went to Tortoni's to take ices. And then we walked a part of the way home with Madame Smolensk under a hundred million blazing stars; and then we walked down the Champs Elysées' avenues, by which Philip used to come to me, and beside the splashing fount-

ains shining under the silver moon. And, oh, Laura! I wonder under the silver moon was any body so happy as your *loving and grateful* C. F.?"

"P.S." [In the handwriting of Philip Firmin, Esq.]—"MY DEAR FRIENDS: I'm so jolly that it seems like a dream. I have been watching Charlotte scribble, scribble for an hour past; and wondered and thought is it actually true? and gone and convinced myself of the truth by looking at the paper and the dashes which she will put under the words. My dear friends, what have I done in life that I am to be made a present of a little angel? Once there was so much wrong in me, and my heart was so black and revengeful, that I knew not what might happen to me. She came and rescued me. The love of this creature purifies me—and—and I think that is all. I think I only want to say that I am the happiest man in Europe. That St. Firmin at Amiens! Didn't it seem like a good omen? By St. George! I never heard of St. F. until I lighted on him in the cathedral. When shall we write next? Where shall we tell you to direct? We don't know where we are going. We don't want letters. But we are not the less grateful to dear, kind friends; and our names are

"P. AND C. F."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 8th of March, containing events of the deepest interest.

During the month important military operations, which had been previously commenced, have been successfully carried on in Kentucky and Tennessee. At the middle of January the Confederate troops held the following points in these States: Mill Spring, on the upper waters of the Cumberland River, covering the Cumberland Gap, leading into Virginia; Fort Henry, on the Cumberland; and Fort Donelson, on the Tennessee, about 70 miles from the mouths of these rivers, barring the way by water into Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama; Bowling Green, near the middle of Kentucky, the centre of their line, about midway between Mill Spring and Fort Donelson; and Columbus, on the Mississippi, a few miles below the mouth of the Ohio. Opposed to these were the National forces under General Buell, who had advanced from various points to Munfordsville, midway between Mill Spring and Bowling Green. Cairo, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi; and Paducah, at the junction of the Ohio and Tennessee, were also held in force, forming points for gathering and transferring troops. A glance at the map shows the importance of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. Both fall into the Ohio near the southwestern corner of Kentucky. Following their course upward from their mouths they run southward, parallel with each other, at a distance of about 10 miles, for about 70 miles, crossing Kentucky and entering Tennessee. The Cumberland then turns eastward, traversing half the length of Tennessee, then bends northeastward, re-entering Kentucky. The Tennessee maintains its southerly course across the breadth of Tennessee, entering Alabama; then, turning to the east, it traverses the northern part of that State, when it turns northeast, and re-enters Tennessee. These directions are the reverse of the current, as we are tracing the rivers from their mouths upward, not from their sources down. The Cumberland is navigable for steamers to Nashville, in Tennessee, about 200 miles from its mouth, and for boats some 300 miles further. The Tennessee is navigable for steamers to Florence, in Alabama, 275 miles, and for boats 250 miles further.

The advance of the National forces, so long awaited, began about the middle of January. In our last Record we noted the battle of Mill Spring, January 19, where Zollicoffer was defeated and killed; and the capture of Fort Henry, on the Cumberland, February 6. After the capture of Fort Henry three gunboats were sent up the river. They proceeded to the head of steamboat navigation, at Florence, Alabama, capturing two steamers and a gun-boat; six other steamers loaded with military stores were burned by the enemy, to prevent their falling into our hands. A strong Union feeling was found to exist in that portion of Tennessee and Alabama through which this expedition passed. Soon after the capture of Fort Henry a movement was made toward Bowling Green. This important point, which a few weeks before had been occupied by a Confederate force said to number 40,000 men, was abandoned on the approach of our forces under General Mitchell, who took possession of the place on the 15th of February, the enemy retreating upon Nashville.

Simultaneously with this movement upon Bowling Green, Fort Donelson, the principal fortification on the Cumberland River, was attacked by our land and naval forces. General Grant left Fort Henry on the 12th, with a large force, divided into two divisions, under McClernand and Smith; six regiments having in the mean while been sent by steamers up the river. The fort, of which General Pillow had just assumed the command, was admirably constructed, and garrisoned by about 20,000 men. It was supposed by the enemy that it could not be taken except by an overwhelming force after a long siege. Besides Pillow, Floyd, formerly Secretary of War under Mr. Buchanan, and Buckner, who had commanded at Bowling Green, were in Fort Donelson. The works were invested by land on the 12th and 13th, occasional skirmishing taking place. The gunboats, four of iron and two of wood, commanded by Commodore Foote, having ascended the river, commenced a sharp attack on the 14th. After a severe bombardment of more than an hour the water batteries, against which the fire of the boats was directed, appeared to be nearly silenced. Just then the steering apparatus of two of the boats was shot away, and they drifted helplessly down the stream. The other boats having suffered severely, the naval at-

tack was suspended. Upon consultation between General Grant and Commodore Foote, it was resolved that the boats should go to Cairo for repairs, and that the works should be invested by land, the direct assault being postponed. This plan was frustrated by the enemy, who on the morning of the 15th sallied from their intrenchments, and made a vigorous attack upon M'Clermand's division, which formed the right of our army. Our forces were pressed back for a time, losing many killed and wounded, and 250 prisoners. The enemy having concentrated his forces in this assault upon our right, our left, under General C. F. Smith, was ordered to attack their intrenchments. These were carried; whereupon our right again assumed the offensive, recovered the ground which had been lost, drove the enemy back within his lines, and took possession of some commanding positions. This action, which had lasted the whole day, with varying fortunes, was brought to a close by night. It left us in a position which rendered our success on the following day certain. At daylight a simultaneous advance from all points was begun, when a flag of truce was sent from the enemy bringing propositions from General Buckner for an armistice until noon, to arrange terms of capitulation. As was afterward shown, Pillow and Floyd had embarked as many troops as could be conveyed by the steamers in their possession, and had escaped up the river, leaving Buckner in command of the fort. To the request for an armistice Grant replied that no terms except immediate and unconditional surrender would be granted, and that unless these were accepted he should move at once upon their works. Buckner replied that he was compelled to accept the "ungenerous and unchivalrous terms" offered, and surrendered at discretion. The whole number of prisoners thus surrendered was about 14,000, and 5000 are supposed to have escaped with Pillow and Floyd. Official reports of the losses have not yet been issued, but it is known to have been heavy on both sides.—General Pillow has published his account of the loss of Fort Donelson. He took the command on the 8th of February, and set to work to improve the defenses. Floyd soon arrived, and assumed the command. Before the defenses were complete the fort was invested by fifty-two regiments, while they had, he says, but 12,000 men all told. The plan adopted at a council of war summoned by Floyd was to cut their way through and retreat. Pillow then narrates the proceedings of the 14th and 15th. At the close of this last day he had lost a large proportion of his men, and the remainder were worn out, having been exposed without sleep or shelter for five days in the trenches; while the enemy had not only gained a position which commanded Buckner's intrenchments, but had regained their investing position, cutting off the retreat again. A council of war was held. Pillow wished to cut his way through. Buckner said he could not hold his position half an hour; and that to cut the way through would cost three-fourths of the force; and no officer had a right to sacrifice three-fourths to save the remainder. Floyd concurred in this opinion. Floyd said he would give up the command to Buckner, if he might withdraw his own division; for he would not be taken. Buckner assented; whereupon Floyd turned over the command to Pillow, who passed it to Buckner, who thereupon sent a flag of truce asking for an armistice of six hours to agree upon terms of capitulation; but before this was delivered Pillow had retired from the garrison. He says that in the battle of the 15th

5000 of the Federal troops were left dead or wounded on the field.

Fort Donelson having been captured, Commodore Foote, with two gun-boats, proceeded up the river some thirty miles to Clarksville, another point strongly fortified, where it was supposed that the enemy might make a stand, this being the last considerable defensive position below Nashville. The enemy had, however, abandoned the place, after having set fire to the railroad bridge, and retreated upon Nashville. This city, the capital of Tennessee, and the place fixed upon some months ago as the future capital of the Southern Confederacy, was the next point of attack. It was now open to our forces from two directions: by the railroad from Bowling Green, and up the Cumberland. Both approaches were used. Steamers, with troops under General Nelson, proceeded up the river, while General Buell, with his army, advanced from Bowling Green. Until late on the 16th the inhabitants of Nashville believed that the National forces had been defeated. A dispatch of the 15th from Fort Donelson assured them that "the enemy are retreating—glorious result—our boys following and peppering their rear." Pillow sent a dispatch the same day, announcing, "On the honor of a soldier, the day is ours." Cave Johnson, on the morning of the 16th, sent word from Clarksville that "our officers feel confident of success, our troops equally so, and can not be conquered." The first tidings of their reverses were brought during the 16th by the arrival of Floyd, who had escaped from Fort Donelson. During the day the forces who had abandoned Bowling Green appeared, and passed on to the South. It was reported that the National gun-boats were close at hand. The Governor and Legislature departed for Memphis, carrying off the public archives. The public stores were thrown open for all who chose to take them, on Monday the 17th; the gun-boats in process of construction were destroyed, the railroad bridges burned in anticipation of the immediate arrival of the National forces. These did not appear for a week; meanwhile Floyd having been appointed to command, assisted by Pillow and Hardee, the order for distributing the public stores was countermanded, and the distribution partly stopped. But on the morning of the 23d the advance body of General Buell's column appeared at Edgehill, a village opposite Nashville. Buell arrived on the following evening, and was immediately waited upon by a Committee headed by the Mayor of Nashville; a formal interview was arranged for the following morning, before which time Nelson with his column had arrived up the river. At the meeting on the 25th Nashville was formally surrendered upon the assurance that the persons and property of all citizens would be respected. On the following day, February 26, the Mayor issued a proclamation urging all citizens to resume their ordinary avocations under the assurance of protection from the National forces. Few military stores were captured, the greater part having been carried away or distributed among the people. On the 19th Governor Harris issued a proclamation, from Memphis, announcing the fall of Fort Donelson, and summoning every able-bodied man, without regard to age, to enlist in the army.—Senator Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, has been appointed Military Governor of the State, with the rank of Brigadier-General.

Columbus had been styled the "Gibraltar of the Mississippi." It had been strongly fortified, and was thought impregnable to any attack, while it pre-

vented any passage down the river. But the evacuation of Bowling Green, and the capture of Fort Donelson and Nashville, rendered its possession by the Confederates useless, even if it could be successfully defended. Its abandonment was therefore considered certain. An armed reconnoissance made on the 2d of March by Commodore Foote from Cairo, showed that the evacuation was then taking place. On the 4th another force was sent down to take possession; but on arriving they found that they had been anticipated by a scouting party of Illinois cavalry, sent by General Sherman from Paducah, who were already in possession of what remained of the place. The works were uninjured, and a large amount of military stores were secured. It was supposed that the forces of the Confederates were to fall back to Fort Randolph, in Tennessee, 160 miles below Columbus, and 60 above Memphis, although Island 10 in the Mississippi, some 120 miles above Randolph, has also been suggested as their immediate destination.

In *Missouri*, also, active operations were resumed about the same time as in Kentucky and Tennessee. The Confederate General, Sterling Price, who had for some time occupied Springfield, was surprised on the 13th of February by the advance of our forces under General Curtis. He abandoned his position in haste, retreating toward Arkansas, closely followed by our forces. He made several ineffectual attempts at a stand, but was uniformly defeated, our troops capturing stores and prisoners. Price has been driven out of Missouri into Arkansas, and portions of that State are now in our hands, Fayetteville, a considerable town, having been occupied on the 27th of February. At a place called Mud Hollow the retreating army had poisoned a considerable quantity of meat, and 42 of our soldiers who ate of it were poisoned.

Thus, in about a fortnight of active operations, the Confederate forces have been driven entirely out of Kentucky and Missouri, and from all except a small portion of Tennessee. While these operations were going on in the West, the Burnside Expedition, for which such serious apprehensions had been entertained, has met with similar success. Early in February the greater part of this expedition had succeeded in getting into Pamlico Sound. On the 7th of February, the day after the fall of Fort Henry, an attack was commenced by this expedition upon Roanoke Island, in the narrow channel between Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds. The island had been strongly fortified, and was thought capable of barring the way of any naval force into Albemarle Sound, and thus preventing any serious operations upon the coast of North Carolina. The attack was opened by the gun-boats, which bombarded the forts, while the troops landed beyond reach of their guns. The forces, under Generals Foster, Reno, and Parks, having effected a landing, encamped during the night. At daybreak on the 8th they advanced through a dense swamp upon the enemy's intrenchments, suffering considerable loss. These intrenchments were carried by storm, the enemy abandoning them, and running away at full speed toward the upper end of the island, closely pursued by our forces. There was, however, no means of escape, and before our troops could overtake them they were met by a flag of truce. Immediate and unconditional surrender was demanded, and these terms were complied with, about 2500 men laying down their arms. Our loss was about 50 killed and 200 wounded; that of the enemy being less, as they only fought under

cover, ran away, and surrendered when overtaken. Among their killed was O. Jennings Wise, a son of Henry A. Wise, who was shot while endeavoring to escape in a boat. On the next day a portion of our fleet passed into Albemarle Sound, and overtook the Confederate flotilla near Elizabeth City. One of their gun-boats was captured and four destroyed, while but two made their escape. Elizabeth City, Edenton, and several other places in North Carolina were subsequently occupied by our forces.

The right wing of our grand army, under General Banks, crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry on the 26th of February, and advanced upon Charlestown. In Western Virginia, our troops, under General Lander, on the 13th of February, surprised the enemy's camp near Blooming Gap, dispersing it, with a loss of 13 killed and 75 prisoners. General Lander reported that his department was entirely cleared of the enemy, and asked to be relieved from his command on the ground of ill health, he never having recovered from a wound received at Edwards's Ferry the day after the disaster at Ball's Bluff. His request proved too well-founded, for he died on the 2d of March. He is succeeded by General Shields. —The operations of our forces in the neighborhood of Port Royal are kept secret. We learn from Southern sources that they are approaching Savannah, having already cut off the communication between that place and Fort Pulaski.

Important measures, financial and others, have been before Congress. The Treasury Note Bill, somewhat modified from the shape in which it passed the House, as given in our last Record, has been passed. The chief modification is, that the Demand Notes are not to be received in payment for duties upon imports, or to be paid out for the interest upon the public debt—both of which are to be paid in gold. The notes are to be received and paid out by Government for all other purposes, and are made a legal tender for all debts.—A general Tax Bill has been reported by the House Committee of Ways and Means. It embodies specific taxes upon liquors, tobacco, oils, gas, paper, leather, soap, salt, flour, and 3 per cent. upon all manufactures not enumerated; a tax upon railroad and steamboat travel, upon advertisements, carriages, watches, jewelry, plate, slaughtered cattle, etc.; licenses of from 5 to 200 dollars upon trades, hotels, theatres, shows, and the like; an income tax of 3 per cent. upon the surplus of all incomes over \$600; the same upon dividends, salaries of Government officers and employés, and 1 to 5 per cent. upon legacies; stamp duties upon legal and commercial papers; taxes upon patent medicines, telegraphic messages, and expresses. The Bill is now before the House, where it is presumed its details will undergo considerable modification. Various propositions relating to the question of slavery have been submitted. The most important of these is the "Confiscation Bill" reported in the Senate by the Judiciary Committee, providing for the confiscation of the property of those engaged in the insurrection, and enfranchising their slaves. This Bill has elicited prolonged and able debates, and is now before the Senate.

On the 6th of March the President submitted to Congress a message upon the emancipation of slaves. As this message may be supposed to represent the views of the Government, we give it in full:

I recommend the adoption of a joint resolution by your honorable bodies, which shall be substantially as follows:

Resolved, *That the United States ought to co-operate with any State which may adopt a gradual abolishment of Slavery, giving to such State pecuniary aid, to be used*

by such State in its discretion, to compensate for the inconveniences, public and private, produced by such change of system.

If the proposition contained in the resolution does not meet the approval of Congress and the country, there is the end; but if it does command such approval, I deem it of importance that the States and people immediately interested should be at once distinctly notified of the fact, so that they may begin to consider whether to accept or reject it.

The Federal Government would find its highest interest in such a measure, as one of the most efficient means of self-preservation. The leaders of the existing insurrection entertain the hope that the Government will ultimately be forced to acknowledge the independence of some part of the disaffected region, and that all the Slave States north of such parts will then say, "The Union for which we have struggled being already gone, we now choose to go with the Southern section." To deprive them of this hope substantially ends the rebellion, and the initiation of emancipation completely deprives them of it as to all the States initiating it. The point is not that all the States tolerating Slavery would very soon, if at all, initiate emancipation, but that, while the offer is equally made to all, the more Northern shall, by such initiation, make it certain to the more Southern that in no event will the former ever join the latter in their proposed Confederacy. I say "initiation," because, in my judgment, gradual and not sudden emancipation is better for all.

In the more financial or pecuniary view any member of Congress, with the Census tables and the Treasury reports before him, can readily see for himself how soon the current expenditures of this war would purchase, at a fair valuation, all the Slaves in any named State.

Such a proposition on the part of the General Government sets up no claim of a right by Federal authority to interfere with Slavery within State limits, referring, as it does, the absolute control of the subject, in each case, to the State and its people immediately interested. It is proposed as a matter of perfectly free choice with them.

In the annual Message last December I thought fit to say: "The Union must be preserved, and hence all indispensable means must be employed." I said this not hastily, but deliberately. War has been, and continues to be, an indispensable means to this end. A practical acknowledgment of the National authority would render the war unnecessary, and it would at once cease. If, however, resistance continues, the war must also continue, and it is impossible to foresee all the incidents which may attend, and all the ruin which may follow it. Such as may seem indispensable, or may obviously promise great efficiency toward ending the struggle, must and will come.

The proposition now made, though an offer only, I hope it may be esteemed no offense to ask whether the pecuniary consideration tendered would not be of more value to the States and private persons concerned than are the institution and property in it, in the present aspect of affairs.

While it is true that the adoption of the proposed resolution would be merely initiatory, and not within itself a practical measure, it is recommended in the hope that it would soon lead to important results. In full view of my great responsibility to my God and to my Country, I earnestly beg the attention of Congress and the people to the subject.

The Confederate Congress assembled at Richmond January 22. The electoral votes for Permanent President and Vice-President were counted; all were cast for Messrs. Davis and Stephens respectively. Mr. Davis's Inaugural repeats the charges so often made against the National Government, and asserts that the Confederate States were forced into war against their will. Within the year the Confederacy had increased from six to thirteen States, and Maryland also would, when able to speak, connect her destiny with the South. The intelligence of the fall of Fort Donelson had just reached Richmond; but Mr. Davis says that "though the tide is for the moment against us, the final result in our favor is not doubtful; our foes must soon sink under the immense load of debt which they have incurred." In a Message, four days later, Mr. Davis says that "events have demonstrated that the Government had attempted more than it had power successfully to achieve. Hence, in our efforts to protect by our arms the whole territory of the Confederate States, sea-board and inland, we have been so exposed as

recently to encounter serious disasters." The surrender of Roanoke Island "was deeply humiliating, however imperfect might have been its means of defense." He hopes that the reports of the losses at Fort Donelson have been exaggerated; since he can "not believe that a large army of our people have surrendered without a desperate effort to cut their way through the investing forces, whatever may have been their numbers, and to endeavor to make a junction with other divisions of the army." He thinks the war will continue a number of years; and urges that enlistments in the army should be for a long term. The force of the army is somewhat vaguely stated at "400 regiments of infantry, with proportionate forces of cavalry and artillery." The financial system of the Confederacy, he says, has worked well; the credit of the Government being unimpaired, and no floating debt existing. The expenditures during the year are put down, "in round numbers, at 170,000,000 dollars."—The conduct of the war, on the part of the Confederate authorities, has been sharply criticised in the Congress. Mr. Foote, of Tennessee, offered a resolution in favor of a vigorous offensive warfare, which was regarded as a direct impeachment of the Administration. In supporting his resolution, Mr. Foote said that if they had pushed forward, Southern freedom would have been accomplished six months ago. The concentration of their forces at Bowling Green, he said, was a "notable instance of the folly and criminal carelessness which has marked our military policy." Other members followed in the same strain, denouncing especially the course of the Secretaries of War and of the Navy. Much dissatisfaction prevails in Richmond; the papers state that the "traitors" there are numerous. Several arrests of prominent persons have been made; among these is John M. Botts. At a public meeting it was recommended that the cotton and tobacco of the whole Confederacy should be destroyed to prevent their falling into the hands of the Federal authorities. A bill has been reported in the Senate directing the military authorities to destroy cotton, tobacco, military and naval stores, and all other property, when necessary to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy; prohibiting the owners of cotton and tobacco from moving them without permission into any military district; and providing for the indemnification of the owners of these articles who may destroy them, upon proof that the destruction was necessary to prevent their capture. A resolution was unanimously adopted that it is "the unalterable determination of the people of the Confederate States to suffer all the calamities of the most protracted war; but that they will never, on any terms, politically affiliate with a people who are guilty of an invasion of their soil and the butchery of their citizens." Martial law was proclaimed, on the 27th of February, over Norfolk and Portsmouth, and the country for ten miles around, and on the 1st of March over Richmond and the surrounding country. The distillation of grain into whisky is expressly prohibited.

Messrs. Mason and Slidell reached Southampton January 29, and proceeded to London. Little notice was taken of their arrival. Mr. Slidell soon after went to Paris, where he has taken up his residence. —The Confederate steamer *Nashville* left Southampton February 3, the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, which had been watching her, not being allowed by the British Government to follow until after 24 hours. The *Nashville* steered for Bermuda,

arriving on the 20th, took in coal, and departed on the 24th; on the 26th she met an American trading schooner, took off the crew, and burned the vessel; and the next day she reached Beaufort Harbor, North Carolina, sighting a United States blockading steamer; she hoisted American colors, steered straight for the blockading vessel, then suddenly changing her course, succeeded in entering the harbor. She is said to have brought a large supply of paper for the Confederate Treasury and Post-office Departments.

Arrangements for a general exchange of prisoners have been made between the United States and the Confederate authorities. This arrangement was made when the enemy held about 3200, far more than we had. The successes at Roanoke, Fort Donelson, and in Missouri have put nearly 20,000 Confederates in our power. A large part of those captured at Bull Run and Ball's Bluff have returned home.—February 14, Government issued an order for the release of political prisoners not held by military authority, upon their engaging not to aid the enemies of the United States; the Secretary of War having power to except those whose detention is necessary for the public safety.—February 25, Government took military possession, under a special Act of Congress, of all telegraphic lines in the United States. All dispatches relating to military matters, not authorized by authority, are prohibited, and editors giving any unauthorized military details are to be excluded from receiving information by telegraph or sending their papers by mail.—General Charles P. Stone, who commanded our forces at Ball's Bluff, has been arrested and sent to Fort Lafayette, on charge of misbehavior at that battle and subsequent complicity with the enemy.

MEXICO.

The representatives of England, France, and Spain, under date of January 10, issued a manifesto addressed to the Mexican people, reiterating the declaration that their object was not conquest; they also presented the ultimatum of their governments to the effect that satisfaction must be rendered for the expulsion of the Spanish minister, indemnification be made to Spain for losses sustained by her subjects, and punishment be inflicted upon the offenders; that payment should be made by Mexico for the expenses of the expedition; and that the treaties which have been broken should be acknowledged and observed. The Mexican Government replied, acknowledging that the treaties had been violated, and promising their future observance. As a preliminary to negotiations, the withdrawal of the allied forces, with the exception of a guard of honor of 2000 men, was demanded. To this the allies refused to accede. On the 18th of February a conference was held at Soledad between General Prim, representing the allies, and General Degollado, the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs. Here the preliminaries for negotiation, to take place at Orizaba, were settled. While these are pending, the allied armies are to occupy Cordova, Orizaba, and Tehuacan, and the Mexican flag is to be replaced upon the Castle of San Juan D'Ulloa at Vera Cruz. In case the negotiations fail, the allied forces are to return to Vera Cruz.

EUROPE.

Earl Russell, on the 31st of January, issued a circular to the Lords of the Admiralty, directing that during the continuance of the American war no ships of war or privateers of either party should be allowed to use any British port as a station for

any warlike purpose, or for obtaining facilities for warlike equipment; no such vessel to be allowed to leave any British port in which any vessel belonging to the other belligerent shall have departed, until after the expiration of 24 hours. Every vessel of war of either belligerent entering any British port is required to leave within 24 hours, except in case of stress of weather or distress. In such case they may be allowed to make necessary repairs, and take in supplies for immediate use; these supplies to consist only of provisions and other necessities for the crew, and so much coal as may be needed to carry the vessel to the nearest port of her own country, or some nearer destination; no coal to be supplied, without special permission, a second time to any vessel in any British port, until after three months from the last supply.—In accordance with this regulation the Confederate steamer *Nashville*, which had been lying at Southampton, put to sea on the 4th of February, and the United States steamer *Tuscarora*, which had been watching her, was prevented from following in pursuit for 24 hours. We have before noted the arrival of the *Nashville* at Beaufort, North Carolina.—Parliament opened on the 6th of February. The Queen's Speech, which was read by Commission, touches upon the death of Prince Albert; represents her relations with European Powers to be wholly satisfactory; says there is no reason to apprehend any disturbance of the peace of Europe. It speaks of the adjustment of the *Trent* affair, and says that "the friendly relations between her Majesty and the President of the United States are unimpaired." It makes no further allusion to the British relations with this country.—In the debates of Parliament American affairs occupied a large space. The leaders of both parties agree that the time has not come to recognize the Southern Confederacy. Lord Palmerston, on behalf of Government, declared that the policy of strict neutrality would still be maintained. The question of the stone blockade is still discussed by the press and in Parliament. Earl Russell, in reply to a question, stated that he had been assured that the design was not to permanently destroy the harbor of Charleston; and that, in fact, such a destruction would be impossible, for the rivers would ultimately open a passage for themselves.

The French Chambers opened their session on the 27th of January. The Emperor's speech presented a general resumé of the affairs of the empire. An abstract of the financial portion of this speech is given in our Foreign Bureau. In reference to this country the Emperor merely says: "The civil war which desolates America has gravely compromised our commercial interests. So long, however, as the rights of neutrals are respected we must confine ourselves to expressing wishes for the early termination of these dissensions."—The Address of the Chambers in reply to this speech regrets the injuries inflicted by the civil war upon trade and manufactures, but agrees with the Emperor that the friendly relations between the two countries render neutrality incumbent, and expresses the belief that the quarrel will be all the shorter if not complicated by foreign interference.

The project of establishing a monarchy in Mexico, with a European prince upon the throne, is seriously mooted by the French and Spanish Governments, with the tacit consent of Great Britain. It is affirmed that the crown has been offered to the Archduke Maximilian of Austria.

Editor's Easy Chair.

A WINTER of unusual mildness is now well over. A winter that will be among the chief historical epochs fades quietly out into the moist warmth of late March and early April, closing a year of such significance as most of us are not likely ever to see again.

To one who has traveled constantly during the winter the spectacle of profoundly interested and thoughtful people has been most attractive and suggestive. For now during a year the nation has been sustained at a rare height of emotion: a height which is a mount of national vision, whence the promised land of the Future is seen waving in golden peace and plenty out of sight.

The year has shown us that we are a nation conscious of its purpose, and resolved to fulfill it under the protection of law. Not a word has been officially said nor a blow struck at any other system in the world; and yet our victory is their defeat. Our success vindicates the strength and quality of free popular institutions. And they are vindicated no less to ourselves than to others.

Eighteen months ago, when a distinguished foreigner said, "A civil war will do you good," it seemed like the careless and cruel word of a man who did not and could not understand us. Yet now we may well ask ourselves whether the self-knowledge we have acquired may not have been cheaply bought by the war.

Meanwhile no man need fear that we shall never be one again because we have fought. Our fight is no fiercer than that of the Roundhead and Cavalier, of the Fronde and the Court, but a single and united England and France emerged from the bitter struggle.

There is indeed one happy distinction in our war from all others of the kind—that it is not, except in some quarters, a feud between neighbors and kindred, but rather between sections. Consequently the battle-field is not at every man's door, but is confined to particular points. That wild ravage which is so striking a part of the memoirs of the French and English civil wars has been confined to a comparatively small territory. For the rest, the general aspect of life here in the Northern States has been varied only by the military spectacle. For the first time we have seen uniforms and cannon and equipage that meant battle. The flying flags, the beating drum, the march of troops, these have announced war, but it was like war in another country. The great currents of life have been unchanged.

Yet, in the midst of all, no man who really loves his country but has thought with the sincerest sympathy and grief of those upon whose homes the red hand of this war has fallen. It may be long before Peace is absolutely restored, before every muttering of war has died away; but when that Peace comes it will be perfect and permanent.

"I wish you a Happy Washington's Birthday!" is likely to become a regular annual national salutation. Certainly none of us can recall a sincerer festival than its last anniversary, when the whole country at the North rang with merry bells, and echoed with roar of cannon, and blazed at night with bonfires, and every where the wise words of Washington were read and pondered.

Of all human beings he is the most fortunate. In his life so signally loved and honored, with but an occasional breath of detraction: after his death en-

shrined in a national memory which reveres him as no other people reveres an actual historic man.

Doubtless the secret charm of Washington for every American is that he was the ideal citizen. His ambition was chastened into the sole and simple wish to serve his country, and not to serve himself through his country. He instinctively repudiated an honor that merely exalted himself. As soldier and magistrate he was only the citizen serving in the way that was at the moment most necessary.

Thus, in the truest sense, he was the most practical of men, and the most conservative. But his practicality was not moral indifference or cowardice. It was not the policy of the devil take the hindmost, nor was its motto "after me the deluge," which is the policy and the motto of that mercenary, sordid baseness which arrogates to itself in this country, as it has in all other countries, the sacred name of Conservatism.

The conservatism of Washington was an adhesion to moral principle. It was the earnest conviction that the laws of nations and of society are not less absolute than those of the elements or of matter. Consequently he said what no merely technical conservative ever dared or dares to say: "The propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right."

If that doctrine, which is the only platform of a truly conservative party, shall be the text of every discourse upon every anniversary of this birthday, and the rule of the national life, the nation will be worthy to call Washington father.

These words were quoted with the greatest effect in the noble oration delivered by the historian of the United States on the 22d of February last, at the Cooper Institute. No man's word, upon our great men and epochs, can have more weight than that of Mr. Bancroft. No public discourse of late days is more pointed, pungent, and forcible than his upon Washington's birthday. It was an oration in which words were things.

As the life and words of Washington are more and more interesting to us, so his home is a constantly more revered shrine of pilgrimage. There is no spot in the country which is visited with more sincere emotion; and therefore when, after a fortnight of moist, dark, dreary wintry weather, the sun shone clear one Saturday morning, it was a cheerful party that drove away from Willard's door in Washington, and heaved and plunged through the mire of Pennsylvania Avenue, and turned toward the Navy-yard.

The very genius of dreariness has its home in Washington and its purlieus—at least in dismal, muddy days. The positive dullness, for instance, of the drive from Willard's to the Navy-yard is alleviated by no single thing upon the way, excepting always the serene dome of the Capitol. Our drive was any thing but dull, certainly; but it was because we carried our pleasures with us. They were exotics all. They had the flavor of New England, of New York, of the West. They were even the pleasanter from the back-ground of Washington out of the windows. The Senate was discussing Bright, and we discussed him, and we discussed his discussers. The vote of the omnibus was taken before that of the Senate, and it was unanimous.

Still heaving and plunging, we stopped suddenly at the great gate of the Navy-yard.

This was one of the chief points that treason hoped to have secured. But Commander Dahlgren was a point that treason despaired of. He was true, of course, and the Navy-yard is ours.

Washington was a place so easily taken—it lay so willing, so inviting a victim—it was so near to them, so far from us—its society was so false—its foreign sympathy with the treason was so sure, for more than one of the resident ministers frequented those famous card-parties where Slidell shone and Mason and the rest were confederates, and the dishonors were easy—that there can be but two reasons why Washington did not fall. Either the enemy did not know their power, which is scarcely credible, since every body else knew it, or they feared that its capture would do just what the bombardment of Sumter did—open the way for that deluge of patriotism in which party sophistries and half treason and secret rebellion would be swept away.

The blow was more wisely struck in South Carolina than on the Potomac, for there was the Southern soil and the ocean between Sumter and its avengers. Besides, Virginia was then not fully committed, and the rebellion could gain time. If Virginia had been sure for Davis and his crew, Mrs. Davis might easily have slept in the White House, as she expected. Maryland would have made no resistance, and communication with the North was cut off. Then, if the rebels had held Washington as long as they have held Richmond, their recognition by foreign powers would have been soon secured—or, as a Government *de facto* installed in the capital, they could at once have claimed that acknowledgment.

The bright sun shone and smiled these dreary thoughts away as we drove through the Navy-yard to the wharf, where lay several steamers that had run the blockade. Every thing we saw showed war. Commander Dahlgren, erect, alert, wrapped in his naval cloak, received us with cordial courtesy; but we were bound for pleasure, and he for work, so we parted at the wharf, he coming on board only to greet the ladies whom he could not accompany.

The steamer slipped away from her moorings, the band playing "Dixie," the flag floating over our heads, and the graceful heights of the Virginia shore, lightly touched with snow, sparkling in the sun. The Navy-yard is upon a creek opening out of the Potomac, but a few moments brought us into the broad stream, below the Long Bridge, and our bow pointed southward. The river at this point is very broad and very beautiful. High upon a hill at the left there was a battery, and far across, beyond Fort Albany and the camps, we saw the tower of Fairfax Seminary.

The landscape was all historic. We were following the watery war-path by which the brave young Ellsworth marched to his death. While he and his heroes were sailing here the Seventh Regiment was crossing the Long Bridge there above, the May moon glancing upon their bayonets; and steadily marching among his brother heroes, Theodore Winthrop, whose name was soon to be linked with Ellsworth's in grateful national regret and remembrance. Still further up the river, at Georgetown, the third column was crossing, to march down along the Virginian shore and co-operate with the Seventh, if need were—all pressing upon Alexandria to support Ellsworth and his command. The eye and heart clung to the hallowed scene. Henceforth those sad, dead shores are quick with living memories.

We came to Alexandria, a dull town close to the water-side, interesting because Washington went to church there and Ellsworth died there; then passed by and moved quietly along the lonely river. Perhaps it is the scent of treason so lately tainting its air, or the consciousness that it washes the foundation of no great city, or the thought of its malaria and sickly shores, or its essential solitude, or the knowledge that its banks are not the home of free-men, but it is certain that a peculiar desolation hangs over the Potomac. All the way from Arlington to Mount Vernon there is no conspicuous mansion; there is no sense of brisk, happy life. It is the debatable ground. It is a battle-field.

At the turn of the river toward Mount Vernon is Fort Washington. The little steamer drew quietly to the wharf, and we waded in melting snow and mud up the steep hill, and crossing a bridge, entered the fort. A pleasant tradition met us at the gate. It was, that in the outbreak of the rebellion the garrison at the post was insignificant—of course it was, for Floyd had been our Secretary of War. There was a rumor in the air, no one knew whence or why, that it was to be seized by the enemy; so at nightfall the commandant threw himself into the saddle and spurred for Washington, and a regiment, a Pennsylvania regiment, was sent to hold it. If not exactly true, the story is credible. At any rate, the fort is ours.

We picked our way across the area to the ramparts, and there, leaning upon guns, looked out at the lovely landscape. The broad river wheels at the fort, bending westward; and upon the western shore, where its southward course is renewed, stands a little white house—a roof among the trees. That is Mount Vernon. In summer the leaves must hide it altogether. Beside that there were the undulating banks of the river, and far to the north, against the clear sky, soft and opaline that day like June, was the calm dome of the Capitol. Toward the south, where the sky was delicately fretted with dissolving clouds, our eyes looked to see some sign of rebel batteries. We knew that we looked beyond our lines, but we could see nothing. Secession did not stain that summer sky which shone over all with equal benediction.

A fortnight before a party like ours had not landed at Mount Vernon, because it was not known to be perfectly safe. But when our steamer drew up at the end of the little wharf there seemed to be no worse enemy than mud. But we had no baggage trains, so we pushed boldly ashore, and sank ankle-deep in the ooze of the sacred soil. Then up a steep gash in the hill-side, half path, half water-course—across a narrow plateau—up a little ascent—and lo! the tomb of Washington.

It is familiar from the pictures. But the grimness, the stony desolation of the place, somehow does not get into the pictures. A narrow board was laid across the front to keep us from the mud, and we passed in single file, and gazed through the iron grating. The sarcophagus stands beside another in the stone inclosure. As you gaze the whole story—the boy, the engineer, the planter, the soldier, the President—sweeps through your memory, and chiefly you recall the vivid story of the rapid end. The work he did his own fellow-citizens were trying to undo. This was the thought that would not fade. The soft silence as of summer, but sadder because of the wintry stillness, was inexpressibly mournful. The words of Emerson came to my mind: "Who that sees the meanness of our politics but inly congratulates"

lates Washington that he is long already wrapped in his shroud, and forever safe, the hope of humanity not yet extinguished in him." No, no; nor in many a brave living man for whom the shroud is not yet woven. That summer sky over the winter day at the tomb of Washington was but the symbol of the hope of humanity, that shines never so bright over this nation as through this bitter war.

From the tomb a farm road ascends the hill toward the house, and passing the stables you turn to the right and enter upon the lawn, or rather field, which slopes to the river, and upon which fronts the piazza familiar to us in Rossiter's picture of Lafayette at Mount Vernon, and in all the engravings. There is no house in the world so well known to all Americans as Mount Vernon, whether they have seen it or not. And why is it called so?

Washington's father died when George was eleven years old. He had five children by two wives. To his oldest son Lawrence—who had served on the Spanish Main, where he became acquainted with Admiral Vernon, celebrated by Thomson in his "Seasons," as Mr. Everett tells us—the father left an estate near Hunting Creek upon the Potomac. Afterward Lawrence called his property Mount Vernon, in memory of his naval friend. When George left school he came to live with his brother Lawrence, who died in 1752, when George was twenty years old. He was made one of the executors of the will, and Mount Vernon was bequeathed to him in the event of the daughter's death. Washington married Mrs. Custis in 1759, when he was twenty-seven years old, and soon afterward settled himself permanently at Mount Vernon, where he died forty years afterward.

The tradition upon the spot is that Washington himself added to the house the dining-room at the north and the library at the south. But when these parts are taken away the remainder is a very inadequate representation of the fine old Virginia mansion, which figures in story very much as Arlington House looks from the river. The heavily columned front of that building, conspicuous and imposing, prepares you for a rural palace. You wind upward through the stately woods. You emerge upon the broad plateau with the broad hill descending to the river, and lo! the four huge columns are about the whole of Arlington House. The few unfinished, shapeless, shabby rooms behind it ought scarcely to be called a house. They are as near a fine habitable human house as the atrocious daubs of the late Mr. Custis are to pictures. You are lost in wonder that this is the place which has been noted as a fine Virginia mansion.

Mount Vernon has none of the palatial pretension of Arlington House. It is a small country house with a projecting roof in the rear, supported by slight square columns forming a pretty colonnade, from which the river view is tranquil and pleasing, but not extensive. The river bank descends immediately from the colonnade; and the impression of the house and the whole estate is much less spacious than the pictures represent. The house rooms, excepting the dining-room and the library, are small and inconvenient. They have now also an utterly desolate air. In the dining-room is the mantle-piece, of exquisitely carved white Italian marble, which was presented to Washington, and on the wall of the otherwise bare room hangs a portrait of a widowed lady and four children, which a mulatto woman told me was a portrait of John A. Washington, with his mother and her family. The execution of

the work suggested that Mr. Custis was probably the painter.

There is a short hall running through the house from the back door upon the lofty piazza to the front. In this hangs the key of the Bastille which was sent to Washington at the beginning of the French revolution. The front door opens into a semicircular area of which the round sides are formed by the range of buildings which were slave-houses. As I looked at them I remembered the earnest words of this ideal Virginian, in the will by which he emancipated his slaves.

The mulatto woman stood upon the landing of the stairs so that we could not see the chambers, but we passed along the porch to the door that opened into the library. This is a delightful room, opening by broad sunny windows to the south, and is used as the parlor by the present occupant, a lady who holds it for the Mount Vernon Association. She was here in the summer, and all that terrible July day she heard the guns of Bull Run. But she said nothing more, nor in any way indicated upon which side her sympathy lay. For Mount Vernon is neutral ground, and she thoroughly respects and maintains its neutrality.

The most interesting thing in the library is the original cast from Washington's face for Houdin's statue. In the small chamber above, reached by a narrow staircase, is the bedstead—a plain old-fashioned four-poster—upon which Washington died. The window has the loveliest view of all, the southward view of the Potomac. The room itself is very small. But how clearly you see that benignant face, the tender wife, the grave physician, the Secretary, who told the melancholy tale, in the gray, cool December light of sixty years ago!

Returning along the river bank to the steamer you face the old tomb—an empty shell now—in an inclosure just above the narrow path which descends through the thicket. Nobody laughed loud, nobody shouted. Those who forgot that if every body did it the hill-side would be bare had plucked twigs for mementos. The solitude, the desertion, the remembrance of the long struggle of Washington's life, the thought of our own bitter war, the knowledge that not far below, upon the same shore, were the rebel batteries, the universal decay of the old estate and the stony gloom of the tomb—all filled us with profound melancholy. The little steamer slid a little further down the broad sunny river, the bare site of a deserted battery was pointed out, we strained our eyes southward where the battle was to be; then we turned again to the north, the flag flapped a lazy salute from Fort Washington, in the light afternoon air, the modest colonnade of Mount Vernon was lost in the thicket, the sad spires of Alexandria bade us remember the dead heroes, and we moved steadily toward the huge Capitol dome that lay calm upon the horizon like the magnetic mountain that drew Sinbad and his crew.

CONGRESS having failed to make any appropriation, the project of contributing to the World's Fair in London has been officially abandoned by this country. Of course individual inventors and makers will send what they choose; but the nation will not be represented.

No one can justly complain of this resolution. We are ourselves upon exhibition. Our system is in course of proof before the world. If we can stand that trial, we need not be nervously anxious about any other. The grandest product of any state is

men—self-respecting, intelligent, and self-governed men. If we can show a goodly range of these, we will spare, for the moment, the pride that flows from superior churns and self-Macassar-feeding hair-brushes.

Besides, we can rest for the time upon the laurels of the past. Hobbs, M'Cormick, and the other names that attest our presence and our performance at the old Crystal Palace, may satisfy us until renewed peace shall augur "the federation of the world."

Nor of late have we felt especially disposed to hasten to the industrial hospitality of a country which has seemed so cold and indifferent to our national fate. Certainly every thoughtful man in this country has deplored the possibility, and, at one moment, the probability of war with England. But it is equally certain that the course of England toward us has been utterly ungenerous.

The English press, the literary journals as well as most of the political, have steadily sneered and falsified throughout the year. The *London Times* has treated the war as a disgusting and vexatious brawl; and the action of the Government was the action of those who were persuaded that a rival Government was already overthrown.

It is not to be denied that the English have steadily asserted that they treated us with great forbearance, the more especially that we had never given them any reason to love us. But the record stands. Their Government declared an equal belligerence in this country without waiting to hear the views of our Minister, who was not only upon his way, but was in England, and was hastening from Liverpool to London on the very day the proclamation issued. Such a performance can not be distorted into the semblance of friendly forbearance.

That the Government of Great Britain have changed their minds is perfectly clear from the tone of Earl Russell's speeches in the spring and those he made in the winter. It has dawned upon British statesmanship that great nations are not whiffed out like the flame of a candle, and that we have a nationality not less intense than the British or French.

So it is quite as well that we stay at home this summer. Why add the insulting twaddle of the English papers and the gibes of *Punch*, always flat and futile when he is in the wrong, to the unpleasant impressions which we already have to digest?

HOWEVER, the year's experience will free us from much of our painful subservience to foreign opinion. We are learning to go alone. Self-respect, not bragging, will teach other nations to respect us. England, for instance, intrenched in a thousand years, disdainfully sneers that the Yankees are a very enterprising, a very acute, and a very disgusting people. And we have straightway foamed at the mouth! The greater fools we. The real mortification of Bull Run was not the retreat, but the painful suspense to know what the correspondent of a London paper, who did not see the battle, would say of it. And it was to irritate this morbid self-consciousness that the *London Times* tauntingly declared that when the Seventh New York Regiment prepared to march on the sad nineteenth of April, it was thinking what a fine thing it would seem to the English public. Such a remark showed two things: its knowledge of our self-love, and its ignorance of the character of the war.

But the most amusing illustration of the British taunt came last spring from that inspiring specimen

of the British statesman Mr. Roebuck, who said in a public speech: "If you say to an American we concede to you every virtue under heaven—we will believe you to be the greatest people on the earth—but still it seems to me you don't speak English as it should be spoken, that you speak it through your nose—'Fire and fury!' will be the answer. 'Sir!' will be said with mighty indignation, 'I return you the imputation that we snuffle in our speech!' All that you said of good of that community will be forgotten, because you said that they snuffled."

This is very amusing extravaganza; but it is, after all, the caricature of truth. There is not an honest American who will not confess that we have furnished grounds for the unhandsome sneer.

But we shall do so no more. Boys are bullies and braggarts, and of a brittle conceit; but tried and approved men are patient and modest. England herself shows how proud and insolent a great nation may be which has moulded herself by civil war—and yet how free from sensitiveness to foreign criticism. How heartily the Englishman despises the essential nationality of every other people! How firmly he believes that the British are the chosen people of the Lord! With what supreme disdain of the world beyond his island he carries his tea-pot to the uttermost parts of the earth, breaking the silence of the equator and the poles with his national oath—thanking God that he and his fathers had four Georges in succession for their kings!

We may gain their calm pride and cold insolence; but if we gain also their supreme indifference to foreign censure, we shall have gained much.

This is a year of miracles. There will be more than one harvest in the field of national experience.

Our amiable friend and contemporary, *Harper's Weekly*, has persuaded Mr. Wilkie Collins to tell another story in its columns; and there is no more welcome story-teller than the author of "The Woman in White." That novel had all the singular fascination of the most mysterious and romantic criminal trial. No author ever managed to hold the alert attention of his readers for nine months with more absolute success than he. The new weekly chapters were like fresh witnesses giving evidence that seemed to increase our knowledge, but threw no light upon the catastrophe. Is it rash to suppose that it was Dickens's thorough consciousness of the power of plot displayed by Collins in "The Woman in White" that stimulated him to the trial of his own skill in that direction in "Great Expectations?"

William Wilkie Collins is now thirty-eight years old. He is the son of William Collins, a painter of distinction, whose life was published by his son in 1848. The biography was followed by "Antonina; or, the Fall of Rome," a novel, published the next year. This had a fair reception; and was followed by "Rambles beyond Railways;" "Basil;" "Mr. Wray's Cash Box;" "Hide and Seek;" "After Dark;" "The Dead Secret;" and "The Woman in White." His stories have been so popular that they are translated into French and German. They are remarkable for the original and intricate plot, the consequent unflagging interest, and the calm detail of the narration. The author finishes his portraits and descriptions to the last stroke, with the care of a carver of ivory or a Dutch painter of interiors. And Count Fosco, in "The Woman in White," may fairly be called a creation. The smooth Italian vil-

lain of modern times is not unknown in society, but he has not been transfixed before by art. In the delineation of this character there is one subtle stroke which reveals the consummate literary artist. It is shown in the vague distrust which seizes the reader's mind upon the Count's entrance upon the scene, and which springs from the instinctive contradiction of his gross person and his over-humane tastes and conduct.

But while speaking of Count Fosco it is impossible to forget Mr. Collins's obligations to Mr. John M'Lenan, whose representation of the fat villain was so entirely satisfactory. The picture of Fosco playing the concertina in the garden, and shouting *Figaroqua! Figarola!*—his singing at the piano—his reading to his wife—his carrying the candle—they are all most vivid and happy images, and more truly creations than any of the wood illustrations of contemporary novels. The Count Fosco is as good a figure in that way as Colonel Newcome. They are certainly the two best of their kind.

Mr. M'Lenan will illustrate the new novel, "No Name." It opens well. The chapters, in their calm introduction, are like the long sweeping first chords of a grand overture. They are full of suggestion and expectation. Of course the reader and the author are mutually conscious and a little nervous. Mr. Collins knows that every reader is wondering, as he begins, "Is this going to be equal to 'The Woman in White?'" And he is wondering also. He waves his wand, intending to enchant. We yield to the spell, expecting to be enchanted. Now, as no author is exactly master of his imagination, nor can precisely foresee in what way, with what triumphant skill, or inefficiency, he is to tell his story, he can not but share the wonder, and feel, more than the reader, a natural apprehension.

The beginning of "No Name" augurs well. It is a modern English story. Its first glimpses are of a quiet, happy English country-house. The characters, as they appear, are skillfully discriminated, and a transatlantic interest is at once excited by the receipt of a letter post-marked "New Orleans," which begins the spell of mystery. Bulwer has finished the "Strange Story;" Thackeray is finishing "Philip;" Anthony Trollope is finishing "Orley Farm;" Dickens rests, for the time, upon "Great Expectations;" begin, then, with Miss Muloch's "Mistress and Maid," and Wilkie Collins's "No Name;" and do not wait until later, for before they are ended doubtless you will have something of Dickens to begin.

WE were speaking just now of the feeling between England and this country. It has been profoundly embittered by the letters of Mr. W. H. Russell, a reporter of the *Times* newspaper, sent by that journal, for his talent of vivid description, to write letters from the Crimea and India, and, upon the outbreak of our troubles, sent to this country to tell the story of our war.

The London *Times* is the journal into which Englishmen look in the morning to see what they are to believe for the day. The affairs of this country have seldom seemed to that paper sufficiently important to merit much attention, and a few paragraphs of summary of news every week has been found sufficient for English interest in American affairs. The ludicrous ignorance of every thing relating to our country, our political system, and our social life is not surprising. The *Saturday Review*, for instance—a weekly paper written by flash Uni-

versity men, and which affects a character of scholarship—speaks of Burnside's naval expedition to Western Virginia; which is as wise as if we were to say that the Queen had crossed to the Continent by land. Of course it is not incumbent upon an Englishman to know geography. But if he writes for a newspaper, and wishes his words to have influence, it is well for him to betray some knowledge of what he is talking about.

When our war began, every Englishman rushed to the *Times* to know what he was to think of it. But as the *Times* was no wiser than its readers, it dispatched Mr. Russell to find out, and to tell them all what to believe. When he arrived, there was a great deal of foolish talk in our papers about the ambassador of the fourth estate, etc., while the zealous friends of the rebellion in the city of New York took Mr. Russell into their especial charge, and ingeniously served their cause by telling him such stories that, upon their publication in London, the impression already sought to be created by the rebel emissaries there was confirmed, and the idea was at once established in the English mind—thanks to the skillful manipulators of Mr. Russell in this city!—that the government was destroyed, and that the nation would willingly consent to its own destruction.

This is an illustration of the influence of Mr. Russell upon foreign public opinion. It was known upon the Continent that the *Times* had sent a reporter, and his report was accepted as a truthful picture. It ought, however, to be said, in justice to Mr. Russell, that he could not be expected to be wiser than we were. The misfortune of his position was, that he fell into the hands of those who sympathized with the conspirators, and not with the nation. He therefore had no chance of knowing that any body believed in the will or power of the country to save itself. He heard and saw one side only.

But every thing he wrote was read as the truth. If in his letters following the first he had said, "I, and my informants, and the nation itself, have all been at fault, and the shot at Sumter has developed a unity and determination unparalleled in history," he would have repaired the mischief of his first statements. But he did not do it. Then followed his story of Bull Run. It is curious to remark how circumstances give men importance and power. Mr. Russell is a very ordinary man; but that letter probably injured us more in the opinion of the world, by showing, apparently, that we were abject cowards, than any one thing that has ever occurred in our history.

There is another point, not connected with the war, in which Mr. Russell has done us all the further harm that misrepresentation can effect. It is not necessary to accuse him of willful injustice. It is an incapacity of correct observation or intelligent comparison.

This is the comparison in one of his letters between the condition of the poor in England and America. His conclusions are exclusively in favor of England. "No delusion," he says, "can be greater than to suppose the poor emigrant at once attains a greater degree of physical comfort in the States than he has in his own country. It is long before his wages are high enough to enable him to advance himself in any way; and a mechanic or laborer in any of the large towns, though he may have higher wages, pays more for food, rent, and clothing than he does in Europe, and does not, in

ninety-nine cases in a hundred, improve his social position by the change."

To this statement a writer replies in a recent number of the *Philadelphia Press*, who has evidently had a wide experience, and has especially studied the very question at issue—the comparative comfort of the poorer population. The copiousness of his information annihilates the good Russell's *ex cathedra* assertions. "As the force of his attack," says X. in the *Press*, "consists in its dragging our poor to the level of his own paupers, I beg to give you a few quotations to illustrate in how deep a mire he would submerge us."

Ireland's paupers, of course, remain at home. Yet from 1850 to 1860 the immigration to this country was 1,230,986 persons; and the money sent home to Ireland yearly by the Irish in America is reckoned by millions of dollars—money sent to bring the recipients away from Ireland.

In England, he continues, there is no corner where there is not a pauper for every thirty-six persons. In the "South Midland," the region from London to Northamptonshire, every seventeenth person receives parish relief. In all Wales the sixteenth person depends upon the other fifteen, while one-fourteenth of the whole population of the three eastern counties apply at the Poor-house and are relieved; and the tables show a steady increase from decade to decade in England's pauperism.

Moreover X. states his opinion, based upon careful examination, that the *private* charities of England exceed the whole of the vast system of public relief.

Mr. Russell mentions our "crowded" populations in cities, and X. meets him here, and quotes the details of reports in the House of Lords, and of the Sanitary Committee, and in the *London Times*, which are quite unparalleled by any thing ever known in this country.

X. justly remarks that two wrongs do not make a right, but he wishes to show the pictures that Mr. Russell's comparisons carry to the English reader; and he says: "Finally, let me add that in years passed in the four corners of the world, including Kaffirland as well as Nubia, Paris and Canton, New York and Calcutta, among many other parts, I never saw a more sad and miserable picture of squalid want and human depravity than the Southwark side of the Thames presents every evening of the year, and it is fairly matched in nearly every great city of Great Britain; and he who runs may read confirmation of the truth of what I say in *official reports* that meet him at every turn in that dark old country."

The earliest work of Mr. Olmsted, called "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England," contains curious and interesting confirmation of the paper of X., which shows how gravely a person whom circumstances make for the moment an influential writer about America misrepresents the aspects and the facts of our life.

THE recent universal celebration of the birthday of Washington reminds an ancient Easy Chair of the old song of "Adams and Liberty," written by Robert Treat Paine in 1798, of which his biographer says: "There was probably never a political song more sung in America than this." It is in the measure of the "Star-Spangled Banner," and belongs to the same extraordinary school as that performance. It was a time when genuine patriotic emotion took the place of imagination, eloquence, and taste. The

performances themselves are only surpassed by the praises lavished upon them.

Little more than Paine's name remains to us, but he was the literary pet of Boston Federalism. He was a festive soul—genial, doubtless, and generous; but drunkenness ruined him, and he died at thirty-eight. The specimens of the "brilliant things" of this diner-out in Boston sixty years ago are very droll when compared with the *mots* of the modern wits of that city. Thus it is gravely recorded that when the opposition to the erection of the theatre (the old Federal) was overcome, Mr. Paine remarked, "The Vandal spirit of Puritanism is prostrate in New England." A client of Titanian size, says his biographer, was in his office; his visage was dark, furrowed, and shining with perspiration. When he retired Paine exclaimed, "That fellow's countenance is the eastern aspect of the Alps at sunrise—alternate splendor and gloom; ridges of sunshine and cavities of shade."

"Here's richness," said Mr. Squeers.

—But it was the Washington festival that, recalling the time, also recalled the incident which his biographer relates. After telling us, not only that no political song was ever more sung in America than this, but that "one of more poetical merit was, perhaps, never written," "Mr. Paine," he continues, "had written all he intended, and being in the house of Major Russell, the editor of the *Centinel*, showed him the verses. It was highly approved, but pronounced imperfect, as Washington was omitted. The sideboard was replenished, and Paine was about to help himself, when Major Russell familiarly interfered, and insisted, in his humorous manner, that he should not slake his thirst till he had written an additional stanza, in which Washington should be introduced. Paine marched back and forth a few minutes, and suddenly starting, called for a pen. He immediately wrote the following sublime stanza, afterward making one or two trivial verbal amendments:

"Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder.
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct with its point ev'ry flash to the deep;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves."

Our Foreign Bureau.

WHERE, and how, could we better begin to score our record of this new-come March, gusty with winds and odorous with fresh violets, than by stealing this dainty memorial poem from the opening pages of the new edition of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King?" Never did a laureate before intone any thing more plaintive, more true, more touching, since laureates were appointed of royalty.

Read now—slowly—aloud, yet low, with the thought of England's and the Queen's grief upon your mind:

"These to his memory—since he held them dear,
Perchance as finding there unconsciously
Some image of himself—I dedicate,
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears,
These Idylls.

And indeed he seems to me
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
'Who revered his conscience as his king:
Whose glory was, redressing human wrong,
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it;

Who loved one only, and who claved to her—
 Her, over all whose realms, to their last isle,
 Commingled with the gloom of imminent war,
 The shadow of his loss moved like eclipse,
 Darkening the world. We have lost him; he is gone;
 We know him now; all narrow jealousies
 Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
 How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
 With what sublime repression of himself,
 And in what limits, and how tenderly;
 Not swaying to this faction or to that;
 Not making his high place the lawless perch
 Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground
 For pleasure; but through all this tract of years
 Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
 Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
 In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
 And blackens every blot; for where is he
 Who dares foreshadow for an only son
 A lovelier life, a more unstained than his?
 Or how should England, dreaming of *his* sons,
 Hope more for these than some inheritance
 Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,
 Thou noble Father of her Kings to be;
 Laborious for her people and her poor,
 Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day,
 Far-sighted summoner of war and waste
 To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace,
 Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam
 Of letters, dear to science, dear to art,
 Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
 Beyond all titles, and a household name,
 Hereafter, through all times, Albert the Good.

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
 Break not, for thou art royal, but endure,
 Remembering all the beauty of that star
 Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
 One light together, but has past and left
 The Crown a lonely splendor.

May all love,
 His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
 The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
 The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
 The love of all thy people comfort thee,
 Till God's love set thee at his side again!"

Did ever Queen before receive such grand letter
 of sympathy? Did ever sympathy before array it-
 self in comelier dress? Graver and heavier with
 grief than the crape of London or the sable plumes—
 through all the memorial lines,

"The shadow of his loss moves like eclipse,
 Darkening the world."

But for the plaintive eloquence of the poet, we
 should have no right to recur to such a subject. The
 public mourning is over; the monumental subscrip-
 tions are gathered in; the pavement of St. George's
 Chapel is smooth again. All is over on that score,
 save only the crushed hearts of the poor Queen, the
 sons, the daughters! We may not follow that pri-
 vate grief, but we know it lives; we know it does
 not end with funerals; we know it is a household
 guest, even in palaces: no hour so joyous but it
 comes; no toil so engrossing but it comes; no resist-
 ance so stern but it comes and abides.

We can understand, too, with what touching pa-
 thos the Queen has written letters to those poor
 widows of the Hartley Colliery; so touching and
 welcome that they have been copied over and over
 for them, that each might have one with which to
 help the cure of their heart-ache.

WE have said nothing of that great disaster in the
 north of England. A few hundred lives seem so
 small a matter, when we upon the other side are
 putting thousands in the front of battle. Yet it was a
 tragedy that has touched British hearts to the quick;
 two hundred and odd stalwart men and boys go down

the coal-shaft to their work upon a morning of Janu-
 ary. They are busy with their drills and picks,
 when suddenly there is heard a faint crash, and the
 pumps, which throw out the surplus water, have
 ceased working. The rumor runs like fire through
 the subterranean alleys that there has been some
 fearful breakage—that the only shaft leading to the
 upper world is closed. Perhaps not finally or fatal-
 ly; but no light comes down and the groans of
 dying men are heard half-way up. The colliers
 rally, under the leadership of the foremen, to the
 neighborhood of the shaft; but while they gather
 even, the water rises around them, the lower gal-
 leries will soon be full; they grope their way by
 means of iron ladders to the upper seams, filling their
 pockets with grain from the corn-bins. There is a
 little working at the closed shaft, and such shouts
 as can be raised by the prisoned company, to carry
 to the upper world knowledge of their presence and
 waiting.

But do the shouts reach, or if they reach will they
 avail any thing? It is whispered among them that
 a few poor fellows in a distant quarter of the mine
 have already been overtaken by the rising water,
 and are dead—drowned.

All this on Thursday, with scarce a sound of the
 faint work they are pushing forward above to clear
 the shaft. The dinner of the day is long since con-
 sumed; and the corn from the bin (provided for the
 horses) is munched for supper. Faint noises down
 the shaft tell these waiting hundreds that they are
 busy above, doing what they can to save them.

But Friday comes with faintness, languor, hunger,
 yet the corn holds out. There has been a rattling
 in the closed shaft as if stones were falling; but no
 light yet. The foremen even hint that it is tighter
 closed than ever, and that bad air is forming. They
 advise them to keep their heads well up; a few of
 the strongest venture to wrestle again with the ob-
 structions in the shaft, but in vain. The weaker
 ones are even now yielding to the fatal atmosphere
 and lying down along the sides of the gallery to die.
 Sons with fathers; brothers together, with arms in-
 terlaced; boys sleeping on the breasts of the men:
 so they found them, on Monday and Tuesday of the
 following week, for they could work their way down
 no sooner, dead—all dead!

And above ground all this time another tragedy
 has been enacted. The wives, mothers, daughters
 of the two hundred and fifty buried ones have gath-
 ered about the pit-mouth from the first. Blows
 are reported as heard from below, so they are not
 drowned; the engineers put on gangs of their ablest
 shaft-sinkers night and day to clear the pit's mouth.
 But the progress is very slow—so slow that the
 friends break once into a craze of threatening anger.
 Day follows day, and the excitement increases;
 thousands come up from all the country round. Re-
 ports from the shaft grow confused; some say they
 are still alive; others say there is no 'jowling' now
 below. The Queen, in the midst of her affliction,
 telegraphs to know what are the chances. They
 grow dimmer and dimmer; a man comes up pres-
 ently stifled with the poisonous gas that has found
 its way through the interstices. There must be
 death below then. And now there is a terrible de-
 lay to bring up from the neighboring town the means
 for supplying fresh air to the shaft-sinkers.

Finally, by Monday one or two of the foremen
 grope their way at great risk into the upper seam of
 the mine, and are drawn out nearly dead. The news
 they bring sends wailing through the crowd: "God

help them—we can't! Never a step we took int' the seam but there's a man or a boy dead. God, how it look'd!"

And the speaker is borne away to his cottage half gone himself what with terror and the foul air. The poison must be driven out before the corpses can come. So the widows are kept waiting still for a day and a night. Then they hoist the bodies, and they are laid in lines where the friends may come and claim them. On their kettles some few it seems have scratched a line or two of farewell. James Reurcke has written, "Friday, my dear Sarah, I leave you."

Another begins, "Mary, O God—;" and the rest a mere scrawl: his hand had failed him.

Thus peace has its ghastly sacrifices even as war.

THE Great Exhibition building is lifting its huge hulk over Kensington Gardens, and is drawing rapidly toward completion. Orders for space have been so great that the rejected exhibitors have organized the scheme of our Annex, where goods will be offered for sale as well as show. Sir Joseph Paxton is understood to be connected with this outside commission, and has drawn up plans for the necessary buildings which are already in progress. The radical speech of Mr. Lovejoy—which has conferred upon himself and sons a temporary but no way flattering British notoriety—and other indications of lukewarm feeling in America with respect to this World's Fair, give little promise for a creditable show of the products of American industry. It is unfortunate that national animosities should stand in the way of a full representation at this great Peace Congress of Industry. Can Americans be so absurd as to believe that they pique the English nation by holding aloof? Or if the pique were real, and irritating to the last degree, do we not sacrifice vastly more than we gain?

Russia does not display her art-treasures and her mechanical triumphs in London because she loves the English, but because she is proud of her own successes, and wishes to give them voice and token where all the world may hear and see. The Malachite vases are not a tribute to British power, but an earnest of Russian resources.

The whole scheme, too, in its inception and design, is above the small limits of nationalities of whatever sort; it is in the interest of humanity, and every large-souled man or nation does so recognize it. Mr. Lovejoy, however, does not.

THE "Essays and Reviews" so much talked of in the religious world, and in regard to the doctrines of which various suits are now pending in the ecclesiastical courts, are bearing their legitimate fruits. Many a pale-faced curate, lost in the phantasmagoria of their logical sophisms, and conscientiously refusing entire allegiance to the Church creed, is going his way—generally a broad way—leading to the Continent, and ending in a fog of German mysticism or a blaze of Romish incense.

Mr. Cornish, perpetual curate of Ivy-Bridge (where we remember to have whiled away the best half of a winter, years ago, in sight of its tender Devon beauty of green), has resigned, and carried his thoughtful doubts into the open country of unbelief. Most of all is it to be regretted that the insidious untruths of the "Essays and Reviews" lay hold fastest upon men of spotless life and over-scrupulous consciences.

THE Chinese indemnity for the Britons murdered

in the advance upon Pekin has just now been finally allotted: \$75,000 falls to the legal representatives of the captain, Brabazon, and a similar sum to the heirs of Anderson, Norman, and Bowlby (*Times* correspondent). A private in the ranks who was killed is remembered by an allotment of \$12,000 to his family.

On the 27th of January, a bright, clear day, like one of April in New York, the Emperor opened his Imperial Parliament in the Hall of State at the Louvre. The occasion had unusual interest from the fact that the public were looking for some definitive expression of opinion with reference to Italian affairs, and to those of Mexico, and of the United States.

From shortly after ten in the morning the Place du Carrousel, and its neighborhood upon the Quays, and in the Rue Rivoli, were thronged with people watching eagerly for the equipages which presently, in almost continuous line, commenced discharging their occupants under the stately *Pavillon Denon*. Members of the Institute, in their dress of ceremony (which the First Napoleon was always proud to wear); diplomats in court costume; judges and privy councilors, wearing each their insignia of office; cardinals bringing back a memory, ever so faint, of Richelieu and Mazarin; marshals, admirals, grand crosses of the Legion of Honor; mayors, prefects—these all, with the princes and princesses, the wives of the diplomatic personages and higher officials of state, made a brilliant stream of arrivals, and filled with a blaze of crimson, gold, and jewels the grand hall of assemblage. By half past twelve the spectacle was complete, save only the presence of the chief actor, and of the immediate Imperial family. Not the least observed amidst this galaxy of persons was the minister of the United States, who, it was supposed, might hear a final pronunciamiento of the French Government upon the long debated question of intervention.

At a few minutes before one a master of ceremonies announced "the Empress," and every one in hearing rose to their feet, while the graceful Eugénie walked across the hall, attended by the young Prince, and preceded and followed by the first officers of her household. At the same time a subdued but hearty welcome of "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" "*Vive le Prince Impérial!*" filled the arches of the chamber.

The booming of the cannon without announced the approach of the Emperor, who presently, in the uniform of a general officer, walked to his place upon the dais amidst an outburst of *vivats*.

The Grand Master of Ceremonies having desired all to be seated, the Emperor proceeded to speak loudly and distinctly for some twenty minutes, occasionally interrupted by half-stifled applause, addressing himself directly to the Deputies and the Senators, of whose Legislative session this was the Inaugural ceremony.

Only twenty minutes of speech—perhaps less, and yet there is a great deal in it. The Europeans, in this particular type of civilization, are certainly far in advance of Americans. They have learned how to crowd important statements into small compass. Nine short sentences cover all discussion of those foreign relations about which the listeners were most eager to hear.

With regard to Italy, the language is an epitome of the whole Imperial policy, with regard to that country, from the beginning—as full as if he had

detailed the circumstances attending every stage of progress, and as satisfactory, whether to liberal Italians or confirmed ultra-montanes, as if he had entered into an argument to prove the integrity of the Italian kingdom, and another argument to prove the sanctity of certain papal prerogatives.

The grand facts, and all-important ones, appear distinctly: 1st, that the Emperor wishes well to Victor Emanuel and his kingdom; 2d, that he wishes well to the Pope, *as long as he lives*; 3d, that eventually the Church and a liberal Italy must live together harmoniously.

Then, with regard to American affairs, the Emperor's words conveyed simple expression of a determined and persistent neutrality. It would doubtless have gratified Mr. Dayton and the Northern ear if he had made allusion to the slave basis of the Confederacy as an unsound one, and one which the liberal sentiment of the world ignored: it would doubtless have gratified the representatives of the South in the capital (but not in the chamber) if the Emperor had inveighed against the truculent procedure of Commodore Wilkes, and the sunken fleet at Charleston; but the Emperor, in the interests of France, commercial and political, of which he is the guardian, did neither.

We can find no fault, except we find fault with the neutrality, which has been the declared policy from the beginning.

But the Emperor, passing from foreign affairs, gave the larger portion of his speech to the financial condition of the empire. An imperial speech of ceremony rarely stoops to such collation of figures as that with which the Emperor embroidered his talk.

The epoch of figures, however, has come; not to France only, but to Turkey, to Austria, to Russia, and even to America. How to make taxation light, and yet productive; how to encourage the productive interests of a state, and how to make the largest permissible levy upon its wealth, is the great present problem of European state craft; as it must be presently of our own.

The Emperor, in his brief statement, does not at all blink the fact that an enormous sum is to be raised by taxation, to keep French credit good; or the farther fact, that there is a present plump deficit of no less than forty-five millions of pounds sterling. The four-and-a-half per cents are to be reduced to three per cents, under conditions which will put a large sum at the immediate disposal of the Government. The army is to be reduced by sixty-seven thousand men, leaving the effective force at 400,000 infantry and 85,000 horse.

Of course the Imperial speech (which one hour after delivery was posted in every *mairie* of Paris) deals only with the larger figures of the crisis: we append certain ones of our own, collated from various sources.

All four-wheeled vehicles, except such as are engaged in licensed trades, or for agricultural purposes, are to pay 60 francs a year. Vehicles of two wheels are to pay 40 francs a year, and horses, under the same exceptions with respect to trade, 25 francs each.

The rates of taxation on similar objects in all other cities of forty thousand inhabitants or over, is to be one-sixth less; in cities of from twenty to forty thousand inhabitants, one-tenth less than in the cities of the second grade; and there is a corresponding reduction of taxation in towns numbering only three or four thousand inhabitants. The rapid gradation

of taxes in favor of the country towns is in keeping with that Imperial policy, frequently alluded to, by which it is hoped the provinces may gain population at the expense of the metropolis.

There is an exemption of the horse-tax, as we have mentioned, in favor of agriculture, as well as in favor of race-horses, and of all kept for breeding purposes. The number of carriages subject to taxation in the city of Paris is estimated at 12,000. In noticing the reopening of the Legislative Assembly of France, we can not forbear allusion to the very sensible observations of the President, Count de Morny, in regard to the tone and conduct of the legislative debates. He hopes that the members in the interests of the public business will forbear long and written speeches—speeches which are prepared with ambitious intentions, or which, however they may flatter the vanities of the author's outside friends, fall tamely upon the ears of the Assembly, and delay the furtherance of parliamentary business. He alludes by way of contrast to the prompt, matter-of-fact way in which public questions are met and disposed of in the British Parliament, where the most adroit speakers assume a conversational manner, and address themselves strictly, in a few common-sense words, to the business actually in hand. It is a bit of advice which might be repeated with great propriety to the American Congress, where political speech-making, even in these trying times for the Republic, excites the disgust of every sensible mind.

THE negotiations with respect to Mexico, and the proposed kingship of the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, has opened up more familiar intercourse of France with the House of Hapsburg; and it is rumored, as we write, upon the strength of a telegraphic dispatch from Frankfort, that the Emperor Francis-Joseph has addressed Louis Napoleon an autograph letter, asking his non-intervention in Italian affairs, and engaging in return to rest strictly upon the defensive.

It is certain only that the Austrian Government is rapidly increasing her means of naval defense in the Adriatic. She has there a long line of coast, for the most part poorly protected. Cattaro, Lissa, and Pola are the only strong places on the eastern side of the gulf. Ancona is currently named as the probable point of departure for an Italian expeditionary force of the Garibaldi stamp which may strike a blow at one time for Hungary and Venetia. The Austrian vessels, which were in commission so late as last May, consisted of fifty-eight steamers great and small; aggregating 8846 horse-power, and 456 guns. She had, besides, seventy-nine sailing vessels carrying 439 guns. Two iron frigates are now in course of construction.

We take these facts from an article in a late number of the *Oesterreichische Militar-Zeitschrift* by a rear-admiral in the Austrian service, who advocates with earnestness the speedy building of a navy which shall be worthy of the traditions of Venice and of the Adriatic gulf.

Connected with this statement of the Austrian force, we give an epitome of the naval resources of the Italian Government. Victor Emanuel has at command eighty-one steam-vessels of all classes, of 18,342 horse-power, and carrying 1061 guns, besides seventeen sailing vessels of an aggregate of 279 guns.

All which looks as if the Adriatic must speedily belong to Italy, and the traditions of Venice have

revival where the names of a Dandolo and a Pisani are still cherished and still worn.

WE slip back to the atmosphere and journals of Paris to give record—it shall be short—to the horrible “*affaire Dumollard*,” of which every body has been talking, and at which every body has shuddered. Can it be believed that a man, Dumollard by name, has been put on trial at the Court of Ain (sitting at Bourg) for the brutal murder of some half dozen house-maids whom he had decoyed away, at intervals of months and even years, under promise of large wages in country chateaux, where he professed to act as gardener, and murdered them in solitary fields in cold blood? It even appears from the testimony of the medical witnesses that certain of his victims were buried while yet alive, their hands, clenched full of earth in the spasms of death, showing a barbarism in the murderer which makes one shudder. The man himself is a type of the worst species of ruffian—gross, coarse, ugly in feature, brutal in talk. The affair is matched in criminal annals only by that of Burke of Edinburgh. There was the same coolness, the same marvelous avoidance of detection, the same wholesale results, the same class of victims, the same meagreness of motive, and the same quick condemnation. Dumollard dies by the guillotine on the public square of the town. His wife, who proved accessory, is condemned to twenty years of hard labor. The crowd without received the condemned, as he passed to prison after sentence, with groans and execrations.

M. LEVERRIER, the distinguished astronomer, has unfortunately become a party to a tempest of words, which has raged through two sessions in the Academy of Sciences.

The point at issue has been—is M. Leverrier, like other men, fallible?

There are those incisive talkers in the Academy who say yes. M. Leverrier says no—and in such persistent, impassioned, confused manner, that while recognizing his genius we must greatly doubt his prudence.

The patriarch of the Academy (of Sciences), M. Biot, is just now dead, at the ripe age of eighty-seven. He was a particular friend of M. Arago, and with him executed in Spain the delicate labors involved in the triangulation of the meridian. He was author of a “History on Ancient Astronomy,” and published a work on Physical Astronomy after having entered upon his eightieth year.

His literary merit won for him election to the Academy of France in 1856; he was also an Academician *des Inscriptions*: thus carrying triple honors from the field.

WE do not so often set foot in the theatres of Paris that it should be needful for us to make apology for placing before our readers the argument and drift of a new play at the Gymnase, called *Les Invalides du Mariage*.

Monsieur Baginet is a bachelor of Paris, who, like bachelors beyond forty in other cities of Christendom, begins to find his vocation wearisome. The fatigues of a long youth are on him, and its costliness. He has suppers to give which he only half enjoys; enthusiasm to counterfeit, which he does not feel. He counts resolutely and healthily upon a country retirement, where he can give himself up to the idle pleasures of his own chimney-corner and have a fairy in waiting whom he may call wife.

The matter is pleasantly and adroitly planned. A Mademoiselle Fourchambault, a bouncing brunette of eighteen, is the victim; the arrangement is happily concluded, and this charming creature, who is just fledged for a coquettish flight into the salons of Paris, and whose exuberant young life is piqued by only a single taste of the pleasures of the world, he proposes to immure with himself in a hermitage, where she may exhaust her overflow of spirits upon a tender ministration to the hypochondriac invalidism of his forty odd years.

It is well enough to talk of domestic bliss; but a bachelor of near fifty, who has worn out all the enthusiasm of youth, makes but a poor *parti* for its initiation. It is well enough, too, to talk of the hazards and heartlessness of the pleasures of the world; but the maiden life of eighteen has an exuberance of hope and a capacity of enjoyment which may not be chained once and forever to a single fireside, and to a fireside that is haunted by the hypochondriac fancies of fifty.

But M. Baginet has so far sped his purposes that the marriage passes; the country home is sought; the black suits and all equipments *de rigueur* of evenings at Paris are given to his servant, and a great stock of slippers, dressing-gowns, *negligés*, come down from the capital to supply the coming weeks of fireside domesticity.

But the new Madame Baginet has a mother, who does not capitulate so easily as the young wife to the orders of the retired general. She, this Madame Fourchambault, has known in other times a Monsieur Fourchambault—her husband, and under him she has exhausted her domestic forbearance. What her youth lost she has determined that her age shall gain. She will be no party to the fireside burial of her daughter. Thus it happens that, before settlement in the country is complete, the mother-in-law has arranged a scheme of tours to Switzerland, to Italy, to Spain, ending with lodgings in the *Chausseé d'Antin* at Paris.

The Benedick, in these first days of marriage, is feeble to resist; and under the adroitly concealed leadership of the mother-in-law inaugurates the new life of pleasure. All glides merry as a marriage-bell until the Paris lodgings bring him face to face with the memories of things that have made him *blasé*; and now that he is the possessor of a young and pretty wife, his old yearning for the country retirement, the slippers, the dressing-gown, the last journal, the chimney-corner, is oppressive and instant.

But how to conquer or retreat?

The brunette of eighteen is sparkling through a round of triumphs; the *belle-mère* is radiant with the admiration bestowed upon her daughter. Both, most naturally, think Paris delightful, and the country, in comparison, fearfully gloomy.

Monsieur Baginet is stirred into a rally of his best powers. Every ruse of his bachelor life is summoned into play. He has only two combatants; yet instead of a temporary triumph before him, he has a life of humiliation and endurance, or he has a life of domestic content and retirement. He wins, as many another has done, by boldness. He becomes party to a duel; he manages with such adroitness that certain tender notes of his own should be detected in the *escritoire* of one of his wife's most devoted friends. In short, he by desperate effort shakes off the slippered ease and quietude of the domestic man for a feigned indulgence in all the fastnesses of youth. Both the wife and mother-in-law tremble with apprehension, and the result of their boudoir consultation is a decision to withdraw from the dangers of Paris, and se-

cure calmness of mind by a retreat to the country. The play ends with this triumph of the Benedick, and a piquant scene of bourgeois placitude, where the egoist husband revels in negligé, and the young wife is conquered into a bitter submission to a life which is without temptations and without victories. The *morale* of the piece is detestable; but yet it is true to the French notions of the sacrifices of marriage.

WE must have a word for Italy, although near to the end of our paper. The great new Southern nationality is on the growth. The forces of the dukedoms, and of the marches of Umbria, and of the gone-by royalty of the Sicilies, gravitate day by day into the fullness and roundness of a compacted integral organism. Spain and Austria, not having yet sloughed off the old sore of Papish-Bourbon inoculation, see and recognize no Italian Kingdom as yet; but on all the high walls the kingly banner is flying, save only Mantua, Verona, Venice, Rome.

And of this latter, Ricasoli says confidently, "The question of Rome is already solved. Its solution requires no further confirmation. It has received the sanction of modern civilization. Rome *must* needs crown the independence and unity of Italy. Reason and conscience must work out this solution."

Meantime there is no wild imprudence: the mad ones incite Garibaldi in vain; he rests as calm as his own flocks of Caprera. The opposition in the Parliament of Turin is so far moderated as to be almost no opposition at all. The social elements of the Peninsula, so long distinct and almost antagonistic, are blending in the festivities of the gay capital. The marchesi from Ancona and the marchese of Naples talk away their jealousies at the balls of the princely Doria of Genoa. Benedettis, and Della Roccas, and Riccabones, who were heads of old factions that have brought down bloody trail from the time of Ugolino starvings, now exchange cards and make up picnics for Como.

How changed all this from the times only two years gone! How changed from the times when even the great Florentine wrote, with pen steeped in bitterness, his malediction on the Genovesi:

"Ahi Genovesi, uomini diversi
D'ogni costume, e pieni d'ogni magagna;
Perchè non siete voi del mondo spersi?"

Is not humanity on the march when sectional jealousies, that have had a cruel empurpled life of centuries, go down in the glow of a great, golden, national uprising? Fling up your hat for Italy! And fling up your hat—when the time comes—for a Union of all the great States of America!

Editor's Drawer.

AN excellent man writes to the Drawer and says:

"I am one of your clerical readers, and never do I open the Drawer without realizing that

"A little wit, both now and then,
Is relished by all clergymen."

"A short time ago I dropped in at a Quaker meeting-house. The speaker was inveighing vehemently against the sects, and especially against hireling priests, and from them he went at their titles.

"What do they mean," he asked, "by *Doctors of Divinity*? Does the Divinity need a Doctor? If it was their own divinity that they physic it might be well, for the Lord knows it needs it badly; but Divinity never needed a doctor, and never will."

"His audience were satisfied with the argument. So was I, and left."

WE never understood the advantage of the credit system till we got the following story from a Wisconsin contributor:

"In one of the interior villages of this State is a tavern-keeper, and in the same place an honest old German blacksmith, of whom the former relates that he employed him to do some iron work, and paid him cash for it at the time, but afterward learning that a neighbor had some similar work done on *time* for a less price, he inquired the reason therefore, and the reply was as follows:

"You zee I 'ave zo much scharge on my book, and I zometimes lose um, and zo ven I 'ave a goot cash customer I scharge goot price, but ven I puts it on my book I do not like to scharge zo much, zo if he never pay um I no lose zo much."

"In a city not very remote from here the Fathers had ordered that a building erected contrary to ordinance should be *razed* to the ground. At the next meeting of Board the inquiry was made if the building had been taken down in pursuance of the order. 'Taken down?' replied a member of the Board. 'My impression is, Mr. Mayor, that the order was to have it raised.'"

At Rock Island, Illinois, we have a friend of the Drawer who writes:

"In company with an old friend, Lawyer K—, I started on a hunting excursion. Rock River lay in our route, spanned by a double-track bridge. We of course took the right, and did not perceive (not quite daylight yet) a team approaching from the opposite direction on the same track. 'Halloo there!' shouted my indignant friend. 'What did you take *this* track for?'

"And," was the reply, 'what does yer Honor find fault wid me for? Didn't I take the same thrack ye did yerself?'

"That was Irish beyond a doubt, and admitted of no answer."

A CORRESPONDENT in Kentucky says that, some years ago, a stalwart yeoman of that State having a son who was reputed to be only half-witted, took him to the minister's to be prayed for that he might become a useful and successful man. The minister said that he had a son also who was no brighter than he ought to be, and he would have them together and pray for both. He did.

What became of the minister's son our correspondent does not write; but he says that the farmer's boy, from shame or some other motive, brightened up from that time, took to study, became a lawyer, a politician, and *Governor of the State*.

Laugh if you like at the good farmer's idea, but he doubtless used the means, and the result was wonderful success.

THE Rev. Mr. Rogers, of this city, tells a good story of a pious sister connected with his church, in New Jersey, where he was stationed two years ago. This good sister had a way of expressing herself in church, when any thing suited her, by shouting to the top of her voice "Glory to God!" "Hallelujah!" etc., etc. Once she attended a Presbyterian church, and the deacon gave her a seat very near the pulpit. The minister commenced, and grew more eloquent as he proceeded. At last he said something that

made the sister "feel good," and she shouted "Glory to God!" to the great astonishment of the congregation as well as the minister. The deacon approached her, and told her that such action was not allowed there. But she took no notice of him, or what he said, but was all attention to what the "man of God" was proclaiming; and as he proceeded he waxed warmer and warmer, and the sister gave another shout at the top of her voice, "Glory, glory to God!" which disconcerted the minister, and he looked after the deacon, who came and told the sister if she did not stop he would remove her from the house. He took his seat beside her, and the divine continued for a short time, when another "Glory to God! Hallelujah!" from the pious sister started all in their seats. The worthy deacon took hold of her to put her out, but she straightened herself out, and would not budge; so he called the other deacon to his assistance, and they made a chair of their arms, and set the sister thereon, and started for the door. When about half-way up the middle aisle she threw up her arms and shouted "Glory to God!—I am more honored than my Master. He was carried on one ass, while I have two." It is needless to say that the worthy deacons dropped their load, and likewise dropped into their seats.

THE following petition was presented to the Circuit Court at Athens, Tennessee, Hon. Judge Grant presiding. We are indebted to a learned friend, who kindly transmitted it to the Drawer for publication:

"State of Tennessee,) I, your umble petitioner to
Minn County, Tenn.) your onor before the onorable
the seventh dudishial Curcuit Court I, your umble petitioner Absalum Sivels I put this before your onor some time a bout the year 1851 companioun left my house head and room and all ioutentials that she had and three children that was with hear without my knowledge or thought of the same remove hear self goods and chattles to Joils Culpeper at that time your umble petishion had no knowledge of the remove your petishioner further states he was at that time helping to kill hogs at Nathon Sullons near Athens at that time a bout twelve miles from your umble petishioner house your umble petishioner expects to prove a bout the removal from your petishioner house your umble petishioner companion when required of hear what she ment by so doing the reply was that she never ment to live about my house any more your umble petishioner further states that he was Working at a place to git money or any thing els that he Wanted for the support of the household and family of your umble petishioner further states that he is a ble to prove that he ant a drinking man or a spen thrift and further beleaves in all the religious acts that are goin a poiuous man your umble petishioner further states he treated his companion as nigh right he node how as fur as he was a ble and she had not not to cut neaver one stick of Wood in the hold time that the companion of your umble petishioner further states to your onor that he is Justly in titled to a devoreed as the law directs this is the first applicatioun of the same Ever aplyde for buy your umble petishiouner prays your onor to grant him your petishiouner a devorce and your petishiouner ever pray for and so &c.

"This is the 4 day of September 1858
and his companion has not lived together seence eighteen hundred and fifty one yours umble petishioner for the same
ABSALUM SIVELS."

SOME years since Seth P. Johnson was elected a member of the — Legislature from one of the Western counties. Desiring to make a favorable impression, he prepared himself with great care for his first speech. He commenced: "Mr. Speaker, when I reflect on the character of General Washington—" and came to a sudden stop. Again he com-

menced: "Mr. Speaker, when I reflect on the character of General Washington—" and again stopped. He essayed a third time, and got no further; when a fellow-member brought him and the House both down by suggesting whether it was in order for a member of the House to be making *reflections* on the character of General Washington!

IN Venango County, Pennsylvania, is a queer fellow by the name of Tom Barton, who drinks and stutters, and stutters and drinks. He has a brother, Jim, who is glib of tongue and was a great liar—we hope he has reformed, for he professed to become a good man, and was baptized in the river. It was a bitter cold day in winter, and the ice had to be cut to make a place for the ceremony. Tom was in attendance, and close by. As Jim came up out of the water Tom said to him,

"Is it c-c-c-cold, Jim?"

"No," replied Jim; "not at all."

"D-d-d-dip him again, m-m-minister," cried Tom; "he l-l-l-lies yet!"

MASSACHUSETTS never had a more worthy magistrate than Chief-Justice Shaw, and he never received a higher compliment than in the coarse, blunt way described by a correspondent of the Drawer:

"During the trial of M'Nulty in Boston, in 1859, for murder, Joyce, a person somewhat noted in sporting circles as an assistant at prize-fights, etc., was a witness. During the examination the Chief-Justice walked to the end of the bench, and in a grave way, peering over his spectacles, asked some questions of the witness. After the examination had concluded, the following conversation took place between Joyce and an officer:

"JOYCE. 'Did you see that chap that sot with two other coves behind a little fence there in court—I mean the cove called the Chief?'

"OFFICER. 'Oh yes, you mean Judge Shaw.'

"JOYCE. 'That's him; but what a glorious feller he'd make for a referee!'

"The eminent fairness of the Judge had impressed the mind of the coarse man, and compelled this praise.

"ONE more: In the Supreme Court-room there are two niches in the wall—one occupied by a bust of the late Judge Wilde, the other to be occupied by some eminent lawyer who shall hereafter go to the court of last resort. During a law argument, when one of the counsel was weakly elaborating some weaker points, the Judge slowly rose, looked at the bust of the late Judge, then at the empty niche, then over and under his spectacles at the counsel; and after glancing back and forth from the counsel to the bust and then to the vacant niche, gravely and sadly shook his head and sat down. The spectators needed no farther exposition of the Chief's opinion of the counsel's argument."

A MAN writes to us asking for assistance, and saying:

"I am quite poor, and have seven little mouths to fill, besides two wives and my own not so little."

If he means that he has two *wives*, he does not spell them right, and it is more than the law allows; if he means that he has to fill his own mouth and his wife's, he must mind his stops; if he means that he has two wives and his own, that would imply that he is doing more than his duty, provided always that these two wives have husbands of their

own to provide for them. Whatever may be the meaning of the writer, we are disposed to wait until we hear from him more explicitly as to the number of his mouths before we form an estimate of his necessity and our duty.

IN Minnesota an Irishman by the name of O'Connor was killed by one of the same persuasion named Cochran, and on his dead body sat a jury of six men, *half a dozen* of whom were Irish, who rendered the following verdict, the original copy of which, as a specimen of chirography, orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, never has been beaten even in Minnesota. Here it is, all but the spelling, which we have not types to print:

"That Martin O'Connor, here lying dead, came to his death by shot from a gun, which caused the blood to rush in torrents from his body, *so that it was impossible for him to live until we could hold an inquest!*"

MRS. E. L—— and her friend, Mrs. W. J. N——, had been intimate, and both of them blazing stars in the firmament of fashion for two or three seasons. By degrees they came very justly under the censure of public opinion, which is usually very indulgent to handsome women who have plenty of money and give grand parties. At last Mrs. L—— says to her gay lady friend, "Well now, my dear Mrs. N——, we must part forever, for you have no character left, and I have not enough for two!"

A WESTERN farmer, too smart by half for his own interest or the good of his soul, drove into town with a load of wheat in bags, to be sold by weight, so many pounds to the bushel. Finding a merchant ready to purchase, the farmer demurred to the proposal to drive upon the scales near the door, as he was afraid he might not be fairly dealt with if weighed in the buyer's scales. "Very well," said the merchant, "if you prefer it, drive on and be weighed out there;" pointing to the next platform. On he went, keeping his seat on the load; the merchant opened a little door in the floor, asked the farmer how many bags there were, and being told twenty, pronounced the load to be forty-two bushels. "All right!" said the farmer, who then returned and deposited his wheat at the buyer's store and went off, never finding out that he had been weighed on the platform of a fire *cistern*, and that he had sold fifty bushels of wheat for forty-two!

BILL WILKINS was a dreadful toper; but he had a *taste* for good liquor, and cursed the vile drinks that were often imposed upon him. He was taken desperately sick, and when one of his boon companions told him that he would soon be in the world of spirits, he said he hoped it would be pure spirits, for he despaired of ever finding any in this world.

THERE are other spirits than these that hold the body; spirits that the body holds; spirits that some people are fools enough to think they can *hear*, but can not *see*. Coleridge was asked by Lady Beaumont if he believed in ghosts; and the poet replied, "Oh no, Madam; I have seen too many to believe in them." He had sense enough to *know* that what he could see could not be a spirit; but it is hard to get that idea into the head of an idiot without trepanning him.

What has become of the spirit-rappers? Since the war began we have heard nothing from any of them; not one who foretold the war; not one who

pretends to know any thing about the end of it. It is wonderful how much the spirits know about what nobody else knows; and how little, with all their rappings, they can add to the stock of human knowledge.

QUOTH Giles from the dock to my Lord on the bench,
Who with poaching offenses was twitting him,
"If us poachers do live by the snaring of hares,
Sure you lawyers do live by splittin' 'em."

EPITAPH ON A CAT.

So rare her virtues, it were shabby
Not to lament my faithful tabby;
She lived as pure as any roach,
She died "*sans PURR et sans reproche!*"

DR. JOHNSON said "the happiest conversation is that of which nothing is distinctly remembered, but a general effect of pleasing impressions."

Dean Locker says, "No one will ever shine in conversation who thinks of saying fine things; to please, one must say many things indifferent, and many very bad."

We do not agree with the Dean. As another Dean said in preaching, "that's where Paul and I differ."

Now there is our friend Jarvis: if saying things indifferent and even bad would please, Jarvis would be the prince of good fellows. Bad puns, slow jokes, and unintelligible allusions drop from his lips in such an incessant stream that they would make a heap of pearls for the Dean if he would be pleased to gather them; but somehow no one seems to fancy his speeches, and the most of people think him boros.

Small wits are great talkers. Empty barrels make the most noise. A sagacious author remarks, "In making a pun and paradox, the smaller the *calibre* of the mind the greater the *bore* of a perpetually open mouth."

Leigh Hunt devotes forty pages of one of his books—and fails to elucidate the mystery at last. Johnson defines wit as "the faculty of associating dissimilar images in an unusual manner." Sydney Smith, in his "Lectures on Moral Philosophy," shows the fallacy of this definition, gives a better, and broaches the startling doctrine that wit, so far from being necessarily a natural gift, might be studied as successfully as mathematics. It is a question if Sheridan was witty when, staggering along, half tipsy, he was eyed by a policeman, and exclaimed, confidentially, "My name is Wilberforce—I am a religious man—don't expose me!"

Talleyrand, when asked by a lady famous for her beauty and stupidity how she should rid herself of some of her troublesome admirers, replied, "You have only to open your mouth, Madame." This, if witty, was also ill-natured.

Lord Chatham rebuked a dishonest Chancellor of the Exchequer by finishing a quotation the latter had commenced. The debate turned upon some grant of money for the encouragement of art, which was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who finished his speech against Lord Chatham's motion by saying, "'Why was not this ointment sold and the money given to the poor?'" Chatham rose, and said, "Why did not the noble lord complete the quotation, the application being so striking? As he has shrunk from it, I will finish the verse for him—'This Judas said, not that he cared for the poor, but because *he was a thief, and carried the bag.*'"

Sydney Smith discourses thus on puns: "They are, I believe, what I have denominated them—the

wit of words. They are exactly the same to words as wit is to ideas, and consist in the sudden discovery of relations in language. A pun, to be perfect in its kind, should contain two distinct meanings; the one common and obvious, the other more remote; and in the notice which the mind takes of the relation between these two sets of words, and in the surprise which that relation excites, the pleasure of a pun consists. Miss Hamilton, in a book on education, mentions the case of a boy so very neglectful that he could never be brought to read the word *patriarchs*; but whenever he met with it, he always pronounced it *partridges*. A friend of the writer observed to her, that it could hardly be considered as a mere piece of negligence, for it appeared to him that the boy, in calling them partridges, was *making game* of the patriarchs. Now here are two distinct meanings contained in the same phrase: for to make game of the patriarchs is to laugh at them; or to make game of them is, by a very extravagant and laughable sort of ignorance of words, to rank them among pheasants, partridges, and other such delicacies, which the law takes under its protection and calls *game*; and the whole pleasure derived from this pun consists in the discovery that two such meanings are referable to one form of expression."

HERE come some little ones so smart their parents would do well to put them on low diet this summer; they are too smart to live, we fear:

"Nelly is a bright little girl, only five years old. Her mother gave her a little book called 'Dew-Drops,' and Nelly was to learn one verse, or drop, each morning. After a week or so she failed to learn it, and when her mother asked her why, Nelly said, 'If I learn so many dew-drops I shall have *dropsy* on the brain!'"

"JENNIE was only three years old; she lives in Ohio, and had never been to a town where they had big churches. One day Uncle Charlie took her to Kinsman, where they have one with a lofty spire. As they rode by it Jennie looked up wonderingly, and asked, 'Uncle Charlie, is that the house that Jack built?'"

"LAST Sunday we took our first-born, Alonzo, to church for the first time. He is only two years old, but is very smart for his age—very. His mother knows there never was a smarter child, and his mother is a very knowing woman. We took Alonzo to church. He stood up on the seat between his fond mother and myself, his anxious father; and both of us had charged him to be perfectly still, not to say a loud word on any account whatever. The dear boy stood it well for the first five minutes: service had not yet begun. Deacon Wells, a bald-headed man, came in, and Alonzo looked at him curiously. Mr. Ostrom came down the aisle, and he had no hair where the hair ought to grow. Alonzo was fidgety. Squire Jones, as bald as Mont Blanc, walked in, and Alonzo could hold in no longer. In a clear ringing little voice he cried, 'Oh, ma! ma! there comes another man with a skinned head!'"

"ONE day," says Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh, "a laboring man came to me with indigestion. He had a sour and sore stomach, and heart-burn, and the water-brash, and wind, and wonderful misery of body and mind. I found he was eating bad food, and too much of it; and then, when its indigestion gave him

pain, he took a glass of raw whisky. I made him promise to give up his bad food and worse whisky, and live on broth and sweet milk, and I wrote him a prescription for some medicine, and said, 'Take *that*, and come back in a fortnight, and you will be well.' He did come back, hearty and hale; no colic, but a clean tongue, a clear eye, and a happy face. I was very proud of the wonders my prescription had done, and having forgotten what it was, I said, 'Let me see what I gave you.'

"Oh," says he, 'I took it.'

"Yes," said I; 'but the prescription?'

"I took it, as you bade me; I swallowed it!"

"He had actually eaten the paper! It did him as much good as the medicine would have done, and he had followed the rules of the doctor as to his eating and drinking. He was cured."

THE young ones catch the spirit of the times. Colonel B—— writes home almost daily, and his letters are read by his wife to the children. Little six-year-old Sam was missing one night at supper-time. The house was searched in vain. The yard was examined, and in one corner he had put up some boards for a shelter; on the ground he was lying, *fast asleep*, wrapped up in some bed-clothes he had smuggled out. When waked up, he called out, "Leave me alone, will you; I'm Colonel B——, camped out!"

In Upper Egypt, Illinois, they have some of the hardest-shell preachers. A friend writes to the Drawer that he dropped in the other day to hear one of them preach. After announcing his text the preacher began:

"My dear brethern and sistern, I solicit your prayerful and undivided attention while I cite your minds to the passedge of Scripiter I hev jest read. In which remark I shall try to do you good as doth the upright in heart; provided my text don't throw me."

A CORRESPONDENT in Wisconsin says he arrived out there from the East just after the suspension of specie payments, and gold and silver were not to be seen, and were known only as curiosities of a former and almost forgotten period. He had *one dime* left, and when it became known that he had this amount he was waited upon by a committee of citizens, who desired to secure it as a *specie basis* for a new bank they were about to start.

YEARS ago Lewis Holt kept a railroad refreshment stand at the station at Attica, on the road running west. He had a way which men of his persuasion have, not altogether abandoned, of taking the money of passengers, sweeping it into his drawer, and fumbling after the change till the cars were *off*, when the passenger would have to run and leave his money. Charlie Dean stepped out of the cars there one day, took a "ginger pop," price six cents, laid down a quarter, which Holt dropped into his till, and went hunting to get out the change. Away went the cars, and Charlie jumped on without his change; but he had time to read the name of LEWIS HOLT over the door, and, making a note of it, rode on.

Postage was high in those days, and was not required in advance. From Buffalo he wrote a letter to Holt—"Sell foam at 25 cents a glass, will you?" Holt paid ten cents on this letter, and ten more on one from Detroit, and twenty-five on another from St. Louis, and for two or three years he kept getting

letters from his unknown customer, and would have got more to this day, but for the law requiring postage to be paid in advance. He had to pay two or three dollars in postage before the letters ceased to come, and as they were always directed in a new handwriting, he hoped each one was of more importance than the ones before. If he of Attica reads this in the Drawer he will find for the first time why he was so punished, and by whom.

"THE Rev. Dr. R——, of Albany, in the course of an eloquent sermon gave utterance to a brief commentary on a few Bible verses which embodied a fine bit of humor. He had taken for his text, 'This man's religion is vain.' And in following out the subject suggested by these general words he alluded to the Pharisee, who in his prayer at the temple took occasion to snub the poor Publican, as one of those whose religion 'is vain.' And it was just here that the commentary whereof I write ran in these words: 'This Pharisee, in thanking God that he was not as other men were, was merely rendering thanks to God for his bigoted and intolerant spirit, and there is no doubt but that he had a great deal to be thankful for!'"

"IN the good old times of early Georgia, when Judge Dooley was on the bench, a colored barber, Billy, traveled the circuit with judge and lawyers, shaving and dressing 'the gemmen,' and becoming very familiar and impertinent. Billy was great with the fiddle, and while the lawyers were talking in the court-house, Billy would often be gathering a crowd outside to listen to his music. One day his noise disturbed the Court, and the Judge sent out an order to Billy to stop. The darkey, presuming on his familiarity with the Judge, fiddled on, and was soon astounded by hearing that the Court had ordered him to have eighteen lashes! Billy begged, but it was time to take him down a button-hole or two, and Billy was tied up.

"A law of the State at that time, called a *thirdling* law, allowed a man to pay one-third of a judgment against him in cash, and have credit for one and two years for the balance. Billy roared lustily while the first six lashes were laid, and then cried, 'Hold on, ef you please, Massa Sheriff! I take the *thirdling* law.' The joke was so good for a nigger that Billy got credit for the rest of the sentence."

"LAST summer, in the height of mosquito time, the little rascals had their songs in the night to the annoyance of every one. While my little sister Ettie, then about five years old, was being put to bed, her mother said to her,

"'Ettie, you must always be a good girl, and then at night, while you are asleep, the angels will come and watch around your bed.'

"'Oh yes, ma,' said Ettie, 'I know that. I heard them singing all around my head last night.'"

GREAT difficulty was experienced in furnishing the Pennsylvania troops with shoes at the commencement of the three months' service. Those that were furnished were generally much too large for the wearers. This fact occasioned much merriment and some inconvenience. A raw recruit in Colonel Owen's regiment was being put through the squad drill, when the following colloquy took place:

SERGEANT. "Why don't ye mind the orthers there, Patrick Kelly? There ye've bin standin' like a spalpeen iver since ye come out, and niver a

once faced to the right or left! Shure an' I'll arrist ye! D'ye mind that?"

PRIVATE. "Ye're mistaken altogether, sargent. Shure an' ye've bin lookin' at me shoes. *Divil a bit can I turn thim around!*"

THE dullness of the camp is enlivened with many an incident that ought to be written down for the Drawer. A correspondent in Camp Wood, Kentucky, writes:

"After the usual evening parade, the orderly sergeant of Company D (Sixteenth Regular Infantry) brought to the tent of the company commander a man who had refused to drill. After giving the necessary instructions for having a load of wood placed on his back, and having him walk back and forth in front of the guard-tent, Lieutenant K—— inquired of him *why* he refused to drill. He replied that he had been dismissed, and was no longer a soldier. Shortly after the man, whose name was 'Brady,' had gone, I was startled by a loud laugh from Lieutenant K——, who seemed to be almost in convulsions at something good. Inquiring what was the matter, he expressed his conviction that he saw the point of a joke.

"'What is it?' asked several in a breath.

"'Brady's dismissed,' replied he, going off again.

"It is customary for the adjutant, at the evening parade, after having finished the usual business, to face to the battalion and call out in a loud voice, 'Parade is dismissed!' Brady had mistaken it for 'Brady's dismissed.'"

THE *Examiner* is a religious newspaper of the Baptist persuasion, and we know that it would not state a circumstance like the following without being well informed of its truth:

"A friend of ours stepped into a colored church not far from Washington, and found the preacher, by no means a remarkably polished specimen of the race, just ready to commence his sermon. He announced his text:

"'Are not two sparrows sold for a fardin', and not one of dem sparrows shall fall to de ground widout your Fader?'"

"The text was repeated two or three times very sonorously, and with responses and amens from the congregation, and the preacher proceeded:

"'Now, brudderren, I show you dat dis ere passage was meant for our 'couragement; see what it says: 'Ar not two sparrows sold for a fardin', and not one of dem sparrows, that isn't wuf but half a cent, fall to de ground widout your Fader?' Now, brudderren, if God cares so much for dem sparrows dat isn't wuf but half a cent, how much more will he care for a big darkey like you, and you, dat's wuf 1500 dollar?'"

"Here the amens and shouts of 'Glory to God!' became terrific. Well pleased, apparently, with the effect of his eloquence, the preacher repeated the question, and then proceeded thus:

"'We see, too, brudderren, how much more God care for brack man dan he do for white man—brack man wuf 1500 dollar, and white man not wuf one red cent, not wuf so much as dem poor sparrows.'

"At this, filled with the sense of his own worthlessness and deplorable condition, our friend left the church."

THE verdict of an Iowa jury, reported by a correspondent of the Drawer, is a fine illustration of jurisprudence:

"The steamboat *Dolphin*, loaded with barrels of pork, struck on a rock and went to pieces. Two men managed to get hold, and to keep hold, of some of the cargo. They were arrested for the theft, tried before a justice and jury, and the case clearly proved. But the jury were friends of the defendants, and friends of pork also, and *also* friends of truth; so

they managed to clear their consciences and their friends, and to save their bacon too, by bringing in this verdict: '*We find the defendants NOT guilty, but we believe they hooked the pork.*'"

"ALL old settlers remember Mr. H——, who filled the office of postmaster at Oswego during the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren. One morning an Irishman called at the general delivery,

"Any letter for Dennis Driscoll?"

"A search in the 'D' box ensued, and a letter bearing the desired superscription was found.

"'Foreign,' said Mr. H——; 'twenty-four cents postage to pay.'

"'Sure, and I can't read; will your Honor read it for me?' said Dennis.

"The obliging postmaster, after Dennis had unsealed the letter, complied with the request, and read it from date to signature.

"'Sure, it's not for me,' groaned Dennis, walking off without it.

"Mr. H—— began to think himself the victim of a *sell*. There was no help for it at that time, and there the matter rested.

"Some time afterward Dennis again presented himself at the general delivery and gave his name.

"'Foreign,' said Mr. H——; 'twenty-four cents postage.'

"'Will your Honor read it for me? sure, I can't read.'

"The wide-awake postmaster had a reasonable excuse ready for not complying, taking care, however, not to give offense, and retaining the letter in his possession until Dennis paid the postage.

"As soon as the Irishman handed over the money Mr. H—— gave him the same letter that had been read on the former occasion.

"The transaction was thus closed without any serious results, and without detriment to the revenue."

THE Rev. Calvin Chapman was an excellent pastor of one of the New England churches in olden time. He believed in the doctrine of Providence, and thought he must be properly disciplined to become meet for his Maker's service. His married life with his first wife was very happy, but the good man did not grow better as rapidly as he desired; he found this present evil world so pleasant with so sweet a wife that he scarcely wanted any other. But it was all made up to him when she died, and, after a decent interval, he married again. This time he caught a Tartar. She was an everlasting scold. She kept him on the tenter-hooks all the time, and made heaven appear a thousand times more desirable. One day he was in his study at his devotions; waxing fervent, he prayed so loud that she heard what he was saying. He thanked the Lord for all his dealings with him; he thanked Him for the comforts, and also for the trials of life—especially for the gift of this wife, whose constant fretfulness and scolding were just the crosses he needed to bear; and he prayed that her temper might be continued, to vex and distress him till it made him more humble, patient, and heavenly-minded. She could stand it no longer. She rushed into the study, and told him she was not going to be his pack-horse to carry him to heaven; and from that time onward she was a model wife, gentle, loving, and patient.

ONE of the company where Dr. Johnson was present was telling of a woman who had managed to ab-

stract from her husband's property a very pretty fortune, which she had hid away in gold for her own use when she should be a widow. It chanced that death came for her first, and in her fright she confessed her sin, and was about to tell where she had secreted the money when she was seized with a convulsion and died. The company were expressing their sympathy with the defrauded and bereaved husband, but Dr. Johnson said he was to be congratulated, for "he might *hope* that his money would be *found*, but he was *sure* that his wife was *gone*."

Two very clever things come to us from a "down East" correspondent, who will be welcome when he comes again:

"It has been announced in the papers that Rev. John Mason has been appointed chaplain in the ——— Regiment of Maine Volunteers, now in camp. Mason is a man of some eccentricity of manner, possesses a great gift at exhortation, and his services are in great request at camp-meetings and revival seasons. He is familiarly known under the sobriquet of 'Camp-meeting John.' Being obliged, on a winter evening not long since, to tarry in a small country village in the county of Franklin, in Maine, in which region John's labors are mostly confined, I strolled out after supper to escape the tobacco-smoke and bad air of the village tavern, and soon found myself near the school-house, where I saw the people were assembled for an evening religious meeting. I entered, and found that 'Camp-meeting John' had just commenced an exhortation to the audience. He soon warmed up, and his loud voice, for which he is so famed, was going to a high point, when a pious sister seated in a remote corner spoke out, saying '*Don't holler so, Brother John!*' John did not regard her gentle request, but 'cried out so much the more,' until his stentorian lungs were exerted to the utmost, and his voice raised to a terrific pitch. '*Don't holler so,*' again spoke the gentle sister; '*it makes my head ache!*' 'Keep quiet,' said the leader of the meeting; 'keep quiet, Sister Sarah. If Brother John feels to holler, he shall holler—*head-ache, back-ache, or any other ache!*'"

"A FEW years ago a shocking tragedy occurred in the village of New Boston, New Hampshire, in which a young man destroyed the life of a young lady, and then took his own life. The account of the affair, published in the papers of the day, will be well recollected. The occurrence resulted from a love affair. The young man had become enamored of the girl, but his love was not returned, or objections were interposed by the parents; so that 'the course of true love did not run smooth,' and the young man became desperate. Meeting the girl in the street, on her way to school, he drew from his pocket a six-barreled revolver and shot her dead at his feet, and then deliberately discharged the pistol into his own breast, falling dead by the side of his heart's idol. The girl was laid in the village burial-ground, and at her grave a stone has been erected, with the following inscription:

"SAVILLA, daughter of ———,
Murdered by Henry ———,
Jan. 13, 1854,
Aged 17 years and 8 months."

Thus fell this lovely blooming daughter,
By the revengeful hand of malicious Henry,
When on the way to school he met her,
And with a six self-cocked pistol shot her."

*AFTER THE WAR:
Everything & Everybody en militaire*



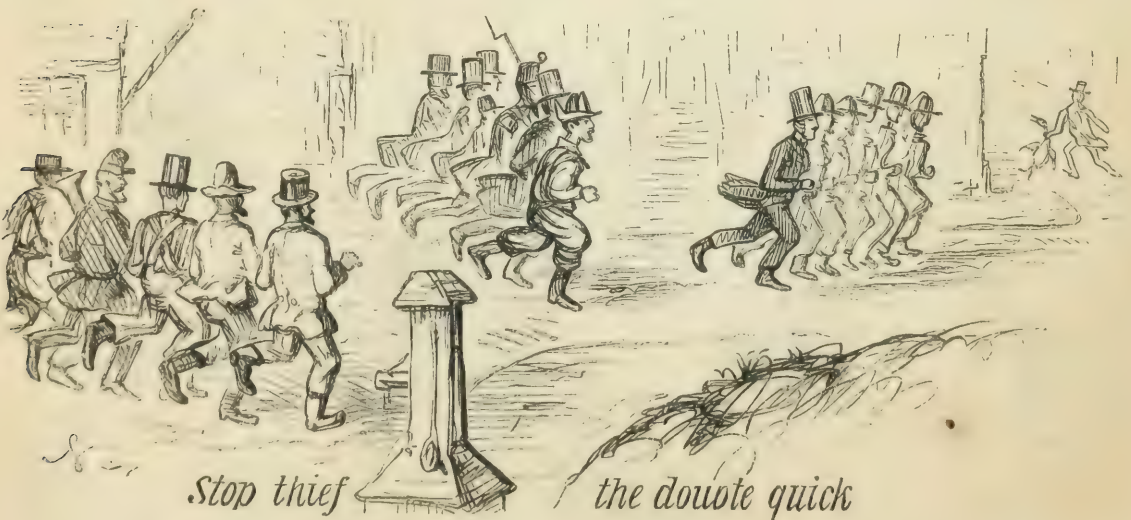
Outdoor scene :- Corner of Bombshell and Barrack Avenues



Interior The Piano superseded by the Big-Drum



The Central Park: Carriages, toys, etc. en militaire

*Central Park**The Ride**en militaire**A mob: the hollow square**The Call to Dinner**Stop thief**the douote quick*

Fashions for April.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—DINNER TOILET AND CHILD'S PARDESSUS.

IN the DINNER TOILET on the preceding page the Head-dress is composed of lace arranged as a net, caught up in a succession of loops, and trimmed with ribbon of any color suited to the complexion of the wearer.—The Dress is of light mauve silk, trimmed with a ruche of a darker tint of the same color. The body is high at the back, but opens in front with lapels. The waist is round, and the corsage is trimmed with a ruche. The sleeves have cuffs, which are cut into two points, edged with a frill corresponding with that upon the body; the cuffs are gathered into slight folds by bands placed at the lower edges. The skirt has two flounces. The under-sleeves are of tulle with insertion wristbands.

The CHILD'S PARDESSUS is of blue velvet or merino, if preferred, with a border of swan's-down. It buttons upon the left shoulder.

The BOY'S COSTUME, represented below, is of light drab cloth, decorated with black braid.

The CAP opposite is composed of lace and ribbon; the ribbon being of two widths placed alternately, the narrower falling in slight streamers. A rosette is formed at the top, with a buckle or gem in the centre. A frill of lace is placed in front of the ribbon loops. The cap is lozenged by bands of the narrower ribbon.

The INFANT'S ROBE is specially designed for baptismal use. It is composed of fine nansouk and insertion. If the child is a boy, the ribbon sash is blue; if a girl, it is of pink taffeta.



FIGURE 3.—CAP.



FIGURE 2.—BOY'S COSTUME.

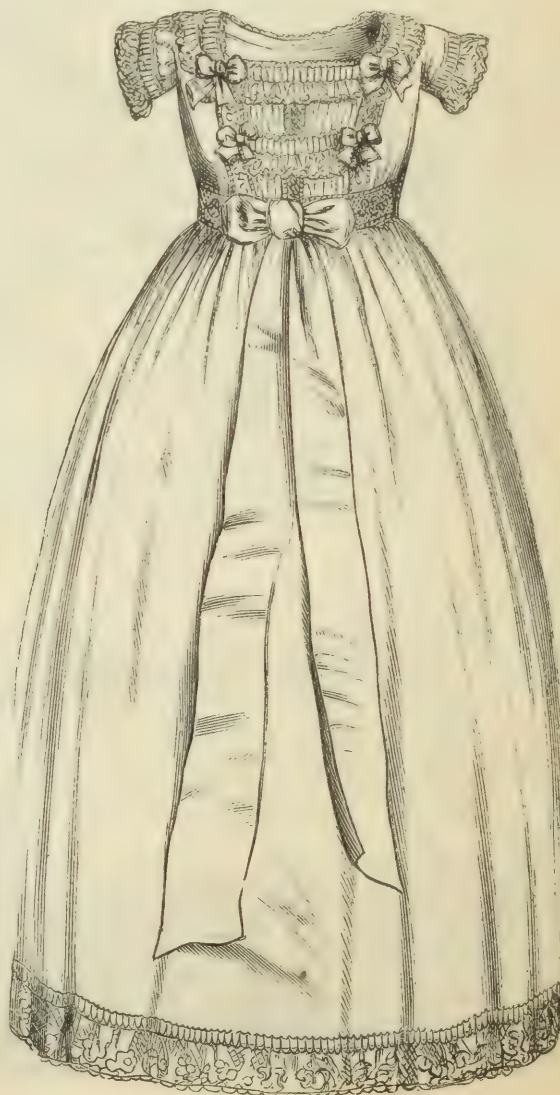
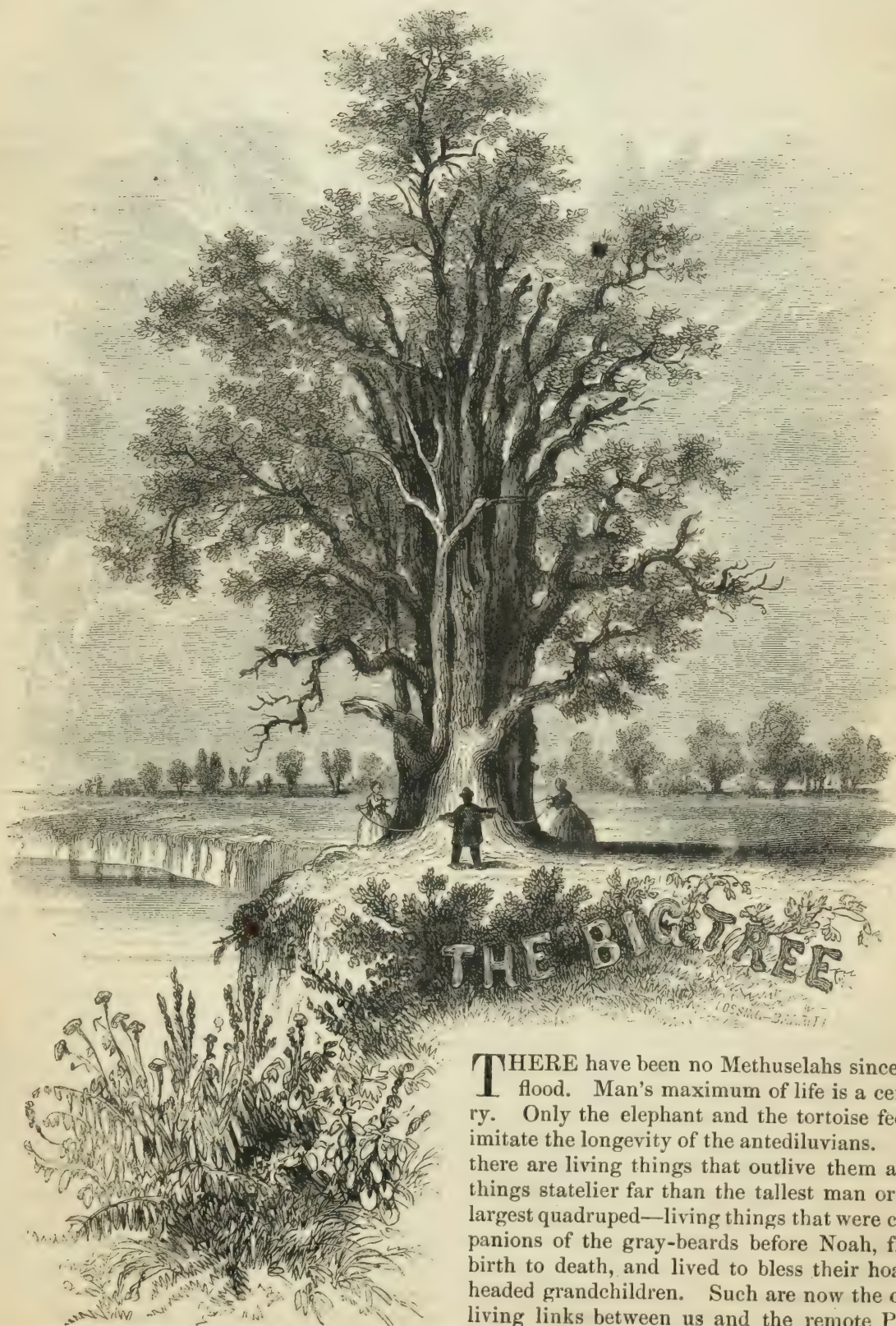


FIGURE 4.—INFANT'S ROBE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXLIV.—MAY, 1862.—VOL. XXIV.

AMERICAN HISTORICAL TREES.



THERE have been no Methuselahs since the flood. Man's maximum of life is a century. Only the elephant and the tortoise feebly imitate the longevity of the antediluvians. But there are living things that outlive them all—things statelier far than the tallest man or the largest quadruped—living things that were companions of the gray-beards before Noah, from birth to death, and lived to bless their hoary-headed grandchildren. Such are now the only living links between us and the remote Past.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 144.—Z z

They are TREES—grand old trees, about which memories cluster like the trailing vines. They are not numerous, and are therefore more precious. In the shadows of the dark forest—in the light of the lofty hills—in the warmth and beauty of the broad plains of the great globe, they stand in matchless dignity as exceptions. They are Patriarchs in the society of the vegetable kingdom, receiving the homage of myriads of children—Priests, who have ministered long and nobly at Nature's altar—Kings, before whom vast multitudes have fallen prostrate—Chroniclers, within whose invisible archives are recorded the deeds of many generations of men who have risen and fallen since the ancestral seeds of the ancient trees were planted. With what mute eloquence do they address us! With what moving pathos do the trees of Olivet discourse of Jesus, his beautiful life and sublime death! How the cedars of Lebanon talk of Solomon, and Hiram, and the great Temple of the Lord in Jerusalem! How the presence of "those green-robed senators of mighty woods" stirs the spirit of worship in the human soul!

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication."

In our own country, and in our own time, there have been, and still are, ancient trees intimately connected with our history as colonists and as a nation, and which command the reverence of every American. In my journeys over most of the States during the last fifteen years I have seen many of them, learned the traditions that have made them famous, and placed sketches of them in my port-folio. From these I have chosen some of the most remarkable as the subject of this paper.

I.—THE BIG TREE.

Probably the most ancient of these living links of the Present with the Past was "The Big Tree" that stood on the bank of the Genesee River, near the village of Geneseo, New York. When the white man first saw it it was the patriarch of the Genesee Valley, and was so revered by the Senecas that they named the beautiful savanna around it and their village near it "Big Tree." It also gave name to an eminent Seneca chief, the coadjutor and friend of Corn-planter, Half-town, Farmers-brother, and other great leaders of the warlike Seneca nation, when Sullivan, with a chastising army, swept so ruthlessly through their beautiful land in the early autumn of 1779, annihilating villages, and leaving sombre tracks of desolation behind him, that Washington, "chief of the pale-faces," who was held responsible for the act, was called, like Demetrius of old, *An-na-ta-kau-les*, or The Town-Destroyer. "When your army entered the Six Nations," said Corn-

planter to Washington in 1792, "we called you 'The Town-Destroyer;' and to this day, when that name is heard, our women look behind them and turn pale, and our children cling close to the necks of their mothers."

The Big Tree was an oak; and when, with a small party, I visited and sketched it in the summer of 1857, a few weeks before its destruction, its appearance was a fair counterpart of another thus described by Spenser:

"A huge oak, dry and dead,
Still clad with reliques of its trophies old;
Lifting to heaven its aged, hoary head;
Whose feet on earth had got but feeble hold,
And half-disbowed stands above the ground,
With wreathed roots and naked arms."

It was a sultry day in August. Our visit was brief, for a tempest was gathering, and frequent peals of thunder warned us to retreat to the shelter of the town. But we had time to study the venerable tree. It was in evident peril from the abrading current of the Genesee. Little of it was left but its mighty trunk. A vigorous elm, that had germinated beneath its roots, had clasped one of its larger but decayed branches, and seemed like another Æneas piously bearing old Anchises in its filial arms. But it was a treacherous friend. It robbed the old tree of its needed sustenance, and hour by hour, while it twined its young branches lovingly among the gnarled ones of the patriarch, it drew from it its life-blood. A local writer happily compared the relationship to the contact of the hardy Indian with the white man, and wrote:

"Crushed in the Saxon's treacherous grasp
The Indian's heart is broke:
The graceful elm's insidious clasp
Destroys the mighty oak!"

We measured the trunk, and found it to be twenty-six feet nine inches in circumference. Its age was doubtless more than a thousand years. During a great flood in the Genesee River, early in November, 1857, The Big Tree and the treacherous elm were swept away, and buried in the bosom of Lake Ontario.

Ni-ho-ron-ta-go-wa, or Big-Tree, the Seneca chief, whose residence was at Geneseo, was active in the council and the field. He was less a sachem than a chief—less a diplomat than a warrior; yet he was often employed in the civil service of his nation. He was the friend of Washington and his cause; and in the early autumn of 1779 he traversed the Seneca country and tried to dissuade his people from fighting the Americans with Brant. But he was unsuccessful. Sullivan was invading his domain. His countrymen flew to arms in defense of their families, corn-fields, orchards, and villages. Big-Tree's patriotism rose superior to his friendship for the republicans, and placing himself at the head of his warriors he became the most powerful opponent of Sullivan's invading army. But his resentment soon cooled, and he was with Harmar, St. Clair, and Wayne, in after-years, in the Ohio country, where they were endeavoring to "conquer a peace" among



THE CHARTER OAK.

the restless tribes of the Northwest. With *Cornplanter* and the aged *Gu-a-su-tha* he was at the treaty of Greenville, which ended the war. That treaty caused his death. He loved Colonel Butler, who was killed at St. Clair's defeat, and had sworn to sacrifice three victims to the manes of his friend. The treaty of peace deprived him of the opportunity, and in his exasperation he committed suicide.

Big-Tree died, an aged man, more than sixty years before his namesake in the Genesee Valley. He was only an infant in years compared to the longevity of that venerable oak.

II.—THE CHARTER OAK.

Doubtless next in age to The Big Tree was the famous Charter Oak, in the city of Hartford, Connecticut, which was standing, in the height of its glory, and estimated to be six hundred years old, when the good Hooker and his followers planted the seeds of a Commonwealth there. It was upon a slope of Wyllys's Hill. During a lull in the storm at the autumnal equinox, in 1848, I stood in Charter Street, sheltered by a friend's umbrella, and sketched that venerable tree—a "gnarled oak" indeed. The gale had been sweeping over the land for thirty hours, and had stripped the oak of nearly all its leaves, covering the ground beneath with foliage and acorns. Its circumference, a foot from the ground, was twenty-five feet.

The orifice through which the charter of the Commonwealth of Connecticut was thrust, on the memorable night of the 31st of October, 1687, was smaller at the time of my visit (scarcely admitting a hand) than in the days of Andross, but the cavity remained the same. Sixty years ago, a lady wrote of the Charter Oak, saying, "Age seems to have curtailed its branches, yet it is not exceeded in the height of its coloring or richness of its foliage. The cavity (orifice), which was the asylum of our Charter, was near the roots, and large enough to admit a child. Within the space of eight years that cavity has closed, as if it had fulfilled the divine purpose for which the tree had been reared." On a stormy night in August, 1854, the old oak was prostrated; and now almost every particle of it is in some pleasing form wrought by the cunning hand of art, and cherished as a memento of a curious episode in our colonial history.

That episode is indeed curious. When James, Duke of York, one of the worst of the Stuart dynasty, ascended the British throne, he took measures, by the advice of unscrupulous courtiers, to suppress the growth of free governments in America, which had been established and fostered under liberal charters given by his brother and predecessor, Charles the Second. He conceived a scheme for making all New England a sort of vice-royalty; and he sent Edmund Andross, a bigot and petty tyrant, to take

away the charters from the different colonies, and rule over them all as Governor-General. Connecticut refused to give up her charter. The incensed Andross went to Hartford with a band of soldiers, at the close of October, 1687, while the Assembly was in session, to demand an instant surrender of it. He walked into the Assembly chamber with all the assumed dignity of a Dictator. The members received him courteously. He made his demand with hauteur, and the subject was discussed with dignified freedom until evening and the candles were lighted. The charter, contained in a neat, long box, was placed upon the table. Andross stretched forth his hand to take it, when the lights were suddenly extinguished, loud huzzas went up from a large crowd outside, and many pressed into the Assembly chamber. Captain Wadsworth, according to a concerted plan, had seized the charter, and borne it away in the gloom unperceived. He hid it in the cavity of a venerable oak in front of the mansion of the Honorable Samuel Wyllys, a magistrate of the colony.

The candles were soon relighted, order was restored, but the charter could not be found. No one could or would reveal the place of its concealment. Andross stormed, and threatened them with the hot displeasure of the King. The members heard him with calmness, and they uttered no word of remonstrance when he took possession of their records, declared the General Court dissolved, and the Government at an end,

writing FINIS upon their journal at the close of such declaration. They knew the value and power of their preserved Constitution.

The Charter was not long concealed. James was soon driven from the British throne, and Andross from New England. Eminent English jurists decided that as Connecticut had never surrendered its charter it remained in full force. It was drawn from its hiding-place, and the government was immediately re-established under it. From that time until its destruction Wyllys's venerable tree was known as the Charter Oak.

An interesting fact may properly be mentioned in this connection. Charles the Second granted the charter to Connecticut, which was concealed in an oak for its preservation. Charles himself was concealed in a hollow oak eleven years before (1676), for his own preservation, after the battle of Worcester. In honor of his King, and in commemoration of this event, Dr. Halley, the astronomer, named a constellation in the heavens *Robur Caroli*. The oak may be justly styled a royal tree. Spenser speaks of it as

"The buidler oak, sole King of forests all."

It is an emblem of strength, constancy, virtue, and long life; attributes which ought to be the characteristics of a monarch.

III.—PENN'S TREATY TREE.

In the summer of 1682 a small vessel called the *Welcome* sailed from England with William Penn and a company of Quakers for the shores



PENN'S TREATY TREE

of the Delaware Bay and River, on the borders of which lay a broad domain that had been granted to Penn by his sovereign. The settlers received him with great joy when he landed early in October. "It is the best day we have ever seen," said the Swedes.

After making some arrangements with the colonists Penn proceeded up the river, in November, to Shackamaxon (now Kensington precinct, Philadelphia), and there, under the wide-spreading but leafless branches of a venerable elm-tree, on the bank of the Delaware, he made a treaty with the Indians, not for their lands, but of peace and friendship. "We meet," said Penn, "in the broad pathway of good faith and good-will; no advantage shall be taken on either side, but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children, for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only, for brothers differ. The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain, for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break. We are the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts; we are all one flesh and blood."

The simple-minded children of the forest were delighted with this doctrine, so different from the practices of the Puritans and the Cavaliers of which they had heard. "We will live," they said, "in love with William Penn and his children as long as the moon and the sun shall endure." And they did so. "William Penn began," said Voltaire, "with making a league with the Americans his neighbors. It is the only treaty between those nations and the Christians which was never sworn to, and never broken."

Penn then proceeded to found the capital of his province, between the Delaware and the Schuylkill, where the Swedes had already built a church. The city was named Philadelphia—brotherly love—and houses soon began to rise upon "the virgin elysian shore." Thus was established the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, upon principles expressed in the name of the capital.

"'Thou'lt find,' said the Quaker, 'in me and mine,
But friends and brothers to thee and thine,
Who abuse no power and admit no line,
'Twixt the red man and the white.'
And bright was the spot where the Quaker came
To leave his hat, his drab, and his name,
That will sweetly sound from the trump of Fame
'Till its final blast shall die."

"The Treaty Tree," as the great elm was ever afterward called, became an object of veneration. Penn loved the spot; and twenty years afterward, when he contemplated making his permanent residence in Pennsylvania, he tried to purchase the fine house of Thomas Fairman, by the tree, and the estate around it, considering it, he said, "one of the pleasantest situations on the river for a governor." Benjamin West commemorated the scene of the treaty in a beautiful painting—a picture, however, full of absurdities. He omitted the river; and he represented Penn as an old man in the Quaker garb of George the Third's time, whereas he was a young

man, thirty-eight years old, dressed in the costume of the better class in Charles the Second's reign, and wearing, as a badge of distinction on that occasion, a sash of blue silk net-work around his waist. That sash is preserved by the Penn family in England.

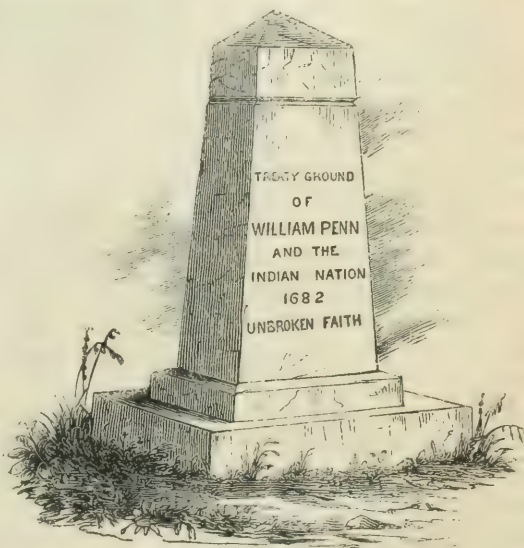
The venerable and venerated "Treaty Tree" was protected with great care. It was not lofty but wide-spread. Birch made a drawing of it at the beginning of this century. George Lehman made one at a later period; and from that, in which the city of Philadelphia is seen in the distance, our little sketch was copied. During a gentle gale, on the night of the 3d of March, 1810, the venerable elm was prostrated. Its consecutive rings proved it to be two hundred and eighty-three years of age. The circumference of its trunk was twenty-four feet. The wood was converted by art into a great variety of forms for preservation. An arm-chair was made of it and presented to the venerable Dr. Rush. The Penn Society erected a monument upon its site, with suitable inscriptions,* which now stands near the intersection of Beach and Hanover streets, Kensington suburbs.

The venerable Judge Peters, the esteemed personal friend of Washington, thus wrote after the tree had fallen:

"Let each take a relic from that hallowed tree,
Which, like Penn, whom it shaded, immortal shall be;
As the pride of our forests let elms be renowned,
For the justly-prized virtues with which they abound.

* * * * *

Though Time has devoted our tree to decay,
The sage lessons it witnessed survive to our day;
May our trust-worthy statesmen, when called to the helm,
Ne'er forget the wise treaty held under the ELM."



TREATY TREE MONUMENT.

* The following is a copy of the inscriptions:

North Side.—"Treaty-ground of William Penn and the Indian Nation, 1682. Unbroken Faith."

South Side.—"William Penn, born 1644. Died 1718."
West Side.—"Placed by the Penn Society, A.D. 1827, to mark the site of the great Elm-Tree."

East Side.—"Pennsylvania founded 1681, by deeds of Peace."

IV. — THE STUYVESANT PEAR-TREE.

"Peter the Headstrong," of Irving's inimitable comic history of early New York, was not always disputing with democratic burgomasters, watching interloping Yankees, silencing the complaints of those who were not fond of despotism, nor fighting Swedes and Indians. He loved the country and the delights afforded by farm and garden. He loved *home*, in its broadest Teutonic sense; and during the first year of his life in New Amsterdam (now New York) he laid the foundations of domestic happiness by marrying Judith Bayard, the beautiful daughter of a wealthy Huguenot, whom he found blooming in this Western wild. He had built a house of small yellow brick brought from Holland, remote from the town, laid out a garden, and planted in it some choice pear-trees from his native country, in 1647. Peter Stuyvesant was a soldier, with a silver leg and an attractive face. He was a bachelor of forty-five when he married Judith, the black-eyed brunette.

Stuyvesant's life as Governor in New Netherland was a stormy one. It was only at his house, in the bosom of his "Bowerie Farm," that he found peace. Fledgeling democrats, Puritan interlopers, exasperated Indians, ambitious Swedes, and a rebellious Patroon agent, high up the Mauritius or Hudson, continually disturbed the current of his public life.

At length a greater calamity fell upon Stuyvesant. The lately-restored monarch of England, with the impudence of the Prince of Darkness, who offered the Lord from heaven whole kingdoms of which he did not own a rood, gave the fair domain of the Dutch West India Company to his brother, James, Duke of York and Albany, and granted him military power sufficient for him to come and take it with the strong hand and will of a highway robber. Resistance was useless. All the people of Manhattan counseled surrender; but Peter Stuyvesant, with the proverbial obstinacy of his race, stood out for three days against the threats of enemies and the remonstrances of friends. At



THE STUYVESANT PEAR-TREE.

last he yielded. Dutch power in North America crumbled, and New Netherland and New Amsterdam became New York.

Stuyvesant retired to his farm, built a chapel on the site of the present St. Mark's Church, and, after eighteen years of repose in the bosom of domestic life, he was buried there, leaving his farm to yield enormous wealth to his descendants. Time wrought mighty changes in farm, in house, and in garden. At last no living thing that Stuyvesant had fostered with his own hand remained except a solitary pear-tree. The farm and the garden lie beneath costly structures of brick and stone; yet that pear-tree continues to blossom and bear fruit. Year after year it has been bereft of branches, until it has become little more than a venerable trunk.

The Stuyvesant Pear-Tree (now two hundred and fourteen years old) stands on the corner of Third Avenue and Thirteenth Street—the oldest living thing in the city of New York.

V.—GATES'S WEeping WILLOW.

Only nine streets above the Stuyvesant Pear-Tree stood a venerable willow-tree, until 1860, when it was cut down. Our sketch presents it as it appeared in 1845. Its history is somewhat interesting, and the record of its pedigree is curious and worth preserving. It is as follows:

Soon after Pope, the eminent English poet, built his villa at Twickenham a friend in Smyrna sent him a drum of figs. In it was a small twig, which Pope stuck in the ground on the bank of the Thames, near his dwelling. It took root, grew rapidly, and became the admiration of the poet and his friends, for it was the *Salix Babylonica*, or Weeping Willow. This was the parent of all its kind in England and the United States. But its life was short. Pope died, and Lord Spenser became the owner and careful guardian of Twickenham. It was finally purchased by Lady Howe, to whom Pope once addressed the following lines, in reply to her question, "What is Prudery?"

"'Tis a beldam
Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom.
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.
'Tis (no 'tish't) like Miss Meadows.
'Tis a virgin, hard of feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature:
Lean and fretful—would seem wise,
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly, envious shrew,
That rails at dear Lepell and you."

Lady Howe had little reverence for the material works of Pope's taste and genius. She leveled the villa, and built a commonplace house near the site; and every thing that he prized was suffered to fall into decay. A Scotch writer, who visited the spot a few years ago, remarked, "The house of the poet was gone, ruthlessly pulled down by a lady—Queen of the Goths and Vandals might she well be called; a lady of rank was she and title; and her only object in this wanton piece of barbarism would seem to have been to demonstrate, by an overt act, how little of communion, sympathy, or feeling may subsist in the breast of some of the aristocracy of rank for the abiding-place of the aristocracy of genius.....The Willow-Tree, also springing from the hand of the poet, as much one of his works as the 'Messiah' or the 'Windsor Forest', whose pendent boughs overshadowed the silvery Thames, was pulled up by the roots!"

The British officers who came to Boston in 1775 to "crush the American rebellion," expected to complete the business in a few weeks. Some came prepared for sporting; and one young officer made preparations for settling upon the confiscated land of some "rebel." He brought with him, wrapped in oil-silk, a twig from Pope's Willow to plant in his American grounds. Events disappointed him. He had become acquainted with Mr. Custis, Washing-



GATES'S WEeping WILLOW.



PONTIAC'S MEMORIAL TREE.

ton's step-son, and who was his aid at Cambridge. The young officer presented his twig to him. Custis planted it near his house at Abingdon, in Virginia, where it grew vigorously.

In 1790 General Gates leased a farm on Rose Hill, on Manhattan Island. His house (consumed in 1845) was at the end of a lane leading from the Boston road, now Third Avenue. He brought from Abingdon a shoot from Custis's willow, and planted it at the entrance gate to his lane. It became in time the venerable willow we have delineated on the corner of Third Avenue and Twenty-second Street. It was a grandchild of Pope's Weeping Willow at Twickenham.

VI.—PONTIAC'S MEMORIAL TREE.

I was in Detroit in the autumn of 1860, and in company with a friend rode out northward a mile on Jefferson Avenue to see the great white-wood tree, whose scars commemorate a tragedy performed in its presence about a hundred years ago. A little stream, known in early times as Parent's Creek, comes down from gentle hills after beautifying Elmwood Cemetery, passes under Jefferson Avenue, and flows into the Detroit River a few rods distant. The chief events of the tragedy alluded to may be related in few words.

Pontiac, a great Ottawa warrior and statesman, formed a league of several of the Indian tribes in the Northwest, at the close of the French and Indian war, for the purpose of exterminating the English west of Oswego and Fort Duquesne.

He said to the Canadians at a Council in his camp: "I have told you before, and I now tell you again, that when I took up the hatchet it was for your good. This year the English must all perish throughout Canada. The Master of Life commands it." He then told them that they must act with him, or he would be their enemy. They cited the capitulation at Montreal, which transferred Canada to the English, and refused to join him. He pressed forward in his conspiracy without them, and finally invested Detroit with a formidable force.

In July, 1763, Pontiac was encamped behind a swamp a mile and a half north of the fort at Detroit. Captain Dalzell, who had ranged with Putnam in Northern New York, arrived with reinforcements at the close of the month, and obtained permission to attack Pontiac immediately. A perfidious Canadian informed Pontiac, and he made ready for the attack.

At little past midnight Dalzell marched to Parent's Creek. The darkness was intense. A thousand eager ears were listening for their approach. Five hundred dusky warriors were lurking near the rude log bridge, in the wild ravine through which Parent's Creek flowed. Dalzell's advance was just crossing the bridge when terrific yells in front, and a blaze of musketry on the left flank, revealed the presence of the wily foe. Half of the advance party were slain, and the remainder shrank back appalled. The main body, advancing, also recoiled. Then came an-

other volley, when the voice of Dalzell in the van inspired his men. With his followers he pushed across the bridge, and charged up the hill; but in the blackness the skulking enemy could not be seen, and his presence was known only by the flash of his guns.

Word now reached Dalzell that the Indians, in large numbers, had gone to cut off his communication with the fort. He sounded a retreat, and in good order pressed toward Detroit, exposed to a most perilous enfilading fire. Day dawned with a thick fog; and now, for the first time, the enemy were seen. They came darting through the mist on flank and rear, and as suddenly disappeared after firing deadly shots upon the English. One of these slew Captain Dalzell, while he was attempting to bear off a wounded sergeant. The detachment finally reached the fort, having lost sixty-one of their number, in killed and wounded. Most of the slain fell at the bridge; and Parent's Creek has ever since been called from that circumstance Bloody Run.

The bridge was much nearer the river than Jefferson Avenue; and the huge tree I have delineated, sixteen feet in circumference, and scarred by the bullets of that battle, stood in a thicket in the ravine between the assailants and the assailed.

VII.—THE WASHINGTON ELM AT CAMBRIDGE.

The thunder-peal of revolution that went forth from Lexington and Concord aroused all New

England, and a formidable army was soon gathered around Boston, with a determination to confine the British invader to that peninsula or drive him into the sea. The storm-cloud of war grew more portentous every hour. At length it burst upon Bunker Hill, and the great conflict for American Independence began. The patriots looked for a competent captain to lead them to absolute freedom and peace. That commander was found in George Washington, of Virginia. A New England delegate suggested him, a Maryland delegate nominated him, and the Confederate Congress appointed him commander-in-chief of all "the Continental forces raised or to be raised for the defense of American liberty." The army at Boston was adopted as the army of the nation; and on the 21st of June, 1775, Washington left Philadelphia for the New England capital to take command of it. He arrived at Cambridge, and made his head-quarters there on the 2d of July. He was accompanied by Major-General Lee, his next in command, and other officers, and received the most enthusiastic greetings from the people on the way.

At about nine o'clock on the morning of the 3d of July, Washington, accompanied by the general officers of the army who were present, proceeded on foot from the quarters of the Commander-in-chief, to a great Elm-Tree at the north end of Cambridge Common, near which the Republican forces were drawn up in proper order. Under the shadow of that wide-spreading tree, Washington stepped forward a few paces, made



THE WASHINGTON ELM AT CAMBRIDGE.

some appropriate remarks, drew his sword, and formally assumed the command of the army.

Eighty-six years have passed away since that imposing and important event occurred. The great Elm-Tree is still there, flourishing in the pride of its strength and beauty. Near it, when I sketched it in 1848, was Moore's house, one of the oldest in Cambridge, in which then lived the venerable Mrs. Moore, who saw the ceremony from the window of that dwelling. The venerable Elm stands there in the midst of a busy city, a living representative of the forest that covered the land when the "Pilgrim Fathers" came.

VIII.—THE TORY TULIP-TREE.

On a dismal morning in January, 1849, I crossed the dividing line between North and South Carolina, near the Broad River. A chilling northeast wind, freighted with sleet, was driving over the dreary country; and wet snow, two inches deep, covered the ground. I was on

my way to King's Mountain, where Major Patrick Ferguson, one of Lord Cornwallis's officers, with more than a thousand South Carolina Tories, was attacked and defeated by the Republicans, under Colonels Cleveland, Shelby, Campbell, Sevier, and M'Dowell, in October, 1780.

I arrived near the battle-ground in the afternoon when the clouds were breaking; and, on horseback, accompanied by a resident in the neighborhood, ascended the pleasant wooded hills to the memorable spot. The sun was low in the west, and its slant rays, gleaming through the boughs dripping with the melting snows, garnished the forest for a few moments with all the seeming splendors of the mines. In a little dell at the northern foot of the hill, whereon most of the battle was fought, was a clear brook, laving the roots of an enormous Tulip-Tree, whose branches were wide-spread. "That," said Mr. Leslie, my companion, "we call the Tory Tree, because, after the battle here, ten Tories

were hung upon those two lower branches." "Were they not prisoners of war?" I asked. "They were taken in battle," he replied; "but they were too wicked to live."

The conduct of the Tories in Upper South Carolina was so relentless and cruel that some of the Republican leaders resolved that, if certain persons among them should fall into their hands, they should be hung as robbers and murderers. Several of these were in Ferguson's band at King's Mountain. In the hard-fought battle that ensued many of that band were killed, and the remainder were made prisoners. The crimes of some had placed them out of the pale of mercy. They were tried by a court-martial, found guilty, and ten of them were hung upon the Tulip-Tree in the dell, even then a young giant of the forest.

Near that tree, in the lonely hollow of the solitary mountains, is an humble monument to mark the spot where American officers, and Ferguson, the leader of the Tories, who were slain in battle, were buried. One inscription reads: "Col. Ferguson, an Officer belonging to his Britannic Majesty, was here defeated and killed."



THE TORY TULIP-TREE.

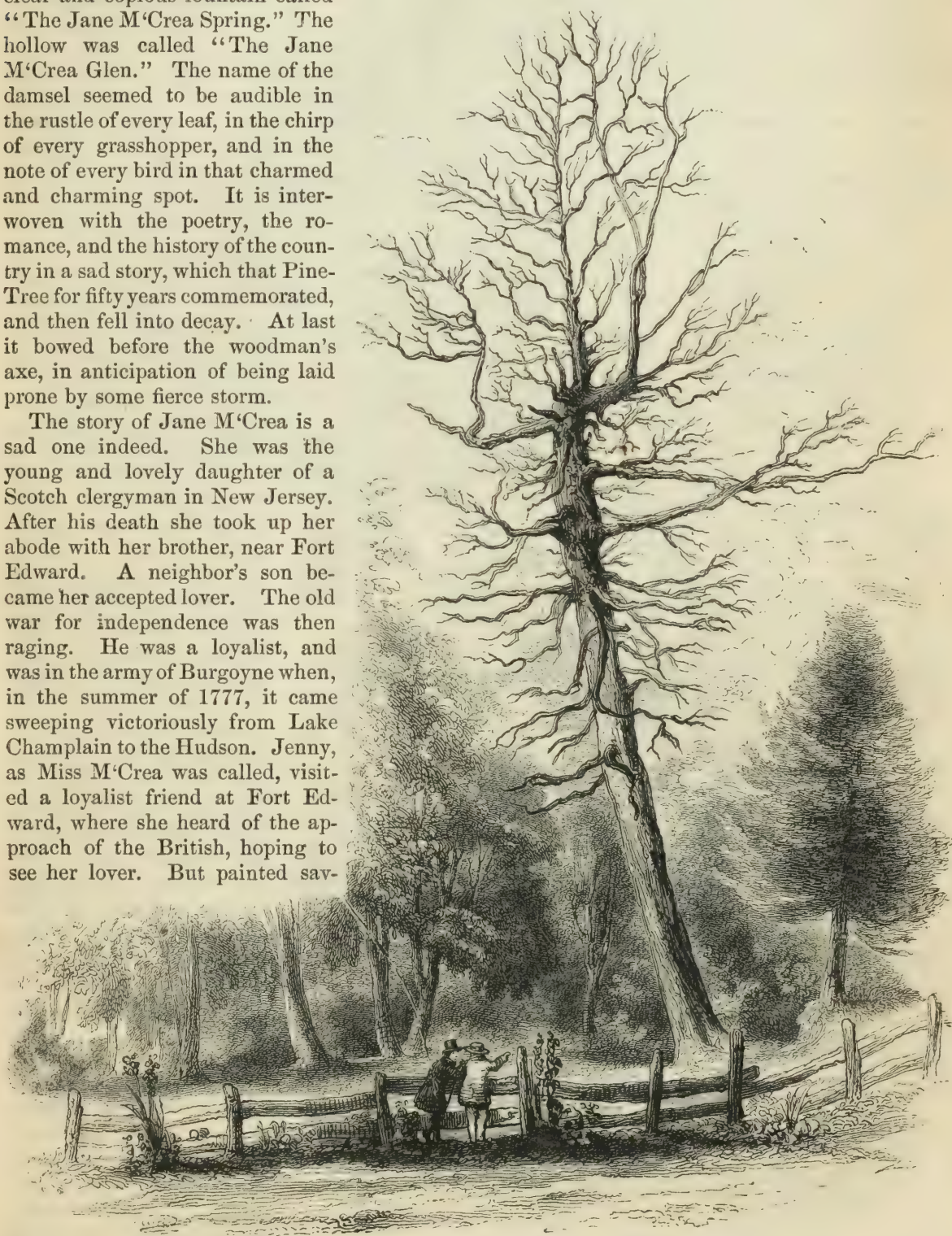
IX.—THE JANE M'CREA TREE.

Until within ten years, a majestic Pine-Tree stood by the highway, between the villages of Fort Edward and Sandy Hill, on the Upper Hudson. I first saw it in the summer of 1848, when an unaccountable decay had stripped it of its emerald robe, and left it standing, spectre-like, on the border of a wooded glen. Its top had been broken off by a November gale, and its more delicate branches were falling at the touch of every breeze. Upon its huge trunk, full fifteen feet in circumference, was carved in bold letters—"JANE M'CREA, 1777." It stood on the brow of a slope covered with shrubbery and small trees, at the foot of which bubbled a clear and copious fountain called "The Jane M'Crea Spring." The hollow was called "The Jane M'Crea Glen." The name of the damsel seemed to be audible in the rustle of every leaf, in the chirp of every grasshopper, and in the note of every bird in that charmed and charming spot. It is interwoven with the poetry, the romance, and the history of the country in a sad story, which that Pine-Tree for fifty years commemorated, and then fell into decay. At last it bowed before the woodman's axe, in anticipation of being laid prone by some fierce storm.

The story of Jane M'Crea is a sad one indeed. She was the young and lovely daughter of a Scotch clergyman in New Jersey. After his death she took up her abode with her brother, near Fort Edward. A neighbor's son became her accepted lover. The old war for independence was then raging. He was a loyalist, and was in the army of Burgoyne when, in the summer of 1777, it came sweeping victoriously from Lake Champlain to the Hudson. Jenny, as Miss M'Crea was called, visited a loyalist friend at Fort Edward, where she heard of the approach of the British, hoping to see her lover. But painted sav-

ages preceded the army. Early one morning a party of them rushed from the woods, seized Jenny and her friend, and started with them up the road toward Sandy Hill. Jenny was light and slender; her friend was a heavy, corpulent woman.

The report of Indians near soon reached the fort, and a detachment was sent out to confront them. The Indians were just making off with the prisoner, having Jenny on horseback, and her corpulent friend between two stalwart savages. The soldiers fired several volleys, but the Indians escaped unhurt. Not so the fair prisoner. A bullet intended for her captor killed the poor girl. She fell to the ground near the



THE JANE M'CREA TREE.

Spring, below the great Pine-Tree, and expired. The savages immediately scalped her, and carried her long black tresses in triumph to the camp of Burgoyne to receive the usual reward for such trophies.

The bereaved lover purchased the beautiful locks of his betrothed, deserted from the army, and retired to Canada, where he lived to be an old man. He never recovered from the shock of that sad event. He had always been gay and garrulous; ever afterward he was melancholy and taciturn. He never married; avoided society; and at the close of every July, near the time of the anniversary of his bereavement, he would shut himself in his room for several days, and refuse to see even his most intimate friends.

Such was the tragedy that caused the stately Pine, portrayed in the engraving, to be called **THE JANE M'CREA TREE.**

X.—BALM OF GILEAD TREE, FORT EDWARD.

There is another tree at Fort Edward, around which cluster many historical associations. It is a Balm of Gilead—one of the oldest in the

country—that stood at the water-gate of Fort Edward, in the pride of its early maturity, a hundred years ago. It was then a tree of the forest, left standing on the river's brink when the woods were removed and the fort built, in 1775.

"The fire that threatened us with destruction," wrote Colonel Haviland to his sister in March, 1756, "spared our noble Balm of Gilead tree at the water-gate. The wind was from the northwest. Not a twig was scorched, and we expect to see it budding in a few weeks."

The fire referred to originated in the barracks, near the northwest angle of the fort. Colonel Haviland was in command of the garrison, and summoned them to the rescue. The magazine was only twelve feet distant, and contained three hundred barrels of gunpowder. Cannon were brought to bear on the burning buildings, but they could not be speedily demolished. Major (afterward General) Israel Putnam was stationed on Rogers's Island in the Hudson, opposite the fort. When the flames burst out he hurried across the river, rushed into the fortress, took his station on the roof of the barracks, and ordered the soldiers to form

a line to the river, and hand him buckets of water. Nearer and nearer the flames approached the magazine. The peril was imminent, and Colonel Haviland ordered Putnam down. But the brave Major would not leave his position until he found the roof tottering to its fall. He then leaped to the ground, and placing himself between the burning building and the magazine he poured on water with all his might. The external planks of the magazine were now consumed, and only a thin partition remained between the flames and the powder. The hero was not dismayed by even this appalling danger, and finally succeeded in subduing the flames, and in saving the magazine, the fort, and the garrison. He was dreadfully burned in that heroic conflict with fire, and it was several weeks before he recovered from his wounds.

When I last visited Fort Edward, in the summer of 1859, and made the accompanying sketch, the venerable tree, which is composed of three huge stems starting from the root, was shorn of the beautiful proportions which it exhibited a few



BALM OF GILEAD TREE, FORT EDWARD



THE MAGNOLIA COUNCIL TREE AT CHARLESTON.

years before. Since I first visited it, in 1848, lightning had three times struck one of the stems. There it stood, a seamed and blighted trunk, in melancholy contrast with its remaining vigorous companions.

XI.—MAGNOLIA COUNCIL TREE, CHARLESTON.

I was in Charleston, South Carolina, early in 1849, and rode out toward evening to the remains of the lines of fortifications thrown across the Neck during the Revolution. It was just at sunset when we rode through an avenue of live-oaks draped with moss, and visited the ruins of the magazine, officers' quarters, and other structures of that period, about four miles from the city. On our way, a mile and a half nearer the town, we turned aside to see a venerable and magnificent Magnolia-Tree, under which, according to well-sustained tradition, General Lincoln held a council with his officers and leading citizens of Charleston during the siege of that place by the British in 1780. It was on the 21st day of April—a bright and sultry day; and there, in the open air, in the shade of that noble Magnolia, close by the quaint cottage of Colonel William Cummington, they discussed the propriety of an attempted retreat of the army to the

open country. Sir Henry Clinton, who had carried on the siege for several weeks, had just been reinforced by Lord Cornwallis with three thousand troops from New York. The city would be speedily blockaded by sea and land, and there was no hope of safety for the army but in flight. The representatives of the inhabitants objected to its departure, because they feared the exasperation of the enemy after suffering such obstinate resistance. Lincoln remained, and three weeks afterward the army and city were surrendered to the British.

This beautiful Council Tree, as it was called, was ever held in special veneration by the loyal inhabitants of Charleston. Its branches, at the time of my visit, had spread over a space of more than two hundred square feet. But on that very day the indolent owner, displaying the absence of the nobler sensibilities of the human heart, had cut it down for fire-wood! In the old house near it he and his mother were born, and both had played in its shade in their childhood! There it lay, a prone giant, with trunk and branches as vigorous as they were when the storm of war was raging around it seventy years before. I made careful drawings of it and the old house, marked the place of the stump, and

thus have preserved a portrait of the famous Magnolia Council Tree.

XII.—WAYNE'S BLACK WALNUT.

"I'll storm hell, if *you* will only plan it," said the impetuous General Wayne—Mad Anthony, as his countrymen called him—when conversing with Washington on the subject of attacking the fort on Stony Point, near the lower entrance to the Hudson Highlands, in the summer of 1779. It had been in possession of the British a short time, and Wayne was anxious to drive them from it, or make the garrison prisoners. The enterprise seemed rash, but Washington consented to the undertaking.

Wayne determined to surprise the garrison at midnight. At noon on the 15th of July he led a large party of Massachusetts infantry cautiously through the defiles of the mountains, and at eight o'clock in the evening rendezvoused in a thicket about a mile and a half below the fort,

on the road to Haverstraw. He had formed his plans with care. The dogs in the neighborhood were all killed, to prevent their attracting the notice of the sentinels by their barking. A shrewd negro named Pompey, who furnished the officers of the garrison with berries and fruit, had their unbounded confidence, and obtained the countersign regularly, on the plea that, it being hoeing-corn time, his master would not let him go to the fort except at night, was employed by Wayne as his guide. Under a large Black Walnut-Tree, on the border of the thicket, and not far from the road, Wayne gave his orders to his officers, and directed them to follow Pompey. At eleven o'clock they moved from that tree toward the fort, as stealthily as tigers crouching for their prey. Pompey gave the countersign to the sentinels, and while conversing with them they were seized and gagged by the Americans. Thus silence was secured and alarm prevented, until the party, in two columns, ascended the rough

promontory on which the fort lay. Then they answered picket-guns by bayonet-thrusts. The garrison were aroused by the cry "To arms!" It was too late; victory was with Wayne; and at two o'clock in the morning he wrote to Washington: "The fort and garrison, with Colonel Johnston, are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men determined to be free."

I have been told that since I visited and sketched the venerable Walnut-Tree it has perished by decay or the axe. It stood on the river side of the road, between Haverstraw and Stony Point.

XIII.—ARNOLD'S WILLOW.

A few years ago the almost lifeless remains of a huge Willow-Tree stood on the border of a marsh near Beverly Dock, in the Hudson Highlands, almost opposite West Point. It was known as Arnold's Willow; because it was there, a flourishing tree, before treason clouded his reputation. It stood by the side of the pathway by which he fled from his head-quarters to the river, when his treachery was revealed, late in September, 1780.

Arnold's flight was precipitate and perilous. His



WAYNE'S BLACK WALNUT.



ARNOLD'S WILLOW.

quarters were at the house of Colonel Beverly Robinson, on the high ground overlooking the dock and the marsh. His treason was to have been consummated while Washington was in Connecticut in conference with French officers, by surrendering into the hands of the British the post of West Point and its dependencies. Major André, the Adjutant-General of the British army, had made all the arrangements with him, and was returning to New York, when he was captured, with the evidence of Arnold's treason in his possession. A stupid officer, who did not comprehend the case, wrote to Arnold, informing him of the arrest of André. Washington had just returned. He rode over from Fishkill before breakfast, and sent Hamilton and Lafayette forward, while he tarried on professional duty, to take that meal with Arnold and his wife. But Mrs. Arnold was confined in her room, and did not appear.

The gentlemen were at breakfast when the letter reached Arnold, informing him of André's fate. He immediately left the table, went to his room, told his wife that he must leave her, perhaps forever, kissed his babe in her arms, mounted a horse belonging to one of the officers,

and fled at full gallop down the lane, by the old Willow-Tree, to the shore. His barge was in readiness. He entered it in haste, and bidding the oarsmen pull southward with all their strength, for his business was urgent, he escaped to the British sloop-of-war *Vulture*, then lying in Tappan Bay.

Major André was executed as a spy; but Arnold lived twenty years to feel the tortures of a troubled conscience and the bitter scorn of his fellow-men. He had attempted to sell the liberties of his country for the commission of a brevet-brigadier in the British army, and fifty thousand dollars in gold.

"From Cain to Catiline, the world hath known

Her Traitors—vaunted votaries of crime—

Caligula and Nero sat alone

Upon the pinnacle of vice sublime;

But they were moved by hate, or wish to climb

The rugged steep of Fame, in letters bold

To write their names upon the scroll of Time;

Therefore their crimes some virtue did enfold—

But Arnold! thine had none—'twas all for sordid gold!"

Those whom he had served loathed and scorned him. Cornwallis would not associate with him in Virginia; and in England even the Government could not gain him recognition in society.

XIV.—THE RHODE ISLAND SYCAMORE.

The voyager up Narraganset Bay from Newport to Providence will observe the bald appearance of Rhode Island. The absence of forests, or large trees singly or in groups, excites curiosity and commands remark. Doubtless few travelers are aware that this baldness is the effect of the desolation wrought by the British, while for three years they occupied Rhode Island. Necessity and wantonness went hand in hand in the work of demolition; and when, in October, 1779, they left the Island one solitary tree, an aged Sycamore, was all they had left of the stately groves and patches of fine forest that had beautified the Island. That venerable tree was yet standing when I visited Rhode Island, late in autumn several years ago. The coast storms had then defoliated it. It stood upon the estate of Vacluse, the property of Thomas R. Hazzard, between his fine mansion and the Seaconnet or Eastern Channel. It was thirty-two feet in circumference within twelve inches of the ground. The storms had riven its trunks and topmost branches, and it was the picture of a desolated Anak of the woods; yet it seemed to be filled with vigor that promised it life for centuries to come.

Seaconnet Channel, just below Vacluse, was the scene of one of the most dashing exploits of the Revolutionary war. The British had blocked

it up with a floating battery, the *Pigot*, armed with twelve 8-pounders and ten swivels. Captain Silas Talbot undertook the capture of the *Pigot*. Embarking sixty men on the *Hawk*, a coasting schooner, armed, besides small arms, only with three 3-pounders, he sailed down under cover of darkness, grappled the enemy, boarded, drove the crew below, coiled the cables over the hatchway to secure his prisoners, and carried off his prize to Stonington.

The destruction of wood on Rhode Island at that time was the cause of great distress to the loyal inhabitants who returned at the opening of the severely cold winter of 1780. Fuel was so scarce that wood sold in Newport for twenty dollars a cord.

That majestic Sycamore, if it still lives, is doubtless many hundred years old. It may have been there when the Scandinavian sea-kings trod the forests around it, and reared the old Tower at Newport. It was there when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, and when Roger Williams seated himself at Providence, that he might enjoy perfect freedom in the wilderness. No doubt the eyes of Philip of Mount Hope and Canonchet of Canonicut, of Witamo, and Miantonōmoh of the beautiful Aquiday have looked upon that patriarch, which stood, and may still stand, upon that gentle eastern slope of the Island, a solitary survivor of the primeval forest.



THE RHODE ISLAND SYCAMORE.

XV.—THE WASHINGTON CYPRESS.

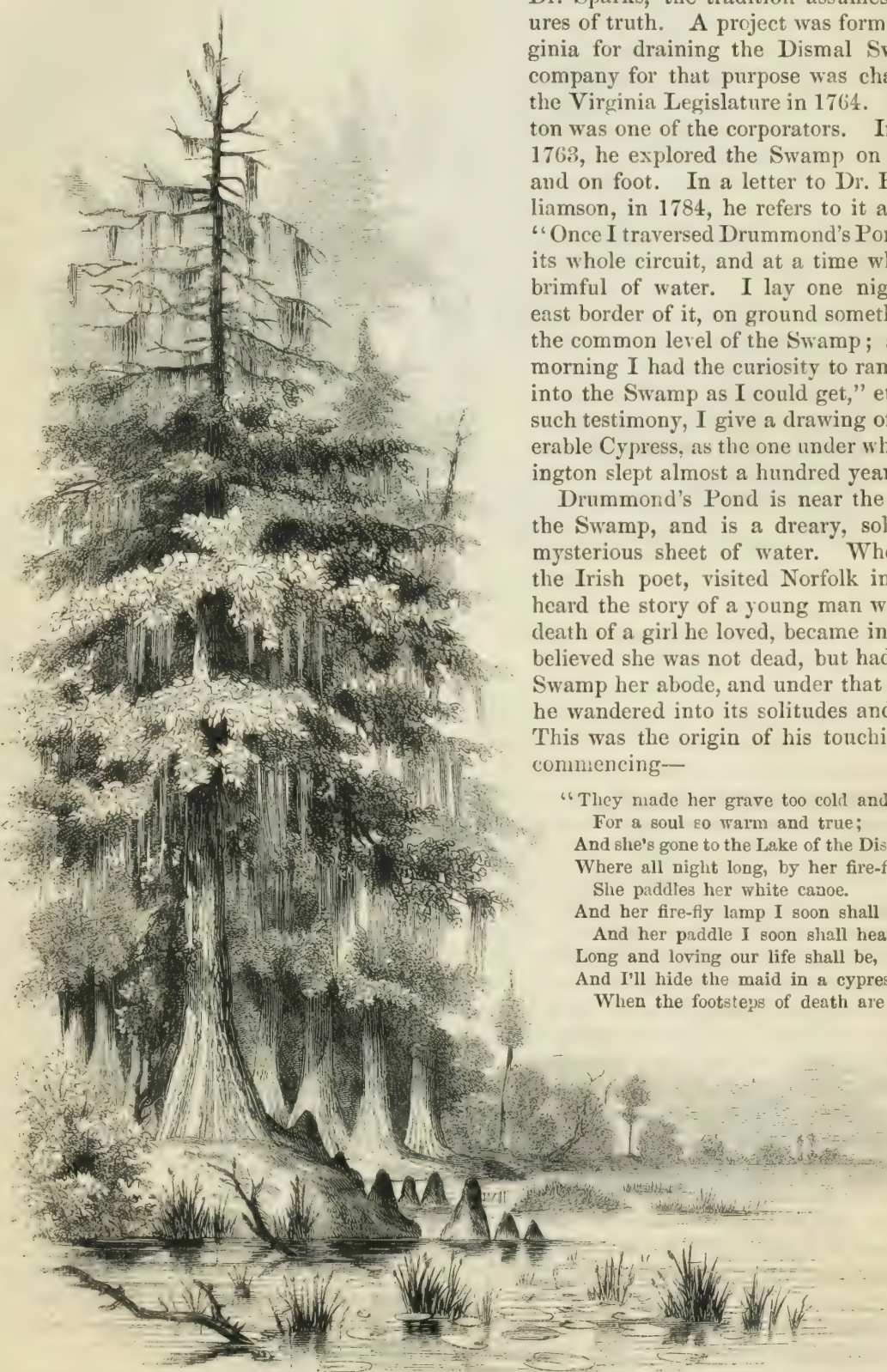
I arrived at Norfolk, in Virginia, on Easter eve, a few years ago, and early on Monday morning started for the Dismal Swamp, accompanied by a gentleman well acquainted with the history and localities of the neighborhood. We rode into the depths of its solitudes along the Dismal Swamp Canal, contemplating with wonder the magnificent cypresses, junipers, oaks, gums, and pines, draped with long moss, that cover it.

We penetrated to Drummond's Pond, and

went a short distance along its northeastern verge to an immense Cypress-Tree, at the foot of which, tradition avers, Washington once passed a night. The gentleman assured me that an old man, who died at Richmond twenty-five years before, once went to the Swamp with him, pointed out that tree, and affirmed that he accompanied Washington on that occasion, as a guide, though a young man only nineteen years of age. I sketched the Cypress and its surroundings, but did not believe the story. But on reference to Washington's writings, collected by Dr. Sparks, the tradition assumes the features of truth. A project was formed in Virginia for draining the Dismal Swamp. A company for that purpose was chartered by the Virginia Legislature in 1764. Washington was one of the corporators. In October, 1763, he explored the Swamp on horseback and on foot. In a letter to Dr. Hugh Williamson, in 1784, he refers to it as follows: "Once I traversed Drummond's Pond through its whole circuit, and at a time when it was brimful of water. I lay one night on the east border of it, on ground something above the common level of the Swamp; and in the morning I had the curiosity to ramble as far into the Swamp as I could get," etc. Upon such testimony, I give a drawing of that venerable Cypress, as the one under which Washington slept almost a hundred years ago.

Drummond's Pond is near the centre of the Swamp, and is a dreary, solitary, and mysterious sheet of water. When Moore, the Irish poet, visited Norfolk in 1804, he heard the story of a young man who, on the death of a girl he loved, became insane. He believed she was not dead, but had made the Swamp her abode, and under that impression he wandered into its solitudes and perished. This was the origin of his touching ballad, commencing—

"They made her grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by her fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.
And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress-tree
When the footsteps of death are near."



THE WASHINGTON CYPRESS.



THE MIAMI APPLE-TREE.

XVI.—THE MIAMI APPLE-TREE.

At the junction of the St. Mary and St. Joseph rivers, where they form the Maumee River, or Miami of the Lakes, in Indiana, is a rich plain—so rich that Indian corn has been raised upon the same field for a hundred consecutive years without exhausting the soil. It is opposite the city of Fort Wayne, that stands upon the site of the Indian village of *Ke-ki-on-ga*. There was once one of the most noted villages of the Miami tribe of Indians; and there *Mish-i-ki-nak-wa*, or Little Turtle, the famous Miami chief, was born and lived until late in life. He and his people have long since passed away, and only a single living thing remains with which they were associated. It is a venerable Apple-Tree, still bearing fruit when I visited it late in September, 1860. It is from a seed doubtless dropped by some French priest or trader in early times. It was a fruit-bearing tree a hundred years ago, when *Pe-she-wa* (Wild Cat) or Richardville, the successor of Little Turtle, was born under it; and it exhibits now—with a trunk more than twenty feet in diameter, seamed and scarred by age and the elements—remarkable vigor.

Glimpses of the city of Fort Wayne may be seen from the old Apple-Tree; and around it are clustered memories of stirring scenes near the close of the last century, when American

armies were sent into that region to chastise the hostile Indians. On the Maumee, near by, a detachment of General Harmar's troops were defeated and decimated by the Indians, under Little Turtle, in the autumn of 1791. The sanguinary scene was at the ford, just below the Miami village; and Richardville, who was with Little Turtle, always declared that the bodies of the white men lay so thick in the stream that a man could walk over on them without wetting his feet.

A short distance from Little Turtle's village, in another direction, lies a beautiful and fertile plain, between the St. Mary and St. Joseph, opposite Fort Wayne. There, in a garden, near an apple-orchard planted by Captain Wells, the white brother-in-law of Little Turtle (who was killed at Chicago in 1812), is the grave of the chief. That orchard is the oldest in Northern Indiana, having been planted in 1804.

Little Turtle commanded the Miamis at the defeat of St. Clair, in the autumn of 1791. He was also in command in the battle with Wayne, at the Fallen Timbers, in 1794. He was not a chief by birth, but by election, on account of personal merits. He died in 1812, when *Co-is-see*, his nephew, pronounced a funeral oration at his grave.

Volney, the eminent French traveler and philosopher, became acquainted with Little Turtle

in Philadelphia, in 1797, two years after he led his people in making the final treaty of peace with Wayne, at Greenville. By his assistance Volney made a vocabulary of the Miami language.

While in Philadelphia Little Turtle sat for his portrait, and alternated with an Irish gentleman. They were both fond of joking, and sometimes pushed each other pretty hard. On one occasion, when they met at the artist's studio, the chief was very sedate, and said but little. The Irish gentleman told him that he was defeated in badinage, and did not wish to talk. (They talked through an interpreter.) Little Turtle replied, "He mistakes; I was just thinking of proposing to this man to paint us both on one board, and then I would stand face to face with him, and blackguard him to all eternity!"

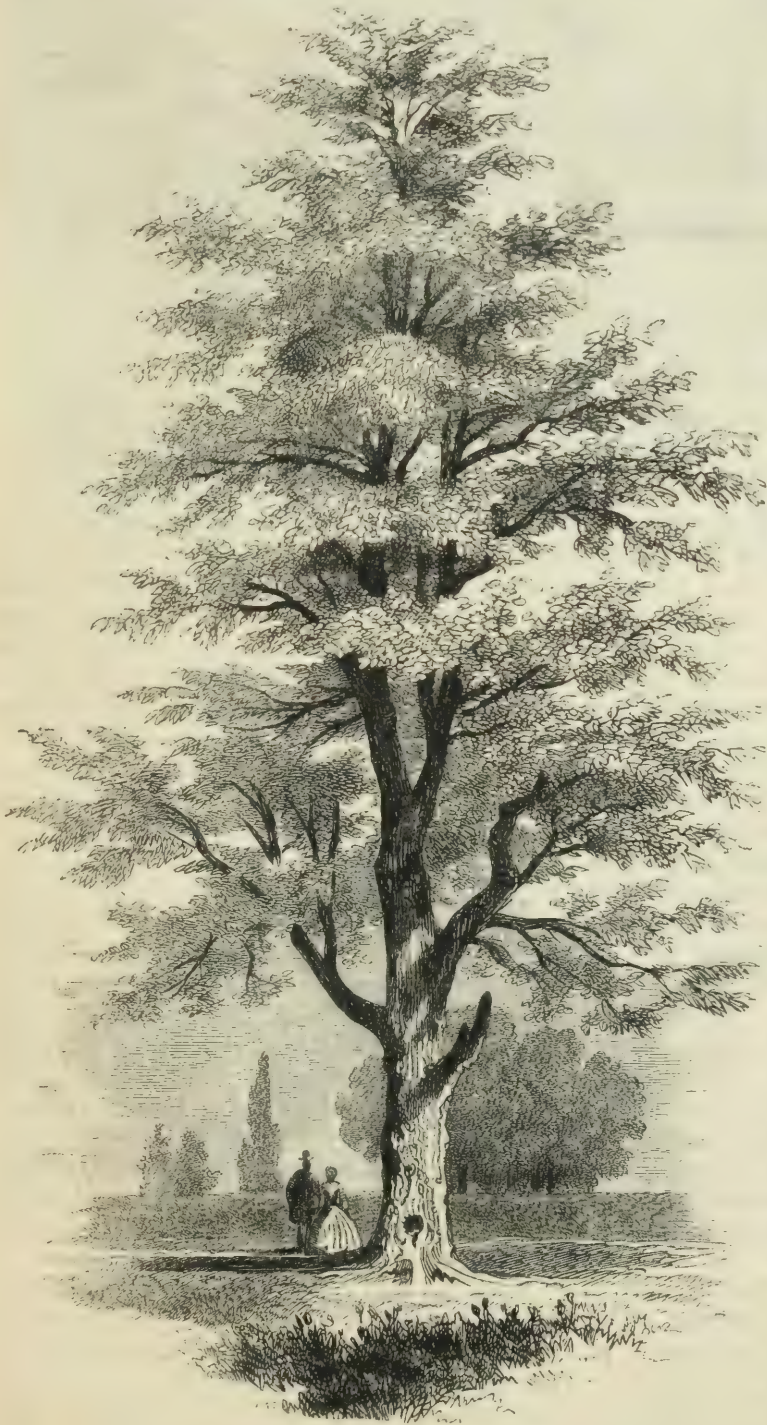
XVII.—VILLERÉ'S PECAN-TREE.

"Sumter has undoubtedly fallen!" I said to my traveling companion, as I sat upon the base of an unfinished monument, sketching the battle-ground at New Orleans, on the 12th of April, 1861, and heard seven discharges of cannon in the direction of the city. The telegraph had informed us in the morning of the attack upon it. The conjecture became certainty a few hours later, when we returned to the St. Charles. During those hours we visited the fine old residence of General Villeré, a few miles below the city. It was the head-quarters of the British army at the time of the battle on the plain of Chalmette, on the 8th of January, 1815. A few rods from the mansion, on the broad lawn that surrounds it, we were shown a stately Pecan-Tree, beneath which were buried the viscera of General Packenham, the British commander-in-chief, who was mortally wounded in that battle. The tree is tall, and about nine feet in circumference. On account of its associations it is the subject of superstitious reverence among the negroes, because, since the event that made it famous, it has never borne fruit. On the bark, near an orifice in the tree, are dark red spots, which the superstitious declare to be blood, having been seen there ever since the day of Packenham's burial.

After the battle the bodies of the slain or mortally wounded British officers were taken to Villeré's. Some of them were interred in the garden, by torchlight, the same night. Those of Generals Packenham and Gibbs, and of Colonels Dale and Rennie, were placed in casks of rum, after proper preparation, and sent to England. The viscera of each were first removed and buried. Packenham's, as we have observed, were buried at the foot of the great Pecan-Tree, then standing in the garden, but now included in the lawn.

The remainder of the dead of the British army were buried in the rear of Bienvenu's plantation near. The implements of culture have never since touched the spot. A grove of inferior cypresses mark the dreary cemetery, and it is regarded with awe by the superstitious negroes.

Near the famous Pecan-Tree stands another, younger but not more vigorous, that bears fruit in abundance. This fact makes the barrenness of its notable companion seem more remarkable.



VILLERÉ'S PECAN-TREE.



THE FOX OAK AT FLUSHING.

XVIII.—THE FOX OAK AT FLUSHING.

The last in the order of our historical trees, and the one latest sketched, is in the eastern part of the village of Flushing, Long Island, a few miles from New York city, and known as the Fox Oak. It is in quiet Bowne Avenue, not far from the ancient mansion of the Bowne family, erected in 1661. It has ever been held in reverence by the Society of Friends or Quakers, because it once sheltered George Fox, the founder of their sect, while preaching to a multitude. Fox came to America in the year 1672, on a religious visit. He landed at Philadelphia, where he remained a while. He then passed through New Jersey to Middletown, where he embarked for Gravesend at the western extremity of Long Island. From Gravesend he traveled by land the whole length of Long Island. Returning he stopped at Flushing, "where," he says in his journal, "we had a meeting of many hundred people." There being no place of worship large enough to hold the multitude, Fox preached in the shade of two large white-oak trees near the house of John Bowne, a Quaker, who entertained him. The oaks were made famous by that remarkable gathering.

Several years ago those venerable oaks showed signs of decay; and one of them fell one pleasant, breezy afternoon in September, 1841. Its companion remains, but its life is extinct. I give a portrait of it as it appeared in August, 1861. From the ascertained age of the other one, it is supposed to be at least four hundred

years old. Its circumference, two feet from the ground, is sixteen feet.

Fox, in his journal, mentions an extraordinary circumstance that occurred soon after his visit on Long Island. "We passed," he said, "from Flushing to Gravesend, about twenty miles, and had three precious meetings there. While we were at Shrewsbury, John Jay, a Friend, of Barbadoes, who came with us from Rhode Island, fell from his horse and *broke his neck*, as the people said. Those near him took him up for dead, carried him a good way, and laid him on a tree. I got to him as soon as I could, and concluded he was dead. Whereupon I took his head in both my hands, and setting my knees against the tree, raised his head two or three times with all my might, and *brought it on*. He soon began to rattle in his throat, and quickly after to breathe. The people were amazed; but I told them to be of good faith, and carry him into the house. He began to speak, but did not know where he had been. The next day we passed away, and he with us, about sixteen miles, to a meeting at Middletown, through woods and bogs, and over a river where we swam our horses. *Many hundred miles* did he travel with us after that."

With the Fox Oak at Flushing we will close these brief sketches of American Historical Trees and their associations; and will leave the subject with the pleasant thought that our group comprises a variety of species, and that their consideration has introduced us to a wide field of historical research.



MIRAGE IN THE SALINAS VALLEY.

A DANGEROUS JOURNEY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

IN the summer of 1849 I had occasion to visit San Luis Obispo, a small town about two hundred and fifty miles south of San Francisco. At that time no steamers touched at the Embarcadero, and but little dependence could be placed upon the small sailing craft that occasionally visited that isolated part of the coast. The trail through the Salinas and Santa Marguerita valleys was considered the only reliable route, though even that was not altogether as safe as could be desired. A portion of the country lying between the old Mission of Soledad and San Miguel was infested by roving bands of Sonorians and lawless native Californians. Several drovers, who had started from San Francisco by this route to purchase cattle on the southern ranches, had never reached their destination. It was generally believed that they had been murdered on the way. Indeed, in two instances, this fact was established by the discovery of the mutilated remains of the murdered men. No clew could be obtained to the perpetrators of the

deed; nor do I know that any legal measures were taken to find them. At that period the only laws existing were those administered by the Alcaldes, under the Mexican system, which had been temporarily adopted in connection with the provisional government established by General Riley. The people generally were too deeply interested in the development of the gold regions to give themselves much concern about the condition of other parts of the country; and the chances of bringing criminals to punishment in the southern districts were very remote.

My business was connected with the revenue service. A vessel laden with foreign goods had been wrecked on the coast within a short distance of San Luis. It was necessary that immediate official inquiry should be made into the circumstances, with a view of securing payment of duties upon the cargo. I was also charged with a commission to establish a line of Post-offices on the land route to Los Angeles, and enter into contracts for the carrying of the mails.

By the advice of some friends in San Francisco, I purchased a fine-looking mule, recently from the Colorado. The owner, a Texan gen-

tleman, assured me that he had never mounted a better animal; and so far as I was capable of judging, the recommendation seemed to be justly merited. I willingly paid him his price—three hundred dollars. Next day, having provided myself with a good pair of blankets, a few pounds of coffee, sugar, and hard bread, and a hunting-knife and tin cup, I bade adieu to my friends and set out on my journey. A tedious voyage of six months around Cape Horn had given me a peculiar relish for shore-life. There was something very pleasant in the novelty of the scenery and the inspiring freshness of the air. The rush of emigrants from all parts of the world; the amusing scenes along the road; the free, social, and hopeful spirit which prevailed among all classes; the clear, bright sky and wonderful richness of coloring that characterized the atmosphere, all contributed to produce the most agreeable sensations. It was a long and rather hazardous journey I had undertaken, and it would doubtless be very lonesome after passing San Jose; but the idea of depending solely on my own resources, and becoming, in some sort, an adventurer in an almost unknown country, had something in it irresistibly captivating to one of my roving disposition. I had traveled through Texas under nearly similar circumstances, and enjoyed many pleasant recollections of the trip. There is a charm about this wild sort of life, the entire freedom from restraint, the luxury of fresh air, the camp under the trees, with a bright fire and a canopy of stars overhead, that once experienced can never be forgotten.

Nothing of importance occurred till the evening of the fourth day. I met crowds of travelers all along the road, singing and shouting in sheer exuberance of spirit; and not unfrequently had some very pleasant and congenial company, bound either to the mines or in search of vacant Government land for the location of claims. The road through the valleys of Santa Clara and San Jose was perfectly enchanting; winding through oak groves, and fields of wild oats and flowers; and nothing could exceed the balminess of the air. Indeed the whole country seemed to me more like a succession of beautiful parks, in which each turn of the road might bring in view some elegant mansion, with sweeping lawns in front, and graceful ladies mounted on palfreys, than a rude and uncivilized part of the world hitherto almost unknown.

I stopped a night at San Jose, where I was most hospitably received by the Alcalde, an American gentleman of intelligence, to whom I had a letter of introduction. Next day, after a pleasant ride of forty-five miles, I reached the Mission of San Juan—one of the most eligibly located of all the old missionary establishments. It was now in a state of decay. The vineyards were but partially cultivated, and the secos, or ditches for the irrigation of the land, were entirely dry. I got some very good pears from the old Spaniard in charge of the Mission—a rare luxury after a long sea-voyage. The only tavern in the place

was the "United States," kept by an American and his wife in an old adobe house, originally a part of the missionary establishment. Having secured accommodations for my mule, I took up my quarters for the night at the "United States." The woman seemed to be the principal manager. Perhaps I might have noticed her a little closely, since she was the only white woman I had enjoyed the opportunity of conversing with for some time. It was very certain, however, that she struck me as an uncommon person—tall, raw-boned, sharp, and masculine—with a wild and piercing expression of eye, and a smile singularly startling and unfeminine. I even fancied that her teeth were long and pointed, and that she resembled a picture of an Ogress I had seen when a child. The man was a subdued and melancholy-looking person, presenting no particular trait of character in his appearance save that of general abandonment to the influence of misfortune. His dress and expression impressed me with the idea that he had experienced much trouble without possessing that strong power of recuperation so common among American adventurers in California.

It would scarcely be worth while noticing these casual acquaintances of a night, since they have nothing to do with my narrative, but for the remarkable illustration they afford of the hardships that were encountered at that time on the emigrant routes to California. In the course of conversation with the man, I found that he and his wife were among the few survivors of a party whose terrible sufferings in the mountains during the past winter had been the theme of much comment in the newspapers. He did not state—what I already knew from the published narrative of their adventures—that the woman had subsisted for some time on the dead body of a child belonging to one of the party. It was said that the man had held out to the last, and refused to participate in this horrible feast of human flesh.

So strangely impressive was it to be brought in direct contact with a fellow-being—especially of the gentler sex—who had absolutely eaten of human flesh, that I could not but look upon this woman with a shudder. Her sufferings had been intense; that was evident from her marked and weather-beaten features. Doubtless she had struggled against the cravings of hunger as long as reason lasted. But still the one terrible act, whether the result of necessity or insanity, invested her with a repellent atmosphere of horror. Her very smile struck me as the gloating expression of a cannibal over human blood. In vain I struggled against this unchristian feeling. Was it right to judge a poor creature whose great misfortune was perhaps no offense against the laws of nature? She might be the tenderest and best of women—I knew nothing of her history. It was a pitiable case. But, after all, she had eaten of human flesh; there was no getting over that.

When I sat down to supper this woman was obliging enough to hand me a plate of meat. I



PASS OF SAN JUAN.

was hungry, and tried to eat it. Every morsel seemed to stick in my throat. I could not feel quite sure that it was what it seemed to be. The odor even disgusted me. Nor could I partake of the bread she passed to me with any more relish. It was probably made by her hands—the same hands that had torn the flesh from a corpse and passed the reeking shreds to her mouth. The taint of an imaginary corruption was upon it.

The room allotted to me for the night was roughly furnished, as might reasonably be expected; but apart from this, the bedding was filthy; and, in common with every thing about the house, the slatternly appearance of the furniture did not tend to remove the unpleasant impression I had formed of my hostess. Whether

owing to the vermin, or an unfounded suspicion that she might become hungry during the night, I slept but little. The picture of the terrible Ogress that I had seen when a child, and the story of the little children that she had devoured, assumed a fearful reality, and became strangely mingled in my dreams with this woman's face. I was glad when daylight afforded me an excuse to get up and take a stroll in the fresh air.

After an early breakfast, I mounted my mule and pursued my journey over the pass of the San Juan. The view from the summit was magnificent. Beyond a range of sand-hills toward the right stretched the great Pacific. Ridges of mountains, singularly varied in outline, swept down in front into the broad valley of the Salinas. The pine forests of Monterey

and Santa Cruz were dimly perceptible in the distance; and to the left was a wilderness of rugged cliffs, as far as the eye could reach, weird and desolate as a Cape Horn sea suddenly petrified in the midst of a storm. Descending through a series of beautiful little valleys clothed in a golden drapery of wild oats, and charmingly diversified with groves of oak and sycamore, and rich shrubbery of ceonosa, hazel, and wild grape, I at length entered the great valley of the Salinas, nine miles from the Mission of San Juan. At that time innumerable herds of cattle covered the rich pastures of this magnificent valley; and although there are still many to be seen there, the number has been greatly reduced during the last ten years. A large portion of the country bordering on the Salinas River, as far south as the mission of Soledad, has been cut up into small ranches and farms; and thriving settlements and extensive fields of grain are now to be seen where formerly ranged wild bands of cattle, mustang, and innumerable herds of antelope.

Turning to the southward, and keeping in view the two great ranges of mountains which were the chief landmarks in former times, the scene that lay outspread before me resembled rather some wild region of enchantment than any thing that could be supposed to exist in a material world—so light and hazy were the distant mountains, so vaguely mingled the earth and sky, so rich and fanciful the atmospheric tints, and so visionary the groves that decorated the plain. Never before had I witnessed the Mirage in the full perfection of its beauty. The whole scene was transformed into a series of magnificent optical illusions, surpassing the

wildest dreams of romance. Points of woodland, sweeping from the base of the mountains far into the valley, were reflected in mystic lakes. Herds of cattle loomed up on the surface of the sleeping waters like miniature fleets of vessels with variegated sails. Mounds of yellow sand, rising a little above the level of the plain, had all the effect of rich Oriental cities, with gorgeous palaces of gold, mosques and minarets and wondrous temples glittering with jewels and precious stones. Bands of antelope coursed gracefully over the fore-ground; but so light and vaguely defined were their forms that they seemed rather to sail through the air than touch the earth. By the illusory process of the refraction, they appeared to sweep into the lakes and assume the forms of aerial boats, more fanciful and richly colored than the caiques of Constantinople. Birds too, of snowy plumage, skimmed over the silvery waste; and islands that lay sleeping in the glowing light were covered with myriads of water-fowl. A solitary vulture, sitting upon the carcass of some dead animal a few hundred yards off, loomed into the form of a fabulous monster of olden times, with a gory head and a beak that opened as if to swallow all within his reach. These wonderful features in the scene were continually changing: the lakes disappeared with their islands and fleets, and new lakes, with still stranger and more fantastic illusions, merged into existence out of the rarefied atmosphere. Thus hour after hour was I beguiled on my way through this mystic region of enchantment.

Toward evening I reached the Salinas River, where I stopped to rest and water my mule. A Spanish vaquero, whom I found under the trees



ANTELOPE IN THE MIRAGE.

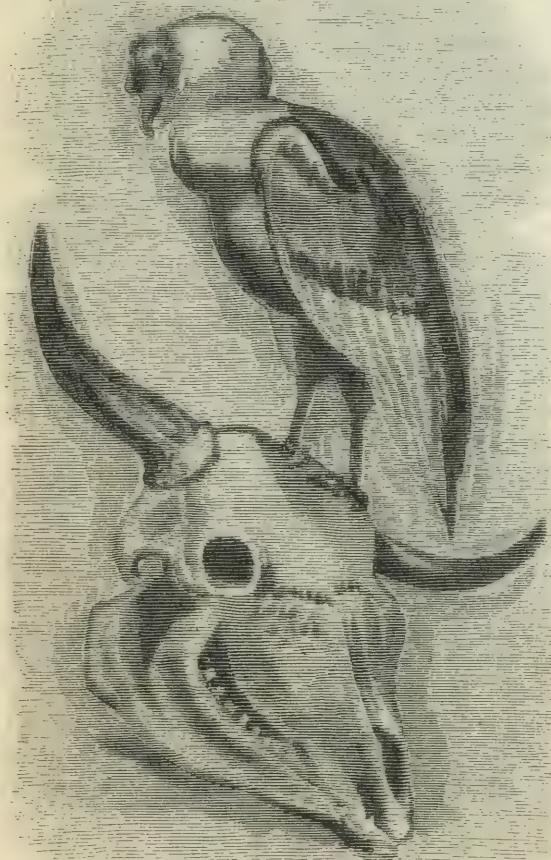
enjoying the siesta to which that race are addicted, informed me that it was "*Dos leguos, poco mas o meno,*" to Soledad. As he lived there, he would show me the way. It was inhabited by the Sobranis family, and they owned sixteen square leagues of land and "*muchos granada.*" This much I contrived to understand; but when I handed the vaquero a fine Principe cigar, and he took a few whiffs and became eloquent, I entirely lost the train of his observations. It is possible he may have been reciting a poem on pastoral life. At all events, we jogged along very sociably, and in something over an hour reached the Mission.

A more desolate place than Soledad can not well be imagined. The old church is partially in ruins, and the adobe huts built for the Indians are roofless, and the walls tumbled about in shapeless piles. Not a tree or shrub is to be seen any where in the vicinity. The ground is bare, like an open road, save in front of the main building (formerly occupied by the priests), where the carcasses and bones of cattle are scattered about, presenting a disgusting spectacle. But this is a common sight on the Spanish ranches. Too lazy to carry the meat very far, the rancheros generally do their butchering in front of the door, and leave the Indians and buzzards to dispose of the offal.

A young Spaniard, one of the proprietors, was

the only person at home, with the exception of a few dirty Indians who were lying about the door. He received me rather coldly, as I thought, and took no concern whatever about my mule. I learned afterward that this family had been greatly imposed upon by travelers passing northward to the mines, who killed their cattle, stole their corn, stopped of nights and went away without paying any thing. At first they freely entertained all who came along in the genuine style of Spanish hospitality; but not content with the kind treatment bestowed upon them, their rough guests seldom left the premises without carrying away whatever they could lay hands upon. This naturally embittered them against strangers, and of course I had to bear my share of the ill-feeling manifested toward the traveling public. It was not long, however, before I discovered a key to my young host's good graces. He was strumming on an old guitar when I arrived, and soon resumed his solitary amusement, not seeming disposed to respond to my feeble attempts at his native language, but rather enjoying the idea of drawing himself into the doleful sphere of his own music. As soon as a favorable opportunity occurred I took the guitar, and struck up such a lively song of "The Frogs that tried to Come it, but couldn't get a Chance," that the cadaverous visage of my host gradually relaxed into a smile, then into a broad grin, and at the climax he absolutely laughed. It was all right. Music had soothed the savage breast. Sobranis was conquered. He immediately directed the vaquero to see to my animal, and set to work and got me an excellent supper of tortillas and frijoles, jerked beef and oja; after which he insisted upon learning the song of the Frog, which of course I was obliged to teach him. So passed the hours till late bedtime. Notwithstanding the fleas, which abounded in overwhelming numbers, I contrived to sleep soundly. Next morning, after a good breakfast of coffee, tortillas, jerked beef, etc., as before. I mounted my mule and proceeded on my journey, much to the regret of Sobranis, who positively refused to accept a cent for the accommodations he had afforded me.

In the vicinity of the sea-shore, and as far inland as Soledad, the temperature was delightfully cool and bracing; but beyond the first turning-point of mountains to the southward a marked change was perceptible. Although the sun was not more than two hours high, the heat was intense. The rich black soil, which had been thoroughly saturated with the winter rains, was now baked nearly as hard as stone, and was cracked open in deep fissures, rendering the trail in some places quite difficult even for the practiced feet of the mule. Every thing like vegetation was parched to a crisp with the scorching rays of the sun. The bed of the river was quite dry, and no sign of moisture was visible for many miles. The rich fields of wild oats were no longer to be seen, but dried and cracking wastes of wild mustard, sage-weed, and bunch grass. In some places deserts of sand without a particle



VULTURE IN THE MIEAGE.



SOLEDAJ.

of vegetation, and incrustated with saline deposits, stretched along the base of the mountains as far as the eye could reach. The glare on these plains of alkali (as they were commonly called) was absolutely blinding. Toward noon, so intense was the heat, I thought it impossible to endure it another hour. A dry hot cloud of dust rose from the parched earth, and hung around me like the fiery breath of an oven. Neither tree nor shrub was to be seen any where along the wayside. As I toiled wearily along, scarcely able to get my mule out of a walk, I thought of Denham and Clapperton, the brothers Lander, Mungo Park, and all the great African explorers, and wondered how they could have endured for weeks and months what I found it so hard to bear for a few hours. There was no respite, nothing in the world to alleviate the burning heat; not even a stunted shrub to creep under. And yet, thought I, this is but a flash in the pan to the deserts of Africa. Not that the heat is more intense there; for I believe it is admitted that the thermometer rises higher in California than in any other part of the world. I have known it to be 130° Fahrenheit in the mines, and have been told that in the gulches of some of the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada it has been known to reach 150° . The official table published by Congress shows that the maximum heat at Fort Miller is 118° , while at Fort Yuma, on the Colorado, it does not exceed 110° . In the narrative of the voyages of Lord Anson, written by his Chaplain, it is conceded that the heat is greater in California, owing to local

causes, than at any known point between the tropics. But very different is it in Africa, or any tropical country, in this respect—that the climate of California is never oppressive, whatever may be the temperature. The nights are delightfully cool, and the mornings peculiarly fresh and bracing. Hence the suffering from heat is never protracted beyond a few hours. At all events, not to go into any further dissertation upon climate, I found it quite warm enough on the present occasion, and would have been very glad to accept the loan of an umbrella had any body been at hand to offer it to me.

About an hour before sunset, as I was riding slowly along enjoying the approaching shades of evening, I discovered for the first time that my mule was lame. I had traveled very leisurely on account of the heat, making not over thirty miles. The nearest water, as the young Spaniard, Sobranis, had informed me, was at a point yet distant about five miles. I saw that it was necessary to hurry, and began to spur my mule in the hope of being able to reach this camping place; but I soon perceived that the poor animal was not only lame but badly foundered. At least it seemed so then, though my convictions on that point were somewhat shaken by what subsequently occurred. I had succeeded, after considerable spurring, in getting him into a lope, when he suddenly stumbled and threw me over his head. The shock of the fall stunned me for a few moments; but fortunately I was not hurt. I must have turned a complete somersault. As soon as consciousness returned I

found that I was lying on my back in the middle of the road, the mule quietly grazing within ten feet. I got up a little bewildered, shook off some of the dust, and started to regain the bridle; but to my great surprise the mule put back his ears, kicked up his heels, and ran off at a rate of speed that I deemed a foundered animal entirely incapable of achieving. There was not the slightest symptom of lameness in his gait. He "loped" as freely as if he had just begun his journey. In vain I shouted and ran after him. Sometimes he seemed absolutely to enjoy my helpless condition, and would permit me to approach within two or three feet, but never to get hold of the bridle. Every attempt of that kind he resented by whirling suddenly and kicking at me with both heels, so that once or twice it was a miracle how I escaped. For the first time since morning, notwithstanding the heat of the day, my skin became moist. A profuse sweat broke out all over me, and I was parched with a burning thirst. It was thirty miles from Soledad, the nearest inhabited place that I knew of, and even if I felt disposed to turn back it would have been at great risk and inconvenience. My blankets, coat, pistol, and papers—the whole of incalculable importance to me—were firmly strapped behind the saddle, and there was no way of getting at them without securing the mule. Upon reflection it seemed best to follow him to the watering-place. He must be pretty thirsty after his hard day's journey in the sun, and would not be likely to pass that. I therefore walked on as fast as possible, keeping the mule as near in the trail as his stubborn nature would permit. It was not without difficulty, however, that I could discern the right trail, for it was frequently intersected by others, and occasionally became lost in patches of sand and sage-brush.

In this way, with considerable toil, I had advanced about two miles when I discovered that a large band of Spanish cattle, which had been visible for some time in the distance, began to close in toward the line of my route, evidently with the intention of cutting me off. Their gestures were quite hostile enough to inspire a solitary and unarmed footman with uneasiness. A fierce-looking bull led the way, followed by a lowing regiment of stags, steers, and cows, crowding one upon the other in their furious charge. As they advanced, the leader occasionally stopped to tear up the earth and shake his horns; but the mass kept crowding on, their tails switching high in the air, and uttering the most fearful bellowing, while they tossed their horns and stared wildly, as if in mingled rage and astonishment. I had heard too much of the wild cattle of California, and their hostility toward men on foot at this season of the year, not to become at once sensible of my dangerous position.

The nearest tree was half a mile to the left, on the margin of a dry creek. There was a grove of small oaks winding for some distance along the banks of the creek; but between the

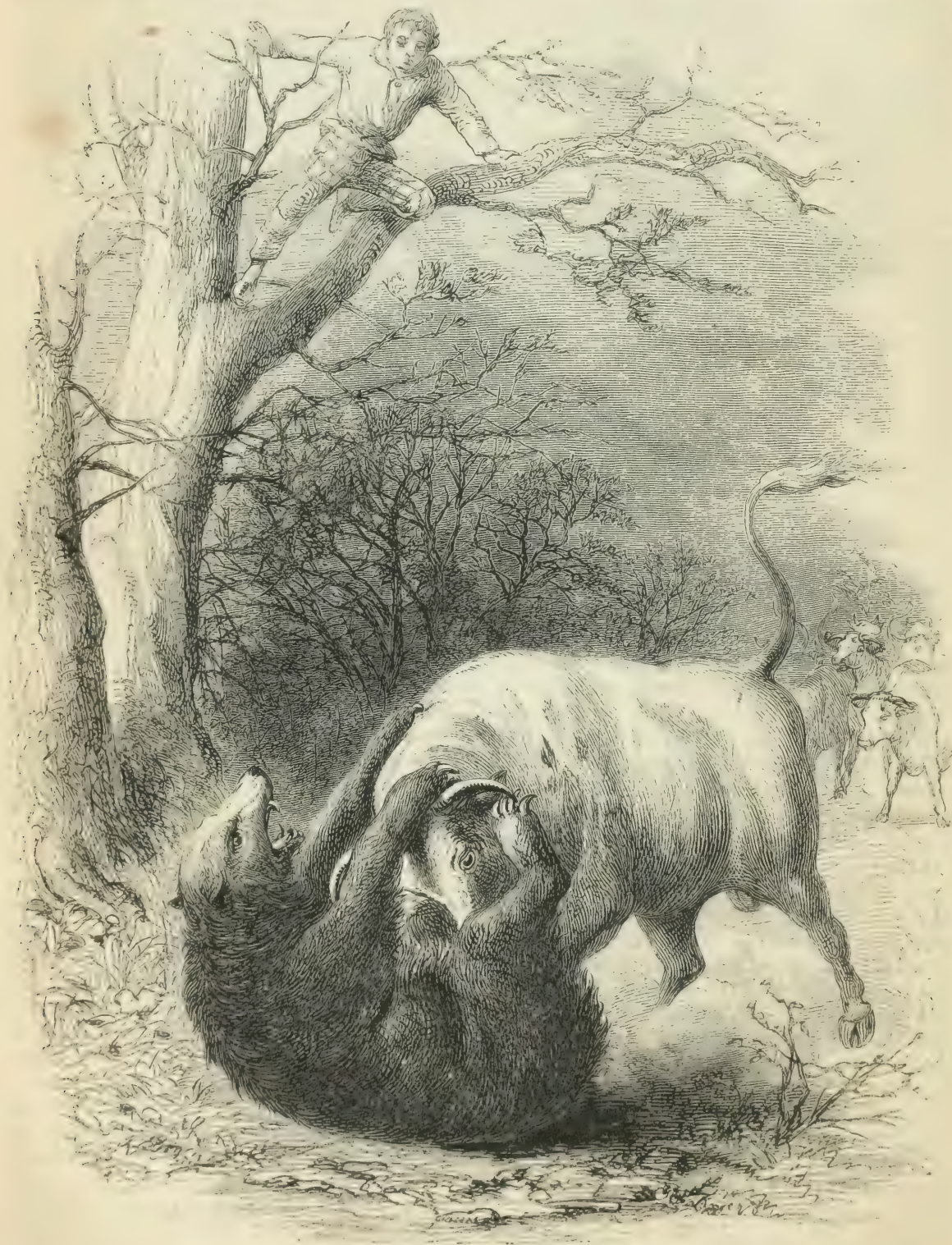
spot where I stood and this place of security scattering bands of cattle were grazing. However, there was no time to hesitate upon a choice of difficulties. Two or three hundred wild cattle rushing furiously toward one in an open plain assist him in coming to a very rapid conclusion. I know of no position in which human strength is of so little avail—the tremendous aggregation of brute force opposed to one feeble pair of arms seems so utterly irresistible. I confess instinct lent me a helping hand in this emergency. Scarcely conscious of the act, I ran with all my might for the nearest tree. The thundering of heavy hoofs after me, and the furious bellowing that resounded over the plain, spread a contagion among the grazing herds on the way, and with one accord they joined in the chase. It is in no spirit of boastfulness that I assert the fact, but I certainly made that half-mile in as few minutes as ever the same distance was made by mortal man. When I reached the tree I looked back. The advance body of the cattle were within a hundred yards, bearing down in a whirlwind of dust. I lost no time in making my retreat secure. As the enemy rushed in, tearing up the earth and glaring at me with their fierce, wild eyes, I had gained the fork of the tree, about six feet from the ground, and felt very thankful that I was beyond their reach. Still there was something fearful in being blockaded in such a place for the night. An intolerable thirst parched my throat. The effects of the exertion were scarcely perceptible at first, but as I regained my breath it seemed impossible to exist an hour longer without water. In this valley the climate is so intensely dry during the summer heats that the juices of the system are quickly absorbed, and the skin becomes like a sheet of parchment. My head felt as if compressed in a band of iron; my tongue was dry and swollen. I would have given all I possessed, or ever hoped to possess, for a single glass of water.

While in this position, with the prospect of a dreary night before me, and suffering the keenest physical anguish, a very singular circumstance occurred to relieve me of further apprehension respecting the cattle, though it suggested a new danger for which I was equally unprepared. A fine young bull had descended the bed of the creek in search of a water-hole. While pushing his way through the bushes he was suddenly attacked by a grizzly bear. The struggle was terrific. I could see the tops of the bushes sway violently to and fro, and hear the heavy crash of drift-wood as the two powerful animals writhed in their fierce embrace. A cloud of dust rose from the spot. It was not distant over a hundred yards from the tree in which I had taken refuge. Scarcely two minutes elapsed before the bull broke through the bushes. His head was covered with blood, and great flakes of flesh hung from his fore-shoulders; but instead of manifesting signs of defeat, he seemed literally to glow with defiant rage. Instinct had taught him to seek an open space.

A more splendid specimen of an animal I never saw; lithe and wiry, yet wonderfully massive about the shoulders, combining the rarest qualities of strength and symmetry. For a moment he stood glaring at the bushes, his head erect, his eyes flashing, his nostrils distended, and his whole form fixed and rigid. But scarcely had I time to glance at him when a huge bear, the largest and most formidable I ever saw in a wild state, broke through the opening.

A trial of brute force that baffles description now ensued. Badly as I had been treated by the cattle, my sympathies were greatly in favor of the bull, which seemed to me to be much the

nobler animal of the two. He did not wait to meet the charge, but lowering his head, boldly rushed upon his savage adversary. The grizzly was active and wary. He no sooner got within reach of the bull's horns than he seized them in his powerful grasp, keeping the head to the ground by main strength and the tremendous weight of his body, while he bit at the nose with his teeth, and raked stripes of flesh from the shoulders with his hind paws. The two animals must have been of very nearly equal weight. On the one side there was the advantage of superior agility and two sets of weapons—the teeth and claws; but on the other, greater powers of endurance and more inflexible courage. The



A DUEL À LA MORT.

position thus assumed was maintained for some time—the bull struggling desperately to free his head, while the blood streamed from his nostrils—the bear straining every muscle to drag him to the ground. No advantage seemed to be gained on either side. The result of the battle evidently depended on the merest accident.

As if by mutual consent, each gradually ceased struggling, to regain breath, and as much as five minutes must have elapsed while they were locked in this motionless but terrible embrace. Suddenly the bull, by one desperate effort, wrenched his head from the grasp of his adversary, and retreated a few steps. The bear stood up to receive him. I now watched with breathless interest, for it was evident that each animal had staked his life upon the issue of the conflict. The cattle from the surrounding plains had crowded in, and stood moaning and bellowing around the combatants; but as if withheld by terror, none seemed disposed to interfere. Rendered furious by his wounds, the bull now gathered up all his energies, and charged with such impetuous force and ferocity that the bear, despite the most terrific blows with his paws, rolled over in the dust, vainly struggling to defend himself. The lunges and thrusts of the former were perfectly furious. At length, by a sudden and well-directed motion of his head, he got one of his horns under the bear's belly, and gave it a rip that brought out a clotted mass of entrails. It was apparent the battle must soon end. Both were grievously wounded, and neither could last much longer. The ground was torn up and covered with blood for some distance around, and the panting of the struggling animals became each moment heavier and quicker. Maimed and gory, they fought with the desperate certainty of death—the bear rolling over and over, vainly striking out to avoid the fatal horns of his adversary—the bull ripping, thrusting, and tearing with irresistible ferocity.

At length, as if determined to end the conflict, the bull drew back, lowered his head, and made one tremendous charge; but blinded by the blood that trickled down his forehead, he missed his mark, and rolled headlong on the ground. In an instant the bear whirled and was upon him. Thoroughly invigorated by the prospect of a speedy victory, he tore the flesh in huge masses from the ribs of his prostrate foe. The two rolled over and over in the terrible death-struggle; nothing was now to be seen save a heaving, gory mass, dimly perceptible through the dust. A few minutes would certainly have terminated the bloody strife, so far as my favorite was concerned, when, to my astonishment, I saw the bear relax in his efforts, roll over from the body of his prostrate foe, and drag himself feebly a few yards from the spot. His entrails had burst entirely through the wound in his belly, and now lay in long strings over the ground. The next moment the bull was on his legs, erect and fierce as ever. Shaking the blood from his eyes, he looked around, and seeing the reeking mass before him, lowered his head for the final

and most desperate charge. In the death-struggle that ensued both animals seemed animated by supernatural strength. The grizzly struck out wildly, but with such destructive energy that the bull, upon drawing back his head, presented a horrible and ghastly spectacle; his tongue, a mangled mass of shreds, hanging from his mouth, his eyes torn completely from their sockets, and his whole face stripped to the bone. On the other hand, the bear was ripped completely open, and writhing in his last agonies. Here it was that indomitable courage prevailed; for blinded and maimed as he was, the bull, after a momentary pause to regain his wind, dashed wildly at his adversary again, determined to be victorious even in death. A terrific roar escaped from the dying grizzly. With a last frantic effort he sought to make his escape, scrambling over and over in the dust. But his strength was gone. A few more thrusts from the savage victor and he lay stretched upon the sand, his muscles quivering convulsively, his huge body a resistless mass. A clutching motion of the claws—a groan—a gurgle of the throat, and he was dead.

The bull now raised his bloody crest, uttered a deep bellowing sound, shook his horns triumphantly, and slowly walked off, not, however, without turning every few steps to renew the struggle if necessary. But his last battle was fought. As the blood streamed from his wounds a death-chill came over him. He stood for some time, unyielding to the last, bracing himself up, his legs apart, his head gradually drooping; then dropped on his fore-knees and lay down; soon his head rested upon the ground; his body became motionless; a groan, a few convulsive respirations, and he too, the noble victor, was dead.

During this strange and sanguinary struggle the cattle, as I stated before, had gathered in around the combatants. The most daring, as if drawn toward the spot by the smell of blood or some irresistible fascination, formed a circle within twenty or thirty yards, and gazed at the murderous work that was going on with startled and terror-stricken eyes; but none dared to join in the defense of their champion. No sooner was the battle ended, and the victor and the vanquished stretched dead upon the ground, than a panic seized upon the excited multitude, and by one accord they set up a wild bellowing, switched their tails in the air, and started off full speed for the plains.

It was now nearly dark. The impressive scene I had just witnessed, and in which I had become so absorbed as to lose all consciousness of danger, now forcibly reminded me that this was not a safe place of retreat for the night. I descended from the tree, seeing all clear, and hurried out toward the edge of the plain, where I discovered a trail leading down parallel with the creek. The water-hole I knew must be on this creek, for there was no other in sight. It could not be more than two or three miles distant, and there was yet sufficient light to enable me to keep within range of the bushes on the

left. I walked on rapidly for nearly an hour, sometimes stumbling into the deep fissures which had been made in the ground by the heat of the sun, and often obliged to descend deep arroyas and seek for some time before I could find an outlet on the other side; but in the course of an hour I was rejoiced to see a point of woodland jutting into the plain, not over a few hundred yards distant, in the midst of which there was the glimmer of a fire.

I say rejoiced, for certainly that was the first sensation; but in approaching the light I could not but think of the savage character of the country, and the probability of meeting with company here as little to my liking as any I had yet encountered. This part of the Salinas was entirely out of the range of civilization; neither miners nor settlers had yet intruded upon these dreary solitudes; and the chances were greatly in favor of meeting a party of Sonoran desperadoes or outlawed Californians. Yet what inducement could I present for robbery or murder in such a destitute plight? Without coat, blankets, pistol, or property of any kind except a watch concealed in the fob of my pantaloons—even without money, for what little I owned, not over forty or fifty dollars, was contained in a leather purse in the pocket of my coat—of what avail would it be to molest me? If plunder should be an object, they must already be in possession of all I had.

These considerations somewhat allayed my apprehensions; and, at all events, I saw no alternative but to keep on. As I descended from the plain into the oak grove bordering upon the bed of the creek, I observed that there were only two men in camp. From their costume—the common blue shirts, pantaloons, and rough boots of ordinary travelers on the way to the mines—I judged them to be Americans. Nor was I mistaken. The very first word I heard spoken was an oath, which it is unnecessary for me to repeat.

"I say, Griff," said one, in a coarse, brutal voice, "if he comes don't you budge. He'll be here certain!"

"Jack," replied the man addressed, "you've done enough of that. You'd better hold up a while, that's my opinion."

The other laughed; not a joyous laugh of natural mirthfulness, but something resembling a chuckling sneer that was horribly repelling. An instinctive feeling prompted me to retrace my steps and strike out for the mission of Soledad. Without well knowing why, I was impressed with an irresistible conviction that the spirit of sin brooded over this camp. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, I turned to retreat while yet undiscovered, when a man emerged from the bushes a little below, and called out, sharply, "Who's that? Answer quick, or you're a dead man!"

I answered at once, "An American—a friend. Don't shoot! It's all right!"

I then advanced into the camp, where I was greeted with an uneasy and suspicious stare,

very much unlike any reception I had ever met with before from a party of countrymen. There was either distrust or disappointment in their looks, probably both. The party consisted of three men—two of whom were standing by the fire cooking a piece of venison, while the third, who had hailed me from the bushes, seemed to have been on the look-out.

The man called "Jack"—he who had first spoken—was a swarthy, thick-set fellow, about thirty years of age, with a bull neck, a coarse black beard, and heavy sun-burned mustache. His eyes were overhung by bushy brows, and were of a cold, stony color and very deeply set, giving him an appearance of peeping out furtively from a chaparral of brush. A shock of black, matted hair covered his head; his hands were begrimed with dirt, and his dress was ragged, greasy, and stained with blotches of filth and blood. On his feet he wore a pair of coarse heavy boots out at the toes, in the legs of which his pantaloons were carelessly thrust, giving him a peculiarly slovenly and blackguard air. A belt around his waist with a revolver and knife, and a leather pouch for balls and patching, completed his costume and trappings. I instinctively recoiled from this man. His whole expression—his voice, manner, dress, and all—pronounced him a coarse and unmitigated villain. There was not a single redeeming point about him that I could discover. Hard, crafty, and cruel, profane, filthy, and brutal, his character was patent at a glance. If he was not intrinsically bad, nature had grievously belied him.

The other, to whom this fellow had addressed his remarks when I first heard their voices, and who was called "Griff," was apparently somewhat younger, though rough and weather-beaten, as if he had been much exposed. His form was gaunt and athletic, and his height over six feet. There was something very sad in the expression of his face, which was well chiseled, and not destitute of a certain quality of rough, manly beauty. A prominent nose; firm and compressed lips; a square projecting chin, evincing firmness, and a liquid blue eye, with a mingled expression of gentleness and determination; deep furrows, tending downward from the corners of his mouth; long waving hair, and a light mustache, gave him something of a heroic cast of countenance, which, but for an appearance of general recklessness, would have redeemed him under all the disadvantages of ragged clothes and evil associations. Yet I felt at once interested in this man. He seemed embarrassed as I scanned his features—apparently struggling with some natural impulse of politeness, which prompted him to offer me a more kindly welcome than his comrades had bestowed upon me; but if such an impulse moved him it was speedily checked. He drew his hat over his brow, and resumed his occupation at the fire without saying a word. Still even his silence was not unfriendly.

The third of this strange party was a lithe,



THE CAMP.

wiry man, not over five feet eight in height, but compact and not ungracefully formed. He was apparently much older than either of the others. To look upon him once was to receive an impression of evil that could never be effaced. His countenance was the most repellent I had ever seen—far surpassing that of the man “Jack” in cool, crafty malignity. I could readily imagine that this was the leader in all that required subtlety, intellect, and skill. His forehead was high and narrow; his eyes closely set together, black, and of piercing brilliancy; his features sharp and mobile; but it was his mouth that more than all gave him the distinguishing expression of cruelty and cunning. A sardonic smile continually played upon his thin, bloodless lips. Every muscle seemed under perfect control. It might well be said of this man that

“He could smile, and smile, and be a villain still,”

for villainy lurked in every feature. Yet he was not deficient in a certain air of personal neatness to which the other two had no pretensions. His jet-black hair was closely cut, and his face quite destitute of beard, and of that peculiar leaden color which indicates a long career of dissipa-

tion. In his dress he was even slightly foppish; wore a green cassimere hunting-jacket, with brass buttons; a white shirt, a breast-pin, and a pair of check pantaloons. His fingers were adorned with rings, and a watch-guard hung from his neck. The hilt of a bowie-knife, ornamented with silver, protruded from under the breast of his vest, and a revolver hung from a belt around his waist. In his motions he was quick, supine, and noiseless. Something of the basilisk there was about this man—something brilliant and glossy, as if he shone with a peculiar light. I fancied I had seen gamblers like him in New Orleans, fierce yet wary men, accustomed to play at hazardous games; glossy outside and of fascinating suavity, but corrupt to the core. Even his green coat added to the illusion; it fitted him so neatly, and seemed so like the natural slimy skin of a poisonous reptile. It was evident this was no ordinary adventurer. His manner was that of a man of the world; he had seen much, and he knew much, mostly of evil I fancied, for all that was about him was essentially bad. A certain deference toward him was perceptible in the manner of the other two men, especially in that of the thick-set fellow called

Jack, who lost much of his bravado air when "the Colonel" spoke; for such was the title accorded to the last-named of the party. The Colonel was pleased to scan me very closely for some moments before he opened his lips. When he spoke I was astonished at the change in his voice, which, when I first heard it, was sharp and hard. It was now wonderfully soft and silky.

"Sir," said he, blandly, "you seem to have lost your way. Have you walked far?"

"Not very," was my answer. "Only five miles. My mule threw me and ran away. I was unable to catch him, and thought probably he had made his way to this pool of water. Have you seen him?—a large brown mule with a roll of blankets and a coat fastened to the saddle?"

The Colonel smiled pleasantly.

"I see, friend, you are not accustomed to traveling in this rough style. Your mule has doubtless gone back to his old quarters, wherever you got him. A mule never goes farther in a new direction than he can help."

"But I saw him start for this point. He was very thirsty, I know; and, besides, he came from the Colorado not over a month ago. His course would naturally be to the southward if he desired to return to his old quarters."

"Very likely," said the Colonel, quietly: "it may be the same mule I sold to a gentleman from Texas, down there about that time."

"Yes—I bought him from a Texan. It must be the same!" I answered, glad to find some clew, however remote, to the object of my search.

The Colonel smiled again, and expressed his regret that it was not the nature of that mule to go in the direction of the Colorado. The fare for mules in that region was rather dry; and the animal in question had a very keen appreciation of good fare. At all events no such mule had been seen here—"unless, perhaps, you may have seen him," added the Colonel, turning to the thick-set man, and regarding him with a peculiar expression—the same basilisk eye that I had noticed before.

"I?" said Jack, laughing coarsely; "the last mule I saw was a small mustang horse that belongs to myself."

"Possibly *you* may have seen him?" suggested the Colonel, looking at the tall, gaunt man, Griff; and here I could not but notice the change in his expression. His brow unconsciously lowered, and there was something devilish in the cool malignity of his eye. Griff was silent. His frame seemed convulsed with some emotion of disgust or hatred. The Colonel turning quickly to me, observed with an affected suavity: "This man may possibly be able to tell you something about your mule."

At this the person referred to drew himself up into an erect position, and gave a look at the Colonel—a look of such mingled hatred, defiance, and contempt, that I expected to see the latter wilt before it or draw his revolver. But he did neither. And here I detected the secret of his power over the other two men—imperturb-

able self-possession. He merely elevated his brows superciliously as Griff sternly remarked:

"You know as much of the mule as I do! What do you ask me for? Be careful."

"Oh," said the Colonel, jocularly, "I thought you might have seen him while I was absent. You know I'm not in the habit of noticing these things."

Griff resumed his slouching attitude, stirring the fire moodily, while the Colonel requested me to be seated, and proceeded to do the honors of the repast. All that I have attempted to describe was perfectly quiet; not a loud word was spoken, and but for the peculiar expression of each face, involving some dark complicity of experience, it might have passed unnoticed. There was really nothing said that necessarily bore an evil import. Yet what was it that filled me with such an indefinable abhorrence of these men—of two of them at least? That they were unprincipled adventurers, I knew; that they were depraved enough to be professed gamblers, highway robbers, or horse thieves, was reasonable to suppose from their appearance; but there was something more than that about them. The leader was no common gambler or horse-thief. He was too keen, too polished, too subtle for that. He might be a forger, a slave speculator, a dealer in blood-hounds, a gambler in fancy stocks; yet this was no country for the exercise



JACK.

of that sort of talent—at least that portion of it which he had chosen as a place of temporary abode. He might be on his way to the mines. I asked no questions. It was enough to feel the evil influence of the present; enough to know by intuition that the hands of this man were stained with some deadly sin.

Hungry as I was, I could not swallow the bread he gave me without a choking sensation of disgust. The act of eating with him implied a species of fellowship against which my very soul rebelled.

Of the swarthy man, Jack, I had a different impression. He was purely brutal. All his instincts were coarse, savage, and depraved. Whatever quickness or cunning he possessed was that of an animal. He was far inferior to the other in all the essential attributes of a successful villain. I looked upon him as upon a vicious brute.

For the tall fellow, Griff, I must confess I felt a strange sympathy. That he was not naturally depraved, no one who looked upon his fine features, and frank, manly bearing, could for a moment doubt. He might be dissipated, reckless—even criminal; but he surely was not all bad. There was something of conscience left in him yet—some human emotion of remorse. Otherwise why was his expression so strangely sad? Why was it that there seemed to be no bond of sympathy between him and the others—beyond, perhaps, some complicity in crime, either accidental or the result of evil associations? A deadly fascination seemed to be spread over him by the leader, against which he struggled in vain. The slight outburst of passion which I had witnessed showed too plainly the powerful thralldom in which he was held. His defiant tone—the withering hatred of his eye—the impatient gesture of contempt—were but the momentary ebullitions of a proud spirit. No sentiment of personal fear could have found a place in that manly breast. The cause of his submission lay deeper than that. Something of self-accusation must have had a share in it, thus to paralyze his strength—something more inextricable than any web that mortal man could cast over him, unaided by a sense of his own iniquity. I could not conjecture what crime he had committed. Whatever it was, I had a strong yearning to befriend him. Surely there was still hope for him; he could not be utterly lost without bearing in his features the impress of unmitigated evil.

As soon as supper was over the Colonel lighted his pipe, and seemed disposed to be sociable. It was impossible for me to get over the abhorrence I had for this man. Even his efforts to be agreeable had something sinister in them that increased my dislike. Still, I was in the power of these men, whether they chose to exercise it for good or for evil; and it behooved me to suppress any disrelish I might have for their company.

"You came from Soledad to-day, I think you said?" observed the Colonel.

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"Yes; I stopped there last night."

"Did you meet any body on the road?" he asked, carelessly.

"Only two Spaniards from Santa Marguerita." The Colonel started.

"Any news from below?"

"None that I could understand. I don't speak the Spanish language."

"You heard nothing from San Miguel?"

"No."

"Which way are you bound, if I may take the liberty of asking?"

"To San Luis. I have business there connected with the revenue service. Unfortunately my mule has disappeared with my blankets, coat, pistol, what little money I had, and my official papers, which are of no use to any body but myself. I fear the loss will subject me to great inconvenience."

"You are aware, I suppose," said the Colonel, with the same disagreeable smile I had before noticed, "that the road is considered a little dangerous for solitary travelers. Murders have been committed between this and San Miguel."

"Any lately?" I asked, assuming more composure than I felt.

"Why, as for that," replied the Colonel, making an effort to be humorous, "it would be hard for me to keep the run of all I hear in this part of the country. Society is rather backward, and the newspapers do not keep us advised of the current events of the day."

Here there was a pause. I felt convinced that this man was capable of any deed, however dark and damning. Even while he spoke his fingers played with the butt of a revolver that hung from his belt. Something caught my eye as his hand moved—a small silver star near the lock of the pistol. This was not an ordinary mark. I at once knew the pistol to be mine. A friend had given it to me. The star was a fanciful device of his own, based upon the idea that its rays would guide the bullet to its destination. The Colonel detected my inquisitive glance, and smiled again in his peculiar way, but said nothing. If I had any doubt on the subject before, I now felt quite satisfied that he was not only a villain, but one who would not hesitate to take my life if it would serve his purpose. Whether his thoughts ran in that direction at present I could not determine. He possessed a wonderful power of inspiring dark impressions without uttering a word. The mere suspicion of such a design was at least unpleasant. At length he rose, having finished smoking his pipe, and with an air of indifference said,

"It must be getting late. Have you the time, Sir?"

I pulled out my watch, scarcely conscious of the act, and remarked that it wanted a few minutes of nine.

"A nice-looking watch that!" observed the Colonel. "It must be worth a hundred dollars."

"Yes, more than that," I answered; for I saw at once that any manifestation of suspicion

would be the last thing to answer my purpose. "It cost \$150 in New York. It is a genuine chronometer, and the casing is of solid gold."

The Colonel exchanged glances with the swarthy man, Jack, and proposed to go out and take a look at the horses. Before they had proceeded fifty yards they stopped and looked back. Griff had been sitting moodily before the fire during the conversation above related, and did not seem disposed to move at the summons of his leader, who now called sharply to him to come on. The same expression of defiant hatred that I had noticed before flashed from the man's eyes, and for a moment he seemed to struggle against the Colonel's malign influence. "Come!" said the latter, sharply, "what do you lag behind for? You know your duty!"

"Yes," muttered Griff, between his set teeth, "I know it! It is hardly necessary to remind me of it." He then rose and proceeded to join his comrades. As he passed by where I sat he hurriedly whispered, "*Stay where you are. Don't attempt to escape yet. Depend upon me—I'll stand by you!*"

It may readily be conceived that my sensations were not the most pleasant during the absence of the three men in whose power I was so strangely and unexpectedly placed. That two of them were quite capable of murdering me, if they had not already made up their minds to do so, was beyond question. I looked around and saw to my dismay that they scarcely took the trouble to conceal the robbery they had already perpetrated. My blankets lay under a tree not over fifteen steps from the fire, and my coat and saddle were carelessly thrown among the common camp equipments in the same place. What could one unarmed man do against three, or even two, fully armed desperadoes? My first impulse was to steal away, now that there was a chance—perhaps the only one I might have—and conceal myself in the bushes till morning, then endeavor to make my way along the bed of the creek to Soledad. Better trust to the grizzly bears than to such men as the Colonel and Jack. But it was more than probable they were thoroughly acquainted with every thicket and trail in the country, and would not be long in overtaking me on horseback. There was another serious consideration: I could not well afford to lose my mule, money, and papers. The latter were of incalculable value, and could not be replaced. I had no idea that they had been suffered to remain in my coat-pocket. So adroit a speculator as the Colonel must have ascertained their contents and placed them beyond danger of recovery. Besides, the man Griff had warned me not to attempt an escape yet. Was he to be trusted? Surely I could not be deceived in him. What object could he have in warning me unless to provide for my safety?

These considerations were unanswerable. I determined to remain and abide the issue.

It is said that danger sharpens men's wits. I believe it; for while there was ample reason to suppose these men were deliberating upon my

destruction, a scheme flashed upon my mind which I at once resolved to carry into effect. Up to this period I had given them a plain statement of my misfortune. They evidently regarded me as a very simple-minded and inexperienced traveler. Nothing could be easier than to improve upon that idea.

As soon as they returned and resumed their places around the fire I made some casual inquiries of the Colonel about the route from San Miguel to San Luis Obispo—professing to be exceedingly anxious to reach the latter place within five or six days.

The Colonel was bland and obliging as usual, giving me, without reserve, full particulars in regard to the route.

"But what's your hurry?" said he, smiling in his accustomed manner; "why not stay with us a few days and make yourself comfortable? The weather is rather warm for so long a pedestrian tour—unless, indeed, something is to be made by it." This he said with a low chuckle and a significant glance at the fellow with the thick neck.

"That is precisely why I want to get on," I answered; "a great deal is to be made by it if I get there in time, and a great deal lost if I don't. A vessel laden with foreign goods has gone ashore on the beach below the Embarcadero. I have advices that most of the cargo is saved. The duties, according to a copy of the manifest forwarded to the Custom-house at San Francisco, amount to over ten thousand dollars. The Supercargo writes that he can sell out on advantageous terms at San Luis, provided he can pay the duties there to some authorized officer of the Government within the period named. I am on my way down to receive the money. If I can get back with it to San Francisco within ten or twelve days it will be of considerable advantage to the Government as well as to myself. Unfortunately there is no water-communication at present, or I might gain time by taking a vessel. However, I apprehend no difficulty in being able to hire a mule at San Miguel. As for the stories of robbery and murder on the road, I have no faith in them. At all events I am not afraid to try the experiment."

This communication made an evident impression upon the minds of the Colonel and Jack, both of whom listened with intense interest. The man Griff looked a little puzzled, but a casual glance reassured him—he at once caught at my meaning. I could see that the Colonel was embarrassed as to what course to pursue in reference to the stolen property. He held down his head for some time, pretending to be occupied in clearing the stem of his pipe, but it was apparent that he was in considerable perplexity. Deep and guarded as he was, it was not difficult to conjecture what was passing in his mind. There was now a strong inducement for permitting me to proceed on my journey. The prospect of securing ten thousand dollars was worthy of some risk; yet, if he acknowledged the stealing of my mule and other property, it was not

likely I would again place myself in his power. On the other hand, I had seen the pistol, and must have some suspicion of the true state of the case.

I have often observed that men deeply versed in villainy, while they possess a certain sort of sagacity, are deficient in the perception of character when it involves a more comprehensive knowledge of human nature than usually falls within the limits of their individual experience. They are quick to detect every species of vulgar trickery, but their capacity to cope with straightforward truth is limited. They suspect either too much or too little, and lose confidence in their own penetration. With men like themselves they understand how to deal—they know by intuition the governing motives; but simplicity and frankness are weapons to which they are not accustomed. A direct statement of facts, in which they can see no motive of prudence, sets them at fault. They can analyze well through a dark atmosphere, but, like night-birds, have very dim perceptive powers in daylight.

While the Colonel could discover no interested motive in my simple statement respecting the loss of a vessel on the coast (of which he had probably heard from other sources), and could see no reason why I should not be simple enough to come back with a large sum of money, since I had been simple enough to lose a valuable mule and exhibit a valuable watch, he nevertheless seemed unable to extricate himself from suspicion in reference to the pistol—the only article of my property which he had reason to suppose I had seen. He could easily have said that he had found it on the trail; but he was not skilled in degrees of innocence. He had deferred his explanation too long, and, judging by himself, could not imagine that any other person would credit so flimsy a statement. In this he was correct, but his one-sided sagacity led him into puzzling inconsistencies.

To lull all suspicion on this point was indispensable to the success of my plan. The apparent confidence which I had manifested in the good faith of the party tended greatly to prevent the leader from coming to a satisfactory conclusion. So at least it appeared to me as I watched the uncertain movements of his hands and the changing expression of his countenance. He was evidently aware that I had seen the star on the handle of the pistol, yet my conduct indicated no suspicion. It was necessary that I should remove whatever doubt on the subject might be lurking in his mind. With this in view, I took occasion to renew the conversation relative to the route, stating that although I apprehended little danger, it was still an awkward position to be entirely without arms in a strange country.

"The loss of my pistol," said I, "is a serious inconvenience. It must have fallen from my belt when the mule threw me, and become covered with dust. I could go back and find the place, but that would occupy nearly half a day, and I can not afford to lose the time. The only

particular value the pistol has is that it is a present from a friend who belonged to the Order of the Lone Star of Texas. The badge of the Association is marked upon the handle, as usual with arms belonging to the members."

"Yes," said the Colonel, after a pause, "I once belonged to that Order myself, and have a pistol similarly marked."

"Perhaps you would be willing to dispose of it?" I observed. "Not that I have any money, but I would cheerfully give my watch for a good pistol, which would be at least three times its value."

"My dear Sir," said the Colonel, affecting an air of injured pride, "you certainly can not be aware that a member of the Lone Star never sells or barter his arms. Any thing else—but not his weapons of personal defense. Fortunately, however, I have a spare revolver, which is entirely at your service. As for your watch, I should be sorry to deprive you of so useful an article, and one which would be of no value to myself. Time is of little consequence to men who are accustomed to spend it as they please, and whose chief dependence is on the sun, moon, and stars."

I accepted the proffered gift, as may be supposed, without the slightest qualms of conscience in depriving the donor of so valuable a piece of property; and having expressed my thanks, noticed that while pretending to search for the pistol among the camp equipments he took care to cover up my blanket and coat.

The Colonel soon returned to the fire, and handed me a very handsome revolver, a belt, powder-flask, and small leather bag containing caps, balls, and other necessary appendages. It struck me as a little strange, that having apparently made up his mind to let me depart, he had not offered to lend me an animal to ride upon; but a moment's reflection satisfied me that there was good cause for this. There could be no doubt from the character of the party that the horses were stolen, and would be recognized on the road. Besides, he knew I could easily hire a horse or mule at San Miguel.

After this I observed that the Colonel took occasion to speak a few words to Jack, the import of which I could only conjecture had some reference to my papers. Jack answered aloud, "Yes, the grass is bad there. I'll go put my mustang in another place." He then walked away, and the Colonel busied himself in preparing our sleeping quarters for the night.

It was nearly eleven o'clock. In about fifteen minutes Jack returned, and we all lay down in different directions, within a short distance of the fire. A saddle-blanket, kindly furnished by my chief entertainer, enabled me to make quite a comfortable bed.

The night was mild and pleasant. A clear sky, spangled with stars, was visible through the tops of the trees, and never had I seen it look so beautifully serene. Could it be that guilt could slumber peacefully under that heavenly canopy? Surely the evil spirit must be

strong in the hearts of men who, unconscious of the reproving purity of such a night, could thus forget their sins, and lie calmly sleeping upon the bosom of their mother earth. How deadened by a long career of crime must conscience be in the breast of him who, steeped in guilt, could thus, in the presence of his Maker,

"—O'er-labored with his being's strife,
Sink to that sweet forgetfulness of life!"

Neither the Colonel nor the man Jack moved an inch after taking their places. I almost envied them their capacity to sleep, so gentle and profound was their oblivion to the world and all its cares. To me this refreshing luxury was denied. My fate seemed to hang upon a thread. I could not feel any confidence in these men. They might become suspicious at any moment, and murder me as I lay helpless before them. For over two hours I watched them; they never moved. The probable fact was, they had made up their minds not to molest me, in view of the large sum of money I expected to collect at San Luis. My course seemed clear enough. But here was the difficulty. I could do nothing without my papers. Nor was I content to lose my mule, saddle, and blankets, which I knew to be in their possession.

The tall man, Griff, was restless, and turned repeatedly, moaning in his sleep, "God have pity on me! O God, have pity on me!"

It was a sad sight to behold him. No mortal eye could fathom the sufferings that thus moved him. Truly,

"The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
Is like a scorpion girt by fire."

At length—it must have been about an hour before day—he arose, looked cautiously around, and seeing all quiet, beckoned to me, and stealthily left the camp. On his way out he gathered up my blanket, saddle, and coat in his arms, and looked back to see if I had taken the hint. I lost no time in slipping from my covering, and following his receding figure. It was a trying moment. I expected to see the other two men rise, and held my pistol ready for defense. In a few minutes we were beyond immediate danger of discovery.

"Now," said Griff—"now is your time. Here is your mule. Mount him and be off! They will undertake to pursue you as soon as they discover your absence; but I shall loose the riatas, and it will take them some time to catch the horses. You will find your papers on the trail as soon as you strike the plain. Get to San Miguel, and you are safe. They dare not go there; *but don't stop on the way.*"

While he was talking Griff fixed my saddle and pack on the mule, and I mounted without loss of time. What could I do to reward this noble fellow? In the hurry of the moment I handed him my watch.

"Friend," said I, "you have done me an inestimable service. Take this trifle as a keepsake, and with it my best thanks. You and I may never meet again."

"No, it is not likely we shall," said Griff,

sadly. "Our ways are different. Keep your watch; I can't accept it. All I ask of you is not to judge me harshly. Good-by!"

The impulse to serve this unfortunate man was irresistible. I could not leave him thus. It was no idle curiosity that prompted me to probe the mystery of his conduct.

"In Heaven's name, friend, why do you stay with these bad men? What unholy power have they over you? Leave them, I implore you—leave them at once and forever. Come with me. I will do all I can for you. Surely you are not too far gone in crime for repentance. The vilest sinner may be saved!"

The poor fellow's frame was convulsed with agony. He sobbed like a child, and for a moment seemed unable to speak. Suddenly, as if recollecting himself, he said,

"No, Sir; I can not turn traitor. It is no use—I am gone beyond redemption. Their fate must be mine. God pity me! I struggled hard against the evil spirit; but he has conquered. I am gone, Sir—gone! Yet, believe me, I am not wholly depraved. A criminal in the eyes of the law; a robber; an outcast from society and civilization; but (here he lowered his voice to a whisper)—but NOT A MURDERER. O God, pity me! My mother—my poor old mother!"

This was all. The next moment he turned away, and was lost in the gloom of the trees.

WHAT ARE THE NERVES?

OF old, nervous meant strong. The nervous man was he whose muscles were like cords beneath his skin, and whose frame was knit into the highest tension. The name of nerve was applied rather to the tendons than to those susceptible strings to which we have appropriated it. Men had scarcely, in those days, discovered that they had nerves. But these have come into more prominence in recent times, and however little we may know about them, we can no longer be ignorant of their existence. Probably few of those who live in cities, or come in any way within the vortex of our social life, have escaped occasional attacks of nervousness, or are able at all times to set that insidious enemy at defiance.

Is nervousness, then, an inevitable condition of civilization; a tax we must be content to pay for our advantages? or can we free ourselves from its assaults without paying too great a price for the immunity? What is the malady and its cause?—that we may know what the cure must be.

And first, have the nerves really any thing to do with it? or have they borne the blame, while other portions of our organization have been at fault? When we are in that excitable, tremulous condition, in which there is a morbid anxiety to labor, with diminished power of performance—when, without any definite ailment, we seem deadened in every faculty, while yet the least vexation is felt as an intolerable annoyance

—are we right in saying that it is especially the nervous system that breaks down?

In order to answer this question, we must obtain, if possible, a clear idea respecting this element of our being, and know what kind of a machinery it is that we are using. And, in truth, we are, in this respect, constructed in a way eminently adapted both to excite and to reward our curiosity. Beautiful, and even mysterious, as many of the exhibitions of nervous activity appear, and wonderful as are its aggregate results, as displayed in the varied processes of human life, there is hardly any thing in the whole range of science better ascertained, or more simple, than are many of its fundamental principles. In this respect the study of the nervous system is like that of astronomy, in which, while the great moving force still remains unexplained, yet many laws are clearly known, and these scarcely more interesting for their practical importance than for their simplicity. "If," says Sir Charles Bell, "I could address my reader with the same freedom, and with the same examples before me, with which I speak to my pupils on this subject, I think I could interest him in it." And no one who has once experienced the fascination of the study can help having the same feeling. But it must be remembered that our knowledge extends only to a certain point. While much can be explained with certainty, many problems still remain unsolved, many questions which we naturally ask can receive only a partial answer.

It was at one time thought that the presence of a nervous system constituted a distinction between the animal and the vegetable. But this opinion does not seem to be correct. The lowest animals have no discoverable nerves; they lead merely a sort of vegetative life, and their simple structure does not demand any special mechanism for bringing into union the actions of different parts. Yet, although this is the case, the nervous system is one of the chief characteristics of animal life, and it makes its appearance immediately there is exhibited in the animal scale any complexity of structure. It is by its means, indeed, that various organs are blended into a whole; and thus the animal is a unit or individual, while the plant always remains a mere bundle of more or less similar parts. The proper life of the animal consists in an ability to react in a definite manner upon objects that affect it from without, not only by a motion of the part immediately affected, but by the combined movements of many, and it may be distant, organs. In this lies the primary need for a nervous system. It is in its simplest aspect merely a channel by which the affections of one portion of the body are enabled to call out the activity of another. Keeping this idea in view, we shall find there is no difficulty in following, in their general principles, the structure or the functions of the nervous system, even in its most highly developed and complicated forms.

It was an ancient notion that man is a microcosm, a little world, combining in himself all

the powers and principles that are distributed throughout the greater world around him. In physiology the same idea has found a place in the representation that man embodies, and is a union of, all the lower animal natures. These ideas may have been mere dreams; yet they were dreams that contained an element of truth. The most rigid examination with the dissecting knife confirms them in a certain sense. In his nervous system man does present a combination of the structures and activities of the various forms of life below him. We live, in respect to our nerves, distinct and separate lives, and unite in our own person opposite existences. The spinal cord has one life of its own; the lower part of the brain another; and by means of its upper part we live a third kind of life, higher than the other two.

The effects, and the proof also, of this diversity of life within us are partially seen in the variety of actions which we are capable of carrying on at the same time without their interfering with each other. By this means it is that, without taking any thought, we breathe regularly fifteen times in the minute; that we maintain ourselves in the erect position without any consciousness of effort; that (almost equally without consciousness when our attention is otherwise engaged) we walk, or eat, or perform other habitual motions, and at the same time carry on a distinct train of thought, or perform complicated and delicate manual operations. We are able to do all these things at once because, besides distinct groups of muscles, we have distinct nervous systems operating within us, each regulating its own circle of activities.

But elaborate as is the structure thus provided as the condition of our varied life, and diverse as are the results which ensue from the action of its different parts, it is all constructed on one plan. Its operations when combined, as they are in our experience, make up a whole of which we can not think without wonder, and the intricacy of which seems to defy comprehension. But simplicity comes with analysis. The various elements which make up the nervous activity are presented to us by nature in various classes of animals, separated, and, as it were, distinctly exposed to view, while through them all there runs an identity of character which makes them easily reducible to a single law.

What are nerves wanted for? Not, in the first place, to make the body alive, or to give it the power of acting. The various structures of which it is composed, each for itself, have their own active properties, their own power of responding to stimulus. The muscle contracts when it is touched, or when it is galvanized, though no nerve be present; the gland pours forth its secretion under the like conditions. A due supply of blood alone is necessary for all these operations. But for animal life, except in its lowest grades, this kind of activity is not enough. The sensitive plant possesses as much as this; and indeed, so far as we can judge, this "irritability" (as the tendency to perform a mo-

tion on being touched is termed) is essentially the same property in the plant and in the animal. In fact, if we suppose such a mechanism to be connected with a sensitive plant, that on any given leaf being touched, not that leaf only, but others also, and those in a distant part of the plant, should be thrown into motion—say in such a way as to guard the irritated part—we should have a pretty good imitation of the animal activity. Such a result might be brought about if there were introduced into the plant a system of tubes, or fibres, which should convey the impulse from each point to various others; or more completely still, if these fibres were connected with a central apparatus that should gather up the impulses transmitted from every leaf, and pass them on in an orderly sequence to the rest. By such an arrangement it is evident a sort of animal intelligent-looking activity might be grafted on to the mere vegetable “irritability” of the plant. No fresh power would be needed in these fibres or in the central apparatus; only a capability of receiving, and transmitting unimpaired, the impulses conveyed to it from every quarter. No fresh power would be needed, only a “susceptibility” and a definite arrangement. In truth, owing to the greater amount of the action induced in the leaves of the sensitive plant than that of the stimulus by which they are excited—a mere breath being sufficient often to produce a long contractile motion—these actions might go on by means of such an arrangement of fibres, continually multiplying, until a slight touch might suffice to throw the whole tree into—we will venture to say—convulsions. It is evident, however, that if any complicated series of actions were desired; if a touch (or other stimulus) applied to any single leaf were meant to call forth a corresponding action in distant parts; and especially if any large number of these actions were to be combined together, and this in many or varied groups, then the arrangement of the fibres would need to be exceedingly exact and complex. There would need to be points also at which the various impulses might be transferred from one set of fibres to another, or their progress altogether arrested for a time. In brief, the arrangements would be somewhat like those of an elaborate telegraphic system.

Such a system of tubes or fibres would closely represent in some essential characters the nervous system. If we look at the human brain, we find that it consists mainly of a vast mass of fibres. Their number, tenuity, and variety of direction are so great, that no skill has hitherto availed to trace them in detail, though their

general course has been pretty well made out. The subjoined figure may give a general conception of their multitude, and the intricacy of the web they form. Emanating from the brain and spinal cord, long lines of fibres pass to each region of the body, and distribute themselves in a minute net-work around and within the substance of every organ. So fine is this net-work that, if we could see it by itself, it would appear before us a perfect image of the body, all pure nerve.

We have thus, in our own persons, to do with a structure similar to that which has been supposed. Our body is not primarily dependent upon its nerves; it is active in itself, instinct and throbbing with force almost in every part, but waiting the touch of the master's hand before, in health, its ordered activities are set free. Take away from a man his nervous system (if it could be done with impunity), and there were left not lifeless clay, not even a mere inanimate and passive mechanism; there were left a body physically alive, endowed with active powers as containing in every part more or less of nature's force; but a body worthless *as a body*, with no unity in its action, nor possibility of ordered movement to any definite purpose; a structure in the whole or in the parts of which more or fewer actions might go on, and go on with vigor, but in which these actions could be made subservient to no end.

The fibres which constitute the chief mass of the nervous system are simple in their structure, so far as the microscope can reveal it, and pre-

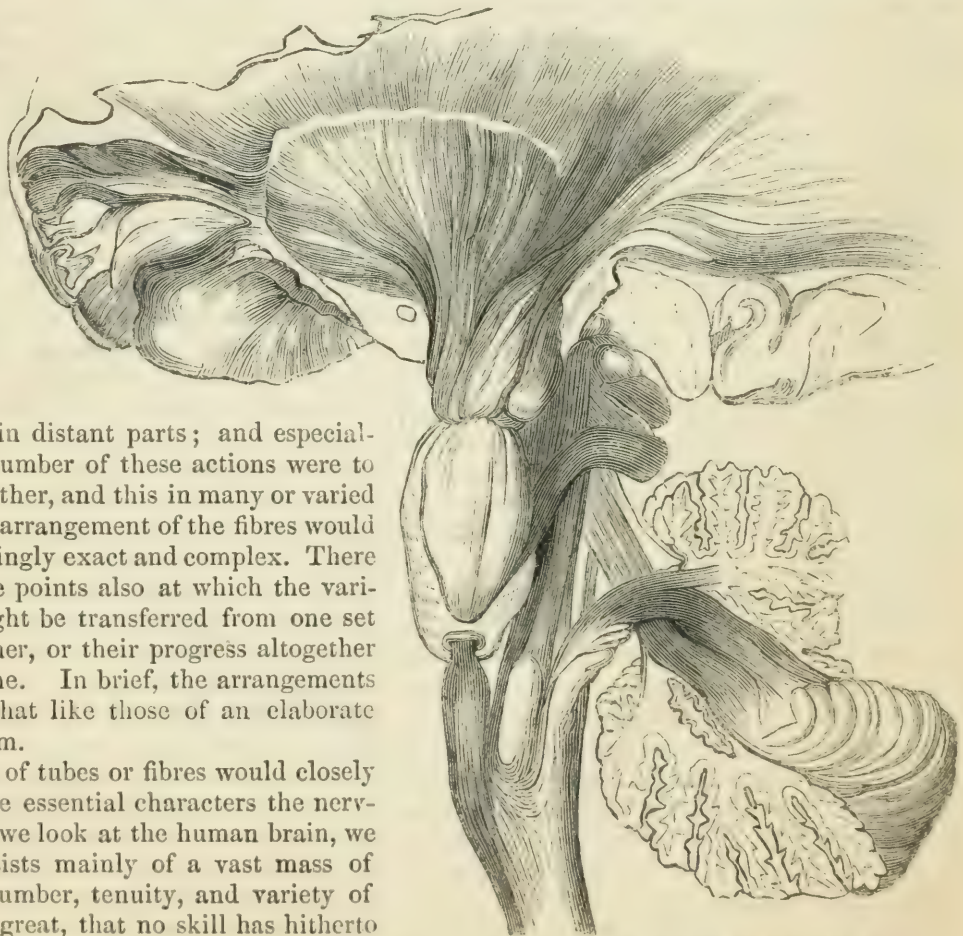


FIGURE 1.—THE FIBRES OF THE BRAIN.

sent a very curious analogy to a telegraphic wire. Like the latter, each nervous fibre consists of a small central thread (or tube, perhaps, in the case of the nerve, though the tubular structure can not be demonstrated) surrounded by a layer of a different substance. The central thread (or axis) is of a grayish color; the surrounding material is of a glassy appearance, soon becoming an opaque white after death, and giving their characteristic white appearance to the nerves.

The fibre, consisting of these two portions, is included in a sheath (a sort of very fine skin) which separates it from the adjacent bodies. If we roll up a wax-candle in paper, that will give us a rough illustration of the nerve fibre. The paper is the external "sheath;" the wax is the intermediate white matter; the wick is the central axis. It is most natural to believe that the analogy suggested by this structure is a true one, and that the white substance acts the part of the gutta percha round the electric wire, as an insulating medium for the currents which travel along the central portion. But this is not proved. Probably, owing to the minuteness of the parts, it is beyond the possibility of experimental proof. For in man two or three thousand of these fibres would occupy but an inch in their largest part, and both at their origin and their termination they are much smaller. Many of them are contained in every nerve that is visible to the naked eye.

Figure 2 represents a small nervous twig dividing.

They terminate in various ways. Their ends may thin out and become free, or they may form a loop, and so return back in their course. Each nerve fibre runs in an unbroken line from its origin to its termination.

There is another kind of nervous matter, besides the fibres; and that consists of cells. Two of the forms which

are shown in Figure 3. The nerve fibres sometimes run into them; sometimes they pass among them without appearing to communicate, as rep-



FIGURE 3.—NERVE CELLS, MAGNIFIED.

resented in Figure 4. Cells of this kind form a thin layer over the surface of the brain, and its fibres for the most part have their origin from

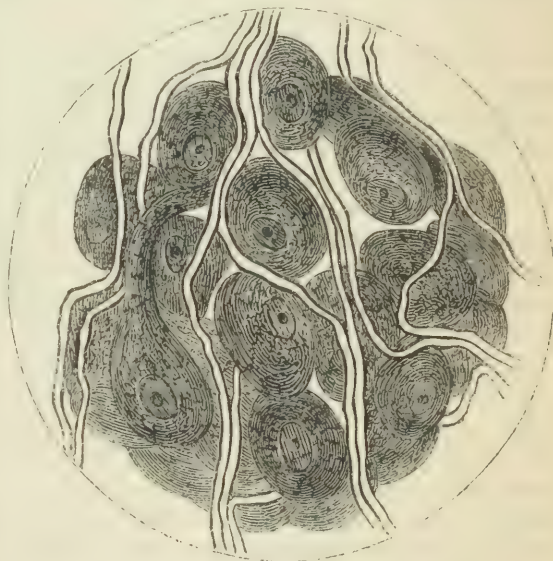


FIGURE 4.—NERVE CELLS AND FIBRES.

or among them. They also exist in large numbers in certain spots in the substance of the brain, and they are found within the spinal cord in its whole length. They have a pale pinkish hue, and wherever they are found they go by the name of "gray matter," the nerve fibres being called the white matter.

The fibres which constitute the nerves, strictly so called, are conductors, and they conduct to and from the cells. What, then, is the part played by the latter?

Before answering this question it is worth while to pause, and note (as we may well do with something like surprise) the extreme simplicity of form exhibited by this element of the nervous system. In the gray matter of the brain we are arrived at the very highest organic structure, the great achievement of the vital force, the texture in which bodily life culminates, and for the sake of which, we might almost say, all the other organs exist. And we find a structure of the very lowest form. Mere cells and gran-

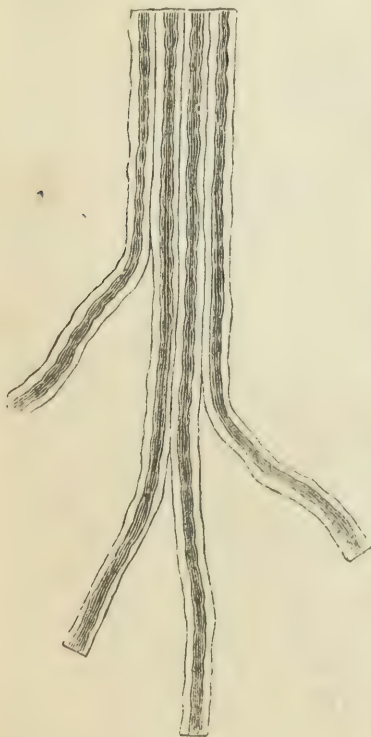


FIGURE 2.—NERVOUS TWIG DIVIDING.

ules—Nature's first and roughest work, her very starting-point in the organic kingdom—strewn in a mere mass with no appreciable order over the ends of a multitude of fibres, and loosely folded up, as it seems, for convenient stowage! This is what meets the eye. Is this the laboratory of reason; the birth-place of thought; the home of genius and imagination; the palace of the soul? Nay, is this even the source and spring of bodily order—the seat of government and control for the disorderly rabble of the muscles? Should we not have expected when we came thus to the inmost shrine of life, and penetrated to the council-chamber of the mind, to find all that had before appeared of skillful architecture and elaborate machinery surpassed and thrown into the shade? But it is all cast away. Mechanical contrivances for mechanical effects! Skillful grouping and complex organization there may be for the hand, the eye, the tongue; for all parts and every function where the mind is not. But where the spirit comes, take all that scaffolding away.

Whether this suggestion be a true one or not, we do not know. Most probably it is not true; because it is a guess, and expresses ignorance, which *ought* to be deceived. But it remains a noteworthy fact, nevertheless, and surely puts our anticipation somewhat at fault, that at the very summit of the organic world, every thing that we are accustomed to call structure, and to admire as beautiful either to the eye or to the intellect, sinks to its lowest pitch. The gray matter of the brain, however, is very abundantly supplied with blood.

But to descend again to *terra firma*—what is the part played by the gray or cellular matter, so far as we can discover it? In order to gain clear ideas on this point, we must consider the general plan on which the nervous system is arranged, and regard it first in its simplest forms. Omitting the lowest members of the animal series in which nerves are found (and in which precisely the same principles prevail), we find in the class of insects a pattern to which all the higher forms may be referred. Figure 5 is a diagram of the nervous system of the centipede. It consists of a series of little groups of nervous cells, arranged on each side of the middle line, a pair in every segment of the body, and additional ones in the head, connected with the organs of sight, smell, touch, etc. These are all united to each other by bands of fibres, and each one sends out nerves to the organs contained in the segment in which it is placed. The nervous system of the highest animals is but a repetition, in an enlarged and condensed form, of this simple type. Figure 6 represents the brain and spinal cord of man. The masses of cells, we perceive, have become joined together, and constitute not a series of double knots, but a continuous column of varying size, and those in the head have become enormously developed. But the parallel between the two structures remains, in spite of these changes. The spinal cord of man is a series of groups of cells, giving off



FIGURE 5.—NERVOUS SYSTEM OF THE CENTIPEDE.

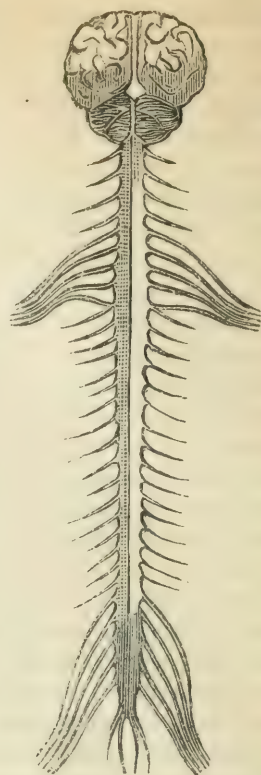


FIGURE 6.—BRAIN AND SPINAL CORD OF MAN.

nerves on each side, and connected by communicating fibres with each other, and with the larger groups in the brain, which also give off nerves to the nose and eye, the skin and muscles of the face, and other parts.

Thus in man and all animals alike masses of gray matter, or cells, are placed at the centre, and nerve fibres connect them with the organs of the body. It has been proved also, by the beautiful experiments of Sir Charles Bell, that the nerve fibres are of two kinds—some conveying an influence from the organs to the centres where the nerve cells are placed, and others carrying back an influence from them to the organs. So these groups of cells evidently answer to the *stations* of the electric telegraph. They are the points at which the messages are received from one line and passed on along another.* But besides this, the cells are the generators of the nervous power. For the living telegraph flashes along its wires not only messages, but the force also which insures their fulfillment. A nerve bears inward, say from the hand or foot, an impression, it may be of the slightest kind; but the cells (richly bathed as they are by air-containing blood) are thrown into active change by this slight stimulus, and are thus able to send out a force along the nerves leading to large groups of muscles, and excite them all to vigorous motion. Just so a message from one line may, by its stimulus to human

* They are called "ganglia" in scientific language; but this word has no deep meaning: it signifies a knot, and was applied to them simply with reference to the form they present at some places. Where a nerve passes through a small group of cells, the latter looks something like a knot tied in it.

wills, be transmitted from a station in twenty new directions.

In its simplest form this is called the "reflex function"—a name given to it by Dr. Marshall Hall, to whose investigations we owe much of our knowledge respecting the laws of nervous action. The idea of a reflex action is simply that to which reference has been made before; a stimulus to one part of the body being conveyed by a conductor to the cells at the centre, and "reflected" by them upon another, which it excites to activity. Thus, for example, a pinch or prick of the skin excites the muscles to contract. The name of "reflex" has been given to this action, because it may, and in many cases naturally does, take place without consciousness. There may be no feeling and no will, yet actions having all the appearance of design may be produced. Thus in some cases of paralysis, when, owing to an injury of the spinal cord, all sensibility and all voluntary power, in respect to one or more of the limbs, are abolished, a pinch or tickling of the paralyzed member will cause it to be withdrawn, without any consciousness on the patient's part. This is an exhibition of the reflex function of the spinal cord. Similar results, of even more striking character, may be produced at will in the lower creatures. We know how long decapitated insects continue to move their limbs; how vigorously, for example, a headless wasp plies his sting. "If the head of a centipede be cut off while it is in motion, the body will continue to move onward by the action of the legs; and the same will take place in the separate parts if the body be divided into several distinct portions. After these actions have come to an end, they may be excited again by irritating any part of the nervous centres or the cut extremity of the nervous cord. The body is moved forward by the regular and successive action of the legs, as in the natural state, but its movements are always forward, never backward, and are only directed to one side when the forward movement is checked by an obstacle. If, again, the nervous cord of a centipede be divided in the middle of the trunk, so that the hinder legs are cut off from connection with the head, they will continue to move, but not in harmony with those of the fore-part of the body, being completely paralyzed so far as the animal's controlling power is concerned, though still capable of performing reflex movements by the influence of their own nerve cells, which may thus continue to propel the body in opposition to the determinations of the animal itself. The case is still more remarkable when the nervous cord is not merely divided, but a portion of it is entirely removed from the middle of the trunk; for the anterior legs still remain obedient to the animal's control, the legs of the segments from which the cord has been removed are altogether motionless, while those of the posterior segments continue to act in a manner which shows that the animal has no power of checking or directing them.

"The stimulus to the reflex movements of

the legs in the foregoing cases appears to be given by the contact of the extremities with the solid surface on which they rest. In other instances the appropriate impression can only be made by the contact of a liquid. Thus a water beetle, having had its head removed, remained motionless as long as it rested on a dry surface, but when cast into water, it executed the usual swimming motions with great energy and rapidity, striking all its comrades to one side by its violence, and persisting in these for more than half an hour."*



FIGURE 7.—SECTION OF THE SPINAL CORD.

Facts of this kind prove that the ordinary movements of the legs and wings, in insects and similar animals, are effected not by a direct effort of will, but reflexly, through the medium of the little collections of nervous cells with which the several parts are connected by their nerves; while impulses derived from their "brain" serve only to harmonize, control, and direct their spontaneous motions. The spinal cord in ourselves has a similar office. Figure 7 represents a section of it, about its middle portion. A nerve is seen proceeding from it on each side. The white portions in the figure represent the external layers of the cord, which consist of white fibres; the dark part represents the central cellular or gray matter. Each nerve arises from the cord by two roots: the anterior one is the nerve of motion, or that which conveys impulses from the centre to the muscles; the posterior is the nerve of sensation, which conveys impulses from the skin and other parts to the centre. It will be seen that the posterior root alone is in immediate connection with the gray matter. This root also has a small mass of nerve cells situated upon it, a short distance from its origin; the motor root has none. While the nerve is perfect, if it be irritated (as by galvanism, pricking, etc.) at any point below the junction of its roots, the animal gives signs of pain, and some or all of the muscles to which it is distributed are at the same time thrown into contraction. But the proof that these two "roots" of the nerve (or two nerves, as they should perhaps be considered, though they are bound up in one sheath) have different offices, is this: If the roots are separately divided, sensation is cut off by the division of the posterior, and the power of voluntary motion by that of the anterior root. At the same time, irritation of the posterior root *above* the point of division causes pain, and irritation of the anterior *below* the point at which it is divided still produces movement in the muscles. This was an experiment of Sir Charles Bell's, and it puts it beyond question that the

* Dr. Carpenter.

nerves which convey sensation upward and those which carry motor impulses downward are different.

We have called the nerve which carries impressions upward *sensitive*; and so it is, but only by virtue of the connection of the cord with the brain. If it be cut off from that, sensation ceases, but as before shown, all the actions which sensation ordinarily prompts do not cease. The spinal cord is organized as a centre for reflex action in the highest animals, as the simple nervous cord is in insects; and similar results to those which are produced in insects when connection with the head is severed ensue also, under like circumstances, in quadrupeds and man, though less powerfully, and lasting for a very brief interval. A fowl flaps her wings and struggles for several seconds after the spinal cord is completely divided. And in reptiles, in which the processes of life, being less vigorous, are also less rapidly exhausted, reflex actions will continue a long time after complete removal of the brain. A frog, for example, in such a condition will put up its leg as if to push away any thing that irritates its side. Cut off, therefore, from the brain, the nerve called sensitive still produces an effect, and induces more or less perfectly its appropriate action, although no sensation accompanies it. An action of this kind is called automatic.*

Thus we live an automatic life, in which various actions are carried on merely by virtue of the mechanical powers in the organs, and the arrangement of the nerves and cells within the spinal cord. We may call this our spinal life. It is the entire life, probably, of the lowest animals, whose functions are thus taken up into our being, and made a basis on which is erected the superstructure of our conscious, our human, life. By means of it we perform the actions which we can carry on without any heed, or even knowledge of their taking place. Walking, when our attention is wholly absorbed in something else, affords a good illustration of an action performed automatically. "When we are walking without attending to our steps, the foot coming down to the ground conveys the quasi-sensation of its contact to the spinal centres; these are roused to a corresponding motion; in other words, they command the muscles of the other leg to put it into a forward movement. No sooner is this executed than at the end of the movement another manifest quasi-sensation (an impression which might be felt but is not) is afforded by the fresh contact with the earth, which contact, reaching the centres, engenders a second motion, and so forth, throughout the walk. There is a simple circle, in which quasi-sensation excites

motion at the centre, and motion produces quasi-sensation at the extremes. Thus, the foot on the ground represents sensation, and that in progress motion, and the two contemplated together represent the links in a chain of nervous fate."

This automatic action is the foundation of our nervous life; but other forms of life are in immediate relation with it, modifying and controlling it, and reducing it to a diminished amount and importance. Just as the animal rises in the scale, so do its lower, or automatic functions receive more influence from those above them, and express more fully the dictates of consciousness and will. Man is the least automatic of all animals, through the greater preponderance of his conscious part, which uses the automatic organs as its ever ready instrument. But the instrument must exist or it could not be used; and constantly supreme as is the rational part in man, it can exercise this supremacy only because the inferior, and merely physical powers, are ever waiting on its behests.

At the upper part of the spinal cord there is added on another set of nervous centres—masses, that is, of gray matter—which preside over other actions, those, namely, of breathing and of eating. These are still essentially automatic, yet less purely so than some of those whose seat is lower down the cord. They are situated in an expanded portion of the spinal cord, just below its junction with the brain; and here is found a special part of the nervous system, the destruction of which is at once fatal to life. Not, however, because there is any special vitality connected with it, but simply because on it depends the performance of respiration. To this part is conveyed the stimulus arising from the presence of impure blood in the lungs or in the system at large, and from it radiates the influence which calls into play the group of muscles which expand the chest. A sensation—the need of breathing—which becomes overpowering when long resisted, is normally connected with the performance of respiration; but this is not essential. In profound coma, or unconsciousness from disease, and under the action of chloroform, respiration continues, though slowly, and with diminished energy. The case is the same with the



FIGURE 8.—UPPER PORTION OF THE SPINAL CORD.

* The proof that there is no sensation when the connection with the brain is severed is given by cases of paralysis from disease or injury, in which this severance is effected, and consciousness in respect to the parts thus cut off is wholly wanting. It has been argued that there is a consciousness—a sensation—pertaining to the cord itself; but this is not within the ordinary meaning of the term, and that question belongs at present wholly to the domain of speculation.

act of swallowing, which, like breathing, is automatic so far as the act itself is concerned, being produced without, and even against, our will, upon the contact of food with the upper part of the throat; and though normally connected with certain sensations, will yet take place in their absence. We swallow during sleep, and infants born with the brain wholly wanting can both breathe and suck. Figure 8 represents the upper portion of the spinal cord, on which three actions depend.

Each of these partly automatic actions has a special nerve appropriated as its *excitor*, that is, a nerve which receives impressions from the organs concerned—the lung cells on the one hand, and the surface of the back part of the mouth on the other. These nerves convey a stimulus to the centre, and from thence it is diffused through other nerves (of motion) to the muscles by which the appointed action is effected. But the excitement of these muscles is not dependent on this special nerve alone; respiration especially has the widest relations, and almost all the sensitive nerves in the body may rouse or modify it. The sudden inspiration produced by the shock of cold water on the skin is a familiar instance of this kind of action.

Above all these parts comes the brain, containing the nervous centres which subserve feeling, thought, and will; but the description of these we must leave to another time, and also of the means by which all these separate parts are harmoniously blended into one, and made to co-operate in every action of the man. In the mean time we see what the method is by which a basis is laid for our higher life of consciousness and moral choice, in the subordination to these powers of an animal machine, in which the processes requisite for maintaining life are carried on of themselves. If we had to perform the actions that have been enumerated by direct volitions, all our energy would be squandered upon them, and we should have no time for any thing better. Breathing alone would occupy all our life, if each breath were a distinct voluntary act. By the committal of so much to a mere unconscious operation of nervous power, mind is emancipated, and placed in its fit relations; devoted to other interests and burdened with nobler cares.

This lower portion of the nervous system, however, controlling as it does the functions of chief necessity to life, is of paramount importance to health. Derangements of its action are seen in the paroxysms of asthma and the seizures of epilepsy, in both of which affections the muscles are thrown into excessive contraction through a morbid condition induced in the spinal cord. Of a different order are that languor and feeling of utter disability for muscular exertion which creep over us at times. These feelings show that the nerve-centres which preside over muscular exertion have become oppressed and sluggish, perhaps through being badly nourished for want of proper exercise. Of a different kind, again, are tremblings of the muscles,

or involuntary jerks and twitchings, and, in brief, all that condition known by the expressive name of “fidgets,” and which will sometimes affect the best-meaning people at the most unbecoming times. This affection is capable of a sufficiently simple explanation. The nervous centres which control the muscular activity (that “reflex” or involuntary activity which has been described) are then in a state of undue excitement, and yielding to stimuli too slight, or without any external stimulus at all, they call the muscles into irregular and spasmodic contraction. Cramps and a tendency to involuntary sighing are often due to a similar condition; the muscles themselves, however, sometimes sharing with the spinal cord in an increased excitability.

What is the source of this irritability which renders it impossible to keep the muscles still? We can answer, in general, that irritability means weakness—it is a tendency to too easy an overthrow of the balance in which the living textures exist; the excessive action arises from too rapid a decay. A philosophical physician compares it to the whirling movement of the hands of a watch of which the mainspring is broken; and the eminent French experimentalist, M. Claude Bernard, has thrown a light on this condition by pointing out that an unnatural proneness to activity exists in every organ of a living animal at a period immediately preceding the death of the part. In our physical as in our moral nature, strength is calm, patient, orderly; weakness hurries, can not be at rest, attempts too much. The force which, in the living frame, binds up the elements into organic forms, being relaxed, too easily permits them to sink down, and ineffectual mimicries of energy ensue.

But how is living strength to be insured in respect to the functions we have spoken of? The laws we have been tracing give us a partial answer to this question. Strength in the living body (for reasons that it would be very interesting to trace) is maintained by the full but natural exercise of each organ; and as we have seen, the action of these portions of the nervous system is made dependent upon influences conveyed to them by the sensitive nerves distributed over the various parts of the body. And among these the nerves passing to the skin are the chief. The full access of all healthful stimuli to the surface, and its freedom from all that irritates or impedes its functions, are the first external conditions of the normal vigor of this nervous circle. Among these stimuli fresh air and pure water hold the first place. Sufficient warmth is second. The great and even wonderful advantages of cleanliness are partly referable to the direct influence of a skin healthily active, open to all the natural stimuli, and free from morbid irritation upon the nerve-centres of which it is the appointed excitant. This influence is altogether distinct from those cleansing functions which the healthy skin performs for the blood; and in any just estimate of its value is far too important to be overlooked.

That state of general vigor which we call

"Tone" also depends upon the healthy action of these nervous centres. It consists in a habitual moderate contraction of the muscles, due to a constant stimulus exerted on them by the spinal cord, and is valuable less for itself than as a sign of a sound nervous balance. Tone is maintained partly by healthful impressions radiated upon the spinal cord, through the nerves, from all parts of the body, and partly by the stimulus poured down upon it from the brain. So it is disturbed by whatever conveys irritating or depressing influences in either direction. A single injudicious meal, a single sleepless night, a single passion or piece of bad news will destroy it. On the other hand, a vivid hope, a cheerful resolve, an absorbing interest will restore it as if by magic. For in man these lower officers in the nervous hierarchy draw their very breath according to the biddings of the higher powers. But the dependence of the higher on the lower is no less direct. The mutual action takes place in each line. A chief condition of keeping the brain healthy is to keep these unconscious nervous functions in full vigor and in natural alternations of activity and repose. Thus it is that (besides its effect in increasing the breathing and the general vigor of the vital processes) muscular exercise has so manifest a beneficial influence on a depressed or irritable state of mind. The bodily movement, by affording an outlet to the activity of the spinal cord, withdraws a source of irritation from the brain; or it may relieve excitement of that organ by carrying off its energy into a safe channel. We see evidence of the same law in the delightful effect of a cheerful walk, and in the demand for violent exertion which is so frequent in insanity. Every part of the nervous system makes its influence felt by all the rest. A sort of constitutional monarchy exists within us; no power in this small state is absolute, or can escape the checks and limitations which the other powers impose. Doubtless the brain is King; but Lords and Commons have their seats below, and guard their privilege with jealous zeal. If the "constitution" of our personal realm is to be preserved intact, it must be by the efforts of each part lawfully directed to a common end.

CLOTILDE AND THE CONTRABAND.

CLOTILDE at the piano played lingering chords—slow strains of Oratorios, or convent chorals and chants, humming softly meanwhile accompanying words in purely-uttered French. Without the night was dark and gloomy. Rain pattered, thunder muttered, and lightning flashed its fiery lances athwart the dense sky. Within all was radiance. Splendors of silk and damask, treasures of art and taste, illumined by the rosy flames which streamed abroad from the tinted shades of the chandelier. A scene of luxury, and Clotilde playing at the piano—Clotilde, a young girl of French birth and parentage, whose face brings to mind the portraits of

the lovely but ill-fated Madame Roland, and a lineage that claims the blood of Dessaix and the Viosmenel. But Clotilde has a republican heritage as well. Her father, who died only last year, adopted America into his heart many years before, when he fled from France in consequence of a duel with one nearly allied to the throne. In time he thought to return. He never returned. In America he found free scope to express his republican ideas and freedom to live them out. Settling in New Orleans, not even the royal pardon of Louis Philippe, and almost a hint that his return would be welcome, had power to move him. "I am tired of kings," he said; and to the day of his death he occupied himself in writing, and sometimes publishing, sharp satires upon their form of government.

With such a precedent it is not strange that the daughter should go farther still. Young, ardent, enthusiastic, and moreover French, the name of freedom became to her in time fraught with wide meaning. At twenty, then, we find her an orphan, and sole possessor of an ample fortune—a dangerous position, truly, but there were events closing about her path more dangerous than these.

Yet on this night of May she sits there playing in a dream of other days—her childhood's days; and her thoughts are as unconscious of peril as in those early years when her father gave her her first ideas of republicanism and her mother related to her fascinating tales of the past, and inspired her with an enthusiasm almost equal to her own for the hero of Elba and St. Helena, under whom her ancestor, Dessaix, had won honor and renown.

All the late traditions of her mother's family turned upon "mon Empereur;" and the "conqueror" was never more fondly eulogized, nor his *cruelle captivité* more indignantly deplored, than in those stories which the young French mother told her child. Clearly had Clotilde treasured them in her memory—splendid stories of daring and valor, that lit the flame of patriotic ardor to burn on unquenched through a lifetime. But sitting at the piano there, playing that old music of her dead mother's, you see nothing of this. Only a fair girl, with a calm face veiled with pensiveness, which accords well with the Church canticles and convent chorals.

Suddenly a new sound breaks in upon the evening murmurs of the street. Tramp, tramp, tramp! heavily they file by on the pavement below, a body of men newly organized to protect "Southern rights."

Tramp, tramp, tramp! The face at the piano drops its cloistered veil, and there dawns upon it the blending of heroism and resolve that marks the face of Madame Roland.

She starts from her seat. She goes to the window and leans out, heedless of the rain that dashes into her face and against her breast. When she turns away her cheek is flushed from its accustomed rose into vivid scarlet, and at that moment the door opens. She springs forward.

"Ah, Maurice, it is you! I am so glad! What news?"

Following her cousin Maurice is a gentleman, at sight of whom her brow scores into a frown of vexation, while her words declare her "happy to see Monsieur Ralston."

Monsieur Ralston—a tall, erect, soldierly-built man, who might have been handsome but for the sneer habitually upon his lip and the cynical disdain which elevated his brows. He bowed to her smilingly, saying, with unconcealed irony, which was at the same time quite careless of her praise or blame,

"We shall not interrupt you long, Mademoiselle. I merely accompanied your cousin here on our way to the club."

As coolly, as meaningly, she answered,

"The plural can hardly suffice, Monsieur, since my cousin and I have grown together from childhood."

He half laughed, looked as if he could have applauded her sharp charge at him, and immediately answered, mischievously,

"*Mille pardonne*, Mademoiselle; I but threw the plural in to save your courtesy the pains; but I assure you I am not too sensitive to assume the whole burden of the interruption."

Her color returned, her native dignity now asserted itself.

"Pardon me," she simply said, "I was rude."

The gentleman looked somewhat surprised, and Maurice seemed displeased at the whole dialogue. He threw a glance of displeasure at his cousin.

"Why need you always quarrel with Ralston?" he muttered in passing her.

Clotilde, without answering, returned to her first question,

"What news?"

With a warning expression, which she did not heed, Maurice unfolded a newspaper and commenced reading:

"Reinforcements of the army called for—skirmish near the Potomac, and several of the Federals taken prisoners," etc.; lastly, "News from Europe. England and France declared neutral."

"France!" the girl listener exclaimed, amazement ringing in her tones. "France!"—and this time the voice was both indignant and sorrowful. "Oh my country! But it is not true; there is some mistake; France will never join with England in this cold disregard. She will not so soon forget St. Helena. She was a faithful friend to America in her early struggle. She will not fail her now, when traitors at her own hearth-stone threaten utter destruction to the Union!"

In her earnestness she had forgotten the presence of Mr. Ralston; but her cousin had not, and he bit his lip uneasily, for these were dangerous sentiments to utter in such days as had come upon them.

In his discomfiture he attempted to throw the cover of raillery over her words, with a "You girls never get the right string;" but just at this

point a glance at Ralston arrested further speech. That gentleman was thoroughly oblivious of his remark—his eyes fixed with some curious meaning upon Clotilde. What was this meaning?—a startling, perplexing question. Clotilde herself was unconscious of it. She was sitting in utter silence, with only one indication of annoyance—the tapping of her slippers upon the Indian matting. Maurice broke the silence by another attempt as before. He was stayed by a half-impatient, half-imperious toss of Mr. Ralston's head, and the words, "Do not check your cousin in such expressions; at least, not for my benefit. I assure you she is perfectly safe. It is the only brave, true, loyal word I have heard spoken since we hung out the palmetto for the stars and stripes."

Perhaps Maurice was not so taken by surprise at this as Clotilde; for it was the common saying at the club that Ralston feared neither God, man, nor devil; so it was to be expected that he would declare any dangerous doctrines that he chose. It was only strange he had never declared his present sentiments long before. But to Clotilde the surprise was overpowering. A man whom she had ever seen bitter and brilliant—a scoffer and a sneerer, somewhat haughty and insolent withal—one with whom she had never established any of the pleasant relations of acquaintance which her youth and beauty and high fashion made so natural; to hear from this professed cynic an outburst so warmly loyal as to partake of reverence in its tone both for the words and the speaker, was past comprehension. But if she was surprised, no less had the gentleman himself been surprised to find this "youth, and beauty, and fashion" not inconsistent with the high qualities of courage and loyalty. It was entirely in opposition to his theory. In his earlier manhood—when, perhaps, he was more deserving—he had met with indifference and slight. Later, when Dame Fortune, at a turn of her wheel, left him the possessor of a princely fortune, the world, who had slighted, smiled, flattered, and fawned. He repaid it with disdain, and grew bitter and cynical. Of course he grew immensely popular at this. His sarcasm, his absolute *brusquerie* and indifference were charming when so large a rent-roll accompanied them. The difficulty of winning, too, made the siege more earnest; and as youth and beauty and fashion had severally and collectively been the chief assailants, so he had come to hate and despise their very sound.

Perhaps the recent sharp evidence of the young lady's dislike, as well as her prompt patriotism, had convinced him of her sincerity, and given him an excuse for faith; for he presently held out his hand, while a smile of singular sweetness brightened his saturnine face as he said,

"Mademoiselle, I fancy we have both been somewhat mistaken. Shall we drop the lance?"

"With all my heart, Monsieur!" and into the extended hand she frankly placed her own for a moment.

Maurice gave a true French shrug at this turn

of affairs, feeling at the same time greatly relieved. As they rose to go, Ralston approached her.

"Mademoiselle, let me advise you. Such sentiments as you have uttered, though brave and true and loyal, are yet unsafe to be expressed freely at this time; but should you ever through them find yourself in any danger, I shall be glad to serve you."

She thanked him cordially, and saw him depart without the slightest premonition that, in that very hour, her danger was approaching.

Left alone, and too restless to return to the piano or employ herself in any way, she lowered the lights and again sought the window. The rain had ceased, and a faint star-gleam shone down the vacant street, where only a solitary pedestrian or a carriage now and then passed; but afar came the roll of a drum, and an occasional bugle-note rang shrilly out.

She had been standing thus perhaps a half hour or so absorbed in her thoughts when she became aware of a dark figure appearing and disappearing under the balcony and evidently having her in view. Though not naturally timid her heart throbbed a little at first, then she smiled at herself, thinking, "Monsieur Ralston's suggestion has frightened me: it is probably some one seeking shelter from the dampness of the evening."

But the movements of the person were certainly odd for such a purpose; and she was at length, in spite of herself, convinced that, for some reason or other, she was the object of a close scrutiny.

Turning away with some bravado, and a certain consciousness that indifference was her best rôle, she commenced singing with an air of carelessness *La Marseillaise*.

A quick noise, a bound that shook the balcony, the blinds parted, and there leaped in the figure of a man or boy; for the intruder could not have been over sixteen. Clotilde stifled the cry that rose to her lips, and the next instant the trembling, gasping tones that greeted her ear restored her calm.

It was a broken, incoherent call for her pity and protection.

There is something familiar in the voice.

She takes a step nearer.

"What, Malino! is it you? Why are you here? What does this mean?"

The dark eyes of the boy, a mixture of creole and African, were unnaturally bright, his olive cheek flushed and fevered, his lips parched and tremulous. Indeed, his whole aspect indicated the excitement of flight. Something of fear, something of defiance flashed into his face at this question of Clotilde's, and seethed out in the reply that he gave.

"I swam down the river from Castle Grande last night! I crossed the bayou at dawn! I hid in the morasses till night again, and here I am!"

Clotilde's eyes dilated with amazement as she summed up the marvelous distance accomplished in this briefly described journey.

"And your master? Where is he? Why did you leave him, Malino? He was a good master, wasn't he?"

The hardy young figure shook.

"Yes, yes; he was a good Massa, but las' night he called us all together—he told us to get ready, for by five o'clock the next mornin', when the boat left, he was going to take us down to the old place for the rest of the season. I knew what that meant. To-day we'd ha' been trainin' for soldiers—to-morrow, maybe, fightin' against freedom. I could'n do that ef I had a good Massa, no, no;" and the hollow brightness of his eyes increased.

"And what sent you to me, Malino?" she questioned, curiously.

The boy's voice softened.

"Ah, Missus, I remembered las' summer when you was at Castle Grande. I was waitin' in the hall while you talked with Massa Legrande one night. You's a talkin' about us slaves, and he laughed like, 'at your notions,' as he called 'em; and you spoke up and told him you'd never send a slave back to his 'Massa' who'd once got off any way. So the first thought I had las' night was, I'll go down to Miss Clotilde; she'll help me."

The utter faith in this simplicity touched her strangely, and quickly there flashed across her mind—"For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." In the excitement of controversy she had spoken words by which a soul had caught as its only hope. "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." The sentence rang loftily, and with it a dim phantom of peril. Let her words be justified, was the judgment of her soul.

What she would do was yet to be decided upon. For the present his concealment was the first thing to be done.

Her active mind ran rapidly over the expedients in her reach—only one was plausible.

Connected with her dressing-apartment was a small room or closet—a "reliquary room"—for past splendors of the family. Court-dresses of sumptuous silk, inwrought with gold now tarnished and worn; mantles of velvet, waistcoats that were beds of jewels, satin petticoats that from their frayed edges dripped fringes of pearls; swords that had been drawn in the service of Louis le Grande, with the blood of his enemies forever fixed in the rust of centuries; plumes that had waved at Ramillies, and epaulets that an emperor had conferred, were some of these jealously-guarded treasures. Receiving from her father the key to this sacred depository with the solemn charge of care accompanying it, to no one had she ever intrusted this care but herself. And rarely was the most welcome visitor allowed to cross the threshold.

And into this sanctuary of trust was she about to admit this pariah among men.

"The end shall sanctify the means," she murmured, as she hurried him forward into its dim recesses. Forgetful of nothing that would re-

store him for further flight, she had flung down a pile of blankets for a couch, and furnished him with food. Then returning to the drawing-room she commenced walking up and down the floor, busily revolving in her mind the means for this further flight. It was a new occupation, a strange employment for her girl's brain; but the gallant blood which descended to her, from the brave Dessaix and the splendid Viosmenel, ran now in a swift current through her veins, flushing her cheeks with crimson and her thoughts with daring speculation.

Midnight again: but no longer fearful of pursuit, Malino sleeps the sleep of exhaustion in this chamber of ancient splendor. Sleeping thus, this outcast of men, in this decaying grandeur, the door turns softly upon its hinges; a shaded lamp flares a concentrated ray of light upon the sleeper's features; then a face follows, bends earnestly a moment over the sleeper's face; dark, serious eyes take in at one swift glance the silent mockery, the reproach which lies in these carefully-preserved relics of an inheritance of rank and pomp, while one of God's creatures, less precious than these decaying garments, flies from his kind, through no fault, but for his guiltless birth. She perceives all this in that one swift glance; then a touch upon the reclining figure, a low call, "Malino! Malino!" and Malino springs up after his two hours' sleep, alert and ready for action.

Giving him the clothing she carries—a complete suit—she returns again to the dressing-room, locked from intrusion, and awaits him.

One, two, three minutes pass: there comes a soft knock upon the door; opening it, there enters a *sœur de charité*, with lowered head and timid footsteps. An eager, rapid greeting; an eager, rapid talk follows.

"You are sure? Yes? Only in French, you remember. How fortunate that you speak it so well! You heard scarcely any thing else since you were born, I know. Monsieur hates *Anglais*. But this letter—deliver it immediately after your arrival at the fort."

This, and more, in the same low key of terse earnestness, and all in swiftly uttered French; then the door opens, and Clotilde is left alone—the *sœur de charité* passes out, and away into the night, on some errand of healing, of mercy. This *sœur de charité* passes out on an errand of life or death.

Clotilde, left alone, waits, listening with eager eye, with blanched cheek. The sound for which she listens comes at length—a boat's departing whistle. At the same time on the boat-deck's dimmest corner the *sœur de charité*, with lowered head, watches the slow departure from land. Presently the wheel plays rapidly—they shoot down the stream—the fugitive is on his way—for under the black conventual cloak, the drooping bonnet of the *sœur de charité*, Malino's heart beats rapidly.

The "flute, violin, bassoon," began playing

the lovely "Rhein Klänge," and down the room came hastening Mr. Ralston to claim his waltz with Mademoiselle.

She put her hand over his arm.

"Don't let us dance," she said, in a sad, simple way, which Mr. Ralston had the grace to understand.

"Was she tired?"

"No," half smiling, she believed she was only a little *triste*. "Was he disappointed not to dance?"

"No, he only wished to please her."

The voice and manner were quite grave and free from gallantry. Mr. Ralston was not a gallant man. Quite grave and free from gallantry, but very earnest and thoughtful; so that Clotilde blushed at some indefinable feeling, partly fear, partly satisfaction, as she spoke. And in silence they walked down the room, and approached, at Clotilde's guidance, a party of four, talking. The circle opened at the approach. The gentlemen bowed smiling, but the talking went on.

"When did you say, Legrande?"

"Two weeks ago, and not a clew yet, though I have instituted every possible search and inquiry. He must have crossed the river and come down here to New Orleans, and escaped on one of the boats. Helped off, probably, by some of our Union traitors;" and the gentleman with difficulty seemed to suppress stronger language, as he suddenly remembered the feminine element. "Yes," he went on, "one of the most valuable boys I had. He was contented enough until this mad Lincoln fever began. I suppose he thinks he shall become a hero when once in their camps. I hope they may have enough of 'contrabands'—the varlets!"

"What was the boy's name?" questioned a middle-aged man, who had hitherto been silent.

"Malino."

"Malino?" repeated the questioner slowly, proceeding to unfold a paper which he had taken from his breast pocket. "Perhaps this will give you some clew. I picked it up just two weeks ago this very night as I was returning from the club. It was a rainy night, I remember, hence its soiled and ragged state. I was attracted by the address; but unfortunately, in removing the letter from the envelope, it was so wet as to fall to pieces. I have kept it, thinking it might be every thing or nothing."

Eagerly Antoine Legrande seized the torn and trampled remnant of a letter. The blurred handwriting was difficult to decipher, but he ran over it rapidly, murmuring the bits he could make out here and there. "His name—Malino—will prove no burden—for the sake of humanity—have not forgotten your generous opinion, which strengthened mine last summer." This was all; the signature was torn away with the conclusion.

Antoine Legrande's dark eyes flashed, and a color rose to his cheek like a flame.

"Who has dared?" he muttered with set teeth. Then for the first time he glanced at the envelope's address, and a passionate excla-

mation in French burst from his lips as he read the name of an officer in the United States service. And here, rising abruptly, he approached one of the side-lights, and scrutinized the tiny cracked seal of wax. All at once, without turning his head, he said, in his usual voice, "Will you assist me, Mademoiselle Clotilde? I remember you have a remarkable knowledge of heraldry." He turned, facing her, at the same time shielding her from the others, while he held the impression toward her with a look of intense meaning in his brilliant eyes. She read: "*Je tendray ma puissance par ma foi*," deeply imbedded in the combined shield and cross, which formed the ancient family-arms of her father's name; but her face kept its cold quiet. Silence a moment, then she glanced up.

"Can you make it out at all?" she questioned, with just the faintest shade of anxiety in her tones; and there was the least dilation of her thin nostrils, a slight unevenness in her breathing.

He came a little nearer. He bent from his manly height to her drooping head, while he murmured, meaningly,

"*Je tendray ma puissance par ma foi.*"

All the color in her lovely cheek ebbed away, all her controlled calm for a second was disturbed. But of this only two persons were cognizant. Two persons who put themselves up as a shield between her and the rest; two persons, Antoine Legrande and Archibald Ralston. Had they the same motive—these two men, so widely different?

Back again in a moment more Monsieur Legrande turned to the expectant group with a quiet, grave face, saying, regretfully,

"No, I can make nothing of it; it is badly broken: but you will give me the letter, Major?" to the middle-aged man who had brought it forward.

"Certainly. I hope you may be successful in whatever you undertake in regard to the matter."

Monsieur Legrande hoped he should. And did Archibald Ralston fancy that there was a concealed look of triumph in the sudden glance the brilliant eyes flashed upon Mademoiselle Clotilde at this? Clotilde herself had joined Mr. Ralston again, and he quickly obeyed the almost imperceptible pressure which signified her desire to move away from their present neighborhood.

Paler and paler grew the lovely face bending over the bouquet she carried, and the slight arm against his trembled visibly.

Without a word he drew her into an ante-room that happened to be vacant, and seated her out of the door's range, placing himself, as before, for a shield.

"You must think, Mr. Ralston," she said, at length, "that I am very weak, very cowardly."

"Do not vex yourself to explain, Mademoiselle. I only think what you would wish."

"And—and, Monsieur Ralston—do you understand?"

He bowed. "I understand, Mademoiselle,

all—every thing." Then abruptly, "Do you know what use Monsieur Legrande will make of it?"

She shook her head.

"We were very good friends last summer when I visited his mother and sister. I thought him a gentleman. I think he will forgive me."

If she could have seen the face that watched hers then—the tender, mournful face, no longer hard and cynical.

Half an hour after, when he put her into her carriage, he just touched her hand softly, and said, "I shall see you to-morrow."

She was playing the next morning old airs of the Pergolese, and singing fitfully as she played, when the drawing-room door was flung open. She turned, expectant of Mr. Ralston. She saw before her Monsieur Legrande! Her color changed a little, but she rose instantly and went forward to meet him. His face was grave but complaisant.

"Monsieur Legrande, you were kind to me last night," she said. "I thank you."

He had taken her hand to lead her to a seat. Without relinquishing it, he began: "Do you know why I was kind? why I did not proclaim your name aloud last night? why I do not make known your rash deed to-day, and set the minions of the law upon your track? Do you know why, Mademoiselle?"

One look at his face—she did not answer.

"No? Clotilde, Clotilde, it was because I love you! because I would shield you from all the world, that I can forgive even your treachery to me, and gladly fold you safe from harm!" He opened his arms to her, but she shrank away shuddering. "You refuse. Oh, Clotilde, do not drive me to desperate deeds! I love you—love you! Do you know what it means for a Legrande to love? They never change—they never relinquish! I have loved you long. You know it. You have stayed my speaking until now; and now I can not longer delay, Clotilde. Time presses. Even without this weight of testimony, both yourself and cousin are suspected of treason against the South. I have heard it whispered at the club for the last week. I will save you from yourself—you must marry me, Clotilde!"

The proud blood of Dessaix rose; her heart beat, her eyes flashed with indignant light.

"Must!" she exclaimed. "You do well to threaten, Monsieur! There is no terror that shall force me to become the wife of any man!"

A wild light shone in his eyes; the handsome mouth settled into defiant lines. Then he shook his head, murmuring passionately, "Forgive me, forgive me, Clotilde!" and there followed a strain of tender, eloquent pleading, so intense as to be almost agonizing. He loved her; ah! yes, he loved her with that blind, undisciplined passion which will sacrifice every thing to possession. She was a woman of deep and sensitive nature; how then could she fail to be touched by this breathless pleading? Listening, her tears overflowed with all the sacred pity

in her soul; but at every word she felt how immeasurably they were apart, and ever would be.

"It can not be; it can not be!" was her sole answer.

The gentle language of consolation which she attempted was quite unheard by him. "He rose like a lion ready to run his course." Something of this she felt as, parting with her, he held her hands in his own for a moment in an iron grasp, and looked down into her face with a fixedness of purpose that seemed to claim her from that hour.

The white phantom of peril grew nearer and clearer. A dim presentiment of a danger undefined and mysterious penetrated her soul—but the brave soul never faltered. But what was this awful fate which was closing her in? What dire destiny had given her letter to loss, and at last sent its betraying fragments into the only hands that could use the frail clew—the marred and broken seal bearing the ancient arms of her family?

With pallid lips, and a dreary look of lonely sorrow, Mr. Ralston found her a brief time after. Since that night, two weeks ago, he had been rapidly acquiring the place of a valued friend. She greeted him with frank warmth. She was glad to see him, and she told him so. All of which he received with a calm consideration which met her needs. There was no compliment, no gallantry; but the grave thoughtfulness of a mind that was revolving serious risks for another.

From her agitation—from what she *didn't* say—he fathomed her position. One question alone sufficed to inform him thoroughly.

"I met Monsieur Legrande as I entered. Has he forgiven you, Mademoiselle?"

Crimson blushes, and white pallor, quick breathing, and eyes that shuddered away from observation, as she answered, "He forgives me on conditions, Monsieur."

"Conditions to which you refuse to accede, Mademoiselle? I see—I know it all; and I know better than you what snares will close around you to shake this refusal. I know Antoine Legrande. Careless and easy when the world flows smoothly on; when Fate or Providence denies him one gift that he looked for, he starts up, defiant and resolved, to pursue and win. No obstacle deters him. No reason stays him. There is something splendid about the man too, therefore he is doubly dangerous. His father, a French planter of Martinique, passionate and self-willed like the son, on the event of emancipation at the island fourteen years ago, removed to New Orleans, where, in this *free* America, he plunged deeper than ever into the traffic of slaves. The son grows up to manhood with the inheritance of all this will and passion, doubly concentrated by the blood of his Castilian mother, unchecked, undisciplined—a natural master by some high traits of ardor and courage, but a slave unto himself through the long, long influence of slavery. But he has great power, and he may yet persuade you to accept these condi-

tions, Mademoiselle;" and he questioned her face keenly.

"Never, never!" The tense emotion of so many hours here all at once gave way. Her head dropped back upon the cushions of the couch, and a little spasm of sobs and tears momentarily convulsed her. Then a softer mood asserted itself, and in its gentle abandon of lonely perplexity she said, brokenly, "I am weak, because I stand alone. My cousin Maurice—my only relative—has failed me. To-day he sends me word that he has joined the Confederate army. I know the influence. Antoine Legrande is the master-spirit."

"Mademoiselle, do not say that you stand alone while I stand with you. Yes, remember this—I am your brother, friend, what you will, to serve you through this difficulty. Promise me that you will call upon me if you need help or counsel which I can give."

She promised.

Eight days after this promise was redeemed. Her need had come. Ralston, sitting over his coffee in the evening, received a note with the well-known seal, "*Je tendray ma puissance par ma foi.*" Its contents: "Will you come to me immediately?"

He flung down the evening paper, seized his hat, left his coffee quite untouched, and strode hastily off to obey this summons.

When her guest entered the room Clotilde stood under a branch of gas absorbed in the perusal of a letter. She welcomed him gladly, and at once entered upon the subject which occupied her.

"I am betrayed, Monsieur. Read this;" and she hands him the missive.

He reads it. It is from a friendly hand, but a well-known official in present power.

A warning, polite but pointed, friendly even as I have stated, but containing some sharp hints, which suggested an intimate knowledge of her actions, almost of her thoughts.

"You are under a close surveillance, Mademoiselle," he said, as he handed it back to her. "I told you there was a snare closing around you—you need not to be told by whose agency. But, Mademoiselle, I know more than this—worse than this. If close watch has been set upon your movements, there has been as close a watch kept upon your enemies. To-morrow, if you had not sent for me to-night, I should have come to you."

"Worse! ah me," she murmured, shuddering.

"Listen, Mademoiselle! Antoine Legrande loves you—as *he loves*: pardon me, this is no time to hesitate: he asks you to marry him. He will take no refusal. Day after day he pleads with you. Your cousin is sent away, your only male protector. Certain officials are guardedly informed that you are disloyal to the South; the horrors of imprisonment are hinted to you; a little longer—but God forbid that I should do this man injustice. He loves you, I say, and I believe it; but his mind, his educa-

tion, have been modeled after the old barbaric pattern. *Tout le stratagème loyal, dans l'amour et guerre.* In his insane passion he will stop at nothing that impedes. It is only women of the old barbaric pattern that he should have wooed. The woman of to-day, the true woman, he can not understand. He believes her to be reluctant through coy *coquetterie*, and that daring pursuit will win her heart."

"I know, I know—I have felt it all—it is fearful. I could bear imprisonment, exile even. My father exiled himself for freedom; if need be, I too am willing to suffer exile for the cause of freedom."

"But, Clotilde," he interrupted with sad energy, "you could not bear disgrace."

She looked at him with wide eyes.

"Yes," he went on; "a little longer, and if the means of which I have spoken fail, your *dame de compagnie*, already the ally of Legrande, through her fears of implication in your position, which he places before her in the strongest light, will be removed, leaving you a prey to slander's serpent tongue."

"Oh no, no!" she exclaimed; "you will avert it. You are good and kind—a gentleman—you are my friend. You will not see this bitter wrong done."

"Clotilde," he uttered, in his deep, vehement voice—"Clotilde, do you not see that I have no power to act blamelessly for you, without doing you perhaps as great an injury as he is plotting?"

"How? why?" with her innocent large eyes lifted in amaze—a look which sent a sob up from that loyal, honest heart.

"Why? Because the world is vile; because if Antoine Legrande can not visit you in your unprotected state, how can I?"

Her lips quivered, her courage waned.

He went on hurriedly, speaking as if every word hurt him as it struck upon her.

"How can I help you but in flight? And—and—oh Clotilde! I do not say this selfishly. Heaven is my witness, that if by utter self-abnegation I could serve you best, I would not hesitate a moment; but it is only by asking you to enter into bonds—from which you may shudder away as abhorrently as from those we have discussed—it is only in this manner that I can have power to serve you."

She shrank into the farthest depths of the couch, and burst into tears, sobbing with a desolate wail of anguish, which clearly evinced her feeling. A white spasm of some sharp agony crossed his features. Once or twice he put his hand to his head, setting his teeth hard in the vain effort of control. At length she turned toward him.

"Monsieur Ralston, never would I return such generous devotion, such chivalrous honor, as to give a cold heart; better to—"

He broke in, eagerly,

"Clotilde, do not speak of that; do not think of me; only—only if you can allow me to bestow my name upon you, and thus give me the power to save, I shall not have lived in vain,

and the future will not be utterly unhappy whatever comes. In all my life you are the only woman who has ever touched my heart. I love you, Clotilde."

This modest and simple avowal, with its tender humility of generous manhood, stood out in strong contrast to the passionate pleadings of Legrande. And yet, and yet—oh strange mystery of the human heart!—she did not love this man.

He had watched her eagerly in this last appeal, but her "No, no; I can not, I can not," in sad and pleading accents, convinced him. He rose to go. Approaching her he said, "Mademoiselle, I shall continue to watch over you. I have now no other object in life. It shall be my care to divert whatever ill from you I can."

The days went on. Closer and closer drew the subtle snare. Government agents tracked her footsteps, and even some of her most intimate friends began to look coldly upon her as a spy and a traitor. In the mean time Legrande plied his suit indefatigably, leaving one link in the chain yet to be forged—the removal of Madame Marrais, her *dame de compagnie*. It was toward the end of the month, when all these horrors seemed to approach culmination, that she received a note containing this brief sentence:

"Do not fail to be present at the ball at Madame R——'s to-night.
RALSTON."

Her implicit confidence in Mr. Ralston was clearly evinced by her unhesitating compliance with this urgent injunction. She had little doubt that he had discovered something farther, and that her presence was a necessity. Surrounded by a group of young officers, who were still enchanted with *la belle traîtresse* notwithstanding the significant C.S.A. upon their uniforms, and with Monsieur Legrande forming one of the party, she noted the approach of Mr. Ralston. He came up carelessly, said two or three words of greeting, looked bored and savage—his usual way—asked "if he might have the honor, etc.," while he took her tablets and put his name down for the fourth waltz. He lingered a few moments, talking of the scene satirically, grumbling at the music, which he denounced as out of tune, then sauntered off in his most indifferent manner.

"A bear," muttered Legrande, "whom even you can not tame, it seems, Mademoiselle," turning to her with his most fascinating air. He was unsuspecting, thank Heaven!

The fourth waltz came. Two or three turns, and her companion drew her away through several small *salons* out upon a balcony that overlooked the street.

"I will not stop to thank you now for your confidence in me," he began, "but tell you at once why I enjoined you to be present to-night, and why I bring you here. I have, as you know, those about me who are as subtle in discovering the workings of a plot as Legrande is in planning it. By this means I have ascertained that on this night, at the *fourth waltz*, your faithless and cowardly companion, Madame Marrais,

meets Monsieur Legrande in the blue *salon* on the left of the hall for a final interview. This open window against which we stand opens into the blue *salon*. The lowered drapery within conceals us; but hush!"

The outer door of the blue *salon* opened; some one entered, closing it carefully; then a voice, a man's voice, says:

"Yes, to-morrow, Madame, you must leave her; it is your only chance of safety. The Government have discovered a traitorous correspondence which will seal her fate. If you remain your share it—imprisonment and— But I hope at this crisis her mad willfulness of resistance may be overcome, and that I may yet save her. But until you withdraw your presence she will not believe in the urgency and peril of her position."

Madame consented without demur, and at this point, leaving them deeply engaged in their arrangements, Mr. Ralston carried rather than led the almost fainting girl at his side to the farther end of the balcony. Shudderingly she clung to him, imploring him, in wild accents, to save her, to take her away.

"Oh, Clotilde!" he exclaimed, "if I could save you in any other way, God knows, you know, how willingly I would risk death to do it; but that is impossible. There is but one way. How can I save you, how can I take you away but to be my wife? You will, oh, tell me you will accept it!"

She turned her white face to him in the dim light.

"You are deserving of a better fate than this of sacrifice; for you are aware that my heart—but no, no, I must not do you such wrong. Leave me, Monsieur Ralston."

"Never, Clotilde! I am content, let that suffice your sensitive soul. And now we have no time to lose. You will soon be missed, and search will follow. My carriage waits at the foot of this flight of steps; and my yacht, with your old friend the clergyman of St. Ayr's on board, is ready to sail. The wind is favorable, and every thing is propitious."

"So soon, so soon!" she murmured, tremulously.

"Oh come, Clotilde!"

The breathless, passionate energy of his adjuration roused her to a sense of her critical position, and showed to her something of the unselfish suffering of the manly heart by her side. No longer delaying she put her hand in his arm, and allowed him to lead her away.

Past her old home they whirled in their flight—her home perhaps never more. A cry of anguish rose to her lips; then she thought of another flight—of the poor fugitive she had aided—it had brought her here. Did she regret that aid? Ah no; and a sudden calm stole over her: perhaps the contrast of his lonely escape and the tender, generous devotion offered to her smote reproachfully upon her heart. Still more was she impressed with this tireless devotion, as she found that a messenger had been dispatched immediately for her maid, and what

few articles she could gather for her mistress's use. For months Ralston's constant pleasure-cruisings had made his yacht such an accustomed object on the river that they were in no danger of molestation from suspicions in that quarter. Every thing, as he had said, was ready, and in an incredibly short space of time they were prepared to sail.

As in a dream had Clotilde stood in the little cabin *salon* by his side, had listened to the impressive marriage-service, and the fervent responses, which formed a marked contrast to her own faltering tones. As one in a dream had she received the solemn blessing of her old pastor and seen him depart for shore. Then for the first time she met the tender, woeful eyes that were bent upon her. The watchful care, the enduring patient hope, the strong true nature of a lofty manhood, pervaded by the most devoted and impassioned love, looked out from those eyes. No longer in a dream she met their rays and felt their meaning. No longer in a dream,

"My heart, I bid thee answer!

How are love's marvels wrought?

'Two hearts by one pulse beating,

Two spirits and one thought!"

"And tell me how love cometh?

'Tis here!—unsought, unsent."

Unsought, unsent, the mysterious guest had entered her soul. The marvel was wrought in this moment of solemn, silent communion. In this hour she began to love him. Archibald Ralston, standing there beside her holding the little cold hand in his, suddenly felt the passive fingers close gently about his own in a clasp that thrilled him. Into the pale face color and light stole, and the next instant her soft cheek turned with quick, involuntary movement against his arm. He drew her into his breast. Did she indeed love him? The mute eloquence of the close-clinging hand, the heart throbbing against his, were conscious answers. He knew that love's marvel was wrought. A while after they stood together on the deck watching the moon come up over the broad expanse of water, wrapped in a silence no longer sad or yearning. A low, deep voice broke the silence at last in words she will not soon forget.

"Clotilde," it said, "I had lost my faith in life—in men and in women—when your voice roused me. At first I was blinded by the outward signs of beauty and condition; but when I heard you proclaim the lofty sentiments of loyalty and truth, utterly forgetful of personal risks; when I saw you bearing with such gentle courage the pains of your generous deed, and listened to the tones that said, 'My father exiled himself for freedom—I too, if needful, am willing to suffer exile for the cause of freedom,' I got back my faith again. From you, I believe in life—in man and in woman."

Again there rose to her mind, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

Though she suffered exile yet were her words justified and her heart content.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER VI.

ELIZABETH got tea ready with unwonted diligence, and considerable excitement. Any visitor was a rare occurrence in this very quiet family; but a gentleman visitor—a young gentleman too—was a remarkable fact, arousing both interest and curiosity. For in the latter quality this girl of seventeen could scarcely be expected to be deficient; and as to the former, she had so completely identified herself with the family she served, that all their concerns were her concerns also. Her acute comments on their few guests, and on their little scholars, sometimes amused Hilary as much as her criticisms on the books she read. But as neither were ever put forward intrusively or impertinently, she let them pass, and only laughed over them with Johanna in private.

In speaking of these said books, and the questions they led to, it was not likely but that mistress and maid—one aged twenty-two, and the other seventeen—should occasionally light upon a subject rather interesting to women of their ages, though not commonly discussed between mistresses and maids. Nevertheless, when it did come in the way, Miss Hilary never shirked it, but talked it out, frankly and freely, as she would to any other person.

"The girl has feelings and notions on the matter, like all other girls, I suppose," reasoned she to herself: "so it is important that her notions should be kept clear, and her feelings right. It may do her some good, and save her from much harm."

And so it befell that Elizabeth Hand, whose blunt ways, unlovely person, and temperament so oddly nervous and reserved, kept her from attracting any "sweet-heart" of her own class, had unconsciously imbibed her mistress's theory of love. Love, pure and simple, the very deepest and highest, sweetest and most solemn thing in life: to be believed in devoutly until it came, and when it did come, to be held to, firmly, faithfully, with a single-minded, settled constancy, till death. A creed, quite impossible, many will say, in this ordinary world, and most dangerous to be put into the head of a poor servant. Yet a woman is but a woman, be she maid-servant or queen; and if, from queens to maid-servants, girls were taught thus to think of love, there might be a few more "broken" hearts perhaps, but there would certainly be fewer wicked hearts; far fewer corrupted lives of men, and degraded lives of women; far fewer unholy marriages, and desolated, dreary, homeless homes.

Elizabeth, having cleared away her tea-things, stood listening to the voices in the parlor, and pondering.

She had sometimes wondered in her own mind that no knight ever came to carry off her charming princess—her admired and beloved Miss Hilary. Miss Hilary, on her part, seemed totally indifferent to the youth at Stowbury: who indeed were, Elizabeth allowed, quite unworthy her regard. The only suitable lover for her young mistress must be somebody exceedingly grand and noble—a compound of the best heroes of Shakspeare, Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Maria Edgeworth, and Harriet Martineau. When this strange gentleman appeared—in ordinary coat and hat, or rather Glengary bonnet, neither particularly handsome nor particularly tall, yet whose coming had evidently given Miss Hilary so much pleasure, and who, once or twice while waiting at tea, Elizabeth fancied she had seen looking at Miss Hilary as nobody ever looked before—when Mr. Robert Lyon appeared on the horizon, the faithful "bower-maiden" was a good deal disappointed.

She had expected something better; at all events, something different. Her first brilliant castle in the air fell, poor lass! but she quickly built it up again, and, with the vivid imagination of her age, she mapped out the whole future, ending by a vision of Miss Hilary, all in white, sweeping down the Terrace in a carriage and pair—to fortune and happiness; leaving herself, though with a sore want at her heart, and a great longing to follow, to devote the remainder of her natural life to Miss Johanna.

"Her couldna do without somebody to see to her—and Miss Selina do worrit her so," muttered Elizabeth, in the excitement of this Alnaschar vision, relapsing into her old provincialisms. "So, even if Miss Hilary axes me to come, I'll stop, I reckon. Ay, I'll stop wi' Miss Leaf."

This valorous determination taken, the poor maid-servant's dream was broken by the opening of the parlor-door, and an outcry of Ascott's for his coat and gloves, he having to fetch his aunts home at nine o'clock, Mr. Lyon accompanying him. And as they all stood together at the front-door, Elizabeth overheard Mr. Lyon say something about what a beautiful night it was.

"It would do you no harm, Miss Hilary; will you walk with us?"

"If you like."

Hilary went up stairs for her bonnet and shawl; but when, a minute or two after, Elizabeth followed her with a candle, she found her standing in the centre of the room, all in the dark, her face white, and her hands trembling.

"Thank you, thank you!" she said, mechanically, as Elizabeth folded and fastened her shawl for her—and descended immediately. Elizabeth watched her take, not Ascott's arm, but Mr. Lyon's, and walk down the Terrace in the starlight.

"Some'at's wrong. I'd like to know who's been a-vexin' of her," thought fiercely the young servant.

No, nobody had been "a-vexing" her mistress. There was nobody to blame; only there had happened to Hilary one of those things which strike like a sword through a young and happy heart, taking all the life and youth out of it.

Robert Lyon had, half an hour ago, told her—and she had had to hear it as a piece of simple news, to which she had only to say, "Indeed!"—that to-day and to-morrow were his two last days at Stowbury—almost his last in England. Within a week he was to sail for India.

There had befallen him what most people would have considered a piece of rare good fortune. At the London University, a fellow-student, whom he had been gratuitously "coaching" in Hindostanee, fell ill, and was "thrown upon his hands," as he briefly defined services which must have been great, since they had resulted in this end. The young man's father—a Liverpool and Bombay merchant—made him an offer to go out there, to their house, at a rising salary of 300 rupees a month for three years; after the third year to become a junior partner, remaining at Bombay in that capacity for two years more.

This he told to Hilary and Ascott in almost as few words as I have here put it—for brevity seemed a refuge to him. It was also to one of them. But Ascott asked so many questions that his aunt needed to ask none. She only listened, and tried to take all in, and understand it, that is, in a consecutive, intelligent, business shape, without feeling it. She dared not let herself feel it, not for a second, till they were out, arm-in-arm, under the quiet winter stars. Then she heard his voice asking her,

"So you think I was right?"

"Right?" she echoed, mechanically.

"I mean, in accepting that sudden chance, and changing my whole plan of life. I did not do it—believe me—without a motive."

What motive? she would once unhesitatingly have asked; now she could not.

Robert Lyon continued speaking, distinctly and yet in an undertone, that though Ascott was walking a few yards off, Hilary felt was meant for her alone to hear.

"The change is, you perceive, from the life of a student to that of a man of business. I do not deny that I preferred the first. Once upon a time to be a fellow in a college, or a professor, or the like, was my utmost aim; and I would have half killed myself to attain it. Now—I think differently."

He paused, but did not seem to require an answer, and it did not come.

"I want, not to be rich, but to get a decent competence, and to get it as soon as I can. I want not to ruin my health with incessant study. I have already injured it a good deal."

"Have you been ill? You never said so."

"Oh no, it was hardly worth while. And I knew an active life would soon set me right again. No fear! there's life in the old dog yet. He does not wish to die. But," Mr. Lyon pursued, "I have had a 'sair fecht' the last year or two. I would not go through it again, nor see any one dear to me go through it. It is over, but it has left its scars. Strange! I have been poor all my life, yet I never till now felt an actual terror of poverty."

Hilary shrank within herself, less even at the words than at something in their tone—something hard, nay fierce: something at once despairing and aggressive.

"It is strange," she said; "such a terror is not like you. I feel none; I can not even understand it."

"No, I knew you could not," he muttered, and was silent.

So was Hilary. A vague trouble came over her. Could it be that he, Robert Lyon, had been seized with the *auri sacra fames*, which he had so often inveighed against and despised? that his long battle with poverty had caused in him such an overweening desire for riches that, to obtain them, he would sacrifice every thing else, exile himself to a far country for years, selling his very life and soul for gold?

Such a thought of him was so terrible—that is, would have been were it tenable—that Hilary for an instant felt herself shiver all over. The next she spoke out—in justice to him she forced herself to speak out—all her honest soul.

"I do believe that this going abroad to make a fortune, which young men so delight in, is often a most fatal mistake. They give up far more than they gain—country, home, health. I think a man has no right to sell his life any more than his soul for so many thousands a year."

Robert Lyon smiled—"No, and I am not selling mine. With my temperate habits I have as good a chance of health at Bombay as in London—perhaps better. And the years I must be absent I would have been absent almost as much from you—I mean they would have been spent in work as engrossing and as hard. They will soon pass, and then I shall come home rich—rich. Do you think I am growing mercenary?"

"No."

"Tell me what you do think about me."

"I—can not quite understand."

"And I can not make you understand. Perhaps I will, some day when I come back again. Till then, you must trust me, Hilary."

It happens occasionally, in moments of all but intolerable pain, that some small thing, a word, a look, a touch of a hand, lets in such a gleam of peace that nothing ever extinguishes the light of it: it burns on for years and years, sometimes clear, sometimes obscured, but as ineffaceable from life and memory as a star from its place in the heavens. Such, both then, and through the lonely years to come, were those five words, "You must trust me, Hilary."

She did; and in the perfectness of that trust her own separate identity, with all its conscious-

ness of pain, seemed annihilated: she did not think of herself at all, only of him, and with him, and for him. So, for the time being, she lost all sense of personal suffering, and their walk that night was as cheerful and happy as if they were to walk together for weeks and months and years, in undivided confidence and content, instead of its being the last—the very last.

Some one has said that all lovers have, soon or late, to learn to be only friends: happiest and safest are those in whom the friendship is the foundation—always firm and ready to fall back upon, long after the fascination of passion dies. It may take a little from the romance of these two if I own that Robert Lyon talked to Hilary not a word about love, and a good deal about pure business, telling her all his affairs and arrangements, and giving her as clear an idea of his future life as it was possible to do within the limits of one brief half hour.

Then casting a glance round, and seeing that Ascott was quite out of ear-shot, he said, with that tender fall of the voice that felt, as some poet hath it,

“Like a still embrace,”

“Now tell me as much as you can about yourself.”

At first there seemed nothing to tell; but gradually he drew from Hilary a good deal. Johanna's feeble health, which caused her continuing to teach to be very unadvisable; and the gradual diminishing of the school—from what cause they could not account—which made it very doubtful whether some change would not soon or late be necessary.

What this change should be she and Mr. Lyon discussed a little—as far as in the utterly indefinite position of affairs was possible. Also, from some other questions of his, she spoke to him about another dread which had lurked in her mind, and yet to which she could give no tangible shape—about Ascott. He could not remove it, he did not attempt; but he soothed it a little, advising with her as to the best way of managing the willful lad. His strong, clear sense, just judgment, and, above all, a certain unspoken sense of union, as if all that concerned her and hers he took naturally upon himself as his own, gave Hilary such comfort that, even on this night, with a full consciousness of all that was to follow, she was happy—nay, she had not been so happy for years. Perhaps (let the truth be told, the glorious truth of true love, that its recognition, spoken or silent, constitutes the only perfect joy of life, that of two made one)—perhaps she had never been so really happy since she was born.

The last thing he did was to make her give him an assurance that in any and all difficulty she would apply to him.

“To me, and to no one else, remember. No one but myself must help you. And I will, so long as I am alive. Do you believe this?”

She looked up at him by the lamp-light, and said, “I do.”

“And you promise?”

“Yes.”

Then they loosed arms, and Hilary knew that they should never walk together again till—when and how?

Returning, of course he walked with Miss Leaf; and throughout the next day, a terribly wet Sunday, spent by them entirely in the little parlor, they had not a minute of special or private talk together. He did not seem to wish it—indeed, almost avoided it.

Thus slipped away the strange, still day—a Sunday never to be forgotten. At night, after prayers were over, Mr. Lyon rose suddenly, saying he must leave them now; he was obliged to start from Stowbury at daybreak.

“Shall we not see you again?” asked Johanna.

“No. This will be my last Sunday in England. Good-by!”

He turned excessively pale, shook hands silently with them all—Hilary last—and almost before they recognized the fact he was gone.

With him departed, not all Hilary's peace or faith or courage of heart, for to all who love truly, while the best beloved lives, and lives worthily, no parting is hopeless and no grief overwhelming; but all the brightness of her youth, all the sense of joy that young people have in loving, and in being beloved again, in fond meetings and fonder partings, in endless walks and talks, in sweet kisses and clinging arms. Such happiness was not for her: when she saw it the lot of others, she said to herself, sometimes with a natural sharp sting of pain, but oftener with a solemn acquiescence, “It is the will of God; it is the will of God.”

Johanna, too, who would have given her life almost to bring some color back to the white face of her darling, of whom she asked no questions, and who never complained nor confessed any thing, many and many a night when Hilary either lay awake by her side, or tossed and moaned in her sleep, till the elder sister took her in her arms like a baby—Johanna, too, said to herself, “This is the will of God.”

I have told thus much in detail the brief, sad story of Hilary's youth, to show how impossible it was that Elizabeth Hand could live in the house with these two women without being strongly influenced by them, as every person—especially every woman—influences for good or for evil every other person connected with her, or dependent upon her.

Elizabeth was a girl of close observation and keen perception. Besides, to most people, whether or not their sympathy be universal, so far as the individual is concerned, any deep affection generally lends eyes, tact, and delicacy.

Thus when on the Monday morning at breakfast Miss Selina observed, “What a fine day Mr. Lyon was having for his journey; what a lucky fellow he was; how he would be sure to make a fortune, and if so, she wondered whether they should ever see or hear any thing of him again”—Elizabeth, from the glimpse she caught

of Miss Hilary's face, and from the quiet way in which Miss Leaf merely answered, "Time will show;" and began talking to Selina about some other subject—Elizabeth resolved never in any way to make the smallest allusion to Mr. Robert Lyon. Something had happened, she did not know what; and it was not her business to find out; the family affairs, so far as she was trusted with them, were warmly her own, but into the family secrets she had no right to pry.

Yet, long after Miss Selina had ceased to "wonder" about him, or even to name him—his presence or absence did not touch her personally, and she was always the centre of her own small world of interest—the little maid-servant kept in her mind, and pondered over at odd times every possible solution of the mystery of this gentleman's sudden visit; of the long wet Sunday when he sat all day talking with her mistresses in the parlor; of the evening prayer, when Miss Leaf had twice to stop, her voice faltered so; and of the night when, long after all the others had gone to bed, Elizabeth, coming suddenly into the parlor, had found Miss Hilary sitting alone over the embers of the fire, with the saddest, saddest look! so that the girl had softly shut the door again without ever speaking to "Missis."

Elizabeth did more; which, strange as it may appear, a servant who is supposed to know nothing of any thing that has happened can often do better than a member of the family who knows every thing, and this knowledge is sometimes the most irritating consciousness a sufferer has. She followed her young mistress with a steady watchfulness, so quiet and silent that Hilary never found it out—saved her every little household care, gave her every little household treat. Not much to do, and less to be chronicled; but the way in which she did it was all.

During the long dull winter days, to come in and find the parlor fire always bright, the hearth clean swept, and the room tidy; never to enter the kitchen without the servant's face clearing up into a smile; when her restless irritability made her forget things and grow quite vexed in the search after them, to see that somehow her shoes were never misplaced, and her gloves always came to hand in some mysterious manner—these trifles, in her first heavy days of darkness, soothed Hilary more than words could tell.

And the sight of Miss Hilary going about the house and schoolroom as usual, with that poor white face of hers; nay, gradually bringing to the family fireside, as usual, her harmless little joke, and her merry laugh at it and herself—who shall say what lessons may not have been taught by this to the humble servant, dropping deep-sown into her heart, to germinate and fructify, as her future life's needs required?

It might have been so—God knows! He alone can know, who, through what (to us) seem the infinite littlenesses of our mortal existence, is educating us into the infinite greatness of His and our immortality.

CHAPTER VII.

AUTUMN soon lapsed into winter; Christmas came and went, bringing, not Ascott, as they hoped and he had promised, but a very serious evil in the shape of sundry bills of his, which, he confessed in a most piteous letter to his Aunt Hilary, were absolutely unpayable out of his godfather's allowance. They were not large—or would not have seemed so to rich people—and they were for no more blamable luxuries than horse-hire, and a dinner or two to friends out in the country; but they looked serious to a household which rarely was more than five pounds beforehand with the world.

He had begged Aunt Hilary to keep his secret, but that was evidently impossible; so on the day the school-accounts were being written out and sent in, and their amount anxiously reckoned, she laid before her sisters the lad's letter, full of penitence and promises:

"I will be careful—I will indeed—if you will help me this once, dear Aunt Hilary; and don't think too ill of me. I have done nothing wicked. And you don't know London—you don't know, with a lot of young fellows about one, how very hard it is to say no."

At that unlucky postscript the Misses Leaf sorrowfully exchanged looks. Little the lad thought about it—but these few words were the very sharpest pang Ascott had ever given to his aunts.

"What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh." "Like father like son." "The sins of the parents shall be visited on the children." So runs many a proverb; so confirms the unerring decree of a just God, who would not be a just God did He allow Himself to break His own righteous laws for the government of the universe; did He falsify the requirements of His own holy and pure being, by permitting any other wages for sin than death. And though, through His mercy, sin forsaken escapes sin's penalty, and every human being has it in his power to modify, if not to conquer, any hereditary moral as well as physical disease, thereby avoiding the doom and alleviating the curse, still the original law remains in force, and ought to remain, an example and a warning. As true as that every individual sin which a man commits breeds multitudes more, is it that every individual sinner may transmit his own peculiar type of weakness or wickedness to a whole race, disappearing in one generation, reappearing in another, exactly the same as physical peculiarities do, requiring the utmost caution of education to counteract the terrible tendencies of nature—the "something in the blood" which is so difficult to eradicate; which may even make the third and fourth generations execrate the memory of him or her who was its origin.

The long life-curse of Henry Leaf the elder, and Henry Leaf the younger, had been—the women of the family well knew—that they were men "who couldn't say No." So keenly were the three sisters alive to this fault—it could

hardly be called a crime, and yet in its consequences it was so—so sickening the terror of it which their own wretched experience had implanted in their minds, that during Ascott's childhood and youth his very fractiousness and roughness, his little selfishness, and his persistence in his own will against theirs, had been hailed by his aunts as a good omen that he would grow up "so unlike his poor father."

If the two unhappy Henry Leafs—father and son—could have come out of their graves that night and beheld these three women, daughters and sisters, sitting with Ascott's letter on the table, planning how the household's small expenses could be contracted, its still smaller luxuries relinquished, in order that the boy might honorably pay for pleasures he might so easily have done without! If they could have seen the weight of apprehension which then sank like a stone on these long-tried hearts, never to be afterward quite removed; lightened sometimes, but always—however Ascott might promise and amend—always there! On such a discovery, surely, these two "poor ghosts" would have fled away moaning, wishing they had died childless, or that during their mortal lives any amount of self-restraint and self-compulsion had purged from their natures the accursed thing—the sin which had worked itself out in sorrow upon every one belonging to them, years after their own heads were laid in the quiet dust.

"We must do it," was the conclusion the Misses Leaf unanimously came to; even Selina; who, with all her faults, had a fair share of good feeling and of that close clinging to kindred which is found in fallen households, or households whom the sacred bond of common poverty has drawn together in a way that large, well-to-do home circles can never quite understand. "We must not let the boy remain in debt; it would be such a disgrace to the family."

"It is not the remaining in debt, but the incurring of it, which is the real disgrace to Ascott and the family."

"Hush, Hilary," said Johanna, pointing to the opening door; but it was too late.

Elizabeth, coming suddenly in—or else the ladies had been so engrossed with their conversation that they had not noticed her—had evidently heard every word of the last sentence. Her conscious face showed it; more especially the bright scarlet which covered both her cheeks when Miss Leaf said "Hush!" She stood, apparently irresolute as to whether she should run away again; and then her native honesty got the upper hand, and she advanced into the room.

"If you please, missis, I didn't mean to—but I've heard—"

"What have you heard—that is, how much?"

"Just what Miss Hilary said. Don't be afeared. I sha'n't tell. I never chatter about the family. Mother told me not."

"You owe a great deal, Elizabeth, to your good mother. Now go away."

"And another time," said Miss Selina, "knock at the door."

This was Elizabeth's first initiation into what many a servant has to share—the secret burden of the family. After that day, though they did not actually confide in her, her mistresses used no effort to conceal that they had cares; that the domestic economies must, this winter, be especially studied; there must be no extra fires, no candles left burning to waste; and, once a week or so, a few butterless breakfasts or meatless dinners must be partaken of cheerfully, in both parlor and kitchen. The Misses Leaf never stinted their servant in any thing in which they did not stint themselves.

Strange to say, in spite of Miss Selina's prophecies, the girl's respectful conduct did not abate; on the contrary, it seemed to increase. The nearer she was lifted to her mistress's level the more her mind grew, so that she could better understand her mistresses' cares, and the deeper became her consciousness of the only thing which gives one human being any real authority over another—personal character.

Therefore, though the family means were narrowed, and the family luxuries few, Elizabeth cheerfully put up with all; she even felt a sort of pride in wasting nothing and in making the best of every thing, as the others did. Perhaps, it may be said, she was an exceptional servant; and yet I would not do her class the wrong to believe so—I would rather believe that there are many such among it; many good, honest, faithful girls, who only need good mistresses unto whom to be honest and faithful, and they would be no less so than Elizabeth Hand.

The months went by—heavy and anxious months; for the school gradually dwindled away, and Ascott's letter—now almost the only connection his aunts had with the outer world, for poverty necessarily diminished even their small Stowbury society—became more and more unsatisfactory; and the want of information in them was not supplied by those other letters, which had once kept Johanna's heart easy concerning the boy.

Mr. Lyon had written once before sailing, nay, after sailing, for he had sent it home by the pilot from the English Channel; then there was, of course, silence. October, November, December, January, February, March—how often did Hilary count the months, and wonder how soon a letter could come, whether a letter ever would come again. And sometimes—the sharp present stinging her with its small daily pains, the future looking dark before her and them all—she felt so forlorn, so forsaken, that but for a certain tiny well-spring of hope, which rarely dries up till long after three-and-twenty, she could have sat down and sighed, "My good days are done."

Rich people break their hearts much sooner than poor people; that is, they more easily get into that morbid state which is glorified by the term, "a broken heart." Poor people can not afford it. Their constant labor "physics pain." Their few and narrow pleasures seldom pall. Holy poverty! black as its dark side is, it has

its bright side too, that is, when it is honest, fearless, free from selfishness, wastefulnesses, and bickerings; above all, free from the terror of debt.

"We'll starve—we'll go into the work-house rather than we'll go into debt!" cried Hilary once, in a passion of tears, when she was in sore want of a shawl, and Selina urged her to get it, and wait till she could pay for it. "Yes; the work-house! It would be less shame to be honorably indebted to the laws of the land than to be meanly indebted, under false pretenses, to any individual in it."

And when, in payment for some accidental lessons, she got next month enough money to buy a shawl, and a bonnet too—nay, by great ingenuity, another bonnet for Johanna—Hilary could have danced and sang—sang, in the gladness and relief of her heart, the glorious euthanasia of poverty.

But these things happened only occasionally; the daily life was hard still, ay, very hard, even though at last came the letter from "foreign parts;" and following it, at regular intervals, other letters. They were full of facts rather than feelings—simple, straightforward; worth little as literary compositions; schoolmaster and learned man as he was, there was nothing literary or poetical about Mr. Lyon; but what he wrote was like what he spoke, the accurate reflection of his own clear original mind and honest, tender heart.

His letters gave none the less comfort because, nominally, they were addressed to Johanna. This might have been from some crotchet of over-reserve, or delicacy, or honor—the same which made him part from her for years with no other word than, "You must trust me, Hilary;" but whatever it was she respected it, and she did trust him. And whether Johanna answered his letters or not, month by month they unfailingly came, keeping her completely informed of all his proceedings, and letting out, as epistles written from over the seas often do, much more of himself and his character than he was probably aware that he betrayed.

And Hilary, whose sole experience of mankind had been the scarcely remembered father, the too well remembered brother, and the anxiously watched nephew, thanked God that there seemed to be one man in the world whom a woman could lean her heart upon, and not feel the support break like a reed beneath her—one man whom she could entirely believe in, and safely and sacredly trust.

CHAPTER VIII.

TIME slipped by. Robert Lyon had been away more than three years. But in the monotonous life of the three sisters at Stowbury nothing was changed. Except, perhaps, Elizabeth, who had grown quite a woman; might have passed almost for thirty; so solidly old-fashioned were her figure and her manners.

Ascott Leaf had finished his walking the hospitals and his examinations, and was now fitted to commence practice for himself. His godfather had still continued his allowance, though once or twice, when he came down to Stowbury, he had asked his aunts to help him in some small debts—the last time in one a little more serious; when, after some sad and sore consultation, it had been resolved to tell him he must contrive to live within his own allowance. For they were poorer than they used to be; many more schools had arisen in the town, and theirs had dwindled away. It was becoming a source of serious anxiety whether they could possibly make ends meet; and when, the next Christmas, Ascott sent them a five-pound note—an actual five-pound note, together with a fond, grateful letter that was worth it all—the aunts were deeply thankful, and very happy.

But still the school declined. One night they were speculating upon the causes of this, and Hilary was declaring, in a half jocular, half earnest way, that it must be because a prophet is never a prophet in his own country.

"The Stowbury people will never believe how clever I am. Only, it is a useless sort of cleverness, I fear. Greek, Latin, and mathematics are no good to infants under seven, such as Stowbury persists in sending to us."

"They think I am only fit to teach little children—and perhaps it is true," said Miss Leaf.

"I wish you had not to teach at all. I wish I was a daily governess—I might be, and earn enough to keep the whole family; only, not here."

"I wonder," said Johanna, thoughtfully, "if we shall have to make a change."

"A change!" It almost pained the elder sister to see how the younger brightened up at the word. "Where to—London? Oh, I have so longed to go and live in London! But I thought you would not like it, Johanna."

That was true. Miss Leaf, whom feeble health had made prematurely old, would willingly have ended her days in the familiar town; but Hilary was young and strong. Johanna called to mind the days when she too had felt that rest was only another name for dullness; and when the most difficult thing possible to her was what seemed now so easy—to sit down and endure.

Besides, unlike herself, Hilary had her life all before her. It might be a happy life, safe in a good man's tender keeping; those unfailing letters from India seemed to prophesy that it would. But no one could say. Miss Leaf's own experience had not led her to place much faith in either men or happiness.

Still, whatever Hilary's future might be, it would likely be a very different one from that quiet, colorless life of hers. And as she looked at her young sister, with the twilight glow on her face—they were taking an evening stroll up and down the terrace—Johanna hoped and prayed it might be so. Her own lot seemed easy enough for herself; but for Hilary—she would like to

see Hilary something better than a poor school-mistress at Stowbury.

No more was said at that time, but Johanna had the deep, still, Mary-like nature, which "kept" things, and "pondered them in her heart." So that when the subject came up again she was able to meet it with that sweet calmness which was her especial characteristic—the unruffled peace of a soul which no worldly storms could disturb overmuch, for it had long since cast anchor in the world unseen.

The chance which revived the question of the Great Metropolitan Hegira, as Hilary called it, was a letter from Mr. Ascott, as follows:

"MISS LEAF.

"MADAM,—I shall be obliged by your informing me if it is your wish, as it seems to be your nephew's, that instead of returning to Stowbury, he should settle in London as a surgeon and general practitioner?

"His education complete, I consider that I have done my duty by him; but I may assist him occasionally still, unless he turns out—as his father did before him—a young man who prefers being helped to helping himself, in which case I shall have nothing more to do with him.

"I remain, Madam, your obedient servant,

"PETER ASCOTT."

The sisters read this letter, passing it round the table, none of them apparently liking to be the first to comment upon it. At length Hilary said,

"I think that reference to poor Henry is perfectly brutal."

"And yet he was very kind to Henry. And if it had not been for his common sense in sending poor little Ascott and the nurse down to Stowbury the baby might have died. But you don't remember any thing of that time, my dear," said Johanna, sighing.

"He has been kind enough, though he has done it in such a patronizing way," observed Selina. "I suppose that's the real reason of his doing it. He thinks it fine to patronize us, and show kindness to our family; he, the stout, bullet-headed grocer's boy, who used to sit and stare at us all church-time."

"At you, you mean. Wasn't he called your beau?" said Hilary, mischievously, upon which Selina drew herself up in great indignation.

And then they fell to talking of that anxious question—Ascott's future. A little they reproached themselves that they had left the lad so long in London—so long out of the influence that might have counteracted the evil, sharply hinted in his godfather's letter. But once away—to lure him back to their poor home was impossible.

"Suppose we were to go to him," suggested Hilary.

The poor and friendless possess one great advantage—they have nobody to ask advice of; nobody to whom it matters much what they do or where they go. The family mind has but to make itself up, and act accordingly. Thus within an hour or two of the receipt of Mr. Ascott's letter Hilary went into the kitchen, and told Elizabeth that as soon as her work was done Miss Leaf wished to have a little talk with her.

"Eh! what's wrong? Has Miss Selina been a-grumbling at me?"

Elizabeth was in one of her bad humors, which, though of course they never ought to have, servants do have as well as their superiors. Hilary perceived this by the way she threw the coals on, and tossed the chairs about. But to-day her heart was full of far more serious cares than Elizabeth's ill-temper. She replied, composedly—

"I have not heard that either of my sisters is displeased with you. What they want to talk to you about is for your own good. We are thinking of making a great change. We intend leaving Stowbury and going to live in London."

"Going to live in London!"

Now, quick as her tact and observation were—her heart taught her these things—Elizabeth's head was a thorough Saxon one, slow to receive impressions. It was a family saying, that nothing was so hard as to put a new idea into Elizabeth except to get it out again.

For this reason Hilary preferred paving the way quietly, before startling her with the sudden intelligence of their contemplated change.

"Well, what do you say to the plan?" asked she, good-humoredly.

"I dunnot like it at all," was the brief gruff answer of Elizabeth Hand.

Now it was one of Miss Hilary's doctrines, that no human being is good for much unless he or she has what is called "a will of one's own." Perhaps this, like many another creed, was with her the result of circumstances. But she held it firmly, and with that exaggerated one-sidedness of feeling which any bitter family or personal experience is sure to leave behind—a strong will was her first attraction to every body. It had been so in the case of Robert Lyon, and not less in Elizabeth's.

But this quality has its inconveniences. When the maid began sweeping up her hearth with a noisy, angry gesture, the mistress did the wisest and most dignified thing a mistress could do under the circumstances, and which she knew was the sharpest rebuke she could administer to the sensitive Elizabeth—she immediately quitted the kitchen.

For an hour after the parlor-bell did not ring; and though it was washing-day, no Miss Hilary appeared to help in folding up the clothes. Elizabeth, subdued and wretched, waited till she could wait no longer; then knocked at the door, and asked humbly if she should bring in supper?

The extreme kindness of the answer—to the effect that she must come in, as they wanted to speak to her, crushed the lingering fragments of ill-humor out of the girl.

"Miss Hilary has told you our future plans, Elizabeth; now we wish to have a little talk with you about yours."

"Eh?"

"We conclude you will not wish to go with us to London; and it would be hardly advisable you should. You can get higher wages now than any we can afford to give you; indeed, we

have more than once thought of telling you so, and offering you your choice of trying for a better place."

"You're very kind," was the answer, stolid rather than grateful.

"No; I think we are merely honest. We should never think of keeping a girl upon lower wages than she was worth. Hitherto, however, the arrangement has been quite fair; you know, Elizabeth, you have given us a deal of trouble in the teaching of you." And Miss Leaf smiled, half sadly, as if this, the first of the coming changes, hurt her more than she liked to express. "Come, my girl," she added, "you needn't look so serious. We are not in the least vexed with you; we shall be very sorry to lose you, and we will give you the best of characters when you leave."

"I dunnot—mean—to leave."

Elizabeth threw out the words like pellets, in a choked fashion, and disappeared suddenly from the parlor.

"Who would have thought it!" exclaimed Selina; "I declare the girl was crying."

No mistake about that; though when, a few minutes after, Miss Hilary entered the kitchen, Elizabeth tried in a hurried, shamefaced way to hide her tears by being very busy over something. Her mistress took no notice, but began, as usual on washing-days, to assist in various domestic matters, in the midst of which she said, quietly,

"And so, Elizabeth, you would really like to go to London?"

"No! I shouldn't like it at all; never said I should. But if you go, I shall go too; though Missis is so ready to get shut o' me."

"It was for your own good, you know."

"You always said it was for a girl's good to stop in one place; and if you think I'm going to another—I aren't, that's all."

Rude as the form of the speech was—almost the first rude speech that Elizabeth had ever made to Miss Hilary, and which, under other circumstances, she would have felt bound severely to reprove—the mistress passed it over. That which lay beneath it, the sharpness of wounded love, touched her heart. She felt that, for all the girl's rough manner, it would have been hard to go into her London kitchen and meet a strange London face, instead of that fond homely one of Elizabeth Hand's.

Still, she thought it right to explain to her that London life might have many difficulties, that, for the present at least, her wages could not be raised, and the family might at first be in even more straitened circumstances than they were at Stowbury.

"Only at first, though, for I hope to find plenty of pupils. And by-and-by our nephew will get into practice."

"Is it on account of him you're going, Miss Hilary?"

"Chiefly."

Elizabeth gave a grunt, which said as plainly as words could say, "I thought so;" and relapsed

into what she, no doubt, believed to be virtuous indignation, but which, as it was testified against the wrong parties, was open to the less favorable interpretation of ill-humor—a small injustice not uncommon with us all.

I do not pretend to paint this young woman as a perfect character. She had her fierce dislikes as well as her strong fidelities; her faults within and without, which had to be struggled with, as all of us have to struggle to the very end of our days. Oftentimes not till the battle is nigh over—sometimes not till it is quite over—does God give us the victory.

Without more discussion on either side, it was agreed that Elizabeth should accompany her mistresses. Even Mrs. Hand seemed to be pleased thereat, her only doubt being lest her daughter should meet and be led astray by that bad woman Mrs. Cliffe, Tommy Cliffe's mother, who was reported to have gone to London. But Miss Hilary explained that this meeting was about as probable as the rencontre of two needles in a hay-rick; and, besides, Elizabeth was not the sort of girl to be easily "led astray" by any body.

"No, no; her's a good wench, though I says it," replied the mother, who was too hard worked to have much sentiment to spare. "I wish the little 'uns may take pattern by our Elizabeth. You'll send her home, maybe, in two or three years' time, to let us have a look at her?"

Miss Hilary promised, and then took her way back through the familiar old town—so soon to be familiar no more—thinking anxiously, in spite of herself, upon those two or three years, and what they might bring.

It happened to be a notable day—that sunshiny 28th of June—when the little, round-cheeked damsel, who is a grandmother now, had the crown of three kingdoms first set upon her youthful head; and Stowbury, like every other town in the land, was a perfect bower of green arches, garlands, banners; white-covered tables were spread in the open air down almost every street, where poor men dined, or poor women drank tea; and every body was out and abroad, looking at or sharing in the holiday-making, wild with merriment, and brimming over with passionate loyalty to the Maiden Queen.

That day is now twenty-four years ago; but all those who remember it must own there never has been a day like it, when, all over the country, every man's heart throbbed with chivalrous devotion, every woman's with womanly tenderness, toward this one royal girl, who—God bless her!—has lived to retain and deserve it all.

Hilary called for, and protected through the crowd, the little, timid, widow lady who had taken off the Misses Leaf's hands their house and furniture, and whom they had made very happy—as the poor often can make those still poorer than themselves—by refusing to accept any thing for the "good-will" of the school. Then she was fetched by Elizabeth, who had been given a whole afternoon's holiday; and mistress and maid went together home, watch-

ing the last of the festivities, the chattering groups that still lingered in the twilight streets, and listening to the merry notes of the "Triumph" which came down through the lighted windows of the Town Hall, where the open-air tea-drinkers had adjourned to dance country dances, by civic permission, and in perfectly respectable jollity.

"I wonder," said Hilary—while, despite some natural regret, her spirit stretched itself out eagerly from the narrowness of the place where she was born into the great wide world; the world where so many grand things were thought and written and done; the world Robert Lyon had so long fought with, and was fighting bravely still—"I wonder, Elizabeth, what sort of place London is, and what our life will be in it?"

Elizabeth said nothing. For the moment her face seemed to catch the reflected glow of her mistress's, and then it settled down into that look of mingled resistance and resolution which was habitual to her. For the life that was to be, which neither knew—oh, if they had known!—she also was prepared.

PINCHES FROM A SCOTCH MULL.

THE Scotch have never forgiven Sydney Smith for saying that "it requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding." Of late there have been published a number of clever books containing specimens of Scottish wit and humor. The best of these are a couple of little volumes by Doctor Ramsay, the venerable Dean of Edinburgh, who seems to have established a kind of "Drawer" for the reception of national anecdotes and jokes. Not a few of these are striking and characteristic, but they have little of the fun and jollity which characterize the wit of more genial and impressible peoples. A Scotchman was once eating grapes grown in the open air in the south of England. He was asked if Scotland produced as good. "Ay, just as gude," he replied, with true national spirit; "but I must premeese I prefare them some *sourer*." Scotch jokes, like Scotch grapes, have usually a decidedly acid taste. A hard, shrewd common sense underlies them. They seldom provoke a hearty laugh, but excite rather a grim, sardonic smile. Thus:

An old Glasgow shoemaker was sitting by the bedside of his dying wife. "Weel, Johnny, we're gawin to part," she said, taking his hand. "I've been a gude wife to you, John." "Oh, just middling, just middling, Jenny," replied John, not willing to commit himself. "John," she continued, "ye maun promise to bury me in the old kirk-yard at Stra'ven, beside my mither. I couldna rest in peace among unco folk in the dirt and smoke of Glasgow." "Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman," said John, soothingly, "we'll just pit you in the Gorbals *first*, and gin ye dinna lie quiet there, we'll try you sine in Stra'ven.".....A young man coming out of church trod accidentally on the tender toes of

an old gentleman. He hastened to apologize, saying, "I am very sorry, Sir, I beg your pardon." "An ye've muckle need, Sir;" was the only response.....A traveler being apprehensive that he had missed his way, inquired of a countryman if he was on the road to Dunkeld. Instead of answering, the countryman asked of his inquirer where he came from. The traveler reminded him that where he came from was nothing to him. "Indeed, then, it's just 'as little to me whar ye're gaen," was the reply.....At a dinner party the Laird of Combie, whose personal reputation was none of the best, proposed a toast, to be drunk in a special bumper. "I propose," he said, bowing to the daughter of his host, who was far from beautiful, "the old Scottish toast of 'Honest men and bonnie lasses.'" "Weel, Combie," rejoined the lady, "I'm sure *we* may drink that, for it will apply neither to you nor me."....."I canna do that," said a laird to a neighbor who was angry at his refusing to indorse a note for him. "If I was to pit my name till't ye wad get the siller frae the bank, and when the time came round ye wadna be ready, and I wad hae to pay't; sae then you and me wad quarrel; sae we mae just as weel quarrel the noo, as lang's the siller's in my pouch.".....A noble lord, well known for his penuriousness, happened to pick up a small copper coin. A beggar, observing this, exclaimed, "Oh, gie't to me, my lord;" to which the quiet answer was, "'Na, na; fin' a fardin for yersell, puir body.".....The childless Duke of Athol encouraged one of his cotters, whose wife had just presented him with twins, by saying, "Weel, Donald, ye ken the Almighty never sends bairns without the meat." "That may be, your Grace," responded Donald, ruefully; "but whiles I think that Providence maks a mistak in thae matters, and sends the bairns to ae hoose and the meat to anither."

The old ill-feeling between England and Scotland sometimes crops out even yet. A grumbling Englishman was inveighing against the Land o' Cakes. "No man of taste," he said, "would ever think of remaining any time in such a country as Scotland." "Tastes differ," rejoined a Scotchman. "I'se tak ye to a place ca'd Bannockburn, no far frae Stirling, whar thretty thousand o' yer countrymen ha' been for five hundred years, an' they've nae thocht o' leavin' yet.".....A north-country drover had a more tangible opportunity of gratifying his national animosity against the Southrons. Passing through Carlisle on his return from a rather unprofitable journey, he saw a notice stuck up offering a reward of fifty pounds for any one who would act as executioner upon a noted criminal, then under sentence of death. The drover volunteered his services, hanged the rogue, and pocketed the fee. The mob twitted him as a mean, beggarly Scot, who had done for money what no Englishman would undertake. "I'll hang ye a' at the price," rejoined Donald, with a grin, fingering the money in his pouch.

Some of the Dean's anecdotes have a dash of

quiet simplicity which elevates them to the rank of humor. An Aberdeen bailie made a visit to London, remaining some weeks. On his return, wishing to give his friends an idea of the grand appearance he had made, he assured them that "Deil a spoon was i' my mou' a' the time I was awa;" meaning that while in London he had not condescended to broth or porridge, but had lived on solid meat.....A good old lady was greatly discomposed by the introduction of gas. "What's to become o' the puir whales?" she asked, sorrowfully, evidently supposing any diminution in the consumption of oil would have an injurious effect upon the interests of the whales.....A good dame coming up to Edinburgh saw for the first time a water-cart for sprinkling the streets. "Man!" she cried to the driver, "ye're spillin' a' the water.".....Another lady of a like cast was greatly annoyed at a railway station because her box was not immediately forthcoming. When urged to have patience, her indignant exclamation was, "I can bear ony pairtings that may be ca'ed for in God's Providence; but I canna stan' pairting frae my claes.".....Another venerable lady sent for her medical attendant to consult him for a sore throat. "Do you know, Madam," he said, "that I used to be troubled with just the very same kind of sore throat; but since I allowed my beard and mustache to grow, I have never been troubled with it." "A-weel, a-weel," replied the old lady, dryly, "that may be sae; but ye maun prescribe some other way for me to get quit o' the sair throat; for ye ken, Doctor, that I canna adopt that cure.".....An old dame lay on her death-bed in the days when people used to wear wooden clogs in the street, which made a clanking noise as they walked. "Weel, Jenny," said a neighbor who was sitting by the dying woman, "ye are gaun to Heeven, an' gin ye should see ony of our folk ye can tell them that we're a' weel." "Weel," rejoined Jenny, "gin I shud see them I'se tell them; but you maunna expect that I am to gang clank-clanking through Heeven looking for your folk.".....Mrs. Robison, the widow of the eminent Professor, invited a gentleman to dinner, on a specified day. He accepted the invitation, with the reservation, "If I am spared." "Weel, weel," said Mrs. Robison, "if ye're dead, I'll no expect you."

Not a few of the most striking sayings belong to those commonly set down as half-witted. "Daft Will Speir" was once discovered by the Earl of Eglinton making a short cut through his grounds. "Come back, Sir," said the Earl; "that's not the road." "Do ye ken whar I'm gaun?" queried Will. "No," replied his lordship. "Weel, hoo the deil do ye ken whether this be the road or no?"....."Daft Yedie" of Peebles once saw a stranger passing, who had a club-foot. Yedie stared at him a while in sympathizing astonishment, and then said, compassionately, "It's a great pity—it spoils the boot.".....The juveniles do not come out largely in Scotch anecdotes. Dean Ramsay tells one good one of a spoiled boy. He insisted on going down

to dinner one day when company was present. "If I dinna gang, I'll tell thon," he threatened. So for peace' sake he was allowed to go down. At table he demanded soup: "If I dinna get it, I'll tell thon." So soup and various other things which he demanded with the usual threat that he would "tell thon," were yielded. But when it came to wine, the mother made a stand; saying that wine was a bad thing for little boys, and so on. He insisted more vociferously than ever; and as he was still refused, broke out, "Now I will tell thon! *Ma new breeks were made oot o' the auld curtains!*"

The pathetic element, so characteristic of Irish humor, appears sometimes, though but rarely, in the Dean's anecdotes. Joe M'Pherson, an honest, hard-working Inverness blacksmith, had bought a house, remaining in debt for a large part of the purchase-money. The great ambition of his life was to pay this off, and free the house. For this he toiled for years, but died before it was accomplished. His two sons succeeded to the house, the incumbrance, and the determination to remove it. Just as they had attained this their old mother fell sick unto death. "Mother," said one of the sons, "ye'll sune be wi' our father. No doubt ye'll hae much to tell him; but dinna forget this, mother; mind ye tell him *the house is freed*. He'll be glad to hear that.".....An old lady lay sorely sick in the winter. A friend was trying to encourage her by expressing the hope that she would soon be better, and in the spring would enjoy some of their country spring butter. "Spring butter!" exclaimed the invalid; "by that time I shall be buttering in heaven!" When at the very point of death she overheard one friend saying to another, "Her face has lost its color; it grows like a sheet of paper." "Then I'm sure it maun be broon paper," interrupted the dying woman.Miss Johnstone was a famous eccentric character of the last century. When she was dying a tremendous storm of rain and thunder came on. She listened to the tempest, and remarked, in her quaint manner, "Ech, sirs, what a nicht for me to be fleein' through the air!".....Stirling of Keir had been arrested for taking part in the Jacobite rising. The miller of Keir, a very pious man, was brought forward as a witness to prove that the laird had attended a muster of the rebels at the brig of Turk. Every body knew that he was there, and that the miller knew it. The miller, however, swore positively that the laird was not there. On being asked afterward how he could so perjure himself, he replied, with a feeling of confidence in the righteousness of his action almost sublime, "I would rather trust my soul to God's mercy than trust Keir's head into their hands!"

A considerable portion of Dean Ramsay's stories, like those of Lord Cockburn and Mr. Carlisle, relate to the last century. The view which they present of the state of society at that time is repulsive enough. Drunkenness was its most salient feature. A dinner party was expected to wind up by a course of hard drinking,

the object of which was to lay the whole party under the table. At a carousal at Castle Grant a few of the guests were actually able to get up stairs without being carried. Two stout Highlandmen in attendance to carry them up were astonished and indignant. "Aigh," said one, "it's sair cheenged times at Castle Grant, when gentlemens can gang to bed on their ain feet." No excuses were allowed; a man must drink with the others as long as he could sit in his chair. If one wished to keep himself tolerably sober the only way was to feign intoxication, and tumble under the table. Lord Cockburn relates such an expedient adopted by himself, when a young man, at a circuit dinner presided over by the Judge, Lord Hermand. He dropped down, and lay until the morning sun shone in at the windows, the Judge and some of the tougher members of the party keeping up the debauch all night. Then they washed their hands and faces, and proceeded to court, apparently as fresh as though nothing had happened. At another circuit Hermand and all his associates were drunk all the while, though still quite able for the work. For years this circuit went by the name of the "daft circuit." With Hermand, indeed, drunkenness was a virtue, and sobriety was almost *prima facie* evidence of something wrong. A case of some great offense was tried before him, and the counsel for the defendant pleaded in extenuation that his client was drunk when he committed the crime. "Drunk!" exclaimed the Judge, in great indignation; "if he could do such a thing when he was drunk, what might he not have done when he was sober?".....At a prolonged dinner bout one of the party, noticing something amiss, asked, "What gars the laird o' Garskadden luk sae gash?" "Ou," replied another, "Garskadden's been wi' his Maker these twa hours; I saw him slip awa, but I didna like to disturb good company." Hard drinking was not held at all inconsistent with zeal for religion. The laird of Balnamoon joined with his bibulous propensities a great zeal for the Episcopal Church, the services of which he was wont to read to his family with much solemnity and earnestness. A stranger who was among his guests one Sunday was impressed with the laird's performance of the Morning Service, and his religious deportment. After dinner Balnamoon set himself at work to make his guests as drunk as possible. A riotous debauch ensued, and the guests were carried to bed by the servants at a late hour. "Sic a speat o' praying, and sic a speat o' drinking I never saw in a' my born days," said the stranger, in relating the affair.

Hard swearing was naturally regarded as a very venial offense; in fact, as rather a desirable accomplishment. "Our John swears awfu', and we try to correct him," said a lady of her brother; adding, however, "but nae doubt it is a great set aff to conversation.".....A Perth lawyer had been vexed by the non-appearance of some one with whom he had made an appointment, and he showed his wrath by an elab-

orate course of swearing. "Whom did he swear at?" asked one to whom the incident was told. "Ou, he didna swear at ony thing parteeclar, but just stude in ta middle of ta road, and swoor at large.".....Bishop Skinner, in making his pastoral visits, called upon a good couple. He found them in the barn winnowing corn. The goodman hastening to welcome the Bishop hit his shins against the riddle, stopped short, and made all sort of grimaces, without being able to utter a word in reply to the condolence of the clergyman. At last his wife, understanding the difficulty, interposed. "Noo, Bishop," she said, coaxingly, "just gang yer waas into the hoose, an' we'll follow fan he's had time to curse a fyllie, an' I'se warrant he'll sune be weel enech."

The latter half of the last century undoubtedly witnessed the lowest depreciation of the national character of Scotland, as the former half did that of English character. Still it would be wrong to assert that this degradation was universal. The old Scotch piety survived, but it rarely met the eye of casual observers. Saturday nights like those described by Burns were still to be witnessed among the cotters. But even the true and fervent piety of Scotland has always presented a somewhat austere and ungenial form. One of its distinguishing characteristics was the rigidity with which the observance of the Sabbath was inculcated—a strictness unknown elsewhere in Christendom. A geological Professor was making a tour through the Highlands. One Sunday morning he walked out, with his hammer in his hand, carelessly breaking up such specimens as came in his way. An old man, who had watched him for some time, accosted him solemnly, "Sir, ye're breaking something there forbye the stanes.".....An English artist making a tour in Scotland remained over Sunday in a small town. To while away the time he walked out in the environs, and seeing the picturesque ruins of an old castle, asked a countryman who was passing to tell him the name of the castle. "It's no the day to be speering sic things," was the only answer vouchsafed to the question.....A lady who had become an Episcopalian once took to the church a favorite servant—a Presbyterian of the Old School. There was a full choral service, which she was sure would be enjoyed by her companion. On their return the lady asked her what she thought of the music. "Ou, it's a' varra bonny, varra bonny," was the response; "but oh, my lady, it's an awfu' way o' spending the Sabbath.".....The obligation to keep holy the Sabbath was held to be incumbent not merely upon human beings. Lady Macneil had procured some Dorking fowls, reported to be famous layers. After a time she asked the hen-wife if they laid many eggs. "Indeed, my leddy," said the indignant servitor, "they lay every day, no excepting the blessed Sabbath.".....A lady going into her kitchen one Sunday morning found a new roasting-jack, which had been so constructed as to go constantly without winding up, broken down. She asked the cook how it had hap-

pened. Jenny explained that she herself had done it, adding, "I wasna gaeing to hae the fule thing clocking and rinnin' about in my kitchen a' the blessed Sabbath day."

This reverence for the holy day sometimes took a form which one would hardly have anticipated. "They're a God-fearin' set of folk here," said an old Highlandman to an English tourist; "'deed they are, an' I'll gie ye an instance o't. Last Sabbath, just as the kirk was skailin', there was a drover chiel frae Dumfries comin' along the road whustlin', an' lookin' as happy as if it was ta muddle o' ta week; weel, Sir, oor laads is a God-fearin' set o' laads, an' they were just coomin' oot o' the kirk, an' they yokit upon him, an' a'most killed him." A story not unlike this in its spirit is told of David Hume. The fat philosopher had tumbled into a mud-hole, and stuck fast. He called out for assistance to a woman who was passing. Coming up, she looked at him a moment, and asked, "Are na ye Hume the Atheist?" "Well, no matter if I am," said Hume; "Christian charity commands you to do good to every one." "Christian charity here, or Christian charity there, I'll do naething for ye till ye turn a Christian yersell; ye maun repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or faith I'll let ye wallow there as I fand ye." The skeptic, really afraid for his life, rehearsed the required formulas, and was thereupon helped out of his unpleasant predicament.

Clergymen are not wont to spoil a good story because it hits the profession. Young ministers fresh from college, in Scotland or elsewhere, are apt to be a little vain and windy; and the venerable Dean enjoys giving them a quiet thrust on this score. Mr. Shirra, a plain-spoken old clergyman, was annoyed at the finical ways of a young man who preached for him one Sunday morning. The old man gave vent to his annoyance in the prayer after sermon. He prayed for the young brother, as a promising laborer in the vineyard, but wanting much overhauling. The prayer wound up thus: "But, O Lord, please tak an awl and prod him weel, and let the wind out o' him.".....The pulpit of Abercorn had one morning been filled by a young probationer who had fired off a flashy sermon, to his own great satisfaction. Walking out in the evening with the ladies of his host's family, they passed a cottage from which the sounds of evening devotion were audible, the voice being tremulous with age. The young man, flushed with the elation of what he considered his brilliant performance in the morning, proposed that they should stop and listen to the prayer—"it would be so curious to hear what such simple people had to say." From general the pious peasant passed to private supplications, beseeching the Lord in particular to have mercy on "the poor parish of Abercorn, for they had been fed out of a toom [empty] spoon that day.".....Another young man having got through a wordy sermon, complained of being very much tired. "Tired, did ye say?" growled an old member of the congrega-

tion; "Lord, man, if ye're half as tired as I am, I pity ye.".....A youth who thought much of his own gifts was to officiate for Dr. Gilchrist, who explained to him that the custom in his church was to close the prayer before the sermon with the Lord's Prayer. The young man wished to know if he might not introduce something else instead. "Ou ay," quietly rejoined the Doctor, "gif ye can gie us ony thing better."

But the older clergymen come in for their fair share of the Dean's stories. One of these took to task a former parishioner of his who had left him to join some other congregation. "John," said he, "I'm sure ye ken that a rollin' stane gathers nae moss!" "Ay," rejoined John, "that's true; but can ye tell me what guid the moss does to the stane?" implying that the minister's teachings were of no more use to the hearer than moss is to the stone. Scottish ministers have always been addicted to preaching doctrinal sermons. In fact no discourse was entirely satisfactory to many of the "Davie Deans" of their flocks unless it embodied in itself the whole "Body of Divinity." A worthy clergyman having once taken a text of a purely practical character, and preached a sermon in accordance, was thus commented upon by one of his hearers, "If there's an ill text in a' the Bible, that creetur's sure to tak it." Of course the sermons were much the same from week to week. The "broken covenant" had formed the staple of the discourses of one minister for so long a time that the people intimated to him that they would like a little change. He promised to comply; and the next Sunday read the history of Joseph as the subject of a lecture, paraphrasing it greatly. "An' now, my friends," he added at the close of his paraphrase, "we shall proceed to draw some lessons and inferences: And, first, you will observe that the sacks of Joseph's brethren were *ripit*, and in them was found the cup; so your sacks will be *ripit* at the day of judgment, and the first thing found in them will be the broken covenant;" and thereupon followed the old familiar sermon. It is no matter for wonder that this constant repetition of the substance of the same discourse should have a soporific tendency upon the congregation, and the clergyman would sometimes publicly reprimand his drowsy flock by name. "Jeems Robson!" called out Mr. B. to a nodding delinquent, "ye're sleepin'; I insist on your wauking when God's word is preached to ye!" "Weel, Sir, ye may look at your ain seat, and ye'll see a sleeper forbye me," replied James, pointing to the minister's pew, where his own goodwife was indulging in a nap. The husband called upon her to stand up and receive the censure due to her offense, which was administered thus: "Mrs. B., a'budy kens that when I got ye for my wife I got nae beauty; yer frien's ken that I got nae siller; and if I dinna get God's grace, I shall hae a puir bargain indeed."..... One good but very dull clergyman, who could never manage to get his sermons into less space than an hour and a half, received a gentle hint that they would

be better if they were shorter. This intimation was couched in the form of an inquiry whether he did not feel tired after preaching so long. "Na, na, *I'm* no tired; but," he added with unconscious simplicity, "Lord, hoo tired the fowk whiles are!".....A Forfarshire clergyman had long been annoyed by the drowsiness of his hearers. Looking round one Sabbath he saw many of them fast asleep; but right in view of all was a poor half-witted lad, broad awake. He resolved to improve the occasion by administering a telling rebuke. "You see," said he, "that even Jamie Foster, the idiot, does not fall asleep as so many of you are doing." Jamie, not liking to be thus designated, coolly replied, "An' I hadna been an idiot I wad ha' been sleeping too." Every one felt at full liberty to criticise the preacher's performances. A pious lady was visiting the dwellings of the outcasts in Glasgow, in the West Port, where Doctor Chalmers had established a church for the benefit of the destitute population. She asked one of the poor women if she ever attended divine service. "Ou ay," she replied; "there's a man ca'd Chalmers preaches there, and I whiles gang in and hear him, just to encourage him, *puir body*.".....Doctor Macknight, the Commentator, had gone up to Edinburgh to bring out his "Harmony of the Four Gospels." One of his parishioners, who probably thought the Doctor's learned labors a waste of time, was asked if the minister was at home. "Na," he answered, "he's gane to Edinburgh on a verra useless job; he's gane to mak four men agree wha ne'er cast out.".....Criticisms were not always unfavorable. Doctor Scot of Dumfries had a somewhat famous sermon on the Resurrection. This he delivered on a Sacramental occasion. These occasions used to be a sort of preaching match, several sermons being delivered, and each preacher striving to do his best. On this occasion the hearers were overheard discussing the merits of the different ministers. "Leeze me abune them a'," said one dame to another, "for the old man that said, 'Raphael sings, an' Gabriel strikes his goolden harp, an' a' the angels clap their wings wi' joy.' O, but it was gran'; it just put me in mind o' our geese at Dunjarg when they turn their nebs to the south an' clap their wings when they see the rain's comin' after lang drouth."

But the ministers quite as often got the best as the worst of it in encounters of wit. Mr. Dunlop of Dumfries is the real author of several repartees which have been credited to a score of others. Among these is the retort given to a couple of wild fellows who accosted him with the information, "The Deil's dead." "Is he?" said the minister; "then I maun pray for twa fatherless bairns." Still better is his reply to one of a gang of youths who had dressed himself up as a ghost, hoping to frighten the clergyman as he was passing home through the churchyard. "Weel, Maister Ghaist," quietly asked the minister, "is this a general rising, or are ye juist taking a daunder frae your grave by yourself?".....The good Bishop Leighton was once

accosted by one of his flock, a lady whose feelings were stronger than her judgment. She had dreamed a very extraordinary dream, and was afraid something would happen to hinder its consummation. She had dreamed that she was the bishop's wife. He replied that he would wait till the sign was doubled by his dreaming that he was her husband, and then he would take care that it was verified.

Many of the best Scotch stories derive their special point from the peculiarities of the dialect in which they are narrated. These of course can only be partially appreciated by one to whom the language is not vernacular; for a story loses its force if its meaning must be blasted out by a glossary. Such is the following, which is curious, as showing the peculiar power of the Scotch dialect in the use of vowels. It is a conversation, which might occur about a plaid, between a shopkeeper and a customer:

CUSTOMER. "Oo?" (Wool?)

SHOPMAN. "Ay, oo." (Yes, wool.)

CUSTOMER. "A' oo?" (All wool?)

SHOPMAN. "Ay, a' oo." (Yes, all wool.)

CUSTOMER. "A' ae oo?" (All one kind of wool?)

SHOPMAN. "Ay, a' ae oo." (Yes, all one kind of wool.)

The beautiful Duchess of Gordon, in one of her electioneering schemes, wished to propitiate the favor of Gordon of Craigmyle. She had learned that he was making a kiln of bricks, and wishing to show how much interest she took in his affairs, asked him, "Well, Mr. Gordon, and how do your bricks come on?" Craigmyle, whose thoughts were just then especially busy with a new leather part of his dress, and supposing that the Duchess had noticed it, replied, looking down upon his nether garments, "Muckle obleegee to yer Grace, the *breeks* were sum ticht at first, but they're deeing weel eneuch noo?".....The Scotch name for the game of draughts is *dam*, and the board upon which it is played is a *dam-brod*. A genuine Scotch lady of the old school, being in London, wished to purchase a table-cloth of a checked pattern, like the squares on a draught-board. She entered a shop, and astounded the shopman by asking for table-linen of a *dam-brod* pattern. He showed her some in wide stripes, which he assured her was the very broadest made. No, that would not do. She wanted, she repeated, a *dam-brod* pattern, and that was not *dam-brod* at all. She left the shop, leaving the keeper in astonishment at the emphatic wording which she had given to her order; while she was equally surprised at his remissness in failing to have on hand such a very common article.

The last "Pinch" which we will take from Dean Ramsay's "Mull" shall be of literal Scotch snuff, for, according to the popular idea, a Scotchman and his snuff-box are inseparable. A Highland hamlet had been completely snowed in for some weeks, and all intercourse with the town being cut off the snuff-takers were reduced to their last pinch. Borrowing and begging were

out of the question, for nobody had a pinch for himself, to say nothing of lending or giving. All were reduced to that extremity of suffering which only enforced abstinents from the fragrant weed in any shape can know. Among the unhappy number was the minister of the parish. His craving was so intense that study was out of the question. As a last resort the beadle was dispatched to a neighboring glen in the hope of getting a supply; but he came back as destitute as he went. "What's to be done, John?" asked the minister, dolorously. John shook his head

in voiceless sympathy. But all at once an idea flashed upon him. He darted from the room, and soon returned with a goodly quantity of a dark looking powder, which he handed to the minister with the word "Hae!" A long, deep pinch found its way up the clerical nostrils. The troubled brow relaxed. "Whaur did ye get it, John?" "I soupit [swept] the poupit," was the reply. The good man's droppings, from Sunday to Sunday, though hardly pure, were sufficient to serve his turn until the embargo was removed.

ORLEY FARM.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER XLIX.

MRS. FURNIVAL CAN'T PUT UP WITH IT.

WHEN Lady Mason last left the chambers of her lawyer in Lincoln's Inn, she was watched by a stout lady as she passed through the narrow passage leading from the Old to the New Square. That fact will, I trust, be remembered, and I need hardly say that the stout lady was Mrs. Furnival. She had heard betimes of the arrival of that letter with the Hamworth post-mark, had felt assured that it was written by the hands of her hated rival, and had at once prepared for action.

"I shall leave this house to-day—immediately after breakfast," she said to Miss Biggs, as they sat disconsolately at the table with the urn between them.

"And I think you will be quite right, my dear," replied Miss Biggs. "It is your bounden duty to put down such wicked iniquity as this; not only for your own sake, but for that of morals in general. What in the world is there so beautiful and so lovely as a high tone of moral sentiment?" To this somewhat transcendental question Mrs. Furnival made no reply. That a high tone of moral sentiment, as a thing in general, for the world's use, is very good, she was no doubt aware; but her mind at the present moment was fixed exclusively on her own peculiar case. That Tom Furnival should be made to give up seeing that nasty woman who lived at Hamworth, and to give up also having letters from her—that at present was the extent of her moral sentiment. His wicked iniquity she could forgive with a facility not at all gratifying to Miss Biggs, if only she could bring about such a result as that. So she merely grunted in answer to the above proposition.

"And will you sleep away from this?" asked Miss Biggs.

"Certainly I will. I will neither eat here, nor sleep here, nor stay here till I know that all this is at an end. I have made up my mind what I will do."

"Well?" asked the anxious Martha.

"Oh, never mind. I am not exactly prepared to talk about it. There are things one

can't talk about—not to any body. One feels as though one would burst in mentioning it. I do, I know."

Martha Biggs could not but feel that this was hard, but she knew that friendship is nothing if it be not long enduring. "Dearest Kitty!" she exclaimed. "If true sympathy can be of service to you—"

"I wonder whether I could get respectable lodgings in the neighborhood of Red Lion Square for a week?" said Mrs. Furnival, once more bringing the conversation back from the abstract to the concrete.

In answer to this Miss Biggs of course offered the use of her own bedroom and of her father's house; but her father was an old man, and Mrs. Furnival positively refused to agree to any such arrangement. At last it was decided that Martha should at once go off and look for lodgings in the vicinity of her own home, that Mrs. Furnival should proceed to carry on her own business in her own way—the cruelty being this, that she would not give the least hint as to what that way might be—and that the two ladies should meet together in the Red Lion Square drawing-room at the close of the day.

"And about dinner, dear?" asked Miss Biggs.

"I will get something at a pastry-cook's," said Mrs. Furnival.

"And your clothes, dear?"

"Rachel will see about them; she knows." Now Rachel was the old female servant of twenty years' standing; and the disappointment experienced by poor Miss Biggs at the ignorance in which she was left was greatly enhanced by a belief that Rachel knew more than she did. Mrs. Furnival would tell Rachel, but would not tell her. This was very, very hard, as Miss Biggs felt. But, nevertheless, friendship, sincere friendship is long enduring, and true, patient merit will generally receive at last its appropriate reward.

Then Mrs. Furnival had sat down, Martha Biggs having been duly sent forth on the mission after the lodgings, and had written a letter to her husband. This she intrusted to Rachel, whom she did not purpose to remove from that abode of iniquity from which she herself was

fleeing, and having completed her letter she went out upon her own work. The letter ran as follows:

"HARLEY STREET—Friday.

"MY DEAREST TOM,—I can not stand this any longer, so I have thought it best to leave the house and go away. I am very sorry to be forced to such a step as this, and would have put up with a good deal first; but there are some things which I can not put up with, and won't. I know that a woman has to obey her husband, and I have always obeyed you, and thought it no hardship even when I was left so much alone; but a woman is not to see a slut brought in under her very nose—and I won't put up with it. We've been married now going on over twenty-five years, and it's terrible to think of being driven to this. I almost believe it will drive me mad, and then, when I'm a lunatic, of course you can do as you please.

"I don't want to have any secrets from you. Where I shall go I don't yet know, but I've asked Martha Biggs to take lodgings for me somewhere near her. I must have somebody to speak to now and again, so you can write to 23 Red Lion Square till you hear further. It's no use sending for me, for I *won't come*; not till I know that you think better of your present ways of going on. I don't know whether you have the power to get the police to come after me, but I advise you not. If you do any thing of that sort the people about shall hear of it.

"And now, Tom, I want to say one word to you. You can't think it's a happiness to me going away from my own home where I have lived respectable so many years, or leaving you whom I've loved with all my whole heart. It makes me very, very unhappy, so that I could sit and cry all day if it weren't for pride and because the servants shouldn't see me. To think that it has come to this after all! Oh, Tom, I wonder whether you ever think of the old days when we used to be so happy in Keppel Street! There wasn't any body then that you cared to see, except me: I do believe that. And you'd always come home then, and I never thought bad of it though you wouldn't have a word to speak to me for hours. Because you were doing your duty. But you ain't doing your duty now, Tom. You know you ain't doing your duty when you never dine at home, and come home so cross with wine that you curse and swear, and have that nasty woman coming to see you at your chambers. Don't tell me it's about law business. Ladies don't go to barristers' chambers about law business. All that is done by attorneys. I've heard you say scores of times that you never would see people themselves, and yet you see her.

"Oh, Tom, you have made me so wretched! But I can forgive it all, and will never say another word about it to fret you, if you'll only promise me to have nothing more to say to that woman. Of course I'd like you to come home to dinner, but I'd put up with that. You've made your own way in the world, and perhaps it's only right you should enjoy it. I don't think so much dining at the club can be good for you, and I'm afraid you'll have gout, but I don't want to bother you about that. Send me a line to say that you won't see her any more, and I'll come back to Harley Street at once. If you can't bring yourself to do that, you—and—I—must—part. I can put up with a great deal, but I can't put up with that; *and won't*.

"Your affectionate loving wife,

"C. FURNIVAL."

"I wonder whether you ever think of the old days when we used to be so happy in Keppel Street?" Ah me, how often in after-life, in those successful days when the battle has been fought and won, when all seems outwardly to go well—how often is this reference made to the happy days in Keppel Street! It is not the prize that can make us happy: it is not even the winning of the prize, though for the one short half hour of triumph that is pleasant enough. The struggle, the long hot hour of the honest fight, the grinding work—when the teeth are set, and the skin moist with sweat and rough

with dust, when all is doubtful and sometimes desperate; when a man must trust to his own manhood, knowing that those around him trust to it not at all—that is the happy time of life. There is no human bliss equal to twelve hours of work with only six hours in which to do it. And when the expected pay for that work is worse than doubtful, the inner satisfaction is so much the greater. Oh, those happy days in Keppel Street, or it may be over in dirty lodgings in the Borough, or somewhere near the Marylebone work-house—any where for a moderate weekly stipend. Those were to us, and now are to others, and always will be to many, the happy days of life. How bright was love, and how full of poetry! Flashes of wit glanced here and there, and how they came home and warmed the cockles of the heart. And the unfrequent bottle! Methinks that wine has utterly lost its flavor since those days. There is nothing like it; long work, grinding weary work, work without pay, hopeless work; but work in which the worker trusts himself, believing it to be good. Let him, like Mohammed, have one other to believe in him, and surely nothing else is needed. "Ah me! I wonder whether you ever think of the old days when we used to be so happy in Keppel Street?"

Nothing makes a man so cross as success, or so soon turns a pleasant friend into a captious acquaintance. Your successful man eats too much, and his stomach troubles him; he drinks too much, and his nose becomes blue. He wants pleasure and excitement, and roams about looking for satisfaction in places where no man ever found it. He frets himself with his banker's book, and every thing tastes amiss to him that has not on it the flavor of gold. The straw of an omnibus always stinks; the linings of the cabs are filthy. There are but three houses round London at which an eatable dinner may be obtained. And yet a few years since how delicious was that cut of roast goose to be had for a shilling at the eating-house near Golden Square! Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Green, Mrs. Walker, and all the other mistresses, are too vapid and stupid and humdrum for endurance. The theatres are dull as Lethe, and politics have lost their salt. Success is the necessary misfortune of life, but it is only to the very unfortunate that it comes early.

Mrs. Furnival, when she had finished her letter and fastened it, drew one of the heavy dining-room arm-chairs over against the fire, and sat herself down to consider her past life, still holding the letter in her lap. She had not on that morning been very careful with her toilet, as was perhaps natural enough. The cares of the world were heavy on her, and he would not be there to see her. Her hair was rough, and her face was red, and she had hardly had the patience to make straight the collar round her neck. To the eye she was an untidy, angry, cross-looking woman. But her heart was full of tenderness—full to overflowing. She loved him now as well as ever she had loved him—al-

most more as the thought of parting from him pressed upon her! Was he not all in all to her? Had she not worshiped him during her whole life? Could she not forgive him?

Forgive him! Yes. Forgive him with the fullest, frankest, freest pardon, if he would only take forgiveness. Should she burn that letter in the fire, send to Biggs saying that the lodgings were not wanted, and then throw herself at Tom's feet, imploring him to have mercy upon her. All that she could do within her heart, and make her words as passionate, as soft, and as poetical as might be those of a young wife of twenty. But she felt that such words—though she could frame the sentence while sitting there—could never get themselves spoken. She had tried it, and it had been of no avail. Not only should she be prepared for softness, but he also must be so prepared, and at the same moment. If he should push her from him, and call her a fool when she attempted that throwing of herself at his feet, how would it be with her spirit then? No. She must go forth, and the letter must be left. If there were any hope of union for the future it must come from a parting for the present. So she went up stairs and summoned Rachel, remaining with her in consultation for some half hour. Then she descended with her bonnet and shawl, got into a cab while Spooner stood at the door looking very serious, and was driven away—whither no one knew in Harley Street except Mrs. Furnival herself and that cabman.

"She'll never put her foot inside this hall door again. That's my idea of the matter," said Spooner.

"Indeed and she will," said Rachel, "and be a happier woman than ever she's been since the house was took."

"If I know master," said Spooner, "he's not the man to get rid of an old woman, easy like that, and then 'ave her back agin." Upon hearing which words, so very injurious to the sex in general, Rachel walked into the house, not deigning any further reply.

And then, as we have seen, Mrs. Furnival was there, standing in the dark shadow of the Lincoln's Inn passage, when Lady Mason left the lawyer's chambers. She felt sure that it was Lady Mason, but she could not be quite sure. The woman, though she came out from the entry which led to her husband's chambers, might have come down from some other set of rooms. Had she been quite certain she would have attacked her rival there, laying bodily hands upon her in the purlieu of the Lord Chancellor's Court. As it was, the poor bruised creature was allowed to pass by, and as she emerged out into the light at the other end of the passage Mrs. Furnival became quite certain of her identity.

"Never mind," she said to herself. "She sha'n't escape me long. Him I could forgive, if he would only give it up; but as for her—! Let what come of it, come may, I will tell that woman what I think of her conduct before I am many hours older." Then, giving one look up

to the windows of her husband's chambers, she walked forth through the dusty old gate into Chancery Lane, and made her way on foot up to No. 23 Red Lion Square. "I'm glad I've done it," she said to herself as she went; "very glad. There's nothing else for it when things come to such a head as that." And in this frame of mind she knocked at her friend's door.

"Well!" said Martha Biggs, with her eyes, and mouth, and arms, and heart all open.

"Have you got me the lodgings?" said Mrs. Furnival.

"Yes, close by—in Orange Street. I'm afraid you'll find them very dull. And what have you done?"

"I have done nothing, and I don't at all mind their being dull. They can't possibly be more dull than Harley Street."

"And I shall be near you; sha'n't I?" said Martha Biggs.

"Umph," said Mrs. Furnival. "I might as well go there at once, and get myself settled." So she did, the affectionate Martha of course accompanying her; and thus the affairs of that day were over.

Her intention was to go down to Hamworth at once, and make her way up to Orley Farm, at which place she believed that Lady Mason was living. Up to this time she had heard no word of the coming trial beyond what Mr. Furnival had told her as to his client's "law business." And whatever he had so told her she had scrupulously disbelieved. In her mind all that went for nothing. Law business! She was not so blind, so soft, so green, as to be hoodwinked by such stuff as that. Beautiful widows don't have personal interviews with barristers in their chambers over and over again, let them have what law business they may. At any rate, Mrs. Furnival took upon herself to say that they ought not to have such interviews. She would go down to Orley Farm, and she would have an interview with Lady Mason. Perhaps the thing might be stopped in that way.

On the following morning she received a note from her husband, the consideration of which delayed her proceedings for that day:

"DEAR KITTY"—the note ran—"I think you are very foolish. If regard for me had not kept you at home, some consideration with reference to Sophia should have done so. What you say about that poor lady at Orley Farm is too absurd for me to answer. If you would have spoken to me about her, I would have told you that which would have set your mind at rest, at any rate as regards her. I can not do this in a letter, nor could I do it in the presence of your friend, Miss Biggs.

"I hope you will come back at once; but I shall not add to the absurdity of your leaving your own house by any attempt to bring you back again by force. As you must want money I inclose a check for fifty pounds. I hope you will be back before you want more; but if not, I will send it as soon as you ask for it.

"Yours affectionately as always, T. FURNIVAL."

There was about this letter an absence of sentiment, and an absence of threat, and an absence of fuss, which almost overset her. Could it be possible that she was wrong about Lady Mason? Should she go to him and hear his

own account before she absolutely declared war by breaking into the enemy's camp at Orley Farm? Then, moreover, she was touched and almost overcome about the money. She wished he had not sent it to her. That money difficulty had occurred to her, and been much discussed in her own thoughts. Of course she could not live away from him if he refused to make her any allowance—at least not for any considerable time. He had always been liberal as regards money since money had been plenty with him, and therefore she had some supply with her. She had jewels too which were her own; and though, as she had already determined, she would not part with them without telling him what she was about to do, yet she could, if pressed, live in this way for the next twelve months; perhaps, with close economy, even for a longer time than that. In her present frame of mind she had looked forward almost with gratification to being pinched and made uncomfortable. She would wear her ordinary and more dowdy dresses; she would spend much of her time in reading sermons; she would get up very early and not care what she ate or drank. In short, she would make herself as uncomfortable as circumstances would admit, and thoroughly enjoy her grievances.

But then this check of fifty pounds, and this offer of as much more as she wanted when that was gone, rather took the ground from under her feet. Unless she herself chose to give way she might go on living in Orange Street to the end of the chapter, with every material comfort about her—keeping her own brougham if she liked, for the checks she now knew would come without stint. And he would go on living in Harley Street, seeing Lady Mason as often as he pleased. Sophia would be the mistress of the house; and as long as this was so, Lady Mason would not show her face there. Now this was not a course of events to which Mrs. Furnival could bring herself to look forward with satisfaction.

All this delayed her during that day, but before she went to bed she made up her mind that she would at any rate go down to Hamworth. Tom, she knew, was deceiving her; of that she felt morally sure. She would, at any rate, go down to Hamworth, and trust to her own wit for finding out the truth when there.

CHAPTER L.

IT IS QUITE IMPOSSIBLE.

ALL was now sadness at The Cleeve. It was soon understood among the servants that there was to be no marriage, and the tidings spread from the house, out among the neighbors and into Hamworth. But no one knew the reason of this change; none except those three, the woman herself who had committed the crime and the two to whom she had told it. On that same night, the night of the day on which the

tale had been told, Lady Mason wrote a line—almost a single line to her son:

"DEAREST LUCIUS,—All is over between me and Sir Peregrine. It is better that it should be so. I write to tell you this without losing an hour. For the present I remain here with my dear—dearest friends.

"Your own affectionate mother, M. MASON."

This note she had written in obedience to the behests of Mrs. Orme, and even under her dictation—with the exception of one or two words, "I remain here with my friends," Mrs. Orme had said; but Lady Mason had put in the two epithets, and had then declared her own conviction that she had now no right to use such language.

"Yes, of me you may, certainly," said Mrs. Orme, keeping close to her shoulder.

"Then I will alter it," said Lady Mason. "I will write it again and say I am staying with you."

But this Mrs. Orme had forbidden. "No; it will be better so," she said. "Sir Peregrine would wish it. I am sure he would. He quite agrees that—" Mrs. Orme did not finish her sentence, but the letter was dispatched, written as above. The answer which Lucius sent down before breakfast the next morning was still shorter.

"DEAREST MOTHER,—I am greatly rejoiced that it is so.
"Your affectionate son, L. M."

He sent this note, but he did not go down to her, nor was there any other immediate communication between them.

All was now sadness at The Cleeve. Peregrine knew that that marriage project was over, and he knew also that his grandfather and Lady Mason did not now meet each other; but he knew nothing of the cause, though he could not but remark that he did not see her. On that day she did not come down either to dinner or during the evening; nor was she seen on the following morning. He, Peregrine, felt aware that something had occurred at that interview in the library after breakfast, but was lost in surmising what that something had been. That Lady Mason should have told his grandfather that the marriage must be given up would have been only in accordance with the promise made by her to him; but he did not think that that alone would have occasioned such utter sadness, such deathlike silence in the household. Had there been a quarrel Lady Mason would have gone home; but she did not go home. Had the match been broken off without a quarrel, why should she mysteriously banish herself to two rooms so that no one but his mother should see her?

And he too had his own peculiar sorrow. On that morning Sir Peregrine had asked him to ride through the grounds, and it had been the baronet's intention to propose during that ride that he should go over to Noningsby and speak to the judge about Madeline. We all know how that proposition had been frustrated. And now Peregrine, thinking over the matter, saw that his grandfather was not in a position at the

present moment to engage himself ardently in any such work. By whatever means or whatever words he had been induced to agree to the abandonment of that marriage engagement, that abandonment weighed very heavily on his spirits. It was plain to see that he was a broken man, broken in heart and in spirit. He shut himself up alone in his library all that afternoon, and had hardly a word to say when he came out to dinner in the evening. He was very pale too, and slow and weak in his step. He tried to smile as he came up to his daughter-in-law in the drawing-room; but his smile was the saddest thing of all. And then Peregrine could see that he ate nothing. He was very gentle in his demeanor to the servants, very courteous and attentive to Mrs. Orme, very kind to his grandson. But yet his mind was heavy—brooding over some sorrow that oppressed it. On the following morning it was the same, and the grandson knew that he could look to his grandfather for no assistance at Noningsby.

Immediately after breakfast Peregrine got on his horse, without speaking to any one of his intention—almost without having formed an intention, and rode off in the direction of Alston. He did not take the road, but went out through The Cleeve woods, on to the common, by which, had he turned to the left, he might have gone to Orley Farm; but when on the top of the rise from Crutchley Bottom he turned to the right, and putting his horse into a gallop, rode along the open ground till he came to an inclosure into which he leaped. From thence he made his way through a farm gate into a green country lane, along which he still pressed his horse, till he found himself divided from the end of a large wood by but one field. He knew the ground well, and the direction in which he was going. He could pass through that wood, and then down by an old farm-house at the other end of it, and so on to the Alston road, within a mile of Noningsby. He knew the ground well, for he had ridden over every field of it. When a man does so after thirty he forgets the spots which he passes in his hurry, but when he does so before twenty he never forgets. That field and that wood Peregrine Orme would never forget. There was the double ditch and bank over which Harriet Tristram had ridden with so much skill and courage. There was the spot on which he had knelt so long, while Felix Graham lay back against him, feeble and almost speechless. And there, on the other side, had sat Madeline on her horse, pale with anxiety but yet eager with hope, as she asked question after question as to him who had been hurt.

Peregrine rode up to the ditch, and made his horse stand while he looked at it. It was there, then, on that spot, that he had felt the first pang of jealousy. The idea had occurred to him that he for whom he had been doing a friend's offices with such zealous kindness was his worst enemy. Had he—he, Peregrine Orme—broken his arms and legs, or even broken his neck, would she have ridden up, all thoughtless of herself, and

thrown her very life into her voice as she had done when she knew that Felix Graham had fallen from his horse? And then he had gone on with his work, aiding the hurt man as zealously as before, but still feeling that he was bound to hate him. And afterward, at Noningsby, he had continued to minister to him as to his friend—zealously doing a friend's offices, but still feeling that the man was his enemy. Not that he was insincere. There was no place for insincerity or treachery within his heart. The man had done no ill—was a good fellow—was entitled to his kindness by all the social laws which he knew. They two had gone together from the same table to the same spot, and had been close together when the one had come to sorrow. It was his duty to act as Graham's friend; and yet how could he not feel that he must hate him?

And now he sat looking at the fence, wishing—wishing;—no, certainly not wishing that Graham's hurt had been more serious; but wishing that in falling from his horse he might utterly have fallen out of favor with that sweet young female heart; or rather wishing, could he so have expressed it, that he himself might have had the fall, and the broken bones, and all the danger, so that he might also have had the interest which those eyes and that voice had shown.

And then quickly he turned his horse, and without giving the beast time to steady himself he rammed him at the fence. The leap out of the wood into the field was difficult, but that back into the wood was still worse. The up-jump was higher, and the ditch which must be first cleared was broader. Nor did he take it at the easiest part, as he had done on that day when he rode his own horse and then Graham's back into the wood. But he pressed his animal exactly at the spot from which his rival had fallen. There were still the marks of the beast's struggle, as he endeavored to save himself before he came down, head foremost, into the ditch. The bank had been somewhat narrowed and pared away, and it was clearly the last place in the face of the whole opening into the wood which a rider with his senses about him would have selected for his jump.

The horse, knowing his master's humor, and knowing also—which is so vitally important—the nature of his master's courage, jumped at the bank without pausing. As I have said, no time had been given him to steady himself—not a moment to see where his feet should go, to understand and make the most of the ground that he was to use. He jumped, and jumped well, but only half gained the top of the bank. The poor brute, urged beyond his power, could not get his hind-feet up so near the surface as to give him a fulcrum for a second spring. For a moment he strove to make good his footing, still clinging with his fore-feet, and then slowly came down backward into the ditch, then regained his feet, and dragging himself with an effort from the mud, made his way back into the field.

Peregrine Orme had kept his seat throughout. His legs were accustomed to the saddle and knew how to cling to it, while there was a hope that he might struggle through. And now that he was again in the field he wheeled his horse to a greater distance, striking him with his whip, and once more pushed him at the fence. The gallant beast went at it bravely, slightly swerving from the fatal spot to which Peregrine had endeavored once more to guide him, leaped with a full spring from the unworn turf, and, barely touching the bank, landed himself and his master lightly within the precincts of the wood.

"Ah-h!" said Peregrine, shouting angrily at the horse, as though the brute had done badly instead of well. And then he rode down slowly through the wood, and out by Monkton Grange farm, round the moat, and down the avenue, and before long he was standing at Noningsby gate.

He had not made up his mind to any plan of action, nor indeed had he determined that he would ask to see any of the family, or even enter the place. The woman at the lodge opened the gate, and he rode in mechanically, asking if any of them were at home. The judge and Mr. Augustus were gone up to London, but my lady and the other ladies were in the house. Mr. Graham had not gone, the woman said in answer to his question; nor did she know when he was going. And then, armed with this information, Peregrine Orme rode round to the stables and gave up his horse to a groom.

"Yes, Lady Staveley was at home," the servant said at the door. "Would Mr. Orme walk into the drawing-room, where he would find the young ladies?" But Mr. Orme would not do this. He would go into a small book-room with which he was well acquainted, and have his name taken up to Lady Staveley. "He did not," he said, "mean to stay very long, but particularly wished to see Lady Staveley." In a few minutes Lady Staveley came to him, radiant with her sweetest smile, and with both her hands held out to greet him.

"My dear Mr. Orme," she said, "I am delighted to see you; but what made you run away from us so suddenly?" She had considered her words in that moment as she came across the hall, and had thought that in this way she might best enable him to speak.

"Lady Staveley," he said, "I have come here on purpose to tell you. Has your daughter told you any thing?"

"Who—Madeline?"

"Yes, Madeline. I mean Miss Staveley. Has she said any thing to you about me?"

"Well—yes, she has. Will you not sit down, Mr. Orme, and then we shall be more comfortable." Hitherto he had stood up, and had blurted out his words with a sudden, determined, and almost ferocious air—as though he were going to demand the girl's hand, and challenge all the household if it were refused him. But Lady Staveley understood his manner and his nature, and liked him almost the better for his abruptness.

"She has spoken to me, Mr. Orme; she has told me of what passed between you on the last day that you were with us."

"And yet you are surprised that I should have gone! I wonder at that, Lady Staveley. You must have known—"

"Well, perhaps I did know; but sit down, Mr. Orme. I won't let you get up in that restless way, if we are to talk together. Tell me frankly; what is it you think that I can do for you?"

"I don't suppose you can do any thing; but I thought I would come over and speak to you. I don't suppose I've any chance?" He had seated himself far back on a sofa, and was holding his hat between his knees, with his eyes fixed on the ground; but as he spoke the last words he looked round into her face with an anxious inquiring glance which went direct to her heart.

"What can I say, Mr. Orme?"

"Ah no. Of course nothing. Good-by, Lady Staveley. I might as well go. I know that I was a fool for coming here. I knew it as I was coming. Indeed I hardly meant to come in when I found myself at the gate."

"But you must not go from us like that."

"I must though. Do you think that I could go in and see her? If I did I should make such a fool of myself that I could never again hold up my head. And I am a fool. I ought to have known that a fellow like me could have no chance with her. I could knock my own head off, if I only knew how, for having made such an ass of myself."

"No one here thinks so of you, Mr. Orme."

"No one here thinks what?"

"That it was unreasonable in you to propose to Madeline. We all know that you did her much honor."

"Pshaw!" said he, turning away from her.

"Ah! but you must listen to me. That is what we all think—Madeline herself, and I, and her father. No one who knows you could think otherwise. We all like you, and know how good and excellent you are. And as to worldly station, of course you stand above her."

"Pshaw!" he said again, angrily. How could any one presume to talk of the worldly station of his goddess? For just then Madeline Staveley to him was a goddess!

"That is what we think, indeed, Mr. Orme. As for myself, had my girl come to me telling me that you had proposed to her, and telling me also that—that—that she felt that she might probably like you, I should have been very happy to hear it." And Lady Staveley as she spoke put out her hand to him.

"But what did she say?" asked Peregrine, altogether disregarding the hand.

"Ah, she did not say that. She told me that she had declined the honor that you had offered her; that she did not regard you as she must regard the man to whom she would pledge her heart."

"But did she say that she could never love me?" And now as he asked the question he

stood up again, looking down with all his eyes into Lady Staveley's face—that face which would have been so friendly to him, so kind and so encouraging, had it been possible.

"Never is a long word, Mr. Orme."

"Ah, but did she say it? Come, Lady Staveley; I know I have been a fool, but I am not a cowardly fool. If it be so, if I have no hope, tell me at once, that I may go away. In that case I shall be better any where out of the county."

"I can not say that you should have no hope."

"You think then that there is a chance?" and for a moment he looked as though all his troubles were nearly over.

"If you are so impetuous, Mr. Orme, I can not speak to you. If you will sit down for a minute or two I will tell you exactly what I think about it." And then he sat down, trying to look as though he were not impetuous. "I should be deceiving you if I were not to tell you that she speaks of the matter as though it were all over—as though her answer to you was a final one."

"Ah, I knew it was so."

"But then, Mr. Orme, many young ladies who have been at the first moment quite as sure of their decision have married the gentlemen whom they refused, and have learned to love them with all their hearts."

"But she isn't like other girls," said Peregrine.

"I believe she is a great deal better than many, but nevertheless she may be like others in that respect. I do not say that it will be so, Mr. Orme. I would not on any account give you hopes which I believed to be false. But if you are anxious in the matter—"

"I am as anxious about it as I am about my soul!"

"Oh fie, Mr. Orme! You should not speak in that way. But if you are anxious, I would advise you to wait."

"And see her become the wife of some one else."

"Listen to me, Mr. Orme. Madeline is very young. And so indeed are you too; almost too young to marry as yet, even if my girl were willing that it should be so. But we all like you very much; and as you both are so very young, I think that you might wait with patience—say for a year. Then come to Noningsby again, and try your fortune once more. That is my advice."

"Will you tell me one thing, Lady Staveley?"

"What is that, Mr. Orme?"

"Does she care for any one else?"

Lady Staveley was prepared to do any thing she could for her young friend except to answer that question. She did believe that Madeline cared for somebody else—cared very much. But she did not think that any way would be opened by which that caring would be made manifest; and she thought also that if wholly

ungratified by any word of intercourse that feeling would die away. Could she have told every thing to Peregrine Orme she would have explained to him that his best chance lay in that liking for Felix Graham; or, rather, that as his rejection had been caused by that liking, his chance would be good again when that liking should have perished from starvation. But all this Lady Staveley could not explain to him; nor would it have been satisfactory to her feelings had it been in her power to do so. Still there remained the question, "Does she care for any one else?"

"Mr. Orme," said she, "I will do all for you that a mother can do or ought to do; but I must not admit that you have a right to ask such a question as that. If I were to answer that now, you would feel yourself justified in asking it again when perhaps it might not be so easy to answer."

"I beg your pardon, Lady Staveley;" and Peregrine blushed up to his eyes. "I did not intend—"

"No; do not beg my pardon, seeing that you have given me no offense. As I said just now, all that a mother can and ought to do I will do for you. I am very frank, and tell you that I should be rejoiced to have you for my son-in-law."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you."

"But neither by me nor by her father will any constraint ever be put on the inclinations of our child. At any rate, as to whom she will not accept she will always be allowed to judge for herself. I have told you that to us you would be acceptable as a suitor; and after that I think it will be best to leave the matter for the present without any further words. Let it be understood that you will spend next Christmas at Noningsby, and then you will both be older and perhaps know your own minds better."

"That's a year, you know."

"A year is not so very long—at your time of life." By which latter remark Lady Staveley did not show her knowledge of human nature.

"And I suppose I had better go now?" said Peregrine, sheepishly.

"If you like to go into the drawing-room, I'm sure they will all be very glad to see you."

But Peregrine declared that he would not do this on any account. "You do not know, Lady Staveley, what a fool I should make myself. It would be all over with me then."

"You should be more moderate in your feelings, Mr. Orme."

"It's all very well saying that; but you wouldn't be moderate if Noningsby were on fire, or if you thought the judge was going to die."

"Good gracious, Mr. Orme!"

"It's the same sort of thing to me, I can tell you. A man can't be moderate when he feels that he should like to break his own neck. I declare I almost tried to do it to-day."

"Oh, Mr. Orme!"

"Well; I did. But don't suppose I say that as a sort of threat. I'm safe enough to live for

the next sixty years. It's only the happy people and those that are some good in the world that die. Good-by, Lady Staveley. I'll come back next Christmas; that is, if it isn't all settled before then; but I know it will do no good." Then he got on his horse, and rode very slowly home along the high road to The Cleeve.

Lady Staveley did not go in among the other ladies till luncheon was announced, and when she did so, she said no word about her visitor. Nevertheless it was known by them all that Peregrine Orme had been there. "Ah, that's Mr. Orme's roan-colored horse," Sophia Furnival had said, getting up and thrusting her face close to the drawing-room window. It was barely possible to see a portion of the road from the drawing-room, but Sophia's eyes had been sharp enough to see that portion.

"A groom has probably come over with a note," said Mrs. Arbuthnot.

"Very likely," said Sophia. But they all knew from her voice that the rider was no groom, and that she did not intend it to be thought that he was a groom. Madeline said not a word, and kept her countenance marvelously; but she knew well enough that Peregrine had been with her mother, and guessed also why he had been there.

Madeline had asked herself some serious questions, and had answered them also, since that conversation which she had had with her father. He had assured her that he desired only her happiness; and though in so saying he had spoken nothing of marriage, she had well understood that he had referred to her future happiness—at that time when by her own choice she should be leaving her father's house. And now she asked herself boldly in what way might that happiness be best secured. Hitherto she had refrained from any such home questions. Latterly, within the last week or two, ideas of what love meant had forced themselves upon her mind. How could it have been otherwise? But she had never dared to tell herself either that she did love, or that she did not. Mr. Orme had come to her with his offer, plainly asking her for the gift of her heart, and she had immediately been aware that any such gift on her part was impossible—any such gift in his favor. She had known without a moment's thought that there was no room for hesitation. Had he asked her to take wings and fly away with him over the woods, the feat would not have been to her more impossible than that of loving him as his wife. Yet she liked him—liked him much in these latter days, because he had been so good to Felix Graham. When she felt that she liked him as she refused him, she felt also that it was for this reason that she liked him. On the day of Graham's accident she had thought nothing of him—had hardly spoken to him. But now she loved him—with a sort of love, because he had been so good to Graham. Though in her heart she knew all this, she asked herself no questions till her father had spoken to her of her future happiness.

Then, as she wandered about the house alone—for she still went on wandering—she did ask herself a question or two. What was it that had changed her thus, and made her gay, quick step so slow? what had altered the happy silver tone of her voice? what had created that load within her which seemed to weigh her down during every hour of the day? She knew that there had been a change; that she was not as she had been; and now she asked herself the question. Not on the first asking nor on the second did the answer come; not perhaps on the twentieth. But the answer did come at last, and she told herself that her heart was no longer her own. She knew and acknowledged to herself that Felix Graham was its master and owner.

And then came the second question. Under those circumstances what had she better do? Her mother had told her—and the words had fallen deep into her ears—that it would be a great misfortune if she loved any man before she had reason to know that that man loved her. She had no such knowledge as regarded Felix Graham. A suspicion that it might be so she did feel—a suspicion which would grow into a hope let her struggle against it as she might. Baker, that injudicious Baker, had dropped in her hearing a word or two, which assisted this suspicion. And then the open frank question put to her by her father when he demanded whether Graham had addressed her as a lover, had tended toward the same result. What had she better do? Of one thing she now felt perfectly certain. Let the world go as it might in other respects, she could never leave her father's house as a bride unless the bridegroom were Felix Graham. A marriage with him might probably be impracticable, but any other marriage would be absolutely impossible. If her father or her mother told her not to think of Felix Graham, as a matter of course she would obey them; but not even in obedience to father or mother could she say that she loved any one else.

And now, all these matters having been considered, what should she do? Her father had invited her to tell every thing to him, and she was possessed by a feeling that in this matter she might possibly find more indulgence with her father than with her mother; but yet it was more natural that her mother should be her confidante and adviser. She could speak to her mother, also, with a better courage, even though she felt less certain of sympathy. Peregrine Orme had now been there again, and had been closeted with Lady Staveley. On that ground she would speak, and having so resolved she lost no time in carrying out her purpose.

"Mamma, Mr. Orme was here to-day: was he not?"

"Yes, my love." Lady Staveley was sorry rather than otherwise that her daughter had asked her, but would have been puzzled to explain why such should have been the case.

"I thought so," said Madeline.



"NEVER IS A VERY LONG WORD."

"He rode over, and told me among other things that the match between his grandfather and Lady Mason is at an end. I was very glad to hear it, for I thought that Sir Peregrine was going to do a very foolish thing." And then there were a few further remarks on that sub-

ject, made probably by Lady Staveley with some undefined intention of inducing her daughter to think that Peregrine Orme had come over chiefly on that matter.

"But, mamma—"

"Well, my love."

"Did he say any thing about—about what he was speaking to me about?"

"Well, Madeline, he did. He did say something on that subject; but I had not intended to tell you unless you had asked."

"I hope, mamma, he understands that what he wants can never happen—that is, if he does want it now?"

"He does want it certainly, my dear."

"Then I hope you told him that it can never be? I hope you did, mamma!"

"But why should you be so certain about it, my love? He does not intend to trouble you with his suit, nor do I. Why not leave that to time? There can be no reason why you should not see him again on a friendly footing when this embarrassment between you shall have passed away."

"There would be no reason, mamma, if he were quite sure that there could never be any other footing."

"Never is a very long word."

"But it is the only true word, mamma. It would be wrong in you, it would indeed, if you were to tell him to come again. I like Mr. Orme very much as a friend, and I should be very glad to know him—that is, if he chose to know me." And Madeline as she made this little proviso was thinking what her own worldly position might be as the wife of Felix Graham. "But as it is quite impossible that he and I should ever be any thing else to each other, he should not be asked to come here with any other intention."

"But, Madeline, I do not see that it is so impossible."

"Mamma, it is impossible; quite impossible!" To this assertion Lady Staveley made no answer in words, but there was that in her countenance which made her daughter understand that she did not quite agree in this assertion, or understand this impossibility.

"Mamma, it is quite, quite impossible!" Madeline repeated.

"But why so?" said Lady Staveley, frightened by her daughter's manner, and almost fearing that something further was to come which had by far better be left unsaid.

"Because, mamma, I have no love to give him. Oh, mamma, do not be angry with me; do not push me away. You know who it is that I love. You knew it before." And then she threw herself on her knees, and hid her face on her mother's lap.

Lady Staveley had known it, but up to that moment she had hoped that that knowledge might have remained hidden as though it were unknown.

CHAPTER LI.

MRS. FURNIVAL'S JOURNEY TO HAMWORTH.

WHEN Peregrine got back to The Cleeve he learned that there was a lady with his mother.

He had by this time partially succeeded in reasoning himself out of his despondency. He had learned, at any rate, that his proposition to marry into the Staveley family had been regarded with favor by all that family except the one whose views on that subject were by far the most important to him; and he had learned, as he thought, that Lady Staveley had no suspicion that her daughter's heart was preoccupied. But in this respect Lady Staveley had been too cunning for him. "Wait!" he said to himself, as he went slowly along the road. "It's all very well to say wait, but there are some things which won't bear waiting for. A man who waits never gets well away with the hounds." Nevertheless as he rode into the court-yard his hopes were somewhat higher than they had been when he rode out of it.

"A lady! what lady? You don't mean Lady Mason?"

No. The servant did not mean Lady Mason. It was an elderly stout lady who had come in a fly, and the elderly stout lady was now in the drawing-room with his mother. Lady Mason was still up stairs. We all know who was that elderly stout lady, and we must now go back and say a few words as to her journey from Orange Street to Hamworth.

On the preceding evening Mrs. Furnival had told Martha Biggs what was her intention; or perhaps it would be more just to say that Martha Biggs had worked it out of her. Now that Mrs. Furnival had left the fashionable neighborhood of Cavendish Square, and located herself in that eastern homely district to which Miss Biggs had been so long accustomed, Miss Biggs had been almost tyrannical. It was not that she was less attentive to her friend, or less willing to slave for her with a view to any possible or impossible result. But the friend of Mrs. Furnival's bosom could not help feeling her opportunity. Mrs. Furnival had now thrown herself very much upon her friend, and of course the friend now expected unlimited privileges; as is always the case with friends in such a position. It is very well to have friends to lean upon, but it is not always well to lean upon one's friends.

"I will be with you before you start in the morning," said Martha.

"It will not be at all necessary," said Mrs. Furnival.

"Oh, but I shall indeed. And, Kitty, I should think nothing of going with you, if you would wish it. Indeed I think you should have a female friend along side of you in such a trouble. You have only to say the word, and I'll go in a minute."

Mrs. Furnival, however, did not say the word, and Miss Biggs was obliged to deny herself the pleasure of the journey. But true to her word she came in the morning in ample time to catch Mrs. Furnival before she started, and for half an hour poured out sweet counsel into her friend's ear. If one's friends would as a rule refrain from action how much more strongly would real friendship flourish in the world!

"Now, Kitty, I do trust you will persist in seeing her."

"That's why I'm going there."

"Yes; but she might put you off it, if you're not firm. Of course she'll deny herself if you send in your name first. What I should do would be this: to ask to be shown in to her and then follow the servant. When the happiness of a life is at stake—the happinesses of two lives I may say, and perhaps the immortal welfare of one of them in another world—one must not stand too much upon etiquette. You would never forgive yourself if you did. Your object is to save him and to shame her out of her vile conduct. To shame her and frighten her out of it if that be possible. Follow the servant in and don't give them a moment to think. That's my advice."

In answer to all this Mrs. Furnival did not say much, and what little she did say was neither in the affirmative nor in the negative. Martha knew that she was being ill-treated, but not on that account did she relax her friendly efforts. The time would soon come, if all things went well, when Mrs. Furnival would be driven by the loneliness of her position to open her heart in a truly loving and confidential manner. Miss Biggs hoped sincerely that her friend and her friend's husband might be brought together again: perhaps by her own efforts; but she did not anticipate, or perhaps desire any speedy termination of the present arrangements. It would be well that Mr. Furnival should be punished by a separation of some months. Then, when he had learned to know what it was to have a home without a "presiding genius," he might, if duly penitent and open in his confession, be forgiven. That was Miss Biggs's programme, and she thought it probable that Mrs. Furnival might want a good deal of consolation before that day of open confession arrived.

"I shall go with you as far as the station, Kitty," she said, in a very decided voice.

"It will not be at all necessary," Mrs. Furnival replied.

"Oh, but I shall. You must want support at such a moment as this, and as far as I can give it you shall have it."

"But it won't be any support to have you in the cab with me. If you will believe me, I had rather go alone. It is so necessary that I should think about all this."

But Martha would not believe her: and as for thinking, she was quite ready to take that part of the work herself. "Don't say another word," she said, as she thrust herself in at the cab-door after her friend. Mrs. Furnival hardly did say another word, but Martha Biggs said many. She knew that Mrs. Furnival was cross, ill-pleased, and not disposed to confidence. But what of that? Her duty as a friend was not altered by Mrs. Furnival's ill-humor. She would persevere, and having in her hands so great an opportunity, did not despair but what the time might come when both Mr. and Mrs. Furnival would with united voices hail her as their pre-

server. Poor Martha Biggs! She did not mean amiss, but she was troublesome.

It was very necessary that Mrs. Furnival should think over the step which she was taking. What was it that she intended to do when she arrived at Hamworth? That plan of forcing her way into Lady Mason's house did not recommend itself to her the more in that it was recommended by Martha Biggs. "I suppose you will come up to us this evening?" Martha said, when she left her friend in the railway carriage. "Not this evening, I think. I shall be so tired," Mrs. Furnival had replied. "Then I shall come down to you," said Martha, almost hollooming after her friend, as the train started. Mr. Furnival would not have been displeased had he known the state of his wife's mind at that moment toward her late visitor. During the whole of her journey down to Hamworth she tried to think what she would say to Lady Mason, but instead of so thinking her mind would revert to the unpleasantness of Miss Biggs's friendship.

When she left the train at the Hamworth station she was solicited by the driver of a public vehicle to use his fly, and having ascertained from the man that he well knew the position of Orley Farm, she got into the carriage and had herself driven to the residence of her hated rival. She had often heard of Orley Farm, but she had never as yet seen it, and now felt considerable anxiety both as regards the house and its occupant.

"This is Orley Farm, ma'am," said the man, stopping at the gate. "Shall I drive up?"

But at this moment the gate was opened by a decent, respectable woman—Mrs. Furnival would not quite have called her a lady—who looked hard at the fly as it turned on to the private road.

"Perhaps this lady could tell me," said Mrs. Furnival, putting out her hand. "Is this where Lady Mason lives?"

The woman was Mrs. Dockwrath. On that day Samuel Dockwrath had gone to London; but before starting he had made known to his wife with fiendish glee that it had been at last decided by all the persons concerned that Lady Mason should be charged with perjury, and tried for that offense.

"You don't mean to say that the judges have said so?" asked poor Miriam.

"I do mean to say that all the judges in England could not save her from having to stand her trial, and it is my belief that all the lawyers in the land can not save her from conviction. I wonder whether she ever thinks now of those fields which she took away from me!"

Then, when her master's back was turned, she put on her bonnet and walked up to Orley Farm. She knew well that Lady Mason was at The Cleeve, and believed that she was about to become the wife of Sir Peregrine; but she knew also that Lucius was at home, and it might be well to let him know what was going on. She had just seen Lucius Mason, when she was met by Mrs. Furnival's fly. She had



"TOM, I HAVE COME BACK AGAIN."

seen Lucius Mason, and the angry manner in which he declared that he could in no way interfere in his mother's affairs had frightened her. "But, Mr. Lucius," she had said, "she ought to be doing something, you know. There is no believing how bitter Samuel is about it."

"He may be as bitter as he likes, Mrs. Dockwrath," young Mason had answered with considerable dignity in his manner. "It will not in the least affect my mother's interests. In the present instance, however, I am not her adviser." Whereupon Mrs. Dockwrath had re-

tired, and as she was afraid to go to Lady Mason at The Cleeve, she was about to return home when she opened the gate for Mrs. Furnival. She then explained that Lady Mason was not at home, and had not been at home for some weeks; that she was staying with her friends at The Cleeve, and that in order to get there Mrs. Furnival must go back through Hamworth and round by the high road.

"I knows the way well enough, Mrs. Dockwraith," said the driver. "I've been at The Cleeve before now, I guess."

So Mrs. Furnival was driven back to Hamworth, and on going over that piece of ground she resolved that she would follow Lady Mason to The Cleeve. Why should she be afraid of Sir Peregrine Orme or of all the Ormes? Why should she fear any one while engaged in the performance of so sacred a duty? I must confess that in truth she was very much afraid, but nevertheless she had herself taken on to The Cleeve. When she arrived at the door, she asked of course for Lady Mason, but did not feel at all inclined to follow the servant uninvited into the house as recommended by Miss Biggs. Lady Mason, the man said, was not very well; and after a certain amount of parley at the door the matter ended in her being shown into the drawing-room, where she was soon joined by Mrs. Orme.

"I am Mrs. Furnival," she began, and then Mrs. Orme begged her to sit down. "I have come here to see Lady Mason—on some business—some business not of a very pleasant nature. I'm sure I don't know how to trouble you with it, and yet—" And then even Mrs. Orme could see that her visitor was somewhat confused.

"Is it about the trial?" asked Mrs. Orme.

"Then there is really a lawsuit going on?"

"A lawsuit!" said Mrs. Orme, rather puzzled.

"You said something about a trial. Now, Mrs. Orme, pray do not deceive me. I'm a very unhappy woman; I am indeed."

"Deceive you! Why should I deceive you?"

"No, indeed. Why should you? And now I look at you I do not think you will."

"Indeed I will not, Mrs. Furnival."

"And there is really a lawsuit then?" Mrs. Furnival persisted in asking.

"I thought you would know all about it," said Mrs. Orme, "as Mr. Furnival manages Lady Mason's law business. I thought that perhaps it was about that that you had come."

Then Mrs. Furnival explained that she knew nothing whatever about Lady Mason's affairs, that hitherto she had not believed that there was any trial or any lawsuit, and gradually explained the cause of all her trouble. She did not do this without sundry interruptions, caused both by her own feelings and by Mrs. Orme's exclamations. But at last it all came forth; and before she had done she was calling her husband Tom, and appealing to her listener for sympathy.

"But indeed it's a mistake, Mrs. Furnival."

It is indeed. There are reasons which make me quite sure of it." So spoke Mrs. Orme. How could Lady Mason have been in love with Mr. Furnival—if such a state of things could be possible under any circumstances—seeing that she had been engaged to marry Sir Peregrine? Mrs. Orme did not declare her reasons, but repeated with very positive assurances her knowledge that Mrs. Furnival was laboring under some very grievous error.

"But why should she always be at his chambers? I have seen her there twice, Mrs. Orme. I have indeed—with my own eyes."

Mrs. Orme would have thought nothing of it if Lady Mason had been seen there every day for a week together, and regarded Mrs. Furnival's suspicions as a hallucination bordering on insanity. A woman be in love with Mr. Furnival! A very pretty woman endeavor to entice away from his wife the affection of such a man as that! As these ideas passed through Mrs. Orme's mind she did not perhaps remember that Sir Peregrine, who was more than ten years Mr. Furnival's senior, had been engaged to marry the same lady. But then she herself loved Sir Peregrine dearly, and she had no such feeling with reference to Mr. Furnival. She however did what was most within her power to do to allay the suffering under which her visitor labored, and explained to her the position in which Lady Mason was placed. "I do not think she can see you," she ended by saying, "for she is in very great trouble."

"To be tried for perjury!" said Mrs. Furnival, out of whose heart all hatred toward Lady Mason was quickly departing. Had she heard that she was to be tried for murder—that she had been convicted of murder—it would have altogether softened her heart toward her supposed enemy. She could forgive her any offense but the one.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Orme, wiping a tear away from her eye as she thought of all the troubles present and to come. "It is the saddest thing. Poor lady! It would almost break your heart if you were to see her. Since first she heard of this, which was before Christmas, she has not had one quiet moment."

"Poor creature!" said Mrs. Furnival.

"Ah, you would say so, if you knew all. She has had to depend a great deal upon Mr. Furnival for advice, and without that I don't know what she would do." This Mrs. Orme said, not wishing to revert to the charge against Lady Mason which had brought Mrs. Furnival down to Hamworth, but still desirous of emancipating her poor friend completely from that charge. "And Sir Peregrine also is very kind to her—very." This she added, feeling that up to that moment Mrs. Furnival could have heard nothing of the intended marriage, but thinking it probable that she must do so before long. "Indeed, any body would be kind to her who saw her in her suffering. I am sure you would, Mrs. Furnival."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Furnival, who was

beginning to entertain almost a kindly feeling toward Mrs. Orme.

"It is such a dreadful position for a lady. Sometimes I think that her mind will fail her before the day comes."

"But what a very wicked man that other Mr. Mason must be!" said Mrs. Furnival.

That was a view of the matter on which Mrs. Orme could not say much. She disliked that Mr. Mason as much as she could dislike a man whom she had never seen, but it was not open to her now to say that he was very wicked in this matter. "I suppose he thinks the property ought to belong to him," she answered.

"That was settled years ago," said Mrs. Furnival. "Horrid, cruel man! But after all I don't see why she should mind it so much."

"Oh, Mrs. Furnival!—to stand in a court and be tried."

"But if one is innocent! For my part, if I knew myself innocent I could brave them all. It is the feeling that one is wrong that cows one." And Mrs. Furnival thought of the little confession which she would be called to make at home.

And then feeling some difficulty as to her last words in such an interview, Mrs. Furnival got up to go. "Perhaps, Mrs. Orme," she said, "I have been foolish in this."

"You have been mistaken, Mrs. Furnival. I am sure of that."

"I begin to think I have. But, Mrs. Orme, will you let me ask you a favor? Perhaps you will not say any thing about my coming here. I have been very unhappy; I have, indeed; and—" Mrs. Furnival's handkerchief was now up at her eyes, and Mrs. Orme's heart was again full of pity. Of course she gave the required promise; and, looking to the character of the woman, we may say that, of course, she kept it.

"Mrs. Furnival! What was she here about?" Peregrine asked of his mother.

"I would rather not tell you, Perry," said his mother, kissing him; and then there were no more words spoken on the subject.

Mrs. Furnival, as she made her journey back to London, began to dislike Martha Biggs more and more, and most unjustly attributed to that lady in her thoughts the folly of this journey to Hamworth. The journey to Hamworth had been her own doing, and had the idea originated with Miss Biggs the journey would never have been made. As it was, while she was yet in the train, she came to the strong resolution of returning direct from the London station to her own house in Harley Street. It would be best to cut the knot at once, and thus by a bold stroke of the knife rid herself of the Orange Street rooms and Miss Biggs at the same time. She did drive to Harley Street, and on her arrival at her own door was informed by the astonished Spooner that "Master was at home—all alone in the dining-room. He was going to dine at home, and seemed very lonely like." There, as she stood in the hall, there was nothing but the door between her and her hus-

band, and she conceived that the sound of her arrival must have been heard by him. For a moment her courage was weak, and she thought of hurrying up stairs. Had she done so her trouble would still have been all before her. Some idea of this came upon her mind, and after a moment's pause she opened the dining-room door and found herself in her husband's presence. He was sitting over the fire in his arm-chair, very gloomily, and had not heard the arrival. He too had some tenderness left in his heart, and this going away of his wife had distressed him.

"Tom," she said, going up to him, and speaking, in a low voice, "I have come back again." And she stood before him as a suppliant.

CHAPTER LII.

SHOWING HOW THINGS WENT ON AT NONINGSBY.

YES, Lady Staveley had known it before. She had given a fairly correct guess at the state of her daughter's affections, though she had not perhaps acknowledged to herself the intensity of her daughter's feelings. But the fact might not have mattered if it had never been told. Madame might have overcome this love for Mr. Graham, and all might have been well if she had never mentioned it. But now the mischief was done. She had acknowledged to her mother—and, which was perhaps worse, she had acknowledged to herself—that her heart was gone, and Lady Staveley saw no cure for the evil. Had this happened but a few hours earlier she would have spoken with much less of encouragement to Peregrine Orme.

And Felix Graham was not only in the house, but was to remain there for yet a while longer, spending a very considerable portion of his time in the drawing-room. He was to come down on this very day at three o'clock, after an early dinner, and on the next day he was to be promoted to the dining-room. As a son-in-law he was quite ineligible. He had, as Lady Staveley understood, no private fortune, and he belonged to a profession which he would not follow in the only way by which it was possible to earn an income by it. Such being the case, her daughter, whom of all girls she knew to be the most retiring, the least likely to speak of such feelings unless driven to it by great stress—her daughter had positively declared to her that she was in love with this man! Could any thing be more hopeless? Could any position be more trying?

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" she said, almost wringing her hands in her vexation—"No, my darling, I am not angry;" and she kissed her child and smoothed her hair. "I am not angry; but I must say I think it very unfortunate. He has not a shilling in the world."

"I will do nothing that you and papa do not approve," said Madeline, holding down her head.

"And then, you know, he doesn't think of such a thing himself—of course he does not. Indeed, I don't think he's a marrying man at all."

"Oh, mamma, do not talk in that way—as if I expected any thing. "I could not but tell you the truth when you spoke of Mr. Orme as you did."

"Poor Mr. Orme! he is such an excellent young man."

"I don't suppose he's better than Mr. Graham, mamma, if you speak of goodness."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Lady Staveley, very much put beside herself. "I wish there were no such things as young men at all. There's Augustus making a fool of himself." And she walked twice the length of the room in an agony of maternal anxiety. Peregrine Orme had suggested to her what she would feel if Noningsby were on fire; but could any such fire be worse than these pernicious love flames? He had also suggested another calamity, and as Lady Staveley remembered that, she acknowledged to herself that the Fates were not so cruel to her as they might have been. So she kissed her daughter, again assured her that she was by no means angry with her, and then they parted.

This trouble had now come to such a head that no course was any longer open to poor Lady Staveley but that one which she had adopted in all the troubles of her married life. She would tell the judge every thing, and throw all the responsibility upon his back. Let him decide whether a cold shoulder or a paternal blessing should be administered to the ugly young man up stairs, who had tumbled off his horse the first day he went out hunting, and who would not earn his bread as others did, but thought himself cleverer than all the world. The feelings in Lady Staveley's breast toward Mr. Graham at this especial time were not of a kindly nature. She could not make comparisons between him and Peregrine Orme without wondering at her daughter's choice. Peregrine was fair and handsome, one of the curled darlings of the nation, bright of eye and smooth of skin, good-natured, of a sweet disposition, a young man to be loved by all the world, and—incidentally—the heir to a baronetcy and a good estate. All his people were nice, and he lived close in the neighborhood! Had Lady Staveley been set to choose a husband for her daughter she could have chosen none better. And then she counted up Felix Graham. His eyes no doubt were bright enough, but taken altogether he was—at least so she said to herself—hideously ugly. He was by no means a curled darling. And then he was masterful in mind, and not soft and pleasant as was young Orme. He was heir to nothing, and as to people of his own he had none in particular. Who could say where he must live? As likely as not in Patagonia, having been forced to accept a judgeship in that new colony for the sake of bread. But her daughter should not go to Patagonia with him if she could help it! So when the judge came

home that evening she told him all before she would allow him to dress for dinner.

"He certainly is not very handsome," the judge said, when Lady Staveley insisted somewhat strongly on that special feature of the case.

"I think he is the ugliest young man I know," said her ladyship.

"He looks very well in his wig," said the judge.

"Wig! Madeline would not see him in his wig; nor any body else very often, seeing the way he is going on about his profession. What are we to do about it?"

"Well. I should say, do nothing."

"And let him propose to the dear girl if he chooses to take the fancy into his head?"

"I don't see how we are to hinder him. But I have that impression of Mr. Graham that I do not think he will do any thing unhandsome by us. He has some singular ideas of his own about law, and I grant you that he is plain—"

"The plainest young man I ever saw," said Lady Staveley.

"But if I know him, he is a man of high character and much more than ordinary acquirement."

"I can not understand Madeline," Lady Staveley went on, not caring overmuch about Felix Graham's acquirements.

"Well, my dear, I think the key to her choice is this, that she has judged not with her eyes but with her ears, or rather with her understanding. Had she accepted Mr. Orme, I as a father should of course have been well satisfied. He is, I have no doubt, a fine young fellow, and will make a good husband some day."

"Oh, excellent!" said her ladyship; "and The Cleeve is only seven miles."

"But I must acknowledge that I can not feel angry with Madeline."

"Angry! no, not angry. Who would be angry with the poor child?"

"Indeed, I am somewhat proud of her. It seems to me that she prefers mind to matter, which is a great deal to say for a young lady."

"Matter!" exclaimed Lady Staveley, who could not but feel that the term, as applied to such a young man as Peregrine Orme, was very opprobrious.

"Wit and intellect and power of expression have gone further with her than good looks and rank and worldly prosperity. If that be so, and I believe it is, I can not but love her the better for it."

"So do I love her, as much as any mother can love her daughter."

"Of course you do." And the judge kissed his wife.

"And I like wit and genius and all that sort of thing."

"Otherwise you would have not taken me, my dear."

"You were the handsomest man of your day. That's why I fell in love with you."

"The compliment is a very poor one," said the judge.

"Never mind that. I like wit and genius too; but wit and genius are none the better for being ugly: and wit and genius should know how to butter their own bread before they think of taking a wife."

"You forget, my dear, that for aught we know wit and genius may be perfectly free from any such thought." And then the judge made it understood that if he were left to himself he would dress for dinner.

When the ladies left the parlor that evening they found Graham in the drawing-room, but there was no longer any necessity for embarrassment on Madeline's part at meeting him. They had been in the room together on three or four occasions, and therefore she could give him her hand, and ask after his arm without feeling that every one was watching her. But she hardly spoke to him beyond this, nor indeed did she speak much to any body. The conversation, till the gentlemen joined them, was chiefly kept up by Sophia Furnival and Mrs. Arbuthnot, and even after that the evening did not pass very briskly.

One little scene there was, during which poor Lady Staveley's eyes were anxiously fixed upon her son, though most of those in the room supposed that she was sleeping. Miss Furnival was to return to London on the following day, and it therefore behooved Augustus to be very sad. In truth, he had been rather given to a melancholy humor during the last day or two. Had Miss Furnival accepted all his civil speeches, making him answers equally civil, the matter might very probably have passed by without giving special trouble to any one. But she had not done this, and therefore Augustus Staveley had fancied himself to be really in love with her. What the lady's intentions were I will not pretend to say; but if she was in truth desirous of becoming Mrs. Staveley, she certainly went about her business in a discreet and wise manner.

"So you leave us to-morrow, immediately after breakfast?" said he, having dressed his face with that romantic sobriety which he had been practicing for the last three days.

"I am sorry to say that such is the fact," said Sophia.

"To tell you the truth, I am not sorry," said Augustus; and he turned away his face for a moment, giving a long sigh.

"I dare say not, Mr. Staveley; but you need not have said so to me," said Sophia, pretending to take him literally at his word.

"Because I can not stand this kind of thing any longer. I suppose I must not see you in the morning—alone?"

"Well, I suppose not. If I can get down to prayers after having all my things packed up, it will be as much as I can do."

"And if I begged for half an hour as a last kindness—"

"I certainly should not grant it. Go and ask your mother whether such a request would be reasonable."

"Pshaw!"

"Ah, but it's not pshaw! Half hours between young ladies and young gentlemen before breakfast are very serious things."

"And I mean to be serious," said Augustus.

"But I don't," said Sophia.

"I am to understand, then, that under no possible circumstances—"

"Bless me, Mr. Staveley, how solemn you are!"

"There are occasions in a man's life when he is bound to be solemn. You are going away from us, Miss Furnival—"

"One would think I was going to Jeddo, whereas I am going to Harley Street."

"And I may come and see you there!"

"Of course you may if you like it. According to the usages of the world you would be reckoned very uncivil if you did not. For myself I do not much care about such usages, and therefore if you omit it I will forgive you."

"Very well; then I will say good-night—and good-by." These last words he uttered in a strain which should have melted her heart, and as he took leave of her he squeezed her hand with an affection that was almost painful.

It may be remarked that, if Augustus Staveley was quite in earnest with Sophia Furnival, he would have asked her that all-important question in a straightforward manner as Peregrine Orme had asked it of Madeline. Perhaps Miss Furnival was aware of this, and, being so aware, considered that a serious half hour before breakfast might not as yet be safe. If he were really in love he would find his way to Harley Street. On the whole, I am inclined to think that Miss Furnival did understand her business.

On the following morning Miss Furnival went her way without any further scenes of tenderness, and Lady Staveley was thoroughly glad that she was gone. "A nasty, sly thing," she said to Baker. "Sly enough, my lady," said Baker; "but our Mr. Augustus will be one too many for her. Deary me, to think of her having the imperance to think of him." In all which Miss Furnival was, I think, somewhat ill used. If young gentlemen such as Augustus Staveley are allowed to amuse themselves with young ladies, surely young ladies such as Miss Furnival should be allowed to play their own cards accordingly.

On that day, early in the morning, Felix Graham sought and obtained an interview with his host in the judge's own study. "I have come about two things," he said, taking the easy-chair to which he was invited.

"Two or ten, I shall be very happy," said the judge, cheerily.

"I will take business first," said Graham.

"And then pleasure will be the sweeter afterward," said the judge.

"I have been thinking a great deal about this case of Lady Mason's, and I have read all the papers, old and new, which Mr. Furnival has sent me. I can not bring myself to suppose it possible that she can have been guilty of any fraud or deception."

"I believe her to be free from all guilt in the matter, as I told you before. But then of course you will take that as a private opinion, not as one legally formed. I have never gone into the matter as you have done."

"I confess that I do not like having dealings with Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Aram."

"Mr. Chaffanbrass and Mr. Aram may not be so bad as you, perhaps in ignorance, suppose them to be. Does it not occur to you that we should be very badly off without such men as Chaffanbrass and Aram?"

"So we should without chimney-sweepers and scavengers."

"Graham, my dear fellow, judge not, that you be not judged. I am older than you, and have seen more of these men. Believe me that as you grow older and also see more of them, your opinion will be more lenient and more just. Do not be angry with me for taking this liberty with you."

"My dear judge, if you knew how I value it—how I should value any mark of such kindness that you can show me! However, I have decided that I will know something more of these gentlemen at once. If I have your approbation I will let Mr. Furnival know that I will undertake the case."

The judge signified his approbation, and thus the first of those two matters were soon settled between them.

"And now for the pleasure," said the judge.

"I don't know much about pleasure," said Graham, fidgeting in his chair, rather uneasily. "I'm afraid there is not much pleasure for either of us, or for any body else, in what I'm going to say."

"Then there is so much more reason for having it said quickly. Unpleasant things should always be got over without delay."

"Nothing on earth can exceed Lady Staveley's kindness to me, and yours, and that of the whole family, since my unfortunate accident."

"Don't think of it. It has been nothing. We like you, but we should have done as much as that even if we had not."

"And now I'm going to tell you that I have fallen in love with your daughter Madeline." As the judge wished to have the tale told quickly, I think he had reason to be satisfied with the very succinct terms used by Felix Graham.

"Indeed!" said the judge.

"And that was the reason why I wished to go away at the earliest possible time—and still wish it."

"You are right there, Mr. Graham. I must say you are right there. Under all the circumstances of the case, I think you were right to wish to leave us."

"And therefore I shall go the first thing to-morrow morning"—in saying which last words poor Felix could not refrain from showing a certain unevenness of temper, and some disappointment.

"Gently, gently, Mr. Graham. Let us have a few more words before we accede to the neces-

sity of any thing so sudden. Have you spoken to Madeline on this subject?"

"Not a word."

"And I may presume that you do not intend to do so?"

For a moment or so Felix Graham sat without speaking, and then, getting up from his chair, he walked twice the length of the room. "Upon my word, judge, I will not answer for myself if I remain here," he said at last.

A softer-hearted man than Judge Staveley, or one who could make himself more happy in making others happy, never sat on the English bench. Was not this a gallant young fellow before him—gallant and clever, of good honest principles, and a true manly heart? Was he not a gentleman by birth, education, and tastes? What more should a man want for a son-in-law? And then his daughter had had the wit to love this man so endowed. It was almost on his tongue to tell Graham that he might go and seek the girl, and plead his own cause to her.

But bread is bread, and butcher's bills are bills! The man and the father, and the successful possessor of some thousands a year, was too strong at last for the soft-hearted philanthropist. Therefore, having collected his thoughts, he thus expressed himself upon the occasion:

"Mr. Graham, I think you have behaved very well in this matter, and it is exactly what I should have expected from you." The judge at the time knew nothing about Mary Snow. "As regards yourself personally I should be proud to own you as my son-in-law, but I am of course bound to regard the welfare of my daughter. Your means, I fear, are but small."

"Very small indeed," said Graham.

"And though you have all those gifts which should bring you on in your profession, you have learned to entertain ideas which hitherto have barred you from success. Now I tell you what you shall do. Remain here two or three days longer, till you are fit to travel, and abstain from saying any thing to my daughter. Come to me again in three months, if you still hold the same mind, and I will pledge myself to tell you then whether or no you have my leave to address my child as a suitor."

Felix Graham silently took the judge's hand, feeling that a strong hope had been given to him, and so the interview was ended.

VALENTINE MOTT.

DR. MOTT, without any disparagement to his distinguished but younger professional brothers, may be justly styled the father of American surgery. His venerable years—for he has now attained the age of seventy-six—his long and arduous career as a practitioner of medicine and surgery, his almost unintermitted life-long labors as a teacher of surgery, but above all, his numerous brilliant and original surgical operations justly entitle him to the honor of this epithet.

There are few to whom his name is not famil-

iar; and while most of those who attained a distinguished place in the medical profession, in the earlier days of New York, are either entirely forgotten, or retain a cherished place in the memory of the few with whom they were or still are thrown in contact, it is his good fortune to have risen so far superior to these changes as to be little affected by them. The truth is, that his reputation is a world-wide one, and, like that of a distinguished and popular author, carries with it its own fame. With Sir Astley Cooper and Abernethy of England, and Dupuytren and Roux of France, his bold and brilliant operations have made his name familiar, not only to the surgeons but to the people of the whole United States; and hence, in the metropolitan changes of the city of his early surgical exploits, he has not been carried by the waves of increased population away from the public view.

While fully conscious of his own surgical achievements, and always pleased to converse about them, he is neither boastful nor arrogant. By no one is the student of medicine or the young practitioner of surgery more kindly received or more earnestly instructed than by him; and few who have had the good fortune to enjoy his personal acquaintance ever think of him but with the most agreeable recollections.

In the mutations of the city he has gradually been carried from his residence in Park Place—then the fashionable quarter of the city, with the old college trees visible on one side and those of the Park upon the other—first to Depau Row, Bleecker Street, and finally to Gramercy Park, where he now resides. In person Dr. Mott is somewhat above the ordinary height, and of a very good figure. No one, from his appearance, would suppose him to be more than sixty years of age. He is especially neat in his personal apparel, and very gentle in conversation. Even when under the excitement of an attempt to rob him of a part of that fame which he so justly prizes, I have never known him to forget the courtesies of the gentleman. Professor Eve, of Nashville, a distinguished surgeon and an old personal friend of Dr. Mott, a few years since published a work entitled “Remarkable Surgical Operations,” in which he alluded to the removal of the collar-bone, under the most difficult circumstances, by Dr. Mott, and which largely increased his reputation, as one that had been performed before by some little known Western surgeon. After uncommon pains in searching testimony, Dr. Mott was unable to find the case to which Dr. Eve alluded, and wrote to him, playfully complaining of his paragraph, to which the Doctor as pleasantly replied.

“All that I have to say,” said Dr. Mott, in speaking of this, “is, that I would not have so spoken of my old friend Eve.”

After receiving the degree of Doctor of Medicine from Columbia College, at that time the only medical school in the city, Dr. Mott went to London and became the pupil of Sir Astley, then Mr. Cooper, who was the surgeon at Guy's and St. Thomas hospitals, and the Professor of

Surgery in the medical school connected with these charities.

“There were,” said Mott, “a remarkable set of men in the chairs of this school when I attended it. Babington in that of Medicine, Heighton in Obstetrics, Marcet in Chemistry, the elder Cline, the preceptor of Sir Astley Cooper, and his son, in Anatomy, and the great Master, Cooper, in Surgery. At that time Cooper had a large and very lucrative practice in surgery among the merchants and business men of London, and entertained very democratic ideas. He lived in New Broad Street, and his ambition was bounded by amassing a fortune by the practice of his profession among the great middle class that then patronized him, without aspiring to Court patronage or preferment.

“Sir Astley,” continued Dr. Mott, “was at this time one of the most courtly gentlemen I ever knew. He was tall and commanding in figure, with very handsome features, and possessed of the most affable and courteous address. It was the custom of the time to wear the hair powdered; and his, in accordance with the usage, was thus whitened, and worn in a long queue; but his whiskers, which were in the prevailing fashion among the English, then and now, were of jetty black. His dress, which consisted of a black dress-coat, black silk small-clothes, and stockings of the same fabric, was always scrupulously neat.”

Thirty years after the time when Dr. Mott, as a student of surgery at Guy's and St. Thomas, knew Sir Astley, he paid a second visit to London. During this period Sir Astley had vastly extended his reputation, become the idol of the court circles, was constant companion of the privileged classes, and the possessor of a vast estate. Nor had the position of the young pupil scarcely less altered. Returning to his native country with all the ardor of youthful ambition, a mind well stored by the accumulated experience gained in the large hospitals and under the great masters of the surgical art in London, with a steady hand, a bold and determined will, and a rapid conception of the difficulties to be encountered, he had slowly and surely not only risen to the first rank among the surgeons of his own country, but had obtained a renown hitherto unawarded to any American surgeon in Europe.

One of his first visits after his arrival in London was paid to Sir Astley Cooper, not in his old residence in New Broad Street, but in the more aristocratic quarter of the West End. Upon his arrival at the residence of Sir Astley he found several persons awaiting their turns to be admitted to the presence of the great surgeon. Without announcing his name he took his position with the others, and came into the presence of his former master unheralded.

Sir Astley looked at him for a few moments in some surprise, and impatiently waving his hand to him to be silent, said, “Don't tell me your name; don't tell me your name;” and, after a moment's hesitancy, said, “it is Dr. Mott.”

It is hardly necessary to say that his reception by Sir Astley—who, on another occasion, said that “he has performed more of the great operations than any man living or that ever did live”—was of the most cordial and friendly character, and during his tarry in London he saw much of him. What particularly struck Dr. Mott on his return to London was the altered appearance of his former master, whom he had always pictured to himself as the same stately and elegantly-costumed gentleman he had known as a student. But in the mean time Sir Astley had grown careless in his personal appearance, and although still the well-bred gentleman, yet he was far less particular in manner and dress than heretofore. His hair, no longer powdered but of a gray color, hung loose and confused about his shoulders, his small-clothes had given place to pantaloons, and his whole costume was that of a careless if not a shabby man. And yet at that moment he was in the very zenith of his fame, ennobled, wealthy, and the first surgeon of his age.

“Come,” said he, on the occasion of one of Dr. Mott’s visits, “to my working-room, and I will show you what I have just been about.” And he led the Doctor to his dissecting-room; for although in the most fashionable part of London, he kept a room in his dwelling for this purpose. “You see,” said he to his visitor, “that I never omit an opportunity to fortify myself for the practice of my art.”

“And,” added Dr. Mott, in narrating this conversation to me, “neither do I. You are about to go where you will have the aid of few surgeons. Let me in parting urge on you, as the advice of one whom much practice has given a right to speak, never to perform a great operation without first fortifying yourself by this exercise.”

During the interval of time already alluded to, Sir Astley Cooper had retired from the practice of his profession to his estate at Hertfordshire, about twenty miles from London, determined to enjoy himself in the pastimes and pursuits of an English gentleman; but *ennuied* with this life he had again returned to his former duties, from the absolute necessity he found for the change.

“At first,” said he to Dr. Mott, “my country life furnished me much enjoyment; and what with agricultural pursuits, the rearing of horses, and the sports of the chase, my time passed away very pleasantly. These, however, soon ceased to afford amusement; and I found myself, day by day, sinking deeper into a state of confirmed despondency. Suddenly I aroused myself. ‘Am I,’ said I to myself, ‘not Sir Astley Cooper? Have I not wealth, and honor, and fame? Shall I sink into a miserable old driveling?’

“To rouse myself from this state,” continued he, “I sent Charles” [“I remembered Charles,” added Dr. Mott to me, “thirty years before, as Sir Astley’s factotum”] “to London, to buy up all the old and disabled horses he could find, and thus established an infirmary for their cure. This did tolerably well for a time; but my old

complaint returning, I resolved to renew my former mode of life. And here I am again,” continued he, “as happy a man as can be!”

While Dr. Mott was a student at Guy’s, in London, Abernethy, who was a surgeon at St. Bartholomew’s Hospital and Professor of Surgery in the Medical School attached to that hospital, shared with Sir Astley his fame as a distinguished surgeon.

Some time after Dr. Mott returned to America Sir Astley was invited to remove a small tumor from the forehead of the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., which it was supposed might interfere with the fit of the crown. For the performance of this operation he received the order of knighthood. It was the intention of the Government to seize the opportunity to confer the same honor on Abernethy, and the Duke of York was deputed to wait upon the eccentric surgeon, and to invite him to be present on the occasion.

“At the day and hour you name,” said Abernethy, “I shall be engaged at St. Bartholomew’s Hospital, and I will be d—d if I go!”

He thus lost the opportunity of becoming Sir John Abernethy.

Lawrence, whose work on Hernia Dr. Mott declared to be the best that was ever written, was at this time the demonstrator for Abernethy at St. Bartholomew’s. He has for many years filled with great distinction the post of surgeon in this hospital, so ably occupied by his eccentric but distinguished predecessor and preceptor. Travers, too, whose work on Irritation is a model of its kind, and who obtained great celebrity in London as a surgeon, was a fellow-student at Guy’s with Dr. Mott.

When Dr. Mott returned to New York, after his first European residence, he found the surgical field occupied by Dr. Richard S. Kissam and Dr. Wright Post, both of whom were not only well-educated and excellent surgeons but gentlemen of much refinement and great courtesy of manner. The young surgeon was warmly welcomed by them, and almost immediately selected by Dr. Post, who filled the chair of Anatomy in Columbia College, as his demonstrator. His ambition to become a teacher was soon gratified, through the kindness of Dr. Post, who resigned his position as Professor of Surgery, in order that it might be conferred on Dr. Mott. He had, prior to this period, delivered lectures in the Columbia College School on Operative Surgery.

From that period until the present, whenever in New York, he has, with unremitting assiduity, discharged his functions as a Professor of Surgery in one or the other of the medical schools of the city.

“I imagine,” said I to him on one occasion, when speaking of his favorable introduction into practice, “that you were exempt from the early struggles to which most young practitioners are compelled to submit?”

“On the contrary,” replied he, “my early professional life was very far from being free

from struggles. What I gained was obtained only after the same toils which, so far as I know, fall to the lot of almost every medical man."

"But," remarked I, "your favorable opportunities in Europe, and your connection with the college as a teacher of surgery, surely carried with them a prominence which could not fail to tell in your favor."

"You forget," replied he, "that the city of that day and of this are not the same. Then, although commerce had already begun to bring in its train some cases of accidental surgery to the wards of the hospital, yet the whole surgical business of New York, without conjoining with it the practice of medicine, would not have afforded a decent revenue for a single practitioner, and hence no one devoted himself exclusively to surgery. Now the case is different, and country practitioners send, from a large extent of territory, surgical cases to be treated by city surgeons. This, together with the influx of a class of population which are especially the victims of surgical maladies, has made New York one of the first cities in the world for the prosecution of surgical science, and has given large professional revenues to many who devote themselves exclusively to this branch."

I remarked that his case surely corroborated the general experience, and reminded me of that of Dr. Charles Bell Gibson, the present eminent Professor of Surgery in the Richmond Medical School. When Dr. Warner died, some ten years since, I added, Dr. Gibson was selected to fill his position in the college. He was at that time a resident of Baltimore, and was ranked as among the ablest of the surgeons of that city. I met him soon after his appointment and expressed my surprise that, after spending so many years to build up a practice in Baltimore, where he appeared to be doing a lucrative business, and already had a professorship, although not a remunerative one, he should be willing to forego these advantages for a hazardous experiment.

"What," said he, in reply to my expostulations, "do you think my annual professional income is?"

"Three or four thousand dollars," replied I.

"I will now tell you," said he, "what I have not before told any one. I have been in practice here for seven years. My relatives and associations, as you know, are among the wealthiest and most aristocratic of our citizens; and yet I declare to you that, with all these advantages, my professional revenue has never reached fifteen hundred dollars per year. With these facts, I ask you candidly if I had not better accept a position that insures me more than that sum and the chance of a lucrative practice?"

He accepted the position, removed to Richmond, and now enjoys a high reputation as a surgeon, and is in the possession of a very considerable professional revenue. These facts, in regard to the early struggles of medical men, are stated in the hope that they may furnish both a warning and a consolation to those who are about to enter upon this career. In no pursuit

are the rewards of a life of toil and sacrifice longer delayed than in this, and in none, when they do come, are they of more value or more highly appreciated. How many, while the more eminent have been struggling painfully on their road to fame, have either engaged in other pursuits, or, worn out with the delusive hope of ultimate but long-withheld reward, have ended a life of unsatisfied aspirations by filling a poor and perhaps a friendless grave, it is beyond the power of the writer to determine. Those who gain reputation or renown fill a space in the eyes of their fellows, by means of which their movements are easily chronicled; but those who fail in this endeavor are soon lost to the public gaze, and in the obscurity which disappointed ambition generally seeks for itself live unnoticed, and too often die unlamented.

After devoting himself with great zeal to his profession for thirty-five years, an alarming indisposition, which assumed the form of syncope, or fainting, upon slight occasions, induced Dr. Mott, in 1834, to abandon it for the time, and seek in the recreation of foreign travel a remedy which medicine failed to supply. This holiday, which was extended to seven years, gave him an ample opportunity of seeing the Old World, and of giving proof to the great surgeons of the European cities, by absolute demonstration, of his great skill as an operating surgeon.

It was during this visit that he met Sir Astley Cooper in London, in 1835, and that the interviews to which allusion has already been made took place. Just before leaving London for the Continent Sir Astley paid him a visit at his lodgings, and in parting feelingly reminded him that it might be their last interview—a prediction that proved to be true—and asked his acceptance of a pocket case of instruments of his own arrangement, beautifully made, as a remembrancer. His nephew and successor in practice (for although twice married Sir Astley was childless) at the same time presented him with an elegantly-wrought case of amputating instruments, the handles of which were made of the wood of the old London Bridge, and the blades of iron from the same. The wood, which is of English oak, and, as appears from the inscription on them, was taken from timbers laid down in 1176, and not removed until 1831, a space of 665 years.

During his long-continued residence in Paris, which was made doubly agreeable by his election as a member of the French Academy of Medicine a short time previous to his visit, he was placed on the most intimate terms with Velpeau, who had risen from a blacksmith's occupation to be one of the first surgeons of his age, and whose work on surgery Dr. Mott has annotated and given to the American public; with Lisfranc, the pupil of Dupuytren, and the head of the hospital La Pitié; with Civiale, of the Hospital Necker, and the author of the operation of lithotritry; with Roux, the successor of Dupuytren in the Hôtel Dieu, and the boldest and most frequent operator in Paris, who had ex-

tracted the cataract more than six thousand times, and performed the operation for lithotomy about six hundred times; with Andral, the great pathologist; with Broussais, the eminent physiologist, to whose doctrines more than to any other cause is due the present expectant mode of treating disease; and with Baron Larrey, the chief surgeon of Napoleon's Grand Army, and the intimate friend of Napoleon, whom for twenty years he accompanied in all his campaigns, sharing his couch when in the field.

With Baron Larrey Mott was on the very best of terms, and early after his arrival in Paris adopted, at his suggestion, a mode of treatment which went far in leading the way to the ultimate re-establishment of his health. The memory of the Emperor was cherished by his chief army surgeon with a reverence almost bordering upon veneration. His surgical memoirs of Napoleon's various campaigns are well known. When Dr. Mott was in Paris, that relating to the field of Waterloo was not written. Dr. Mott asked him if he intended to write this memoir, and thus complete the history.

"No," replied Larrey, sorrowfully, "I can never write that. It is too full of sad associations—too sorrowful a chapter in my own life; and yet," he added, "it had its episodes which I would not be unwilling to narrate, one of which came near being fatal to myself."

"How was that?" asked Dr. Mott.

"I was," replied Larrey, "on the field after the close of the battle on the third day. It was dark, and I was groping my way among the wounded and the dead, seeking for those who might stand in need of my services, whether among friends or foes. I had in the unevenness of the field lost my cap, and my hair, loose and long, partly concealed my face, which was rendered still less easily recognized by the effect of a wound on my forehead which I had received in a fall, and from which blood trickled over my face, and besmeared it. In this plight I was met by two English soldiers, who espied me by the glimmer of the night lamps, and mistaking me for the Emperor [they bore a strong personal resemblance to each other in figure], seized me, and dragging me along with violence, declared they would kill me—a threat which I have no doubt they would have speedily put into execution if we had not chanced to meet an English officer, who cried out, 'That is Baron Larrey!' The soldiers, struck aback by the mistake, immediately released me."

Such was the respect paid to this really good man by friend and foe that his person was always held sacred from violence or molestation, and this was the only instance during his long and trying services when it was placed in jeopardy from this cause. At a later period he did write the memoirs of this campaign, urged, it has been supposed, as much by the solicitations of Dr. Mott as from any other cause, to undertake the task which at first appeared so distasteful to him.

"Pray tell me," said Dr. Mott, on one occa-

sion, "is it true that Napoleon, to cover a retreat, caused poison to be administered to his men near St. Jean d'Acre, as narrated by Sir Robert Wilson, and reiterated by Admiral Sir Sydney Smith?"

Larrey not only indignantly denied the charge as wholly groundless, but on the following day invited three officers, who were present on the occasion, from the *Hôpital des Invalides* to his house to meet Dr. Mott, in order that he might obtain from them their version of the affair, which corroborated his own. At this day Napoleon and his acts can be viewed with vastly less prejudice than at the epoch in which he lived; and, apart from the circumstance that no act in his history goes to corroborate so fiendish an act, it could hardly have been done without at once being made manifest to Baron Larrey, as Surgeon-in-Chief of the forces, by the symptoms of the disease induced.

Notwithstanding his intimacy with Napoleon, and the opportunities presented to better his fortunes, Larrey was not a rich man, and lived, at the time Dr. Mott was in Paris, very unostentatiously upon an income of 12,000 francs, which he received as Inspector-General of the armies of France under the Government of Louis Philippe, then the reigning monarch. When Napoleon had conquered Germany he told Larrey to go to the conquered capitals, and take from their museums and cabinets whatever he desired pertaining to his profession.

"There is nothing, Sire," ingenuously replied Larrey, "in these countries that belongs to me, and I can take nothing from them."

"I had," said Baron Larrey, in mentioning this incident, "frequent opportunities to have amassed as princely a fortune as Dupuytren, who left more than three millions of francs, but I was unwilling to avail myself of them."

About this period Prince de Joinville was deputed by the Government of Louis Philippe to transport the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to Paris, where they now repose. The pageant that accompanied the entrance of the mortal remains of the Emperor into Paris, and attended them as laid out in state in the beautiful *Chapel des Invalides*, in the midst of his brave companions in arms in the battles of Lodi, of Marengo, of Austerlitz, and of Mount Jean, was probably the most brilliant ever witnessed even in pageant-loving Paris. Dr. Mott, with his old friend Larrey, who at the time was the surgeon of the *Hôpital des Invalides*, where the remains were brought, witnessed the intense affection exhibited by these old soldiers, to whom France is indebted for so much of her military renown, as they gazed once more on the face of their beloved Emperor with countenances bathed in tears, and marked by the intense emotions under which they labored.

Every thing pertaining to Napoleon was considered by them as sacred, and Baron Larrey, who was known to be so intimate with him, seemed like a link connecting them with their former commander, and exercised over them an unbounded influence. The hat worn by the old

surgeon had been made for and worn by the Emperor, and was by him transferred to the head of his surgeon, because, as he pleasantly remarked, "it better became him."

"There," said Larrey, as he jocosely placed the three-cornered chapeau upon the head of Dr. Mott, "you can now say that you have worn a hat that once graced the head of the greatest general the world ever knew."

An incident connected with this pageant was once mentioned to me by an American gentleman, which shows the high esteem in which the United States is held by Frenchmen. The coffin was covered by wreaths of *immortelle*, which were taken to pieces and scattered among the crowd prior to the final interment. The desire to obtain these was so intense that the gentleman above alluded to, after vainly endeavoring to approach near enough to possess himself of a branch, was about to abandon the attempt in despair, when he bethought himself that his country's name might aid him, and called out, "An *immortelle* for an American!"

The cry was instantly taken up by the crowd: "A wreath of *immortelle* for an American!" and, notwithstanding the desire to secure the memento, the whole wreath was passed from hand to hand and safely deposited in his possession.

Prince de Joinville afterward visited America in the same vessel in which he had performed his pilgrimage to St. Helena, *La Belle Poule*, and was for a time the guest of Dr. Mott. He has since renewed this visit, and has always continued on the most friendly terms with Dr. Mott and his family.

In his travels through the East his reputation as a learned member of the medical profession gave him valuable opportunities for seeing many things scarcely ever opened to the inspection of a stranger, and every where served as a passport to the pleasantest society. While in Greece, he was invited to a ball at the palace of the King, at Athens, where he had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of the brother and orphan children, a son and a daughter, of the chivalrous and lamented Marco Bozzaris, whose name has become so familiar to American readers through the noble ode of Halleck.

The features of the daughter were classic, and bore a strong resemblance to those of her illustrious sire. When she spoke of him her eyes sparkled with animation. She said she knew Dr. Mott and his party were from America, and America was the country of Halleck. She was struggling to learn the English language, although she made slow progress without a teacher, in order that she might read this poem in the original, in which she was told it was so beautiful. "It would," says Dr. Mott, "doubtless be gratifying to our distinguished countryman, Mr. Halleck, to know that this charming girl declared with all commendable frankness and naïveté imaginable that she had an ardent desire to go to America expressly to see him." Nor were the immediate relatives of the hero of Halleck's noblest ode the only ones to whom he had

endeared himself by his tribute of one of their most illustrious dead. Throughout all Greece the name of Halleck was an honored one; and had he visited this classic land there is no doubt but an ovation would have been offered to him of which both he and his country would have had good reason to be proud. But this would not have been in accordance with his simple tastes; and however much he might have been delighted to meet the charming young daughter of his hero, who in her graceful Grecian costume, and with her dazzling beauty, so won upon his countrymen, I am satisfied that he would much rather perpetuate the memory of a hero than to be made a hero himself.

After an absence of seven years, during which time his shattered constitution, completely undermined by the train of nervous diseases to which he was a victim, was, under the beneficial influence of foreign travel, almost entirely restored, he returned to his native country and the practice of his profession, "with attachments," to use his own language, "ten-fold stronger than when he left." "I have come back," he remarks, "if possible a still better American than when I left; and, from the comparison of the condition of the population in other countries, am still more deeply impressed with the conviction that our republican form of government is infinitely and immeasurably preferable to any other that ever existed."

Although at an age when most men seek repose, Dr. Mott is still attentive to the duties of his profession; and though he may lack somewhat of the boldness and daring which distinguished him in early life, yet his hand has lost none of its cunning, nor his mental vision any of the acuteness that fitted him for the performance of his duties in the first flush of his surgical career.

"Each day," remarked he, "I grow more cautious in the use of the knife; and if I have any advice to give to young practitioners, it is to adopt the old and honored maxim of that great medical light of antiquity, Celsus: '*Make haste slowly.*' Never operate until well assured of its necessity, and then proceed with a full knowledge of the subject, and with the greatest caution."

When such advice comes from one who has operated for stone one hundred and sixty-five times, and amputated one thousand limbs, it certainly should induce him who thinks that the surgeon's art may be lightly exercised to pause and consider before he proceeds.

But it is perhaps in his capacity as a lecturer that his memory will be longest cherished by those who have had the opportunity of listening to him. Like Abernethy, who was never so well satisfied as when surrounded by his class, Dr. Mott seems never to tire in imparting the principles of his art to his class of attentive pupils; and few students, however careless or inattentive on ordinary occasions, ever enter his lecture-room without insensibly becoming compelled to listen to what he has to tell them.

By long experience as a teacher he has stored his mind with precisely that sort of information which it is most desirable for them to acquire, and few questions can arise in which he has not apt and frequently graphic illustrations at hand drawn from his own large experience.

"I speak of this particular part of the body," said he to his class, on one occasion when I was present as his guest, while he was lecturing upon the surgical relations of the axilla, or arm-pit, "as one of great interest to me. Perhaps, gentlemen, you will be surprised at my frequent use of this expression; and you will doubtless conclude that I am such an enthusiastic admirer of my art that I consider all equally interesting. Well, gentlemen, I confess to you that to me they are all interesting. Apart from the wonderful beauty displayed in this master-piece of mechanism, which is developed by every fresh stroke of the knife of the anatomist, I can scarcely direct my attention to any part that has not been the seat of some surgical malady for which I have been called upon to operate. But, gentlemen, the part which I now show you displays the great axillary vein, nearly as large as your finger, which in a short distance further assumes the name of subclavian, and in a few inches deposits its tide of blood into the heart. People sometimes say that air may be admitted into the veins without detriment—I know better. I will not now say what has happened to myself; but the celebrated Dr. Warren, of Boston, whose surgical skill none could deny, in operating in this region accidentally made an opening into this vein which admitted the air, and his patient expired in an instant. I never had the bad luck to open this vein; but, gentlemen, I say to you, be careful how you open large veins." This illustration is sufficient to show the emphatic manner in which he managed to impress any important fact upon the mind of his auditors.

Dr. Mott prefers to lecture without notes, for two reasons: 1st, Because the manner of the speaker is usually more emphatic, and better succeeds in arresting the attention of the audience; and, 2d, Because it furnishes an opportunity to the lecturer to depart from the direct line of discourse when he perceives that he is not fully comprehended, and also to arouse the flagging attention by a well-timed anecdote or witty repartee. These are weapons which he manages with admirable tact; and hence his success in commanding the undivided attention of those who never dream of becoming surgeons.

EARLY DISUNIONISTS.

VIRGINIA stands peerless among the States in titular dignities. Because she was loyal to the bad dynasty of the Stuarts, and invited the profligate Charles the Second, when in exile at Breda, to come over and be her king, she was called *The Old Dominion*. Because seven of the chief magistrates of the republic were born within her borders, she has been called *The Mother of Presidents*. Because her State pride, which

would not allow her to assume the position of simple equality with her sister Commonwealths in the new Republic, gave birth to the disloyal subject, *Nullification*, which she cherished in her bosom, she may be called the *Nurse of Disunion*.

When the Revolution was ended, in 1783, Virginia was the most populous, as it was the most politically potent of all the States. Previous to that great disruption of social and political systems that power resided—by common consent, apparently—in a few families. Their wealth, education, manners, and habits of life gave them consideration and commanding influence. They were cultivated and refined, and kind and courteous to all. Their hospitality was unbounded, and their expenditures were so lavish that, to the humble around them, it appeared princely. They were exclusive in feelings and actions, and kept all familiarity of those not of their class in abeyance. They owned vast domains, tilled (when at all) by negro slaves. They regarded mechanical and commercial pursuits as vulgar, and looked upon them with all the contempt of Roman patricians.

The Church of England was the beloved ecclesiastical mother of the Virginia aristocracy; and, nestling in her bosom, they petulantly outlawed Quakers and Papists, whose presence disturbed them in the earlier days of the Commonwealth. There were no free schools, nor a free press, for which Governor Berkeley was duly thankful.

Below the aristocracy were an exceedingly illiterate class, who were chiefly small planters—some owning a few slaves, and others tilling the soil with their own hands. Wages were almost unknown, because the poor white people, as well as the black bondsmen, were generally a sort of feudal dependents upon the rich minority, who fashioned their opinions upon all subjects. They were taught that those who lived beyond the borders of Virginia were inferior people. The New Englanders were spoken of as a "Puritanical sect, with pharisaical peculiarities in their worship and behavior," and engaged in the immoral business of trade. They considered the Dutch of New York "a slippery people." The inhabitants of New Jersey were sneered at as nothing but "a swarm of Scots Quakers," having insufficient characters to be "tolerated to exercise the gift of the Spirit in their own country;" while Maryland was regarded as simply "a retreat for Papists for whom England was too hot." The Carolinas, a "region of pines and serpents," were inhabited by a people hardly worthy of notice.* In the opinion of the common mind of *The Old Dominion*, thus taught, the "first families of Virginia" possessed the only ladies and gentlemen on the continent, and her domain was the Garden of Eden—the Potomac, Rappahannock, York, and James rivers being the Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates of the author of the Pentateuch.

Virginia was governed before, and a long time

* See BYRD'S *Westover Papers*.

after, the Revolution by this proud landed aristocracy, whose rule, unprogressive as it was, was manifold more desirable than that of a race of speculative and speculating politicians who succeeded them. Theirs was an honest pride; and long possession of the reins of power made them naturally haughty, boastful, and arbitrary. They were tenacious of distinction. That superiority, and the right to rule which they claimed for Virginia as a Colony, they also claimed for her as a State. That assumption, long cherished and so flattering to State pride, was and has ever been a powerful instrument in the hands of her trading politicians in the management of national affairs; sometimes used so offensively as to disturb the equanimity of the people of other States, particularly of those of New England.

"I wish," wrote a leading New Englander as early as 1796—"I wish with all my heart that Virginia was out of the Union." Eight years later another (a United States Senator) wrote: "I feel, I freely confess, no affection for the General Government. It is Virginian all over. We feel that we are Virginia slaves now, and that we are to be delivered over to Kentucky and the other Western States when our Virginia masters are tired of us. I hope the time is not far distant when the people east of the North River will manage their own affairs in their own way, without being embarrassed by regulations from Virginia, and that the sound part will separate from the corrupt."

A distinguished Massachusetts divine wrote: "If we [New England] were peaceably severed from the rest of the United States, with perhaps some other States joined with us, and left to manage our own affairs in our own way, I think we should do much better than we do now. Our empire is growing unwieldy, and must, I think, ere long, break in pieces."

Convinced that a dissolution of the Union was near, early in 1804 a National Senator of New Hampshire, who favored the project, wrote—"The Government is Virginian; New England must soon feel its degraded condition, and I hope will have energy to assert and maintain its rights; and it will be of infinite importance that the necessary changes should be effected under the forms and by the authority of the existing State Governments." And a Connecticut statesman exclaimed in his place in the Senate of the United States in January, 1804: "I am an Eastern man; but while I am the representative of a State which is yet a member of the Union, I hope I shall have as much influence as if I were a Southern man."

Disunion sentiments were wide-spread in New England at that time; but they received a withering rebuke, not only from the distinguished victim of Burr's malice in New York, who was supposed to favor them, but by a voice that came speedily from the forests of the Cumberland, uttered by the lips of that incorruptible and stern patriot, who, almost thirty years later, placed his foot effectively upon Nullification in South Carolina. In reference to Burr's traitorous con-

spiracy in the Southwest against the integrity of the republic, he said, "I hate the Dons, and would delight to see Mexico reduced; but *I would die in the last ditch before I would see the Union dissolved!*"

These sentiments of disloyalty so prevalent among the leaders of a waning political party in New England at that time, and the political heresy pronounced by a New Hampshire Senator, that "our Government may be compared to a company in trade," were but the echoes of the sentiments of Virginians, which had been uttered in every form for more than ten years.

The inexorable logic of the National Constitution humbled State pride and aroused its resentment; and the arguments based upon the doctrine of State Rights—the independent sovereignty of each commonwealth, the fatal error in the old Confederation—formed the heaviest batteries with which the opponents of that Constitution assailed it. It was the death-warrant of oligarchies of every kind. It denied the independence of the State sovereignties, and cut up by the roots the principles upon which all oligarchies rest for support. It took sovereign power from the political managers of States, who were always working exclusively for local interests unmindful of the general good, and gave it broadly and unreservedly into the hands of the *whole people* inhabiting the domain of the United States. Family and State pride were alike offended. Two of the Virginia delegates in the Convention that framed the Constitution refused to sign it; and many of her leading men, with Patrick Henry at their head, vehemently opposed it, chiefly because it *established a consolidated Government*. "Who authorized the Convention," asked Henry, "to speak the language of 'We the *people*,' instead of 'We the *States*?' Even from that illustrious man who saved us by his valor I would have a reason for his conduct."

George Mason, Washington's neighbor and friend, denounced it because, as he said, it would *change the confederation of the States into a consolidation, and annihilate the State governments*. It was acknowledged by all that its powers, and those of the National Legislature under it, were *supreme*, and laws passed in accordance with its provisions were necessarily beyond the reach of State action, whose functions were by it made municipal and subordinate. And yet, as we shall observe presently, leading statesmen of Virginia—men whose memories we revere—ventured, for the accomplishment of political party purposes, to array that State against the General Government, and prepared, in that precedent, the foundation of the theories and practices upon which the Great Rebellion of 1861 rests its claims to justification.

Allusion is here made to the nullification resolutions prepared by a statesman of Virginia in 1798, and offered by a Virginian in the Legislature of Kentucky; also to the famous "Virginia Resolutions" of the same year.

Evidences of disloyalty in *The Old Dominion* had been visible on every side from the close of

the Convention in 1787; and some of her politicians, finding themselves unable to fashion the National legislation so as to suit the ideas and interests of Virginia, turned their thoughts to a dissolution of the Union, as the only sure method of relief from the evils incident to more enlarged national obligations. Disunion became their grand specific for all the real and imaginary political maladies that vexed Virginia; and the State Rights' creed became their rule of faith and practice.

The first decided manifestations of disloyalty in Virginia were seen immediately after the close of the first session of the National Congress, held at New York. The delegates from that State, and a large number of their fellow-citizens who visited New York during the session, had heard with amazement the views and plans of Northern and Eastern men concerning commerce and manufactures, and their alleged intention to make the General Government an auxiliary in the great work of promoting the growth of these essential elements of the strength and prosperity of a nation. They had also acquired glimpses of the untiring industry, the indomitable energy and perseverance, and the thousand evidences of the increasing wealth of these people, and felt keenly the contrast which they afforded to the sluggishness of Virginia. In the light of this experience they perceived that her power as a leading State would rapidly pass away under the new order of things. Out of this perception grew a restless discontent, followed by a burning desire to dissolve the Union with the energetic North.

"A spirit of jealousy toward the Eastern States, which may become dangerous to the Union," wrote Dr. Stuart to Washington, in March, 1790, "seems to be growing fast among us. It is represented that the Northern phalanx is so firmly united as to bear down all opposition, while Virginia is unsupported, even by those whose interests are similar to hers. It is the language of all I have seen on their return from New York. Colonel Lee [Richard Henry] tells me that many who were warm supporters of the Government are changing their sentiments, from a conviction of the impracticability of union with States whose interests are so dissimilar to those of Virginia. I fear the Colonel is one of the number."

To this letter Washington, who loved the State in which he was born, but who considered his allegiance as a citizen as due primarily to the National Government, and secondarily to that of Virginia, replied in his usual dignified manner. "I am sorry," he said, "such jealousies as you speak of should be gaining ground, and are poisoning the minds of the Southern people; but admit the fact which is alleged as the cause of them, and give it full scope, does it amount to more than was known to every man of information before, at, and since the adoption of the Constitution? Was it not always believed that there are some points which peculiarly interest the Eastern States?.....Are there not oth-

er points which equally concern the Southern States? If these States are less tenacious of their interest, or if, while the Eastern move in a solid phalanx to effect their views, the Southern are always divided, which of the two is most to be blamed? That there is a diversity of interests in the Union none has denied. That this is the case also in every State is equally certain; and that it even extends to the counties of individual States can be as readily proved.I ask again, which is most blameworthy, those who see and will steadily pursue their interest, or those who can not see, or, seeing, will not act wisely? And I will ask another question, of the highest magnitude in my mind, to wit, if the Eastern and Northern States are dangerous *in union*, will they be less so *in separation*? If self-interest is their governing principle, will it forsake them or be restrained by such an event? I hardly think it would. Then, independently of other considerations, what would Virginia, and such other States as might be inclined to join her, gain by a separation? Would they not, most unquestionably, be the weaker party?"

Washington then added this severe rebuke to the politicians who were fomenting discontent among the people of his State: "Men, who go from hence *without feeling themselves of so much consequence as they wished to be considered, and disappointed expectants, added to malignant, designing characters*, who miss no opportunity of aiming a blow at the Constitution, paint highly on one side, without bringing into view the arguments which are offered on the other." Types of men of a later day.

Disunion sentiments continued to prevail and increase in Virginia. Her political influence was omnipotent over all the region below the Potomac, and the poison of Secession, administered by the hand of State Rights at the command of Nullification, rapidly infected the other Southern States. When, in 1792, leading men urged Washington to accept the Presidency for a second term, the fact that disaffection to the Union was prevalent was used as a powerful persuasive. Jefferson, in a letter urging him to continue in office, declared that opposition to the National Government, so great in the South at the beginning, had so increased that "only a small number was wanting to place the majority on the other side." Governor Randolph, of Virginia, writing to Washington for the same purpose, assured him that those who had opposed the Constitution from "a hatred of the Union" could "never be reconciled;" that others would "push the construction of Federal powers to every tenable extreme;" and that the Republican or Democratic party (of which Jefferson was the founder and leader, and Governor Randolph a supporter) had adopted "the fatal error, *that the State Assemblies were to be resorted to as the engines of correction to the Federal Administration*;" in other words, the State Legislatures would practically assert their right to nullify any act of the National Congress.

The unavoidable delay of the Government in arranging with Spain (with whose representatives at New Orleans politicians in the Mississippi Valley had long been coquetting) for the free navigation of the Mississippi River, brought threats of secession from the Legislature of Kentucky in 1794, simultaneously with the culmination of the Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania, that luxuriant blooming of the plant of Nullification so carefully cherished by the leading men opposed to the Administration of Washington. The air was so thick at that time with menaces of nullification and disunion from the "Democratic Societies," who sympathized with that insurrection, that Mr. Jefferson, who had stigmatized as "infernal" the excise law that was the ostensible cause of it, wrote to Madison from his home in Virginia, in December of that year, saying, "Separation is now near and certain, and determined in the minds of all men."

Then came, the following year, the excitement concerning Jay's Treaty. It was denounced in all parts of the Union, and Virginia brought forward her grand prescription for all political maladies that afflicted her. She threatened to "recede from the Union in case the treaty should be ratified." A leading newspaper in her capital, with language more forcible than elegant, thus proclaimed the intentions of her citizens to the world:

"Notice is hereby given that, in case the treaty entered into by that damned arch-traitor, John Jay, with the British tyrant should be ratified, a petition will be presented to the next General Assembly of Virginia at their next session, praying that the said State may recede from the Union, and be under the government of one hundred thousand free and independent Virginians.

"P.S. As it is the wish of the people of said State to enter into a treaty of amity, commerce, and navigation, with any other State or States of the present Union who are averse to returning again under the galling yoke of Great Britain, the printers of the (at present) United States are requested to publish the above notification.—*Richmond*, July 31, 1795."

No States concluded to follow in the wake of Virginia, and very little that is noteworthy, in this connection, occurred in that commonwealth until the preparation of famous nullification resolutions three years later, whose history may be briefly stated. It is proper here to remark that the prevalence of disunion sentiments in the South, and especially in Virginia, caused Washington, in his *Farewell Address* to the people of the United States, put forth in 1796, to make the *value of the Union* the burden of that rich legacy to the American people.

During the canvass for President of the United States in 1796, the Republican or Democratic party made the most strenuous efforts to place Mr. Jefferson, their founder and leader, in the chair of the chief magistrate of the nation. They failed. John Adams, the Vice-President under Washington, was chosen to fill that seat.

From the beginning of its career the Democratic party had held the reins of power, and sympathized with the Revolution in France. That Revolution had been inaugurated by patriotic men for a high and holy purpose; but its

powers were usurped by a band of desperate politicians, who, in the names of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," committed the most flagrant crimes. For a long time the distinction between the originators of the Revolution and its subsequent conductors were not perceived by the great mass of the people of the United States. Old hatreds of England, engendered by a century of oppression and neglect and a recent war; the existing alliance with France, made by treaty with her lately murdered king; and the proclamation of universal liberty put forth by the French Revolutionists, caused a large proportion of the people of the United States, whose political ideas were not yet crystallized into perfect forms, to deeply sympathize with them.

Jefferson was in France at the outbreak of the Revolution, and came home filled with enthusiastic admiration of some of the leaders and of their cause, expecting to find his countrymen equally enthusiastic. His own feelings found ready response in Virginia, but the atmosphere beyond its borders chilled him. He was called to a seat in Washington's Cabinet, and on his arrival in New York he was shocked by the apparent apathy of all classes on the great subject then convulsing Europe—the great uprising of the people of France against kings and aristocrats—the echo in full response to our own Revolution. He stood still with amazement, and then became painfully suspicious of all around him. Washington's dignity and prudent conservatism, and his expressed determination to maintain a strict neutrality toward the nations of Europe, he regarded as a weakness. He desired both the Government and people to show an active, positive, practical sympathy with the French Revolutionists; and he shrunk from contact with every man whose feelings were not coincident with his own. He denounced Hamilton, Jay, Adams, Knox, King, and other leading supporters of Washington's administration, as "monarchists," "corruptionists," "conspirators against republican liberty," and "stipendiaries of Great Britain." His suspicions became settled convictions, and his convictions led to personal as well as political hatreds. Two parties were formed, called respectively *Federalists* and *Republicans*. At the head of the former was Hamilton, and of the latter, Jefferson, both members of Washington's Cabinet. Their political and personal quarrels gave the President a world of trouble, and at length they both retired from the executive council. The political animosities and suspicions of Jefferson became a sort of monomania; and until he was elected President of the United States, in the year 1800, his violent denunciations of men and measures opposed to his party can only be charitably accounted for on the theory that his usually vivid imagination was, for a time, the master of his judgment.

Adams found violent and implacable opponents to his administration in Jefferson, Madison, and a few other leading men, who fashioned the opinions of a large and growing party. Ev-

ery measure of his administration was made the subject for the most rigid scrutiny, and, sometimes, of violent assault. For a long time the Government had been annoyed by the machinations of French emissaries, who, in connection with secret societies of native citizens, were poisoning the minds of the people, and endeavoring to weaken their love for and allegiance to their National Government. Genet, the first minister of the "French Republic" to the United States, encouraged by a large party of sympathizers found here, actually attempted to set the Government, to which he was accredited, at defiance, by fitting out in Charleston Harbor, with the consent and approbation of the Governor and citizens, privateers to prey upon British commerce, in direct violation of the President's proclamation of neutrality. He also endeavored, by an impudent manifesto, to array the people against their Government, in which nefarious business he was encouraged and aided by secret "Democratic societies," so called, modeled after the Jacobin clubs of Paris. He was finally deprived of his commission at the request of our Government; but his immediate successors, if not so bold, were equally obnoxious to the charge of being impudent intermeddlers with the domestic affairs of the nation, and secret plotters against its welfare.

A hostile feeling toward the United States was soon manifested in France, because they persisted in maintaining the attitude of neutrality; and soon after Mr. Adams entered upon his exalted duties it became evident that a war with our old ally was not improbable. Before a year had elapsed the event appeared inevitable. At the same time the Democratic societies and French emissaries were busy in intrigues against the Administration, if not against the actual life of the National Government. It was estimated that at that time there were in the United States French citizens, aliens, full thirty thousand, all presumed to be naturally inimical to the Government. At the same time the Democratic leaders and press were exceedingly active in the dissemination of doctrines that menaced the stability of the Government, and in making malignant assaults upon the Administration. To guard against alien enemies, and to shield the Government from malignant abuse and seditious doctrines, the Congress of the United States passed acts known in history as the *Alien and Sedition Laws*, to remain in force a limited time, until the exigencies which evoked them should no longer exist. These were denounced as unconstitutional and despotic, and were made the excuse by Virginians for asserting the doctrine of State Rights in the aspect of positive Nullification, on the occasion to which allusion has already been made. It was done in this wise:

On a pleasant day in October, 1798, two brothers, natives of Virginia, sat with Mr. Jefferson (then Vice-President of the United States), in his library at Monticello, and discussed the topic of national politics. These were George and Wilson C. Nicholas, the former a resident of

Kentucky at that time and a leading politician there. They had lately come from Philadelphia, and assured Mr. Jefferson that the leading republicans in Congress, "finding themselves useless there," being "brow-beaten by a bold and overwhelming majority in that body," had "concluded to retire from that field and *take a stand in the State Legislatures*" against the Administration and its measures. They had resolved to plant themselves upon the doctrine of State Rights, and have the State Legislatures nullify the acts of Congress. Mr. Jefferson, it may be imagined, listened with great attention; and the three deliberated on the propriety of engaging Kentucky, the daughter of Virginia, with the mother in "energetic protestations" in that form against the constitutionality of the *Alien and Sedition Laws*. A plan was agreed upon; and then the brothers urged Mr. Jefferson to sketch resolutions for that purpose.

How could he? Such revolutionary means for the purpose of breaking down a political party would seem too dangerous to a genuine lover of his country. Only four months before he had administered a gentle rebuke to John Taylor, of Caroline County, an early Virginian secessionist, who in a letter written in May had declared "that it was not unwise now to estimate the separate mass of Virginia and North Carolina, with a view to their separate existence." He had said to this disunionist, on the first of June: "If, on a temporary superiority of the one party, the other is to resort to a scission of the Union, no Federal government can ever exist. If, to rid ourselves of the present rule of Massachusetts and Connecticut, we break the Union, will the evil stop there? Suppose the New England States alone cut off, will our nature be changed? Are we not men still to the South of that, and with all the passions of men? Immediately we shall see a Pennsylvania and a Virginia party arise in the residuary confederacy, and the public mind will be distracted with the same party-spirit. What a game, too, will the one party have in their hands, *by eternally threatening the other that unless they do so and so they will join their Northern neighbors!* If we reduce our Union to Virginia and North Carolina, immediately the conflict will be established between the representatives of these two States, and *they will end by breaking into their simple units.....* Better keep together as we are, haul off from Europe as soon as we can, and from all attachments to any portion of it. If the game runs sometimes against us at home, we must have patience till luck turns."

How could Mr. Jefferson sketch State Rights or Nullification resolutions, whose logical sequence must be disunion, after giving such sensible arguments and patriotic advice to his disloyal friend? It is true his views in June seem to have been somewhat modified in September; for on the 26th of that month, in a letter to Archibald Hamilton Rowan, the celebrated Irish refugee, who wished to visit him, he announced his willingness to defy the Alien Law, and prom-

ised nullifying action on the part of Virginia in the event of an attempt to enforce it. He assured Mr. Rowan that, if he chose to come to Virginia, its State courts would, by writ of *habeas corpus*, release him from arrest, and protect him against the enforcement of what he deemed to be unconstitutional national laws. He gave him to understand that he would personally receive and countenance him, in defiance of a law of Congress, and, if necessary, make an issue between the National and State courts, and to have the whole power of the State sustain the decisions of the latter.

A little later (October 11) Mr. Jefferson wrote to Stevens Thompson Mason, the betrayer of the secrets of the United States Senate in 1795, on the subject of the obnoxious laws, and said, "I fancy that some of the State Legislatures will take strong ground on this occasion. For my own part, I consider those laws as merely an experiment on the American mind to see how far it will bear an avowed violation of the Constitution." He then goes on, in an excited manner, to comment on the subject, suggesting his belief that the end in view was the establishment of a dictatorship or protectorate of the Cromwellian stamp. It is probable that, in a similar frame of mind, he consented, ten days afterward, to draw up the resolutions suggested by the Nicholas brothers, which, if they had been followed by full corresponding action, would have placed Kentucky in the position of open rebellion against the authority of the National Government.

Mr. Jefferson was unwilling to appear as a party in the matter, and he demanded the most solemn assurance from his guests that the author of the resolutions should remain unknown. They gave him the required pledge of secrecy; and there in his library, while they were absent at Charlottesville for a few hours, he drew up nine resolutions. That original draft, in the handwriting of Mr. Jefferson, is still in existence.

In the first resolution Mr. Jefferson asserted that "the several States composing the United States of America are not united on the principle of unlimited submission to their General Government," but that they constitute a General Government by "compact entered into by the several States *as States*." This assumption was in direct conflict with the official history of the Constitution, and the arguments of Henry, Mason, and others, that the expression, "We the people," instead of "We the States," implied consolidation and full subordination of the State Governments. Arguing upon this assumption, Mr. Jefferson drew the natural conclusion that, "as in all other cases of compact, any powers having no common judge, *each party has an equal right to judge for itself*, as well of infractions as of the measure of redress."

The next five resolutions show how these principles apply to the acts of Congress under consideration, alleged to be unconstitutional, and the right of the States to judge of infractions and the remedy, not merely as matters of opin-

ion, but officially and constitutionally, as parties to the compact.

The seventh resolution suggested that the "revisal and correction" of several other specified acts of Congress, alleged to have been founded upon an unconstitutional interpretation of the rights of the General Government, should be postponed to "a time of greater tranquillity, while those specified in the preceding resolutions call for immediate redress."

The eighth resolution provided for a committee of conference and correspondence, such as were very potential at the beginning of the Revolution, "to communicate the preceding resolutions to the Legislatures of other States," and to inform them that the Commonwealth of Kentucky, with all her esteem for her "co-States" and attachment to the Union, was determined "to submit to undelegated, and consequently unlimited, powers in no man or body of men on earth; that, in case of an abuse of the delegated power, the members of the General Government being chosen by the people, a change by the people would be the constitutional remedy; but when powers are assumed which have not been delegated, a nullification of the act is the right remedy; and that *every State has a natural right, in cases not within the compact, to nullify, of their own authority, all assumptions of power by others within their limits*." It also authorized the committee of correspondence to call upon the "co-States" to "concur in declaring these acts [Alien and Sedition Laws, etc.] void and of no force, and each to take measures of its own for providing that neither these acts, nor *any other of the General Government* not plainly and intentionally authorized by the Constitution, shall be exercised within their respective territories."

The purport of these resolutions, which are very lengthy, may be thus summed up: The Constitution of the United States is a compact between the several States, *as States*, each sovereign State being an integral party to that compact. That, as in other compacts between equal sovereigns who have no common judge, each party has the right to interpret the compact for itself, and is bound by no interpretation but its own. That the General Government has no final right, in any of its branches, to interpret the extent of its own powers. That these powers are limited within certain prescribed bounds, and that all acts not considered by State Courts as warranted by its powers may properly be nullified by a State within its own boundaries.

The anti-national doctrine of *Independent State Sovereignty* and the "reserved right" of *Nullification* was never more broadly asserted than in these resolutions. Indeed they were too revolutionary to be accepted by the Kentucky Legislature without important modifications. They were presented to that body by John Breckinridge, a native of Virginia (whom President Jefferson made Attorney-General of the United States), then a representative from Fayette. On the 14th of November the first seven resolutions

were adopted by an almost unanimous vote. But the menacing teeth of Nullification were drawn from the eighth—or rather, a substitute for it was presented, in which the Legislature simply directed that the preceding resolutions be laid before Congress by the Kentucky senators and representatives, who were required “to use their best endeavors to procure, at the next session of that body, a repeal of the aforesaid unconstitutional and obnoxious acts.” The Governor was also instructed to transmit the resolutions to the Legislatures of the several States, to whom an earnest argumentative appeal was made, based upon the sentiments of Jefferson’s eighth resolution, and asking them to express an opinion that those “obnoxious acts of Congress” were “void and of no force.” The tameness of the substitute for Jefferson’s nullification resolution presented a ludicrous contrast with the boldness of the first. Governor Garrard, a native of Virginia, sanctioned the resolutions by his signature; and thus that State, contrary to the wishes of its citizens, early received the taint of nullification.

“I inclose you a copy of the draft of the Kentucky resolutions,” Mr. Jefferson wrote to Mr. Madison, on the 17th of November. “I think we [Virginians] should distinctly affirm all the important principles they contain, so as to hold to that ground in future, and leave the matter in such a train as that we may not be committed absolutely to push the matter to extremities, and yet may be free to push as far as events will render prudent.”

To John Taylor, the avowed secessionist, he wrote, some days later: “I would not do any thing at this moment which should commit us further, but reserve ourselves to shape our future measures, or no measures, by the events which may happen. It is a singular phenomenon, that while our State governments are the very best in the world, without exception or comparison, our General Government has, in the rapid course of nine or ten years, become more arbitrary, and has swallowed more of the public liberty than even that of England.”

The Kentucky resolutions were sent to the Legislatures of the other States, by many of whom they were handled roughly; and they were approved by none except Virginia.

John Taylor and Mr. Madison went into the Legislature of that State expressly to aid in making a similar stand against the National Government. Mr. Madison did not take his seat until the spring of 1799, but he drew up a series of resolutions substantially the same in principle as those drawn by Mr. Jefferson, except the eighth, but more guarded in expression. These were presented by Mr. Taylor to the Virginia Legislature, and were adopted toward the close of December by a very large majority. They affirmed the doctrine that the General Government was only a compact of independent States, made *as States*, and “that in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of other powers not granted by the said compact, the States who are the par-

ties thereto have the right, and are in duty bound to interpose for correcting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authorities, rights, and liberties appertaining to them.” They then complained of a manifest spirit so to construe the provisions of the Constitution as “to consolidate the States, by degrees, into one sovereignty;” which was the intention of the founders, and because of which, Henry, Mason, and other Virginians strenuously opposed the Constitution. The resolutions concluded with a protest against the Alien and Sedition laws as “palpable and alarming infractions of the Constitution;” and called upon the other States to join in the protest, and each “to take the necessary and proper measures for co-operating in each State in maintaining, unimpaired, the authorities, rights, and liberties reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.”

These were sent out in January, accompanied by an address from the pen of Mr. Madison, containing adroit arguments in favor and reasons for the adoption of the resolutions; a course, as a minority of the Virginian Assembly declared, “alike outraging the rules of the Legislature, and derogating from the discernment of their constituents.” That minority put forth an equally able counter address, signed by fifty-eight members of the Legislature, in which they declared that “an awful crisis had arrived;” lamented the existence of the revolutionary resolutions; and justified their own course by an avowed foresight of “the evils which disunited America must inevitably suffer.” They declared that “*America is one nation*, and therefore the State Governments are restrained from interfering with the great acts of sovereignty” of the National Government. This counter address was presented to and received by the Legislature; but when the minority asked to have it printed and circulated with Madison’s resolutions and the plea in their favor, the request was denied, by the majority, for obvious reasons.

Those famous “Virginia Resolutions of ’98,” and the address in their favor, have ever been relied on as forming an unanswerable vindication of the doctrine of Independent State Sovereignty, and the right of a State to nullify any act of the National Government. They were cited by the nullifiers in 1832-’33, and have been the chief basis of the secession movement in 1860-’61.

Virginia politicians of the disunion stamp, with an offensive lack of modesty, have ever made that action of the majority of their State Legislature, more than sixty years ago (which was evidently planned and executed more for the purpose of crushing the Federal party, and elevating Mr. Jefferson to the presidency of the Republic, than for enunciating or establishing any fixed political principles), a rule binding upon the whole nation, and of equal force with the National Constitution. This assumption becomes more offensive when the historical fact is considered that *not one of the State Legislatures* to whom

the Virginia Resolutions and the address were sent, except already-committed Kentucky, countenanced them in the least degree by a word officially spoken. On the contrary, every State Legislature from which Virginia received a response explicitly denied the right of a State, *as such*, to interfere with the laws of the National Government. They all contended that the right of pronouncing on the constitutionality of acts of the General Government was exclusively vested in the National Judiciary; and that a declaration by a State Legislature, such as Virginia had made, of the unconstitutionality of an act of Congress was "*an unwarrantable interference with the constituted authorities of the Union.*"* And Patrick Henry, who patriotically bowed to the supreme authority of the Constitution, when it became the organic law of the republic, although now too feeble in health to engage vigorously in public life, was so alarmed at the prevalence of a revolutionary spirit in his State, of which these resolutions were the voice, consented to take a seat in the Virginia Legislature in the spring of 1799, for the purpose of sustaining, in that body, the constitutionality of the Alien and Sedition laws; and to stem, as far as possible, the dangerous tide of disaffection toward the National Government. His death occurred before the meeting of the Legislature.

Mr. Madison had not the most remote idea of putting forth the doctrine of Nullification, as preached during the last thirty years. In an able letter written to the Honorable Edward Everett, in August, 1830, that then venerable statesman made the following declaration, concerning the action of the Virginia Legislature in 1798-'99: "The tenor of the debates, which were ably conducted, and are understood to have been revised for the press by most, if not all, of the speakers, *discloses no reference whatever to a constitutional right in an individual State to arrest by force the operation of a law of the United States.*"

The Federal party fell from power in the year 1800, and Mr. Jefferson, elected President of the United States, sounded a truce to political animosities. "Every difference of opinion," he said, in his Inaugural Address, "is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the same principle. We are all Republicans—all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it." It was not until near the close of 1821 (twenty years afterward) that Mr. Jefferson avowed his agency in the preparation of the Kentucky resolutions; and then he remarked to the correspondent who drew it forth (a son of Mr. Nicholas), "I would have wished this rather to have remained, as hitherto, without inquiry."

* See Speech of William C. Rives, of Virginia, in the Senate of the United States, February 14, 1833, in Benton's Debates, vol. xii. p. 90.

Political power changed hands, and the murmurs of a discontented minority were heard in another quarter. The voice of disunion was hushed in dominant Virginia, but it was soon heard in New England. Measures of the hitherto majority, denounced as corrupt and dangerous by the hitherto minority, were now by the latter, increased and in power, adopted as sound and safe. The maxim of English politicians was exemplified, that a *Tory* in place becomes a *Whig*, and *vice versa*; or, as a London paper expressed it in 1813:

"A Whig is never in! How strange a story!

Turn in a Whig, he turns in a *Tory*.

A *Tory's* never out! Strange whirligig!

Turn out a *Tory*, he turns out a *Whig*.

Why then turn all our brains with senseless rout?

Tories and *Whigs* are merely—IN and OUT."

ORDER VERSUS FORCE.

ORDER is an invisible power, to which men yield almost spontaneous obedience; while force creates antagonisms. Order moves to terminate ends with a silent efficiency that is marvelous in its combination of inharmonious things; force, on the other hand, sends a disturbing and an opposing element into all the agencies it seeks to control. And yet, where one man depends on order for the accomplishment of his purposes, three work—inadequately—by force. So it has been, and so it will continue to be until men learn to act from deliberate thought, and not from impulse.

A notable illustration of this difference between order and force occurred in one of our large manufacturing establishments, where over two hundred men were employed. These men were under the superintendence of a foreman of the martinet species—an active, restless, driving little man, who was always flying about among them, and giving his orders in a short, imperative way, that annoyed where it did not hurt or offend. Such men are rarely able to create a system into which a number of persons may be combined in harmonious action. Their thought is not calm enough; they see not only in too narrow a circle, but see things from an ever-shifting stand-point. To-day one thing is magnified into an overshadowing importance, and to-morrow another thing. One rule is declared as imperative this week, and next week another. There is stringent exaction under the declared rule of to-day, and to-morrow its violations pass unnoticed.

In the case to which we have referred all respect for the foreman had ceased, though service was exacted through an ever-present force, exercised with the natural accompaniments of disorder and inadequacy. The owners of this establishment had for some time seen the evil of which we have spoken, and on several occasions pointed out to their foreman the lack of order and efficiency in the shops. In every instance the result of such intimation on the part of the owners was a new and more offensive ap-

plication of the law of force, resulting in conflicts with sensitive or badly-disposed workmen, and the discharge of hands whose superior skill the establishment needed. At last, in one of this foreman's efforts to "put things right," he threw the whole hive of workmen into an angry swarm about his ears. The occasion gave fair opportunity for the choice of a successor.

The new man—selected with not a few misgivings on the part of the owners—did not, so far as looks were concerned, give much promise of efficiency. But he came so well recommended that it was deemed right to make a trial of his ability. He had a very quiet, almost heavy exterior; with a pair of eyes so calm and changeless in their expression that they gave no sign of his passing thoughts. His speech was slow; but when his words had adjusted themselves into a sentence every one was in its exact place, and the sentence had a meaning likely to be remembered. At first he seemed a weak man, but as you talked with him this impression gradually diminished.

On the first day of his administration the new foreman spent nearly the whole time in going through the shops, accompanied by one of the proprietors, examining the tools and machinery, the work in hand, the methods adopted in order to reach the most economical results, and in observation of the men. In person and manner he was so different from the old foreman that every one remarked the contrast. Used to the law of force, and not anticipating the exercise of any other law, he seemed a weakling in the eyes of most of these workmen.

"What do you think of him?" whispered John Burke, one of the most willful and unruly persons in the establishment, addressing the man alongside of him.

"A chicken!" was the contemptuous answer.

"I'll give him a week in the shops—not a day over," said Burke.

"We might finish him in three days."

The foreman crossed the room at this moment, and stood at the bench where Burke was employed.

"May I look at that?" he said, reaching his hand for the article on which the man was at work. He spoke mildly, and in the tone of one asking a favor. But the article was not yielded to his request. A sullen pretense that it would be in danger of injury, in the state it happened to be, if it left his hand, was gruffly made.

"It's of no consequence," answered the foreman, without a sign of feeling in his voice. "I see what it is." Then, while yet standing alongside of Burke, he remarked to the principal who was with him, "There is a quicker method for accomplishing the same result."

"Ah?" queried the principal.

"Yes. I will show it to you when we go down to the office. It will save ten per cent. in time and material, and give a neater article."

"You must introduce the improved method," said the principal, as they moved away from the bench at which Burke was sitting.

"I'd like to see him do it," remarked that individual, in an undertone, to his neighbor. "You catch his drift, don't you? Trying to make himself out something wonderful in boss's eyes. He know a better way!"

"Them quiet, dull-looking chaps are mighty cunning sometimes. I've seen the likes before," replied the fellow-workman.

"So have I; but I'm not afraid of this one. He's not going to come it over me."

Not long afterward one of the clerks of the establishment was observed going round among the men with a small blank-book in his hand, asking questions and writing down the answers.

"What's the meaning of that?" asked Burke's companion, who first noted the circumstance.

Burke looked round, and seeing the young man engaged as we have said, left his seat, and was crossing the shop to personally investigate the affair when the new foreman came in. Now, conscious that he was out of place, the man's first impulse was to affect some other errand and not go near the clerk; but contempt for the new foreman, and a determination to set him at defiance, pushed back this impulse, and with a self-possessed, familiar manner he approached the clerk and asked,

"What's up now?"

"I'm getting the names and residences of the men," replied the clerk.

By this time the foreman made one of the party. But he said nothing, only stood still and listened, and this without betraying a sign of disapprobation.

"What's the meaning of it?" demanded Burke.

"If you ask down stairs maybe they'll inform you," answered the clerk, who was annoyed by the man's impertinence.

"I'd like to see you get my residence," muttered Burke, angrily, as he returned to his bench. "This is a new trick of the new man; but it isn't going to work with me. Where I live is my own business. All they've got to do with me is to pay me when my work is done. Outside of the shop I'm my own man, and so shall not submit to any of these impertinences."

"Where is your residence?" asked the clerk, soon afterward. He had made his way to that part of the shop where Burke's bench stood.

"That's my business," was gruffly answered.

The clerk made no remonstrance but passed to the next man, saying,

"Where do you live?"

"That's my business," said this man, repeating Burke's insolent reply.

As in Burke's case so in this, the answer was taken as final. No opportunity was given to these non-conformists to make disturbance or excite a feeling of antagonism to the rule about being established. Both were annoyed at this, and, at the same time, made conscious of a reserved power in the establishment, the silent force of which might be too strong for them. The clerk and the foreman left the room together, after getting all the residences of the workmen,

with the two exceptions we have mentioned. Burke fully anticipated a second application as a sort of threatened finality; but the clerk did not ask for his residence a second time. Of course he meant to flare up, and make a short speech to the shop on the outrage involved in the procedure, as if they were slaves to the proprietors, who must know the whereabouts of every individual in the shop or out. But the opportunity was not afforded. Still he was in a state of fermentation, and the froth must come over.

"Tom Willard!" he called, as soon as the foreman had left, turning from his bench and speaking to a man across the shop—"did you tell him where you lived?"

"Yes," answered the man.

"Well, I declare! What have they to do with that?"

"Did you?"

"Me? Not I! That's my business. I'm no slave in this establishment, to be looked after through all the twenty-four hours. I do my work and get my pay; beyond that, I give and take nothing. If it pleases me to sleep in a stable, or roost in a tree, the affair is my own. I'm astonished at you all!"

The door quietly opened and the foreman came in. Burke sat facing round, caught in the very act of working insubordination. He was no sneak, but a bold, out-and-out kind of a man, who enjoyed opposition. He did not resume his work immediately, but fixed his eyes defiantly on the foreman, with an invitation to strife. But he could not draw out the new man. The old one would have "pitched in," to use an expressive phrase, and given Burke an opportunity for a passage at arms before the men. But order and subordination were to come by a different way now. The foreman did not appear to notice this game-bird with his ruffled feathers, but moved round the shop in a quiet, self-possessed way, that had the effect gradually to draw off Burke's overcharge of bad temper.

The day closed and the men went home. On the next morning our new foreman was in the little office through which every man had to pass on his way to the shops at least twenty minutes before seven o'clock, the hour at which work began. As the hour was striking, about a dozen of the two hundred men employed in the establishment passed through the office, each looking surprised at seeing the foreman so early on the spot. From that time up to half past seven the men came dropping in, singly or in groups, the same surprise at the foreman's presence in the office being manifested by each. It was just half past seven o'clock when Burke appeared. The foreman remarked to him, in a quiet way,

"Let me say a word, if you please."

Burke stopped, frowned, and then moved to the desk where the foreman stood. The latter opened a small blank book, and dipped a pen in the inkstand. His manner was easy and altogether self-possessed. As he held the pen, ready to write, he said,

"With one or two exceptions we have the residences of all the men. Where do you live?"

"You have nothing to do with that," replied Burke, his face reddening.

"It is thought best to know where the men live," answered the foreman, without the slightest change in tone or manner.

"I regard such a rule as an insult to the men—as an interference with things in which you have no concern. We are not slaves!" The veins swelled into cords along the temples and over the forehead of Burke.

"No insult, nor interference in things about which we have no concern, is intended," calmly returned the foreman. "There is utility in the rule, and it applies to both employers and men."

"It won't apply to me," answered Burke, with angry vehemence.

The foreman shut the little blank book, laid aside his pen, and, without a sign of feeling, turned from the excited workman, who stood for a while, chafing in thought, and then passed on to his place in the shop. He had just left the office when the other man who had refused to give his residence entered. A night's reflection had cooled his excited brain, and when the foreman said to him as he had said to Burke, speaking kindly, yet like one in earnest, "With one or two exceptions we have the residences of all the men. Where do you live?" he gave the information desired unhesitatingly, and then, with a certain feeling of respect toward the foreman that was unaccountable to himself, he entered the shop.

"Did that chap ask where you lived as you came through the office?" queried Burke, as his fellow-workman took his place beside him at the bench.

"Yes."

"You didn't tell him?"

"Yes."

"Ho! what a fool!"

"Did he ask you?"

"Yes," answered Burke.

"And you refused to tell?"

"Of course I did! It's none of his business where I live."

"What did he say?"

Burke shrugged his shoulders. Now that was just where the shoe was beginning to pinch. This say-nothing-policy of the new foreman, whom no opposition seemed to move, was beginning to be felt as a mask of hidden power, against some movement of which he might possibly find himself too weak for resistance.

"Oh, he was dumb, of course. What could he say?"

"He might have said—"

"What?" The man had hesitated.

"That you were free to stay or go."

"Let him say it. I don't care! There are other shops in town."

But he did care, and the suggestion sobered him not a little, for he knew that workmen just then were in excess of work, and that so good a place was not likely to be obtained in a long

time. He mouthed it bravely, however, for a while, and then became unusually silent and attentive to his work.

There was a perceptible change in all the shops. The fact that nearly every man had come in behind time, and that the new foreman was aware of it from personal observation, was an uneasy, self-rebuking consciousness in almost every mind, leading to silence and application. Work went on more rapidly than usual. A sphere of order and subordination, new in the establishment, prevailed. After all the men were in their places—the last man being over forty minutes behind time, the foreman took his round through the shops and put himself into closer relation with the workmen. Some repelled him—some manifested indifference—a few were courteous. But he gave no sign of feeling, though all experienced a certain consciousness of power in his presence.

About eleven o'clock word came to Burke that he was wanted in the office. The foreman was there alone, looking very placid. There was no sternness of brow—no evident marshaling of forces for a contest—no apparent disturbance.

"I wished to see you for a few moments," he said, as Burke came in, speaking pleasantly, and almost indifferently, as though the matter in hand were of but slight personal interest, "before referring the subject of which we talked this morning back to the firm. The requirement is theirs, and I understand them to be in earnest. I am as much bound, if I would hold my place, to see it executed as you are to conform to the rule. The law touches us equally. You refused to give the clerk your residence yesterday, and I was instructed to obtain it this morning. As you will perceive, I have been in no haste to report your second refusal; but if you adhere to the stand taken I am without discretion. The fact must be communicated, and then you will have to leave; for it will be thought much better to dispense with the services of one workman, however excellent, than to permit an out-and-out infringement of a rule."

The man blustered, used hard words, demanded explanations touching the new rule, and swaggered about feebly for a time—to all of which the foreman answered nothing. He might as well have beaten the air, for all the reaction obtained. The end was, a complete breaking down on the part of Burke, who, after giving his residence, went back to his work a subdued, and, maybe, a wiser man.

As it was well known throughout the establishment that seven o'clock was the hour when every man was expected to be at his work, the new foreman did not reannounce the rule. He had noticed the surprise shown by almost every man at finding him on the ground when he came, and he preferred waiting to see if punctuality would not follow through every man's self-compulsion. It turned out as he had anticipated. Instead of only a dozen workmen being in the shops at seven, over one hundred were at their places, and by fifteen minutes past sev-

en the last lingerer was on hand. The quiet of the different rooms was even more noticeable on this than on the preceding day; yet no one could have answered clearly, and to his own satisfaction, a question as to the real secret of the new foreman's power over the men, which was so remarkably apparent.

Sometime during the afternoon of this day, Burke, having finished the job in hand, was under the necessity of going to the new foreman, and receiving directions and materials for other work. In giving out the articles to be made, the foreman suggested a different process from the one he had seen used by the journeyman.

"I think my way best," answered Burke. His speech was not very amiable.

"Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good," mildly returned the foreman. And then, with particularity, he explained the new method and its advantages, adding, as he closed,

"Be careful in turning the edge, at the joint, inside instead of outside." Indicating by this remark that he expected his process to be strictly followed.

Burke answered neither yea nor nay, though he was trembling inwardly with excitement. The foreman's complete self-possession annoyed him, and he was the more annoyed because conscious of no power to disturb this equable frame by passionate reaction.

Returning to his bench, he sat moodily thoughtful for several minutes before commencing his work. He could not bear to yield this point, which touched his pride as a workman; and then, like most workmen who have become used to certain ways of doing things, all changes are annoying. The worst of the case was a giving up to this new foreman, whom he had threatened to drive out of the establishment in less than a week. Passion never leaves the judgment very clear. In his mental obscurity Burke resolved not to proceed by the new method which the foreman had given, but to continue on in the old way. So he commenced putting the material together. Some two hours passed, and then the foreman stood beside his bench. Not a word was spoken. Burke almost held his breath awaiting a remark. But the foreman moved to the next man and gave some brief directions, then crossed to another part of the shop.

Burke felt uneasy. The old foreman would have spoken out sharply at seeing an order disregarded, and there would have been a stormy altercation, and most probably a triumph on the workman's part. But silence is mysterious, and suggests hidden power. Two or three times during the day the foreman stood at his bench, but made no remark, although the deviations from his orders were apparent at a glance, and Burke knew that he saw them. Six o'clock came, and the workmen dispersed to their homes. The man least satisfied with himself was Burke. Like him, all the rest had felt the presence of a superior influence in the shops silently operating, but only he stood face to face with that power in open resistance. If he could have measured its

capacity; if he could have drawn it out from its intrenchments, and surveyed it upon all sides, he would have felt more assured in himself. But conscious ignorance in this direction gave conscious weakness.

Promptly at seven on the next morning Burke presented himself. He was ten minutes behind time on the previous day. The foreman stood at his desk in the little office. It was remarkable how hugely respect for this individual had grown in the workman's mind.

"Mr. Burke." The voice was kind, but firm. Burke stopped and tried to frown.

"I wish to say a word to you." He came to the desk.

"You are too sensible a man not to know that order and subordination are necessary to the right conduct of any business." The foreman looked steadily into the workman's eyes, but with no intimidating aspect. "In this establishment I have certain duties, and you have certain duties, and on the faithful performance of these its efficiency depends. One thing is certain—I shall do my part; but not in a way to offend or wrong any man. If any is offended it will be through his own assault upon law and order, which is always the superior force, and his assault will harm only himself. You have begun that assault, but it has not hurt or disturbed me in the least, and can not hurt or disturb me, because law and order are all on my side. Now, my friend, it would be easy for me to say, that, in consequence of your deliberate violation of instructions yesterday, you must leave the shop, or, you must throw aside the work done and be charged with the spoiled material, a matter of three or four dollars. And, doubtless, if either decision were laid before your fellow-workmen, for approval or rejection, the verdict would be against you. But I will not deal with you peremptorily. You shall have time for deliberation. Go on and complete this job in your old way, and then consider yourself at full liberty to retire from the shop, or accept me as foreman without reservation. I understand my position entirely. It admits of no controversy with you or any one else in the establishment. If you make controversy, it will be with a just order, to which I, with all the rest, must come under obedience; and I need not tell you that in such a contest you will be beaten."

"I think it most likely," answered Burke, in a frank tone, his whole demeanor changing. "To tell the truth, you're not the man I took you to be. Heretofore we've had the law of push and drive in this shop, and one half of the men sat at their benches with ruffled feathers from morning till night, ready for a set-to with the foreman, and determined to have their own way to the last possible thing. But if we are to have the law of order, why it's give up and come down to it! That's the best kind of law, and irritates no one. So here's my hand to it, and you'll find John Burke always on duty at roll-call!"

And grasping the foreman's hand he shook it warmly, adding,

"If you'd been a different man it might have been worse for me. But, depend on't, I shall never forget your consideration and forbearance to a blind fool who was in the act of throwing himself against a stone wall!"

Burke went to his place, wholly conquered. To the law of force he had always been in open warfare, and the leader of insubordination in the shop; but to the law of order he bowed in complete submission.

Our story gives no striking positions or dramatic climaxes; but to every thoughtful reader it will suggest a most important truth, applicable to all relations in life, where one mind is called to the duty of acting upon and controlling other minds. Order, as we said at the commencement, is an invisible power, to which almost spontaneous obedience is given; while force is sure to create antagonisms. We see this in work-shops, schools, families—every where. If you would proceed harmoniously to your ends first establish order, binding yourself thereby as rigidly as you bind others, and results will come out with an almost unfailing precision. But if you trust to anger and force, alas for the baffling winds that will be forever driving you seaward! The smiling haven of your hopes will never be reached.

THE BOLDERO MURDER.

WE had dined, and were sitting comfortably about under the half-ruined shanty on the top of the mountain.

"Come, Bradley," said Colonel Throop, the story-loving, "tell us some moral, entertaining, and instructive story, before we return to Sachem's Head."

"I will," said the young lawyer, absently, and stared away to seaward, as if expecting to find his story in the summer haze that veiled all the further half of the Sound, and obscured even the nearer angular outlines of Falkner's Island. "There's a singularly commanding view," at last he added, "from this spot, in clear weather."

"Go on with your story," said Throop.

"That's what I was considering," said Bradley; "in fact, my observation in part led me to it." And he proceeded:

"You all remember the 'horrid murder' here in North Guilford some years ago? No? It was of two singular old English people, Mr. and Mrs. Boldero: I remember the name, because I fancied he might be the senior partner of the firm of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy, whom Charles Lamb thanks in 'The Superannuated Man.' They lived alone with a niece, on a small, solitary farm in the woods, just over here on the east side of Quinebaug Pond; keeping house in a strange, melancholy way, being known to have and use a considerable quantity of heavy, old-fashioned, English silver plate, but dressing and eating otherwise on a scale parsimonious almost to misery. Their silver, their reserved and almost sour demeanor, and even the slightly greater expense of the

dress of their handsome niece, as well as the lady-like manners of that young person, made the neighbors all believe that they had been people of importance at home, and, in spite of all their frugality here, were immensely rich still, having hoards in the cellar or under the hearthstone, perhaps.

"There was also an indistinct rumor of a son or nephew of the old man, whom nobody had seen, and indeed nobody knew where the rumor came from, who was said to be a desperate brutal sort of fellow."

"He's the murderer," said Throop.

"Very true," said the lawyer; "but the point is, how he was found out."

"Go on," said Throop.

"Well, all that was known at the time of the murder was that the poor old couple had disappeared. The house was found uninhabited, one pleasant summer morning, by a neighbor, who came on some small country errand of barter or borrowing. Not finding the old lady at any of her usual avocations under the 'back stoop,' or in the kitchen, he knocked, then walked in, searched all the rooms, entering their bedroom, on the ground-floor, last. Here he found the bed-clothes turned down, and the only, but sufficient, signs of the crime—namely, the bed-clothes and bed all saturated with blood. The niece, Miss Selden, was known to have departed on a visit. Searching all over the house and premises, he found elsewhere not so much as a drop of blood nor any traces of the dead, and nothing whatever to notice, except that all the silver was gone.

"This was all, also, that the authorities could ascertain; and, notwithstanding the rigid and persevering search kept up by the people of the neighborhood for some days, these facts remained the sum total of information in the matter.

"It was about two years after this, while I was practicing in New Haven, that the State's Attorney for New Haven County, a leading lawyer there, sent for me to assist him in trying the case of the State *vs.* Yensen; selecting me simply because he knew I needed even the small fees which would be forthcoming, and because he knew my father and myself. His brief business note said nothing of the details; and I was surprised and interested, upon entering his office, to hear that he supposed the murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Boldero was this Yensen, as he called himself, and that he had been seized on the premises in North Guilford in the act of digging up the lost silver; having been captured by a North Guilford constable and—to my great surprise—by a certain Charley King. Now King was a classmate of mine at college; had become a lieutenant in the navy; and had, as I knew, just returned from a long voyage in a United States steamer to the Pacific, having been ordered to her from the Coast Survey on account of his skill in hydrography and drawing.

"Yensen had been bound over before a country justice, one of Mr. Boldero's nearest neighbors, on the strength of the presumption from

the occupation in which he was seized. I inquired of the attorney how the two men came to find him there.

"You knew that King was engaged to Miss Selden, didn't you?"

"No, indeed, I never heard of it."

"He was, however, the lawyer said, and had been, as it would appear, lingering about the house, probably in hopes of seeing her; for old Boldero was so queer that he might have been displeased if he had come in. The old gentleman, however, excused himself from giving details, being full of business; and remarking that he should let me manage the case, and that King would undoubtedly communicate with me upon it, he seized some papers and hurried off, telling me that King was at the Tontine, and Yensen at 'the other public house just above;' namely, the jail, which is a few doors north of the old tavern, and also on Church Street, fronting the green.

"Upon inquiring at the Tontine office I found that King had gone to New York, and had left a note for me. This contained a cordial reference to our old friendship, and informed me that he should be in Court on the day appointed for the trial, which would be in ample season. An official order occasioned his departure.

"This was rather puzzling treatment, I thought, for the managing attorney of an important criminal case. How was I to prepare my testimony and to make up my brief? Further consultation with the State's Attorney did not clear up matters; for the old gentleman, I thought, rather put me off, avoiding to give me any information on the plea of urgent employment, and telling me that King was right; for that so far as he (the attorney) understood, the argument could be made *extempore*, and immediately upon the rendering of the testimony, as well as at six months' notice. With this I was perforce content, and waited as well as I could, though little confident in my powers of extemporization.

"The morning of the trial came, however, and I entered the court-room, having been put in communication with the justice who bound over the prisoner, and the constable who helped seize him; having received from my senior the proper formal papers from the justice's court, and being supplied with certain other documents and witnesses to collateral facts; but, to my further surprise, King was not visible. On my saying so to the State's Attorney, he remarked that he supposed not, the morning New York train not arriving quite yet. At ten o'clock the Court entered, and the session was opened with the usual absurd shout by Mr. Sheriff.

"The case was called on and the prisoner arraigned. He looked sufficiently likely to be guilty. A stout-built, bullet-headed, hard-featured, sailorly person, with light hair and eyes, an evil visage, showing signs of much dissipation, and a down look. Upon being put to plead he was arraigned by the name of John Jagger, at which he started perceptibly, and hesitated a

moment, but recovering himself, plead 'Not Guilty' stoutly enough, and in a strong, coarse voice. I was prepared to show, had he disputed it, by witnesses and authenticated copies, that he had, some time before, proved himself, to the satisfaction of the Probate Court of Guilford district, to be John Jagger, the nephew of John Boldero, the deceased; that by that name he had taken out letters of administration with will annexed, over Boldero's estate, alleging that said will (which he presented, all in due form) had been placed by Boldero in the custody of himself as intended heir (which was, no doubt, true); and had in course of law received possession of all the property of Boldero, which he had sold, and had with the proceeds bought a small sea-side farm near New London, where he had since lived; but had there passed himself off as Hans Yensen, a German by birth, who had earned his money in whaling.

"I now introduced the constable, who proved merely the facts of the arrest—viz., that King had come to his house and advised him that he had good cause to suspect a certain man of having murdered Mr. and Mrs. Boldero, and that he would be about the place that night to dig up some of his booty, and could be taken. As a good reward was offered the officer readily undertook the job; they lay in wait near one corner of the wood-yard at a place selected by King, and seized the prisoner after he had come, as they were expecting, had dug a deep hole close to one of the fence-posts, and had taken from it a large quantity of silver, which was present in Court, as the justice had sealed it up. Upon their seizing him he was at first frightened, then fought furiously, and only submitted at sight of a revolver which King presented to him. He had not either then or afterward made any statement whatever, relative to himself or the silver, so far as the officer knew.

"Upon opening the trunk of plate, a large quantity of pieces, of old-fashioned pattern and heavy make, were shown to the Court and jury; very black with their exposure, but having on each piece the name at length of John Boldero and a coat of arms.

"While the silver was under inspection, King not having made his appearance, I rose, and, with some embarrassment of feelings if not in appearance, requested of the Court a short stay of proceedings, on the ground that an important witness was absent.

"What witness, Mr. Bradley?' blandly inquired the gray-haired Judge.

"Lieutenant Charles King,' I answered, 'who assisted in apprehending the prisoner.'

"What do you expect to prove, Mr. Bradley,' rejoined the Judge, 'by Mr. King, further than the testimony of the arresting officer?'

"I really could not tell, and was somewhat puzzled; which fact was observed by the attorney for the defense—a sharp, unscrupulous old fellow, renowned for defending 'horse cases' and criminal prosecutions, for jokes and vulgar stories to the jury, quirks and quibbles, and any thing else

except convincing logic, fair practice, or moral power—and he at once sprung up and commenced an impassioned appeal to the Court against the slightest delay; stating that the defense were ready and anxious to go on, and that not a moment's delay should be granted for a fellow who, it could be probably shown, was seeking the blood of an innocent fellow-being for the sake of gain.

"Incensed at this dirty aspersion upon King, I was, not very wisely, about threatening Counselor Yapman—such was his name—with a little slander suit, when my senior interrupted me with, 'Hold up, William; here's your man!'

"He came, dusty with his ride, and with a large parcel or two under his arm, having driven straight from the cars to the court-room. I beckoned to him, and nodded to the sheriff; the officer vociferated, 'Charles King!' and the tardy witness, a well-made, strong-built, straight young man, with a close, dark auburn beard and mustache which he had cultivated since I had seen him, took his place on the stand, one side of the space before the Judge's chair, and not very far from either that dignitary, the jury, or the dock where the sullen prisoner sat ironed, for he had been obstinately and dangerously violent, close under the wing of the burly sheriff.

"Now, Mr. King,' I said, 'will you be good enough to tell the Court what you know of the prisoner, and of the transactions in which he is implicated?'

"What he said, in answer to my request, was very nearly as follows:

"I returned from a long cruise about six weeks ago, having heard nothing from home for a long time. Upon my return I went at once to Mr. Boldero's house, and then for the first time heard of the murder of himself and wife, and of Jagger's succession to the property and transfer of it. The occupants could tell me nothing of Miss Selden; and I therefore made inquiries of a Mr. Bulpin, an old justice of the peace, Mr. Boldero's nearest neighbor, and perhaps his most intimate acquaintance. Justice Bulpin informed me of Miss Selden's whereabouts; and also placed in my hands a will, of which the prosecution have an authenticated copy, and which is of later date than that under which Jagger claimed. This will revoked all former wills, and left all the real and personal property, subject to Mrs. Boldero's life interest, to Miss Selden. I was shortly afterward married to her, having been engaged to her some time; and at once brought a suit against Jagger for the value of the property which is still pending. I had occasion to meet him in New London on business connected with this suit, and on that occasion it was that a circumstance occurred which caused me to recognize the prisoner as guilty of the murder—'

"What was that circumstance?' sharply asked Mr. Yapman, as King paused and looked keenly at the prisoner. Jagger looked up sullenly and defiantly, yet with a certain expression

of curiosity, at him for a moment, and then down again, in silence.

"The witness will be in your hands immediately, brother Yapman," interrupted the State's Attorney, 'let him tell his own story.'

"Yapman would have insisted, but the Judge silenced him, and King resumed:

"We came to no agreement about the suit; but my suspicions were much excited by Jagger's behavior, and I employed an officer to watch him, who soon brought me word that he had overheard Jagger making certain arrangements with a companion, and upon a given night was intending to dig up certain silver to sell it, and to leave the country, for the reason that he believed he should lose the suit against him. A certain other circumstance, which I will mention immediately, caused me to believe that I knew where this silver would be dug, and by lying in wait at the place accordingly I secured him with it in his possession.

"I now proceed," continued King, 'to narrate the circumstances of which I was an eyewitness, which will explain the references which I have twice made thus far to circumstances which caused me to recognize the prisoner.'

"As he said this, the witness, who had hitherto been addressing himself to the Judge, turned himself so as to look directly toward the prisoner; and his voice changed, and he spoke with a deliberate solemnity and a tone of pity and sorrow which showed that he felt himself to be breathing away the life of a man. I unconsciously turned in like manner from the speaker to the prisoner, and so, I think, did every person in the court-room.

"On this 30th of June," said King, 'in the year 184-, between the hours of half past four and five, John Jagger—'

"King stopped a moment, struck by the fearful sudden look toward him of the prisoner; and the pale, sickened terror of his face, as his jaw dropped and he stared at the witness, appalled at this quiet fixing almost of the very moment of his crime, did not, I think, leave either jurymen or spectator a shadow of doubt that the murderer was before him: and a smothered sound that was almost a groan arose from all of us. The gray-haired Judge, his kindly voice trembling with emotion, said,

"Mr. King, the Court is not in doubt of your sense of your responsibility; yet it thinks it its duty to admonish you that you are now to say what *may* dispose of the present and the future of a human soul.'

"I am not sure that those words should have been said: yet so profoundly awake were we all to the unconscious silent confession, I might almost call it, of the criminal, as if it had made the very air of the quiet old court-room suddenly heavy with revelations of guilt and death, that no sense of impropriety occurred to us; and King, merely bowing silently, but turning again to the prisoner, proceeded; and Jagger, at the bar, still gazed with that horrible fear upon his face, as if within the sphere of a fatal magnetism.

"Between the hours of half past four and five, John Jagger came from the back door of Mr. Boldero's house, went a dozen steps into the back-yard, turned about, and shook his right hand at the house with a peculiar and characteristic gesture of angry passion. After a moment or two he deliberately took two sacks from a repository under the shed, and entered the house with them. He shortly came out again, having upon his shoulder the body of Mr. Boldero in one of the sacks, and this he carried through the yard, through the woods between the house and the pond, and placed it in Mr. Boldero's skiff, which was made fast to a tree. Then he returned, and in like manner disposed of the body of Mrs. Boldero. Then he cast off the boat, took one of the oars, and, standing up, sculled out into the pond to a point about a third of the way across, where he sank the bodies, and then returned. As he stood up in the boat to return, he made use of the same gesture of anger or excited passion. He made the boat fast at the tree, returned to the house, entered it, shortly came out with the silver in his hand, proceeded to a corner of the wood-yard, dug a deep hole close to and under one of the posts, and there concealed the silver, smoothing the ground over, and leaving it covered with rubbish, as it was before. And then he passed round the house, and went away down the road.

"Mr. Boldero had two prominent front teeth, fellows, and with a gold filling on the inside of each, corresponding with that in the other. He had once fractured his collar-bone, and, having been unskillfully set, the portions had grown together so as to leave a large projection at the point of juncture. And he had lost all but half of the lowest joint of his right middle finger.'

"Hastily breaking the string from a parcel, King took from it a human skull, a radius and ulna with the bones of the hand attached, and a collar-bone, and held them up. Then handing them from the witness-box to the foreman of the jury, he continued:

"These are the bones of Mr. Boldero. I recovered them myself from Quinebaug Pond, still in the strong linen sacks, which were of English make, such as he always used. The rest of his remains, and those of his wife, are decently buried.'

"This strange and sudden display of the mortal remains of his relative and victim had an effect upon the coarse, materialized mind of the murderer which, perhaps, no circumstantiality of parole testimony could have produced. He stared upon the worn and fleshless bones for a moment, still with the same horrible, white, terror-stricken face. All at once he caught for breath, and groaned aloud; and then, dropping his head upon the rail before him, he cried out, 'Lord have mercy upon me!' And so he remained, bent down, trembling, and silent, until the adjournment of the court.

"When the jurymen had each inspected the relics of mortality which King had given them, he handed them up to the Judge, and continued:

"It was the gesture which I had twice seen Jagger make use of on the morning of the murder which caused me to recognize him as the criminal. When I saw him at New London he flew into a passion, and at our parting made use of the same. This, in connection with the general strangeness of his manner, caused me to have him watched, and my taking him with the silver completed my conviction.

"I shall now describe the means by which I became an eye-witness of the facts I have mentioned: At the time of the murder I had been a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Boldero, where my present wife was living. A day or two before that time I had received orders to join the steamer with which I have lately returned, and had left Miss Selden, who was also on the point of leaving home for a visit of some length to some friends at the eastward. Being uncertain whether she was yet gone, and being too much employed in completing some computations and drawings connected with the United States Coast Survey to go to the house again, I was that morning watching it, to see her again, knowing her departure would be at a very early hour.

"One of the main points in the triangulation of the coast of Connecticut was upon the summit of the steep and bold mountain called Toket, and sometimes Bluff Head, which rises immediately from the western edge of Quinebaug Pond. I had been encamped there for some time, and—as I had often done before—I was looking across the pond with a telescope at Mr. Boldero's house. It was by means of this instrument that I observed all the movements of Jagger. At the time I took him to be Mr. Boldero himself, for his figure is much the same, although he wore a red shirt, which I had never seen Mr. Boldero do. For this reason my suspicions were not then excited; and though I thought his proceedings a little uncommon, my mind was much preoccupied with my work, the cruise upon which I was ordered, and the lady whom I was wishing to see—and I knew him to be a singular man. I therefore supposed that he was merely adjusting the fence in the corner; and as I knew that Mr. Boldero was in the habit of carrying corn in his skiff to the mill at the outlet of the pond, I at first supposed that to be his errand, and afterward took it for granted that he had chosen to dispose of some waste material or other by sinking it in the pond."

"Such was the testimony of King; and here the prosecution rested. Mr. Yapman cross-examined him with no effect; and after a mere brief summary of the proof on my part, and a singularly feeble answer from him, the case went to the jury, who, after fifteen minutes' deliberation, brought in their verdict, as every one expected, of 'Guilty of murder in the first degree.'

"I ought to give you a collateral item or two, to fill out some details. The old justice, Bulpin, had retained Boldero's will, without even mentioning its existence, during all Jagger's proceedings under the previous one, in accordance with a strict construction of the old gentleman's instructions to him at placing it in his charge.

"The neighbors, in their search for the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Boldero, would have found them had they dragged the pond. But this does not seem to have occurred to them, as there is an ancient and received tradition in the vicinity that a certain large area of it, lying opposite the mountain, is unfathomable—an account, by-the-way, which is almost invariably current, and religiously believed, near any rustic lakelet. They say the same of the Black Pond, in Middlefield; of the little lake on the summit of Talcott Mountain, west of Hartford.

"It appeared afterward that quite an elaborate scheme of defense had been concocted by Jagger or his counsel, which, however, was rendered useless by the unexpected and overwhelming directness of King's testimony, and by the effect of it and of the bones so suddenly exhibited upon the prisoner. This defense was to have consisted mainly in the testimony of a fellow who was to have sworn to having been informed of the place where the silver was buried, while at sea, by a sailor, who died, and who was to have been made out the murderer."

Thus ended the lawyer's story. "Now," said he, rising, "come this way, and see how plainly we can see the farm." We followed him to a point at the eastern brow of the mountain, where it falls, in one steep slope, down to the very water's edge of the deep pond, and looked where he pointed. The farm lay apparently within a stone's-throw—a lonely, square clearing; a faint smoke rising from one chimney; and all around it the thick woods, dark green with the latter summer, spread silently out for miles. Not another house was in sight all along that side of the long, silent sheet of deep, black water.

"The place is very lonely," he added. "On any ordinary computation of chances it was perfectly safe to go and murder two old people there early in the morning. Jagger had come in from sea, and only waited about until he found that the old couple were alone. He knew nothing of the Coast Survey operations there. He was justified, mathematically speaking, in believing himself quite unseen. This side of the pond is still more lonely than that. No human being could have reckoned upon the presence of a detective hidden at this distance, and upon this lofty, solitary spot, and armed with such an effectual auxiliary."

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

DESCRIBES A SITUATION INTERESTING BUT NOT UNEXPECTED.

ONLY very willful and silly children cry after the moon. Sensible people who have shed their sweet tooth can't be expected to be very much interested about honey. We may hope Mr. and Mrs. Philip Firmin enjoyed a pleasant wedding tour and that sort of thing: but as for chronicling its delights or adventures, Miss Sowerby and I vote that the task is altogether needless and immoral. Young people are already much too sentimental, and inclined to idle, maudlin reading. Life is earnest, Miss Sowerby remarks (with a strong inclination to spell "earnest" with a large E). Life is labor. Life is duty. Life is rent. Life is taxes. Life brings its ills, bills, doctor's pills. Life is not a mere calendar of honey and moonshine. Very good. But without love, Miss Sowerby, life is just death, and I know, my dear, you would no more care to go on with it than with a new chapter of—of our dear friend——'s* new story.

Between ourselves, Philip's humor is not much more lightsome than that of the ingenious contemporary above named; but if it served to amuse Philip himself, why balk him of a little sport? Well, then: he wrote us a great ream of lumbering pleasantries, dated Paris, Thursday. Geneva, Saturday. Summit of Mont Blanc, Monday. Timbuctoo, Wednesday. Peking, Friday—with facetious descriptions of those spots and cities. He said that in the last-named place, Charlotte's shoes being worn out, those which she purchased were rather tight for her, and the high heels annoyed her. He stated that the beef at Timbuctoo was not cooked enough for Charlotte's taste, and that the Emperor's at-

tentions were becoming rather marked, and so forth; whereas poor little Char's simple postscripts mentioned no traveling at all, but averred that they were staying at Saint Germain, and as happy as the day was long. As happy as the day was long? As it was short, alas! Their little purse was very slenderly furnished; and in a very, very brief holiday poor Philip's few Napoleons had almost all rolled away. Luckily, it was pay-day when the young people came back to London. They were almost reduced to the Little Sister's wedding present: and surely they would rather work than purchase a few hours' more ease with that poor widow's mite.

Who talked and was afraid of poverty? Philip, with his two newspapers, averred that he had enough; more than enough; could save; could put by. It was at this time that Ridley, the Academician, painted that sweet picture, No. 1976—of course you remember it—"Portrait of a Lady." He became romantically attached to the second-floor lodger; would have no noisy parties in his rooms, or smoking, lest it should annoy her. Would Mrs. Firmin desire to give entertainments of her own? His studio and sitting-room were at her orders. He fetched and carried. He brought presents, and theatre-boxes, and would have cut off his head had she demanded, and laid it at the little bride's feet, so tenderly did he regard her. And she gave him back in return for all this romantic adoration a condescending shake of a soft little hand, and a kind look from a pair of soft eyes, with which the painter was fain to be content. Low of stature and of misshapen form, J. J. thought himself naturally outcast from marriage and love, and looked in with longing eyes at the paradise which he was forbidden to enter. And Mr. Philip sat within this Palace of Delight, and lolled at his ease, and took his pleasure, and Charlotte ministered to him. And once in a way my lord sent out a crumb of kindness, or a little cup of comfort, to the outcast at the gate, who blessed his benefactress, and my lord his benefactor, and was thankful. Charlotte had not two-pence; but she had a little court. It was the fashion for Philip's friends to come and bow before her. Very fine gentlemen who had known him at college, and forgot him, or, sooth to say, thought him rough and overbearing, now suddenly remembered him, and his young wife had quite fashionable assemblies at her five o'clock tea-table. All men liked her, and Miss Sowerby of course says Mrs. Firmin was a good-natured, quite harmless little woman, rather pretty, and—you know, my dear—such as men like. Look you, if I like cold veal, dear Sowerby, it is that my tastes are simple. A fine tough old dry camel, no doubt, is a much nobler and more sagacious animal—and perhaps you think a double hump is quite a delicacy.

* The Author of "Philip" is absent from town, and the name of his dear friend and ingenious contemporary is quite illegible in the MS.—PRINTER.

Yes: Mrs. Philip was a success. She had scarce any female friends as yet, being too poor to go into the world; but she had Mrs. Pendenis, and dear little Mrs. Brandon, and Mrs. Mugford, whose celebrated trap repeatedly brought delicacies for the bride from Hampstead, whose chaise was once or twice a week at Philip's door, and who was very much exercised and impressed by the fine company whom she met in Mrs. Firmin's apartments. "Lord Thingambury's card! what next, Brandon, upon my word? Lady Slowby at home? well, I never, Mrs. B.!" In such artless phrases Mrs. Mugford would express her admiration and astonishment during the early time, and when Charlotte still retained the good lady's favor. That a state of things far less agreeable ensued I must own. But though there is ever so small a cloud in the sky even now, let us not heed it for a while, and bask and be content and happy in the sunshine. "Oh, Laura, I tremble when I think how happy I am!" was our little bird's perpetual warble. "How did I live when I was at home with mamma?" she would say. "Do you know that Philip never even scolds me? If he were to say a rough word I think I should die; whereas mamma was barking, barking from morning till night, and I didn't care a pin." This is what comes of injudicious scolding, as of any other drug. The wholesome medicine loses its effect. The inured patient calmly takes a dose that would frighten or kill a stranger. Poor Mrs. Baynes's crossed letters came still, and I am not prepared to pledge my word that Charlotte read them all. Mrs. B. offered to come and superintend and take care of dear Philip when an interesting event should take place. But Mrs. Brandon was already engaged for this important occasion, and Charlotte became so alarmed lest her mother should invade her, that Philip wrote curtly, and positively forbade Mrs. Baynes. You remember the picture, "A Cradle," by J. J.? the two little rosy feet brought I don't know how many hundred guineas apiece to Mr. Ridley. The mother herself did not study babydom more fondly and devotedly than Ridley did in the ways, looks, features, anatomies, attitudes, baby-clothes, etc., of this first-born infant of Charlotte and Philip Firmin. My wife is very angry because I have forgotten whether the first of the young Firmin brood was a boy or a girl, and says I shall forget the names of my own children next. Well? At this distance of time I *think* it was a boy—for their boy is very tall, you know—a great deal taller—*Not a boy?* Then, between ourselves, I have no doubt it was a— "A goose," says the lady, which is not even reasonable.

This is certain, we all thought the young mother looked very pretty, with her pink cheeks and beaming eyes, as she bent over the little infant. J. J. says he thinks there is something *heavenly* in the looks of young mothers at that time. Nay, he goes so far as to declare that a tigress at the Zoological Gardens looks beautiful and gentle as she bends her black nozzle over her

cubs. And if a tigress, why not Mrs. Philip? O ye powers of sentiment, in what a state J. J. was about this young woman! There is a brightness in a young mother's eye: there are pearl and rose tints on her cheek, which are sure to fascinate a painter. This artist used to hang about Mrs. Brandon's rooms till it was droll to see him. I believe he took off his shoes in his own studio, so as not to disturb by his creaking the lady overhead. He purchased the most preposterous mug, and other presents for the infant. Philip went out to his club or his newspaper as he was ordered to do. But Mr. J. J. could not be got away from Thornhaugh Street, so that little Mrs. Brandon laughed at him—absolutely laughed at him.

During all this while Philip and his wife continued in the very greatest favor with Mr. and Mrs. Mugford, and were invited by that worthy couple to go with their infant to Mugford's villa at Hampstead, where a change of air might do good to dear baby and dear mamma. Philip went to this village retreat. Streets and terraces now cover over the house and grounds which worthy Mugford inhabited, and which people say he used to call his Russian Irby. He had amassed in a small space a heap of country pleasures. He had a little garden, a little paddock, a little green-house, a little cucumber-frame, a little stable for his little trap, a little Guernsey cow, a little dairy, a little pig-sty—and with this little treasure the good man was not a little content. He loved and praised every thing that was his. No man admired his own port more than Mugford, or paid more compliments to his own butter and home-baked bread. He enjoyed his own happiness. He appreciated his own worth. He loved to talk of the days when he was a poor boy on London streets, and now—"now try that glass of port, my boy, and say whether the Lord Mayor has got any better," he would say, winking at his glass and his company. To be virtuous, to be lucky, and constantly to think and own that you are so—is not this true happiness? To sing hymns in praise of himself is a charming amusement—at least to the performer; and any body who dined at Mugford's table was pretty sure to hear some of this music after dinner. I am sorry to say Philip did not care for this trumpet-blowing. He was frightfully bored at Haverstock Hill; and when bored, Mr. Philip is not altogether an agreeable companion. He will yawn in a man's face. He will contradict you freely. He will say the mutton is tough, or the wine not fit to drink; that such and such an orator is overrated, and such and such a politician is a fool. Mugford and his guest had battles after dinner, had actually high words. "What-ever is it, Mugford? and what were you two quarreling about in the dining-room?" asks Mrs. Mugford. "Quarreling? it's only the sub-editor snoring," said the gentleman, with a flushed face. "My wine ain't good enough for him; and now my gentleman must put his boots upon a chair and go to sleep under my nose.



MUGFORD'S FAVORITE.

He is a cool hand, and no mistake, Mrs. M." At this juncture poor little Char would gently glide down from a visit to her baby, and would play something on the piano, and soothe the rising anger; and thus Philip would come in from a little walk in the shrubberies, where he had been blowing a little cloud. Ah! there was a little cloud rising indeed—quite a little one—nay, not so little. When you consider that Philip's bread depended on the good-will of

these people, you will allow that his friends might be anxious regarding the future. A word from Mugford, and Philip and Charlotte and the child were adrift on the world. And these points Mr. Firmin would freely admit, while he stood discoursing of his own affairs (as he loved to do), his hands in his pockets, and his back warming at our fire.

"My dear fellow," says the candid bridegroom, "these things are constantly in my head. I used to talk about 'em to Char, but I don't now. They disturb her, the poor thing; and she clutches hold of the baby; and—and it tears my heart out to think that any grief should come to her. I try and do my best, my good people—but when I'm bored I can't help showing I'm bored, don't you see? I can't be a hypocrite. No, not for two hundred a year, or for twenty thousand. You can't make a silk purse out of that sow's-ear of a Mugford. A very good man. I don't say no. A good father, a good husband, a generous host, and a most tremendous bore and cad. Be agreeable to him? How can I be agreeable when I am being killed? He has a story about Leigh Hunt being put into Newgate, where Mugford, bringing him proofs, saw Lord Byron. I can not keep awake during that story any longer: or, if awake, I grind my teeth, and swear inwardly, so that I know I'm dreadful to hear and see. Well, Mugford has yellow satin sofas in the 'droaring-room.'"

"Oh, Philip!" says a lady; and two or three circumjacent children set up an insane giggle, which is speedily and sternly silenced.

"I tell you she calls it 'droaring-room.' You know she does, as well as I do. She is a good woman: a kind woman: a hot-tempered woman. I hear her scolding the servants in the kitchen with immense vehemence and at prodigious length. But how can Char frankly be the friend of a woman who calls a drawing-room a droaring-room? With our dear little friend in Thornhaugh Street it is different. She makes no pretense even at equality. Here is a patron and patroness, don't you see? When Mugford walks me round his paddock and gardens, and says, 'Look year, Firmin;' or scratches one of his pigs on the back, and says, 'We'll 'ave a cut of this fellow on Saturday'"—(explosive attempts at insubordination and derision on the part of the children again are severely checked by the parental authorities)—"'we'll 'ave a cut of this fellow on Saturday,' I felt inclined to throw him or myself into the trough over the palings. Do you know that that man put that hand into his pocket and offered me some filberts?"

Here I own the lady to whom Philip was addressing himself turned pale and shuddered.

"I can no more be that man's friend *que celui du domestique qui vient d'apporter le* what-d'you-call'em? *le coal-scuttle*"—(John entered the room with that useful article during Philip's oration—and we allowed the elder children to laugh this time, for the fact is, none of us knew the French for coal-scuttle, and I will wager there is no such word in Chambaud). "This

holding back is not arrogance," Philip went on. "This reticence is not want of humility. To serve that man honestly is one thing; to make friends with him, to laugh at his dull jokes, is to make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, is subserviency and hypocrisy on my part. I ought to say to him, Mr. Mugford, I will give you my work for your wage; I will compile your paper, I will produce an agreeable miscellany containing proper proportions of news, politics, and scandal, put titles to your paragraphs, see the *Pall Mall Gazette* ship-shape through the press, and go home to my wife and dinner. You are my employer, but you are not my friend, and— Bless my soul! there is five o'clock striking!" (The time-piece in our drawing-room gave that announcement as he was speaking.) "We have what Mugford calls a white-choker dinner to-day, in honor of the pig!" And with this Philip plunges out of the house, and I hope reached Hampstead in time for the entertainment.

Philip's friends in Westminster felt no little doubt about his prospects, and the Little Sister shared their alarm. "They are not fit to be with those folks," Mrs. Brandon said, "though as for Mrs. Philip, dear thing, I am sure nobody can ever quarrel with *her*. With me it's different. I never had no education, you know—no more than the Mugfords; but I don't like to see my Philip sittin' down as if he was the guest and equal of that fellar." Nor indeed did it ever enter "that fellow's" head that Mr. Robert Mugford could be Mr. Philip Firmin's equal. With our knowledge of the two men, then, we all dismally looked forward to a rupture between Firmin and his patron.

As for the New York journal, we were more easy in respect to Philip's success in that quarter. Several of his friends made a vow to help him. We clubbed club-stories; we begged from our polite friends anecdotes (that would bear sea-transport) of the fashionable world. We happened to overhear the most remarkable conversations between the most influential public characters, who had no secrets from us. We had astonishing intelligence at most European courts; exclusive reports of the Emperor of Russia's last joke—his last? his next, very likely. We knew the most secret designs of the Austrian Privy Council; the views which the Pope had in his eye; who was the latest favorite of the Grand Turk, and so on. The Upper Ten Thousand at New York were supplied with a quantity of information which I trust profited them. It was "Palmerston remarked yesterday at dinner," or "The good old Duke said last night at Apsley House to the French Ambassador," and the rest. The letters were signed "Philaethes;" and, as nobody was wounded by the shafts of our long bow, I trust Mr. Philip and his friends may be pardoned for twanging it. By information procured from learned female personages, we even managed to give accounts, more or less correct, of the latest ladies' fashions. We were members of all the clubs; we were present at the

routs and assemblies of the political leaders of both sides. We had little doubt that Philalethes would be successful at New York, and looked forward to an increased payment for his labors. At the end of the first year of Philip Firmin's married life we made a calculation by which it was clear that he had actually saved money. His expenses, to be sure, were increased. There was a baby in the nursery; but there was a little bag of sovereigns in the cupboard, and the thrifty young fellow hoped to add still more to his store.

We were relieved at finding that Firmin and his wife were not invited to repeat their visit to their employer's house at Hampstead. An occasional invitation to dinner was still sent to the young people; but Mugford, a haughty man in his way, with a proper spirit of his own, had the good sense to see that much intimacy could not arise between him and his sub-editor, and magnanimously declined to be angry at the young fellow's easy superciliousness. I think that indefatigable Little Sister was the peace-maker between the houses of Mugford and Firmin junior, and that she kept both Philip and his master on their good behavior. At all events, and when a quarrel did arise between them, I grieve to have to own it was poor Philip who was in the wrong.

You know in the old, old days the young king and queen never gave any christening entertainment without neglecting to invite some old fairy, who was furious at the omission. I am sorry to say Charlotte's mother was so angry at not being appointed godmother to the new baby, that she omitted to make her little quarterly payment of £12 10s.; and has altogether discontinued that payment from that remote period up to the present time; so that Philip says his wife has brought him a fortune of £45, paid in four installments. There was the first quarter paid when the old lady "would not be beholden to a man like him." Then there came a second quarter; and then—but I dare say I shall be able to tell when and how Philip's mamma-in-law paid the rest of her poor little daughter's fortune.

Well, Regent's Park is a fine healthy place for infantine diversion, and I don't think Philip at all demeaned himself in walking there with his wife, her little maid, and his baby on his arm. "He is as rude as a bear, and his manners are dreadful; but he has a good heart, that I will say for him," Mugford said to me. In his drive from London to Hampstead Mugford once or twice met the little family group, of which his sub-editor formed the principal figure; and for the sake of Philip's young wife and child Mr. M. pardoned the young man's vulgarity, and treated him with long-suffering.

Poor as he was, this was his happiest time, my friend is disposed to think. A young child, a young wife, whose whole life was a tender caress of love for child and husband, a young husband watching both:—I recall the group, as we used often to see it in those days, and see a something sacred in the homely figures. On

the wife's bright face what a radiant happiness there is, and what a rapturous smile! Over the sleeping infant and the happy mother the father looks with pride and thanks in his eyes. Happiness and gratitude fill his simple heart, and prayer involuntary to the Giver of good, that he may have strength to do his duty as father, husband; that he may be enabled to keep want and care from those dear innocent beings; that he may defend them, befriend them, leave them a good name. I am bound to say that Philip became thrifty and saving for the sake of Char and the child; that he came home early of nights; that he thought his child a wonder; that he never tired of speaking about that infant in our house—about its fatness, its strength, its weight, its wonderful early talents and humor. He felt himself a man now for the first time, he said. Life had been play and folly until now. And now especially he regretted that he had been idle, and had neglected his opportunities as a lad. Had he studied for the bar, he might have made that profession now profitable, and a source of honor and competence to his family. Our friend estimated his own powers very humbly; and I am sure he was not the less amiable on account of that humility. O fortunate he, of whom Love is the teacher, the guide and master, the reformer and chastener! Where was our friend's former arrogance, self-confidence, and boisterous profusion? He was at the feet of his wife and child. He was quite humbled about himself; or gratified himself in fondling and caressing these. They taught him, he said; and, as he thought of them, his heart turned in awful thanks to the gracious Heaven which had given them to him. As the tiny infant hand closes round his fingers, I can see the father bending over mother and child, and interpret those may-be unspoken blessings which he asks and bestows. Happy wife, happy husband! However poor his little home may be, it holds treasures and wealth inestimable; whatever storms may threaten without, the home fireside is brightened with the welcome of the dearest eyes.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN WHICH I OWN THAT PHILIP TELLS AN UNTRUTH.

CHARLOTTE (and the usual little procession of nurse, baby, etc.) once made their appearance at our house in Queen Square, where they were ever welcome by the lady of the mansion. The young woman was in a great state of elation, and when we came to hear the cause of her delight, her friends too opened the eyes of wonder. She actually announced that Dr. Firmin had sent over a bill of forty pounds (I may be incorrect as to the sum) from New York. It had arrived that morning, and she had seen the bill, and Philip had told her that his father had sent it; and was it not a comfort to think that poor Doctor Firmin was endeavoring to repair some of the evil which he had done; and that



he was repenting, and perhaps was going to become quite honest and good? This was indeed an astounding piece of intelligence: and the two women felt joy at the thought of that sinner repenting; and some one else was accused of cynicism, skepticism, and so forth, for doubting the correctness of the information. "You believe in no one, Sir. You are always incredulous about good," etc., etc., etc., was the accusation brought against the reader's very humble servant. Well, about the contrition of this sinner, I confess I still continued to have doubts; and thought a present of forty pounds to a son, to whom he owed thousands, was no great proof of the doctor's amendment.

And oh! how vexed some people were when the real story came out at last! Not for the money's sake; not because they were wrong in argument, and I turned out to be right. Oh, no! But because it was proved that this unhappy doctor had no present intention of repenting at all. This brand would not come out of the burning, whatever we might hope; and the doctor's supporters were obliged to admit as much when they came to know the real story. "Oh, Philip," cries Mrs. Laura, when next she saw Mr. Firmin, "how pleased I was to hear of that letter!"

"That letter?" asks the gentleman.

"That letter from your father at New York," says the lady.

"Oh," says the gentleman addressed, with a red face.

"What then? Is it not—is it not all true?" we ask.

"Poor Charlotte does not understand about business," says Philip; "I did not read the letter to her. Here it is." And he hands over the document to me, and I have the liberty to publish it:

"NEW YORK, ———."

"And so, my dear Philip, I may congratulate myself on having achieved *ancestral* honor, and may add grandfather to my titles? How quickly this one has come! I feel myself a young man still, in spite of the blows of misfortune—at least, I know I was a young man but yesterday, when I may say with our dear old poet, *Non sine*

gloriâ militavi. Suppose I too were to tire of solitary widowhood and re-enter the married state? There are one or two ladies here who would still condescend to look not unfavorably on the retired English gentleman. Without vanity I may say it, a man of birth and position in England acquires a polish and refinement of manner which dollars can not purchase, and many a *Wall Street Millionary* might envy!

"Your wife has been pronounced to be an angel by a little correspondent of mine, who gives me much fuller intelligence of my family than my son condescends to furnish. Mrs. Philip, I hear, is gentle; Mrs. Brandon says she is beautiful—she is all good-humored. I hope you have taught her to think not *very* badly of her husband's father? I was the dupe of villains who lured me into their schemes; who robbed me of a life's earnings; who induced me, by their *false representations*, to have such confidence in them that I embarked all my own property, and yours, my poor boy, alas! in their undertakings. Your Charlotte will take the liberal, the wise, the *just* view of the case, and pity rather than blame my misfortune. Such is the view, I am happy to say, generally adopted in this city, where there are men of the world who know the vicissitudes of a mercantile career, and can make allowances for misfortune! What made Rome at first great and prosperous? Were its first colonists all wealthy patricians? Nothing can be more satisfactory than the disregard shown here to mere *pecuniary difficulty*. At the same time to be a gentleman is to possess no trifling privilege in this society, where the advantages of birth, respected name, and early education *always* tell in the possessor's favor. Many persons whom I visit here have certainly not these advantages; and in the highest society of the city I could point out individuals who have had pecuniary misfortunes like myself, who have gallantly renewed the combat after their fall, and are now *fully* restored to competence, to wealth, and the respect of the world! I was in a house in Fifth Avenue last night. Is Washington White shunned by his fellow-men because he has been a bankrupt three times? Any thing more elegant or profuse than his entertainment I have not witnessed on this continent. His lady had diamonds which a duchess might envy. The most costly wines, the most magnificent supper, and myriads of canvas-backed ducks covered his board. Dear Charlotte, my friend Captain Colpoys brings you over three brace of these from your father-in-law, who hopes they will furnish your little dinner-table! We eat currant jelly with them here, but I like an old English lemon and *cayenne sauce* better.

"By-the-way, dear Philip, I trust you will not be inconvenienced by a little financial operation, which necessity (alas!) has compelled me to perform. Knowing that your quarter with the *Upper Ten Thousand Gazette* was now due, I have made so bold as to request Colonel ——— to pay it over to me. Promises to pay must be met here as with us—an obdurate holder of an unlucky acceptance of mine (I am happy to say there are very few such) would admit of *no delay*, and I have been compelled to appropriate my poor Philip's earnings. I have only put you off for ninety days: with your credit and wealthy friends you can *easily negotiate the bill inclosed*, and I promise you that when presented it shall be honored by my Philip's ever affectionate father,

G. B. F.

"By-the-way, your Philaethes' letters are not *quite* spicy enough, my worthy friend the colonel says. They are *elegant and gay*, but the public here desires to have *more personal news*; a little scandal about Queen Elizabeth, you understand? Can't you attack somebody? Look at the letters and articles published by my respected friend of the *New York Emerald*! The readers here like a *high-spiced article*: and I recommend P. F. to put a little more pepper in his dishes. What a comfort to me it is to think that I have procured this place for you, and have been enabled to help my son and his young family!

"G. B. F."

Inclosed in this letter was a slip of paper which poor Philip supposed to be a check when he first beheld it, but which turned out to be his papa's promissory note, payable at New York four months after date. And this document

was to represent the money which the elder Firmin had received in his son's name! Philip's eyes met his friend's when they talked about this matter. Firmin looked almost as much ashamed as if he himself had done the wrong.

"Does the loss of this money annoy you?" asked Philip's friend.

"The manner of the loss does," said poor Philip. "I don't care about the money. But he should not have taken this. He should not have taken this. Think of poor Charlotte and the child being in want possibly! Oh, friend, it's hard to bear, isn't it? I'm an honest fellow, ain't I? I think I am. I pray Heaven I am. In any extremity of poverty could I have done this? Well. It was my father who introduced me to these people. I suppose he thinks he has a right to my earnings: and if he is in want, you know, so he has."

"Had you not better write to the New York publishers and beg them henceforth to remit to you directly?" asks Philip's friend.

"That would be to tell them that he has disposed of the money," groans Philip. "I can't tell them that my father is a—"

"No; but you can thank them for having handed over such a sum on your account to the doctor, and warn them that you will draw on them from this country henceforth. They won't in this case pay the next quarter to the doctor."

"Suppose he is in want, ought I not to supply him?" Firmin said. "As long as there are four crusts in the house, the doctor ought to have one. Ought I to be angry with him for helping himself, old boy?" and he drinks a glass of wine, poor fellow, with a rueful smile. By-the-way, it is my duty to mention here that the elder Firmin was in the habit of giving very elegant little dinner-parties at New York, where little dinner-parties are much more costly than in Europe—"in order," he said, "to establish and keep up his connection as a physician." As a *bon-vivant*, I am informed, the doctor began to be celebrated in his new dwelling-place, where his anecdotes of the British aristocracy were received with pleasure in certain circles.

But it would be as well henceforth that Philip should deal directly with his American correspondents, and not employ the services of so very expensive a broker. To this suggestion he could not but agree. Meanwhile—and let this be a warning to men never to deceive their wives in any the slightest circumstances; to tell them *every thing* they wish to know, to keep nothing hidden from those dear and excellent beings—you must know, ladies, that when Philip's famous ship of dollars arrived from America, Firmin had promised his wife that baby should have a dear delightful white cloak, trimmed with the most lovely tape, on which poor Charlotte had often cast a longing eye as she passed by the milliner and curiosity shops in Hanway Yard, which, I own, she loved to frequent. Well: when Philip told her that his father had sent home forty pounds, or what not, thereby deceiving his fond wife, the little lady went away

straight to her darling shop in the yard—(Hanway Yard has become a street now, but ah! it is always delightful)—Charlotte, I say, went off, ran off to Hanway Yard, pavid with fear lest the darling cloak should be gone, found it—oh, joy!—still in Miss Isaacson's window; put it on baby straightway then and there: kissed the dear infant, and was delighted with the effect of the garment, which all the young ladies at Miss Isaacson's pronounced to be perfect; and took the cloak away on baby's shoulders, promising to send the money, five pounds, if you please, next day. And in this cloak baby and Charlotte went to meet papa when he came home; and I don't know which of them, mamma or baby, was the most pleased, and absurd, and happy baby of the two. On his way home from his newspaper, Mr. Philip had orders to pursue a certain line of streets, and when his accustomed hour for returning from his business drew nigh, Mrs. Char went down Thornhaugh Street, down Charlotte Street, down Rathbone Place, with Betsy the nursekin and baby in the new cloak. Behold, he comes at last—papa—striding down the street. He sees the figures: he sees the child, which laughs, and holds out its little pink hands, and crows a recognition. And "Look—look, papa!" cries the happy mother. (Away! I can not keep up the mystery about the baby any longer, and though I had forgotten for a moment the child's sex, remembered it the instant after, and that it was a girl, to be sure, and that its name was Laura Caroline.) "Look, look, papa!" cries the happy mother. "She has got another little tooth since the morning—such a beautiful little tooth!—and look here, Sir! don't you observe any thing?"

"Any what?" asks Philip.

"La! Sir," says Betsy, giving Laura Caroline a great toss, so that her white cloak floats in the air.

"Isn't it a dear cloak?" cries mamma; "and doesn't baby look like an angel in it? I bought it at Miss Isaacson's to-day, as you got your money from New York; and oh, my dear, it only cost five guineas."

"Well, it's a week's work," sighs poor Philip; "and I think I need not grudge that to give Charlotte pleasure." And he feels his empty pockets rather ruefully.

"God bless you, Philip!" says my wife, with her eyes full. "They came here this morning, Charlotte and the nurse and the baby in the new—the new—" Here the lady seized hold of Philip's hand, and fairly broke out into tears. Had she embraced Mr. Firmin before her husband's own eyes I should not have been surprised. Indeed she confessed that she was on the point of giving way to this most sentimental outbreak.

And now, my brethren, see how one crime is the parent of many, and one act of duplicity leads to a whole career of deceit. In the first place, you see, Philip had deceived his wife—with the pious desire, it is true, of screening his

father's little peculiarities—but, *ruat cælum*, we must tell no lies. No: and from this day forth I order John never to say Not at home to the greatest bore, dun, dawdle of my acquaintance. If Philip's father had not deceived him, Philip would not have deceived his wife; if he had not deceived his wife, she would not have given five guineas for that cloak for the baby. If she had not given five guineas for the cloak, my wife would never have entered into a secret correspondence with Mr. Firmin, which might, but for my own sweetness of temper, have bred jealousy, mistrust, and the most awful quarrels—nay, duels—between the heads of the two families. Fancy Philip's body lying stark upon Hampstead Heath with a bullet through it, dispatched by the hand of his friend! Fancy a cab driving up to my own house, and from it—under the eyes of the children at the parlor windows—their father's bleeding corpse ejected!—Enough of this dreadful pleasantries! Two days after the affair of the cloak, I found a letter in Philip's handwriting addressed to my wife, and thinking that the note had reference to a matter of dinner then pending between our families, I broke open the envelope and read as follows:

"THORNHAUGH STREET, Thursday.

"MY DEAR, KIND GODMAMMA,—As soon as ever I can write and speak, I will thank you for being so kind to me. My mamma says she is very jealous, and as she bought my cloak she can't think of allowing you to pay for it. But she desires me never to forget your kindness to us, and though I don't know any thing about it now, she promises to tell me when I am old enough. Meanwhile I am your grateful and affectionate little goddaughter, L. C. F."

Philip was persuaded by his friends at home to send out the request to his New York employers to pay his salary henceforth to himself; and I remember a dignified letter came from his parent, in which the matter was spoken of in sorrow rather than in anger; in which the doctor pointed out that this precautionary measure seemed to imply a doubt on Philip's side of his father's honor; and surely, surely, he was unhappy enough and unfortunate enough already without meriting this mistrust from his son. The duty of a son to honor his father and mother was feelingly pointed out, and the doctor meekly trusted that Philip's children would give him more confidence than he seemed to be inclined to award to his unfortunate father. Never mind. He should bear no malice. If Fortune ever smiled on him again, and something told him she would, he would show Philip that he could forgive; although he might not perhaps be able to forget that in his exile, his solitude, his declining years, his misfortune, his own child had mistrusted him. This, he said, was the most cruel blow of all for his susceptible heart to bear.

This letter of paternal remonstrance was inclosed in one from the doctor to his old friend the Little Sister, in which he vaunted a discovery which he and some other scientific gentlemen were engaged in perfecting—of a medicine which was to be extraordinarily efficacious in cases in which Mrs. Brandon herself was often specially and professionally engaged, and he felt

sure that the sale of this medicine would go far to retrieve his shattered fortune. He pointed out the complaints in which this medicine was most efficacious. He would send some of it, and details regarding its use, to Mrs. Brandon, who might try its efficacy upon her patients. He was advancing slowly, but steadily, in his medical profession, he said; though, of course, he had to suffer from the jealousy of his professional brethren. Never mind. Better times, he was sure, were in store for all; when his son should see that a wretched matter of forty pounds more should not deter him from paying all just claims upon him. Amen! We all heartily wished for the day when Philip's father should be able to settle his little accounts. Meanwhile, the proprietors of the *Gazette of the Upper Ten Thousand* were instructed to write directly to their London correspondent.

Although Mr. Firmin prided himself, as we have seen, upon his taste and dexterity as sub-editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, I must own that he was a very insubordinate officer, with whom his superiors often had cause to be angry. Certain people were praised in the *Gazette*—certain others were attacked. Very dull books were admired, and very lively works attacked. Some men were praised for every thing they did; some others were satirized no matter what their works were. "I find," poor Philip used to say, with a groan, "that in matters of criticism, especially, there are so often private reasons for the praise and the blame administered, that I am glad, for my part, my only duty is to see the paper through the press. For instance, there is Harrocks, the tragedian, of Drury Lane: every piece in which he appears is a master-piece, and his performance the greatest triumph ever witnessed. Very good. Harrocks and my excellent employer are good friends, and dine with each other; and it is natural that Mugford should like to have his friend praised, and to help him in every way. But Balderson, of Covent Garden, is also a very fine actor. Why can't our critic see his merit as well as Harrocks's? Poor Balderson is never allowed any merit at all. He is passed over with a sneer, or a curt word of cold commendation, while columns of flattery are not enough for his rival."

"Why, Mr. F., what a flat you must be!—askin' your pardon," remarked Mugford, in reply to his sub-editor's simple remonstrance. "How can we praise Balderson when Harrocks is our friend? Me and Harrocks are thick. Our wives are close friends. If I was to let Balderson be praised I should drive Harrocks mad. I can't praise Balderson, don't you see, out of justice to Harrocks!"

Then there was a certain author whom Bickerton was forever attacking. They had had a private quarrel, and Bickerton revenged himself in this way. In reply to Philip's outcries and remonstrances Mr. Mugford only laughed: "The two men are enemies, and Bickerton hits him whenever he can. Why, that's only human nature, Mr. F.," says Philip's employer.

"Great Heavens!" bawls out Firmin, "do you mean to say that the man is base enough to strike at his private enemies through the press?"

"Private enemies! private gammon, Mr. Firmin!" cries Philip's employer. "If I have enemies—and I have, there's no doubt about that—I serve them out whenever and wherever I can. And let me tell you I don't half relish having my conduct called base. It's only natural; and it's right. Perhaps you would like to praise your enemies and abuse your friend? If that's your line, let me tell you you won't do in the noospaper business, and had better take to some other trade." And the employer parted from his subordinate in some heat.

Mugford, indeed, feelingly spoke to me about this insubordination of Philip. "What does the fellow mean by quarreling with his bread-and-butter?" Mr. Mugford asked. "Speak to him, and show him what's what, Mr. P., or we shall come to a quarrel, mind you; and I don't want that, for the sake of his little wife—poor little delicate thing! Whatever is to happen to them if we don't stand by them?"

What was to happen to them, indeed? Any one who knew Philip's temper as we did was aware how little advice or remonstrance were likely to affect that gentleman. "Good Heavens!" he said to me, when I endeavored to make him adopt a conciliatory tone toward his employer, "do you want to make me Mugford's galley-slave? I shall have him standing over me and swearing at me as he does at the printers. He looks into my room at times when he is in a passion, and glares at me as if he would like to seize me by the throat; and after a word or two he goes off, and I hear him curse the boys in the passage. One day it will be on me that he will turn, I feel sure of that. I tell you the slavery is beginning to be awful. I wake of a night and groan and chafe; and poor Char, too, wakes and asks, 'What is it, Philip?' I say it is rheumatism. Rheumatism!" Of course to Philip's malady his friends tried to apply the commonplace anodynes and consolations. He must be gentle in his bearing. He must remember that his employer had not been bred a gentleman, and that though rough and coarse in language, Mugford had a kind heart. "There is no need to tell me he is not a gentleman, I know that," says poor Phil. "He *is* kind to Char and the child, that is the truth, and so is his wife. I am a slave for all that. He is my driver. He feeds me. He hasn't beat me yet. When I was away at Paris I did not feel the chain so much. But it is scarcely tolerable now, when I have to see my jailer four or five times a week. My poor little Char, why did I drag you into this slavery?"

"Because you wanted a consoler, I suppose," remarks one of Philip's comforters. "And do you suppose Charlotte would be happier if she were away from you? Though you live up two pair of stairs, is any home happier than yours, Philip? You often own as much when you are in happier moods. Who has not his work to do,

and his burden to bear? You say sometimes that you are imperious and hot-tempered. Perhaps your slavery, as you call it, may be good for you."

"I have doomed myself and her to it," says Philip, hanging down his head.

"Does she ever repine?" asks his adviser. "Does she not think herself the happiest little wife in the world? See here, Philip, here is a note from her yesterday in which she says as much. Do you want to know what the note is about, Sir?" says the lady, with a smile. "Well, then, she wanted a receipt for that dish which you liked so much on Friday, and she and Mrs. Brandon will make it for you."

"And if it consisted of minced Charlotte," says Philip's other friend, "you know she would cheerfully chop herself up, and have herself served with a little cream-sauce and sippets of toast for your honor's dinner."

This was undoubtedly true. Did not Job's friends make many true remarks when they visited him in his affliction? Patient as he was, the patriarch groaned and lamented, and why should not poor Philip be allowed to grumble, who was not a model of patience at all? He was not broke in as yet. The mill-horse was restive and kicked at his work. He would chafe not seldom at the daily drudgery, and have his fits of revolt and despondency. Well? Have others not had to toil, to bow the proud head, and carry the daily burden? Don't you see Pegasus, who was going to win the plate, a weary, broken-kneed, broken-down old cab hack shivering in the rank; or a sleek gelding, mayhap, pacing under a corpulent master in Rotten Row? Philip's crust began to be scanty, and was dipped in bitter waters. I am not going to make a long story of this part of his career, or parade my friend as too hungry and poor. He is safe now, and out of all peril, Heaven be thanked! but he had to pass through hard times, and to look out very wistfully lest the wolf should enter at the door. He never laid claim to be a man of genius, nor was he a successful quack who could pass as a man of genius. When there were French prisoners in England, we know how stout old officers, who had plied their sabres against Mamelukes, or Russians, or Germans, were fain to carve little jimcracks in bone with their penknives, or make baskets and boxes of chipped straw, and piteously sell them to casual visitors to their prison. Philip was poverty's prisoner. He had to make such shifts and do such work as he could find in his captivity. I do not think men who have undergone the struggle and served the dire task-master like to look back and recall the grim apprenticeship. When Philip says now, "What fools we were to marry, Char!" she looks up radiantly, with love and happiness in her eyes—looks up to heaven, and is thankful; but grief and sadness come over her husband's face at the thought of those days of pain and gloom. She may soothe him, and he may be thankful too; but the wounds are still there which were dealt to him in the cruel battle with fortune. Men are ridden down in it. Men are

poltroons and run. Men maraud, break ranks, are guilty of meanness, cowardice, shabby plunder. Men are raised to rank and honor, or drop and perish unnoticed on the field. Happy he who comes from it with his honor pure! Philip did not win crosses and epaulets. He is like you and me, my dear Sir, not a heroic genius at all. And it is to be hoped that all three have behaved with an average pluck, and have been guilty of no meanness, or treachery, or desertion. Did you behave otherwise, what would wife and children say? As for Mrs. Philip, I tell you she thinks to this day that there is no man like her husband—is ready to fall down and worship the boots in which he walks.

How do men live? How is rent paid? How does the dinner come day after day? As a rule there *is* dinner. You might live longer with less of it, but you can't go without it and live long. How did my neighbor 23 earn his carriage, and how did 24 pay for his house? As I am writing this sentence Mr. Cox, who collects the taxes in this quarter, walks in. How do you do, Mr. Cox? We are not in the least afraid of meeting one another. Time was—two, three years of time—when poor Philip was troubled at the sight of Cox; and this troublous time his biographer intends to pass over in a very few pages.

At the end of six months the Upper Ten Thousand of New York heard with modified wonder that the editor of that fashionable journal had made a retreat from the city, carrying with him the scanty contents of the till; so the contributions of Philalethes never brought our poor friend any dollars at all. But though one fish is caught and eaten, are there not plenty more left in the sea? At this very time when I was in a natural state of despondency about poor Philip's affairs, it struck Tregarvan, the wealthy Cornish member of Parliament, that the Government and the House of Commons slighted his speeches and his views on foreign politics; that the wife of the Foreign Secretary had been very inattentive to Lady Tregarvan; that the designs of a certain Great Power were most menacing and dangerous, and ought to be exposed and counteracted; and that the peerage which he had long desired ought to be bestowed on him. Sir John Tregarvan applied to certain literary and political gentlemen with whom he was acquainted. He would bring out the *European Review*. He would expose the designs of that Great Power which was menacing Europe. He would show up in his proper colors a Minister who was careless of the country's honor, and forgetful of his own: a Minister whose arrogance ought no longer to be tolerated by the country gentlemen of England. Sir John, a little man in brass buttons, and a tall head, who loves to hear his own voice, came and made a speech on the above topics to the writer of the present biography; that writer's lady was in his study as Sir John expounded his views at some length. She listened to him with the greatest attention and respect. She was shocked to hear

of the ingratitude of Government; astounded and terrified by his exposition of the designs of —of that Great Power whose intrigues were so menacing to European tranquillity. She was most deeply interested in the idea of establishing the *Review*. He would, of course, be himself the editor; and—and—(here the woman looked across the table at her husband with a strange triumph in her eyes). She knew, they both knew, the very man *of all the world* who was most suited to act as sub-editor under Sir John—a gentleman, one of the truest that ever lived—a university man; a man remarkably versed in the European languages—that is, in French most certainly. And now the reader, I dare say, can guess who this individual was. “I knew it at once,” says the lady, after Sir John had taken his leave. “I told you that those dear children would not be forsaken.” And I would no more try and persuade her that the *European Review* was not ordained of all time to afford maintenance to Philip than I would induce her to turn Mormon, and accept all the consequences to which ladies must submit when they make profession of that creed.

“You see, my love,” I say to the partner of my existence, “what other things must have been ordained of all time as well as Philip's appointment to be sub-editor of the *European Review*. It must have been decreed *ab initio* that Lady Plinlimmon should give evening parties, in order that she might offend Lady Tregarvan by not asking her to those parties. It must have been ordained by fate that Lady Tregarvan should be of a jealous disposition, so that she might hate Lady Plinlimmon, and was to work upon her husband, and inspire him with anger and revolt against his chief. It must have been ruled by destiny that Tregarvan should be rather a weak and wordy personage, fancying that he had a talent for literary composition. Else he would not have thought of setting up the *Review*. Else he would never have been angry with Lord Plinlimmon for not inviting him to tea. Else he would not have engaged Philip as sub-editor. So, you see, in order to bring about this event, and put a couple of hundred a year into Philip Firmin's pocket, the Tregarvans have to be born from the earliest times: the Plinlimmons have to spring up in the remotest ages, and come down to the present day: Doctor Firmin has to be a rogue, and undergo his destiny of cheating his son of money:—all mankind up to the origin of our race are involved in your proposition, and we actually arrive at Adam and Eve, who are but fulfilling their destiny, which was to be the ancestors of Philip Firmin.”

“Even in our first parents there was doubt and skepticism and misgiving,” says the lady, with strong emphasis on the words. “If you mean to say that there is no such thing as a Superior Power watching over us, and ordaining things for our good, you are an atheist—and such a thing as an atheist does not exist in the world, and I would not believe you if you said you were one twenty times over.”

I mention these points by-the-way, and as samples of lady-like logic. I acknowledge that Philip himself, as he looks back at his past career, is very much moved. "I do not deny," he says, gravely, "that these things happened in the natural order. I say I am grateful for what happened; and look back at the past not without awe. In great grief and danger maybe, I have had timely rescue. Under great suffering I have met with supreme consolation. When the trial has seemed almost too hard for me it has ended, and our darkness has been lightened. *Ut vivo et valeo—si valeo*, I know by Whose permission this is—and would you forbid me to be thankful? to be thankful for my life; to be thankful for my children; to be thankful for the daily bread which has been granted to me, and the temptation from which I have been rescued? As I think of the past and its bitter trials, I bow my head in thanks and awe. I wanted succor, and I found it. I fell on evil times, and good friends pitied and helped me—good friends like yourself, your dear wife, many another I could name. In what moments of depression, old friend, have you not seen me and cheered me? Do you know in the moments of our grief the inexpressible value of your sympathy? Your good Samaritan takes out only two-pence maybe for the wayfarer whom he has rescued, but the little timely supply saves a life. You remember dear old Ned St. George—dead in the West Indies years ago? Before he got his place Ned was hanging on in London, so utterly poor and ruined, that he had not often a shilling to buy a dinner. He used often to come to us, and my wife and our children loved him; and I used to leave a heap of shillings on my study-table, so that he might take two or three as he wanted them. Of course you remember him. You were at the dinner which we gave him on his getting his place. I forget the cost of that dinner; but I remember my share amounted to the exact number of shillings which poor Ned had taken off my table. He gave me the money then and there at the tavern at Blackwall. He said it seemed providential. But for those shillings, and the constant welcome at our poor little table, he said he thought he should have made away with his life. I am not bragging of the two-pence which I gave, but thanking God for sending me there to give it. *Benedico benedictus*. I wonder sometimes am I the I of twenty years ago? before our heads were bald, friend, and when the little ones reached up to our knees. Before dinner you saw me in the library reading in that old *European Review* which your friend Tregarvan established. I came upon an article of my own, and a very dull one, on a subject which I knew nothing about. "Persian politics, and the intrigues at the Court of Teheran." It was done to order. Tregarvan had some special interest about Persia, or wanted to vex Sir Thomas Nobbles, who was Minister there. I breakfasted with Tregarvan in the Albany, the facts (we will call them facts) and papers were

supplied to me, and I went home to point out the delinquencies of Sir Thomas, and the atrocious intrigues of the Russian Court. Well, Sir, Nobbles, Tregarvan, Teheran, all disappeared as I looked at the text in the old volume of the *Review*. I saw a deal table in a little room, and a reading lamp, and a young fellow writing at it, with a sad heart, and a dreadful apprehension torturing him. One of our children was ill in the adjoining room, and I have before me the figure of my wife coming in from time to time to my room and saying, "She is asleep now, and the fever is much lower."

Here our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a tall young lady, who says, "Papa, the coffee is quite cold: and the carriage will be here very soon, and both mamma and my godmother say they are growing very angry. Do you know you have been talking here for two hours?"

Had two hours actually slipped away as we sate prattling about old times? As I narrate them, I prefer to give Mr. Firmin's account of his adventures in his own words, where I can recall or imitate them. Both of us are graver and more reverend seigniors than we were at the time of which I am writing. Has not Firmin's girl grown up to be taller than her godmother? Veterans both, we love to prattle about the merry days when we were young—(the merry days? no, the past is never merry)—about the days when we were young; and do we grow young in talking of them, or only indulge in a senile cheerfulness and prolixity?

Tregarvan sleeps with his Cornish fathers: Europe for many years has gone on without her *Review*; but it is a certainty that the establishment of that occult organ of opinion tended very much to benefit Philip Firmin, and helped for a while to supply him and several innocent people dependent on him with their daily bread. Of course, as they were so poor, this worthy family increased and multiplied; and as they increased, and as they multiplied, my wife insists that I should point out how support was found for them. When there was a second child in Philip's nursery he would have removed from his lodgings in Thornhaugh Street but for the prayers and commands of the affectionate Little Sister, who insisted that there was plenty of room in the house for every body, and who said that if Philip went away she would cut off her little godchild with a shilling. And then indeed it was discovered for the first time, that this faithful and affectionate creature had endowed Philip with all her little property. These are the rays of sunshine in the dungeon. These are the drops of water in the desert. And with a full heart our friend acknowledges how comfort came to him in his hour of need.

Though Mr. Firmin has a very grateful heart, it has been admitted that he was a loud, disagreeable Firmin at times, impetuous in his talk and violent in his behavior: and we are now come to that period of his history when he had a quarrel, in which I am sorry to say Mr. Philip was

in the wrong. Why do we consort with those whom we dislike? Why is it that men *will* try and associate between whom no love is? I think it was the ladies who tried to reconcile Philip and his master; who brought them together, and strove to make them friends; but the more they met the more they disliked each other; and now the Muse has to relate their final and irreconcilable rupture.

Of Mugford's wrath the direful tale relate, O Muse! and Philip's pitiable fate. I have shown how the men had long been inwardly envenomed one against another. "Because Firmin is as poor as a rat, that's no reason why he should adopt that hawhaw manner, and them high and mighty airs toward a man who gives him the bread he eats," Mugford argued not unjustly. "What do I care for his being a university man? I am as good as he is. I am better than his old scamp of a father, who was a college man too, and lived in fine company. I made my own way in the world, independent, and supported myself since I was fourteen years of age, and helped my mother and brothers too, and that's more than my sub-editor can say, who can't support himself yet. I could get fifty sub-editors as good as he is, by calling out of window into the street, I could. I say, hang Firmin! I'm a-losing all patience with him." On the other hand, Mr. Philip was in the habit of speaking his mind with equal candor. "What right has that person to call me Firmin?" he asked. "I am Firmin to my equals and friends. I am this man's laborer at four guineas a week. I give him his money's worth, and on every Saturday evening we are quits. Call me Philip indeed, and strike me in the side. I choke, Sir, as I think of the confounded familiarity!" "Confound his impudence!" was the cry, and the not unjust cry of the laborer and his employer. The men should have been kept apart: and it was a most mistaken Christian charity and female conspiracy which brought them together. "Another invitation from Mugford. It was agreed that I was never to go again, and I won't go," said Philip to his meek wife. "Write and say we are engaged, Charlotte."

"It is for the 18th of next month, and this is the 23d," said poor Charlotte. "We can't well say that we are engaged so far off."

"It is for one of his grand ceremony parties," urged the Little Sister. "You can't come to no quarreling there. He has a good heart. So have you. There's no good quarreling with him. Oh, Philip, do forgive, and be friends!" Philip yielded to the remonstrances of the women, as we all do; and a letter was sent to Hampstead, announcing that Mr. and Mrs. P. F. would have the honor of, etc.

In his quality of newspaper proprietor, musical professors and opera singers paid much court to Mr. Mugford; and he liked to entertain them at his hospitable table; to brag about his wines, cookery, plate, garden, prosperity, and private virtue, during dinner, while the artists sate respectfully listening to him; and to go to sleep

and snore, or wake up and join cheerfully in a chorus, when the professional people performed in the drawing-room. Now, there was a lady who was once known on the theatre by the name of Mrs. Ravenswing, and who had been forced on to the stage by the misconduct of her husband, a certain Walker, one of the greatest scamps who ever entered a jail. On Walker's death this lady married a Mr. Woolsey, a wealthy tailor, who retired from his business, as he caused his wife to withdraw from hers.

Now, more worthy and honorable people do not live than Woolsey and his wife, as those know who were acquainted with their history. Mrs. Woolsey is loud. Her *h's* are by no means where they should be; her knife at dinner is often where it should not be. She calls men aloud by their names, and without any prefix of courtesy. She is very fond of porter, and has no scruple in asking for it. She sits down to play the piano, and to sing with perfect good-nature, and if you look at her hands as they wander over the keys—well, I don't wish to say any thing unkind, but I am forced to own that those hands are not so white as the ivory which they thump. Woolsey sits in perfect rapture listening to his wife. Mugford presses her to take a glass of "somethink" afterward; and the good-natured soul says she will take something 'ot. She sits and listens with infinite patience and good-humor while the little Mugfords go through their horrible little musical exercises; and these over, she is ready to go back to the piano again, and sing more songs, and drink more 'ot.

I do not say that this was an elegant woman, or a fitting companion for Mrs. Philip; but I know that Mrs. Woolsey was a good, clever, and kindly woman, and that Philip behaved rudely to her. He never meant to be rude to her, he said; but the truth is, he treated her, her husband, Mugford, and Mrs. Mugford, with a haughty ill-humor which utterly exasperated and perplexed them.

About this poor lady, who was modest and innocent as Susannah, Philip had heard some wicked elders at wicked clubs tell wicked stories in old times. There was that old Trail, for instance, what woman escaped from *his* sneers and slander? There were others who could be named, and whose testimony was equally untruthful. On an ordinary occasion Philip would never have cared or squabbled about a question of precedence, and would have taken any place assigned to him at any table. But when Mrs. Woolsey, in crumpled satins and blowsy lace, made her appearance, and was eagerly and respectfully saluted by the host and hostess, Philip remembered those early stories about the poor lady; his eyes flashed wrath, and his breast beat with an indignation which almost choked him. Ask that woman to meet my wife? he thought to himself, and looked so ferocious and desperate that the timid little wife gazed with alarm at her Philip, and crept up to him and whispered, "What is it, dear?"

Meanwhile, Mrs. Mugford and Mrs. Woolsey

were in full colloquy about the weather, the nursery, and so forth—and Woolsey and Mugford giving each other the hearty grasp of friendship. Philip, then, scowling at the newly-arrived guests, turning his great hulking back upon the company and talking to his wife, presented a not agreeable figure to his entertainer.

"Hang the fellow's pride!" thought Mugford. "He chooses to turn his back upon my company because Woolsey was a tradesman. An honest tailor is better than a bankrupt, swindling doctor, I should think. *Woolsey* need not be ashamed to show his face, I suppose. Why did you make me ask that fellow again, Mrs. M.? Don't you see, our society ain't good enough for him?"

Philip's conduct, then, so irritated Mugford, that when dinner was announced he stepped forward and offered his arm to Mrs. Woolsey; having intended in the first instance to confer that honor upon Charlotte. "I'll show him," thought Mugford, "that an honest tradesman's lady who pays his way, and is not afraid of any body, is better than my sub-editor's wife, the daughter of a bankrupt swell." Though the dinner was illuminated by Mugford's grandest plate, and accompanied by his very best wine, it was a gloomy and weary repast to several people present, and Philip and Charlotte, and I dare say Mugford, thought it never would be done. Mrs. Woolsey, to be sure, placidly ate her dinner, and drank her wine; while, remembering these wicked legends against her, Philip sate before the poor unconscious lady, silent, with glaring eyes, insolent and odious; so much so, that Mrs. Woolsey imparted to Mrs. Mugford her surmise that the tall gentleman must have got out of bed the wrong leg foremost.

Well, Mrs. Woolsey's carriage and Mr. Firmin's cab were announced at the same moment; and immediately Philip started up and beckoned his wife away. But Mrs. Woolsey's carriage and lamps of course had the precedence; and this lady Mr. Mugford accompanied to her carriage step.

He did not pay the same attention to Mrs. Firmin. Most likely he forgot. Possibly he did not think etiquette required he should show that sort of politeness to a sub-editor's wife: at any rate, he was not so rude as Philip himself had been during the evening, but he stood in the hall looking at his guests departing in their cab, when, in a sudden gust of passion, Philip stepped out of the carriage, and stalked up to his host, who

stood there in his own hall confronting him, Philip declared, with a most impudent smile on his face.

"Come back to light a pipe, I suppose? Nice thing for your wife, ain't it?" said Mugford, relishing his own joke.

"I am come back, Sir," said Philip, glaring at Mugford, "to ask how you dared invite Mrs. Philip Firmin to meet that woman?"

Here, on his side, Mr. Mugford lost his temper, and from this moment *his* wrong begins. When he was in a passion, the language used by Mr. Mugford was not, it appears, choice. We have heard that when angry he was in the habit of swearing freely at his subordinates. He broke out on this occasion also with many oaths. He told Philip that he would stand his impudence no longer; that he was as good as a swindling doctor's son; that though he hadn't been to college he could buy and pay them as had; and that if Philip liked to come into the back-yard for ten minutes he'd give him one—two, and show him whether he was a man or not. Poor Char, who, indeed, fancied that her husband had gone back to light his cigar, sat a while unconscious in her cab, and supposed that the two gentlemen were engaged on newspaper business. When Mugford began to pull his coat off, she sat wondering, but not in the least understanding the meaning of the action. Philip had described his employer as walking about his office without a coat and using energetic language.

But when, attracted by the loudness of the talk, Mrs. Mugford came forth from her neighboring drawing-room, accompanied by such of her children as had not yet gone to roost—when seeing Mugford pulling off his dress-coat she began to scream—when, lifting his voice over hers, Mugford poured forth oaths, and frantically shook his fists at Philip, asking how that blackguard dared insult him in his own house, and proposing to knock his head off at that moment—then poor Char, in a wild alarm, sprang out of the cab, ran to her husband, whose whole frame was throbbing, whose nostrils were snorting with passion. Then Mrs. Mugford springing forward, placed her ample form before her husband's, and calling Philip a great cowardly beast, asked him if he was going to attack that little old man? Then Mugford dashing his coat down to the ground, called with fresh oaths to Philip to come on. And, in fine, there was a most unpleasant row, occasioned by Mr. Philip Firmin's hot temper.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

WE close our record on the 9th of April, in hourly receipt of tidings of more importance than have yet marked the history of the war. The long-expected advance of our army on the Potomac has been commenced. The 22d of February had been fixed upon as the day for the general move-

ment of all the divisions of the entire army; but previous to that time the forces in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri had advanced and effected the evacuation of Bowling Green, the surrender of Fort Donelson, the abandonment of Columbus, and the occupation of Nashville. The impassable condition of the roads in Virginia, however, delayed the march

of the army of the Potomac. But on the 8th of March a general order from the President directed the General Commanding to organize that part of the army destined for active operations into four corps. Another order, of the 11th, announced that General M'Clellan having taken the field at the head of the army of the Potomac, he was relieved from the command of the other military departments. By this and subsequent orders the different military departments were rearranged. The two Western departments, under Generals Halleck and Hunter, and a portion of that under General Buell, were consolidated under Halleck, and a new Department of the South, comprising South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, was formed and placed under General Hunter; and the Department of the Gulf, comprising the coast of the Gulf of Mexico west of Pensacola Harbor, and such portions of the Gulf States as may be occupied by our forces, under General Butler. The country east of the Department of the Mississippi, and west of that of the Potomac, was formed into the Mountain Department, and placed under General Frémont; and two new departments were formed from a portion of that of the Potomac—that of the Shenandoah, under General Banks, and Rappahannock, comprising that part of Virginia east of the Blue Ridge and west of the Potomac, together with the District of Columbia, under General M'Dowell.

The direct advance from before Washington commenced on the 6th of March, the enemy having some days before begun to fall back from the positions at Centreville and Manassas, which he had occupied for nearly a year. Centreville was occupied on the 11th, and Manassas immediately after. On the 14th General M'Clellan issued from Fairfax Court House an address to the army under his immediate command, in which he says that he had not kept them so long inactive without a purpose. They were to be armed, instructed, and disciplined, and artillery had to be created; and other armies were to move and accomplish certain results. These had now been attained, and the patience of the army was worth a dozen victories. The period of inaction had passed, and he would now bring the army face to face with the rebels. They would meet a brave foe, and he should demand of his troops great and heroic exertions, rapid and long marches, desperate combats, and perhaps privations.—From present indications it appears that the enemy in Virginia are taking up a new defensive position from Norfolk to the Blue Ridge, forming a semicircular line partly along the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers. Richmond is nearly opposite the centre of this line.—On the 4th of April General M'Clellan's division left Fortress Monroe for Yorktown, held by the enemy under Magruder. The siege was begun on the 5th, and is still in progress.

Of still more importance even than the affairs in Virginia are those in the Southwest. The main body of the Confederates from Tennessee and Kentucky have fallen back to the neighborhood of Corinth, in Mississippi, where they have been joined by the best troops from every other quarter. General Beauregard is supposed to be in immediate command here. Corinth is a small village in the northwestern corner of Mississippi, near the Tennessee line. It is at the junction of the Mobile and Ohio and the Memphis and Charleston railways, and is thus connected by railway with almost every part of the Confederacy. It lies 93 miles from Memphis, and about 140 from Island No. 10. It is only 20 miles

from Savannah and Pittsburg, in Tennessee, the head-quarters of our army under Grant and Buell. —The telegraph of the 9th of April brings news of a great battle here. At daylight on Sunday the 6th the enemy, under Beauregard and Sidney Johnston, who had advanced from Corinth in great strength, attacked our forces at Pittsburg. The battle lasted all that day, with doubtful success—each side alternately appearing to have the advantage. It was renewed on the next day, continuing until late in the afternoon, when the enemy broke and fled. We do not venture now to give the loss as estimated by the unofficial dispatch; but if this is at all reliable, the battle is by far the most severe ever fought upon this continent, and will rank among the most bloody ever fought.

After the evacuation of Columbus, the Confederate forces which had occupied that position fell down the Mississippi to Island No. 10, about 45 miles below Columbus. The river, whose general course is south, here makes a sharp bend, running northwest for about 12 miles, when it again resumes its southern course. At this second bend, on the Missouri side, is New Madrid, which had been held by a strong Confederate force. On the 3d of March the national forces, under General Pope, arrived in front of New Madrid, which they found occupied by five regiments of infantry and several companies of cavalry. The place was defended by redoubts at the upper and lower end, connected by lines of entrenchments, and six gun-boats were anchored along the shore between the redoubts. The river was so high that the guns of the boats looked directly over the banks, and the country being flat the approaches, for miles, were commanded by a direct and cross fire from at least sixty guns. General Pope, instead of making an immediate assault, took up a position below the town, cutting off all supplies from down the river, and pushed forward works to command the place. The enemy were meanwhile reinforced from Island No. 10, until they had 9000 infantry, besides artillery and nine gun-boats. On the 13th the works having been sufficiently advanced, fire was opened, which was vigorously returned. Our fire was principally directed against the gun-boats, of which several were disabled. The trenches were meanwhile extended, and batteries pushed forward still nearer the river. A furious storm sprung up during the night; but at daylight on the 14th a flag of truce appeared with information that the enemy had evacuated his works. The flight had been precipitate; almost every thing was left behind; thirty-three pieces of artillery, magazines full of fixed ammunition, several thousand of small-arms, tents for an army of 10,000 men, with entrenching tools, horses, and mules, fell into our hands. The enemy escaped with nothing except what they had on their persons. Our loss during these operations was 51 killed and wounded; that of the enemy is unknown; but more than a hundred new-made graves showed that he must have suffered severely.—The investment of Island No. 10 was begun on the 16th by our gun-boats under Commodore Foote. On the 20th Commodore Foote sent a dispatch saying that "Island No. 10 is harder to conquer than Columbus, as the island shores are lined with forts, each one commanding the one above it. I am gradually approaching the island, but still do not hope for much until the occurrence of certain events which promise success." These "events" comprehended the cutting off, by General Pope, at New Madrid, of all access by the river from below, the digging of a canal

through a swamp on the main land west of the island, through which a part of our gun-boats could pass below the island, and the passage of the river from the Missouri to the Kentucky shore, in face of the enemy's batteries. These operations were successfully carried out, a brisk bombardment being all the while kept up. The investment being complete, every thing was in readiness for an assault, when, at midnight of the 7th of April, two Confederate officers boarded our boats, with orders to surrender the island to the commander of the naval expedition. The same day which brings us the telegraphic dispatch of the battle near Savannah, brings the tidings of the surrender of Island No. 10, with the announcement that we have "captured three generals, 6000 prisoners, 100 siege-pieces, several field-pieces, and immense quantities of small-arms, tents, wagons, horses, and provisions."

When Norfolk, Virginia, was abandoned, in April, 1861, among the vessels left behind was the steam-frigate *Merrimac*, then under repair; she was sunk, but without undergoing any essential damage. She was raised, cut down to near the water's edge, plated with iron, and a bomb-proof covering, resembling the sloping roof of a house, thrown over the gun-deck. She was provided with an armament reported to consist of four 11-inch guns on each side, and two 100-pounders at bow and stern; the bow also was furnished with a steel beak for the purpose of piercing the sides of an enemy. Fully nine months were spent in thus converting the *Merrimac*, whose name was changed to the *Virginia*, into a floating battery. She left Norfolk, steamed down the Elizabeth River, and on the 8th of March made her appearance in Hampton Roads, near Fortress Monroe. The principal national vessels in the Roads were the steam-frigate *Minnesota*, and the sailing frigates *Congress* and *Cumberland*, the two latter of which were blockading the river. The *Virginia* made direct for the *Cumberland*, who opened fire upon her with heavy guns, but the balls glanced harmlessly from her. After firing a single shot, which killed five men, the *Virginia* ran into the *Cumberland*, who kept up a vigorous though ineffectual fire, the *Virginia* all the time firing with deadly effect. The *Cumberland* soon began to sink, and finally went down, carrying with her the wounded. The *Virginia* then attacked the *Congress*, which was, in the course of half an hour, so thoroughly riddled that, finding the contest hopeless, she struck her colors, after having been run ashore, where she was burned. The *Minnesota*, in trying to reach the scene of action, ran aground, and could not be moved. Night had now set in, but there seemed no reason why, on the next day, the *Minnesota*, and all the vessels remaining in the Roads, might not be destroyed, as the *Cumberland* and *Congress* had been. During the night the floating battery *Monitor* arrived in the Roads from New York. This vessel, which had just been completed, from designs of Mr. Ericsson, differs materially from any vessel before constructed. Externally it presents the appearance of a long, oval raft, rising only eighteen inches above the water, with a low, round tower upon its centre. This raft is the upper part of the hull of the vessel, and is plated with iron so as to be ball-proof. It projects on every side beyond the lower hull, which contains the machinery. The tower, which contains two heavy guns, the only armament of the battery, is of iron, and nearly a foot in thickness. It is constructed so as to revolve, bringing the guns to bear upon any point. This tower, nine feet high and

twenty in diameter, and a pilot-house, rising three feet, are all that appear upon the smooth, level deck. The vessel was believed by its inventor to be absolutely invulnerable. Early on the morning of the 9th the *Monitor* was dispatched to the aid of the *Minnesota*, which lay still aground. The *Virginia*, followed by two steamers, soon moved down toward the *Minnesota*, evidently expecting to destroy her; but the *Monitor* interposed, and an action began between the two floating batteries. Sometimes the vessels were close together; at others, some distance apart. The *Virginia* once ran against the *Monitor*, but without doing the slightest injury; several times she tried to run past her antagonist and engage the *Minnesota* at close quarters, but without success. The battle lasted five hours. The tower of the *Monitor* was struck more than twenty times by balls, but without receiving the slightest damage. A little past noon the *Virginia* withdrew, and returned up the river, having apparently received considerable damage. Early in the action the pilot-house of the *Monitor* was struck, and Lieutenant Worden, her commander, was stunned by the concussion, and also blinded by the minute particles of cement driven into his eyes. This was the only casualty on board the battery. The *Minnesota* and the gun-boat *Whitehall* participated in the engagement, keeping up a fire against the *Virginia*, which seemed to have no effect upon her iron-cased sides. Both these vessels received some injury, and suffered loss in men. The *Monitor*, though hardly a third part the size of her antagonist, showed herself in this contest more than a match for her. The *Virginia* returned to Norfolk, having evidently suffered considerable damage. Her commander, Lieutenant Buchanan, was severely if not fatally wounded, and it is supposed that considerable loss of life was sustained on board. It is reported that she has been put upon the dock, her damages repaired, and provided with a heavier armament than before; and that she is about to undertake another expedition against our fleet, and, if possible, make her way past Fortress Monroe to sea. Our loss during these two days was very severe. There were on board the *Congress* 434 officers and men; of these, 136 were killed, wounded, and missing, the greater number presumed to have been killed. The loss on the *Cumberland* was about the same.

At Pea Ridge, Arkansas, a severe action was fought, and a decisive victory gained by our forces, on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of March. The enemy, who had retreated from Missouri before General Curtis, concentrated all his forces under General Van Dorn, and made an attack on our right and rear. Reinforcements coming up, the attack was suspended for the night. Next morning our centre attacked him, while he at the same time made a vigorous assault on our right; and the action lasted the whole day at these points. Our right, under Colonel Carr, held their position, while the enemy were in the centre entirely repulsed, losing General McCulloch. During the day the enemy gradually concentrated his main force against our right, and Curtis changed his front so as to face him, and commenced the attack at sunrise on the 8th. General Siegel, who commanded our left, drove the enemy from the heights; our centre and right were now pushed forward, our right turning his left, and cross-firing on his centre. The final position of the enemy was in the form of an arc of a circle. Upon this a charge of infantry extending through the whole line was made, which routed his whole force, driving him in

confusion through the impassable defiles of Cross Timber. General Curtis, in his official report of the action, makes especial mention of General Siegel, who commanded the right, and drove back the left wing of the enemy; Ashboth, who was wounded in his gallant attempt to reinforce our right; Davis, who commanded the centre, where M'Culloch fell; and Carr, also wounded, who was under the continuous fire of the enemy during the two hardest days of the struggle. "Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Ohio, and Missouri," he says, in conclusion, "may proudly share the honor of victory, which their gallant heroes won over the combined forces of Van Dorn, Price, and M'Culloch at Pea Ridge, in the mountains of Arkansas."—Our loss is given at 212 killed, 926 wounded, and 174 missing. That of the enemy can not be ascertained.—Among the forces of the enemy were a large number of Indians, who it is said scalped and mutilated many of our dead and wounded.

Newbern, North Carolina, was captured on the 14th of March by General Burnside, after a sharp action. The vessels composing the attacking division started from Hatteras Inlet on the 12th, proceeded up the Neuse River, and landed the troops about 18 miles below the town on the next morning; they marched 12 miles that day, dragging the cannon through the deep mud, and bivouacked for the night. At daybreak they advanced, and soon came upon the enemy's entrenchments, extending in a continuous line for more than a mile, protected on the river bank by a battery of 13 guns, and on the opposite bank a line of redoubts for riflemen and field-pieces. These works were defended by 8 regiments of infantry, 500 cavalry, and three batteries of 6 field-guns each. After an engagement of four hours these works were carried by assault, enabling us to gain the rear of the remaining batteries between that point and Newbern. The enemy retreated in great confusion along the railroad, but burned the draw of the bridge behind them, checking for a time further pursuit, and delaying the occupation of the town by the military force. But the naval force had forced its way up the river, and its guns commanded the town, which was abandoned by the enemy, who set fire to it in several places; but the flames were extinguished by the joint exertions of the citizens and our soldiers. We captured here 46 heavy and 18 light guns, two steamboats, a number of sailing vessels, and a large amount of military stores, and made 200 prisoners. Our loss is given at 91 killed and 466 wounded, many of them mortally; that of the enemy was less, as they fought behind entrenchments, and although superior in numbers, fled as soon as their works were carried.—General Burnside subsequently dispatched a force to Beaufort, the best harbor on the North Carolina coast. The town was occupied without opposition; but Fort Macon, which defends the harbor, was held by some 500 troops, who refused to surrender, and preparations were at once made to invest it.—The steamer *Nashville*, which was lying in the harbor, put out for sea, and succeeded in escaping the blockading vessels.

In the mean while Commodore Dupont has dispatched expeditions from Port Royal, which have seized the important places on the Florida coast. Among these places are Fernandina, Jacksonville, and St. Augustine; Fort Marion, at the latter place, was surrendered without resistance on the 12th of March. The advance upon Savannah is also pressed forward; batteries upon Skidaway and Green Islands having been abandoned by the enemy, and the guns

removed, in order to be placed nearer Savannah. Fort Pulaski is now cut off from succor, and its capture is considered certain.

A brilliant victory was gained at Winchester, Virginia, on the 23d of March, by our army under General Shields. A reconnoissance, made some days before beyond Strasburg, showed that the Confederate General Jackson was in a strong position, within supporting distance of the main army under Johnston. Shields undertook to decoy him from that position. He accordingly, with his whole command, fell back, on the 20th, 30 miles to Winchester, as if in retreat. His force was then posted in a secluded position two miles from Winchester. The rebel cavalry the next day came within sight of Winchester, and then the whole of Banks's division, with the exception of Shields's hidden command, evacuated Winchester, *en route* for Centreville. Intelligence of this movement was sent by the inhabitants of the region to Jackson, who was assured that only a few regiments were left at Winchester. The enemy's cavalry, under Ashby, now advanced, and drove in our pickets. Shields ordered forward just enough forces to repel this attack, leaving him to suppose that this was all the force left to garrison the town, and still keeping his main body concealed. In a slight skirmish that evening Shields was struck by the fragment of a shell, which broke his arm and shattered his shoulder; but he nevertheless continued to make preparations for repelling the enemy. An entire brigade of infantry, supported by artillery, was pushed forward, and another was held in reserve, to operate against any point that might be assailed, and so the expected attack of the enemy was awaited. No attack was made during the night, and scouts who were sent out early on the morning of the 23d reported no enemy in sight, except Ashby's cavalry, infantry, and artillery. General Banks, who still remained at Winchester, believed that Jackson could not be in front; he left therefore for Washington. Shields also began to doubt whether his plan had succeeded, but omitted no precaution to be ready for his antagonist. By half past 10 it became evident that a strong force of the enemy was before him, but they were so carefully hidden in the woods that no estimate could be formed of their number. A fire of artillery was opened upon them, which soon compelled them to show themselves. They planted battery after battery on their centre and flanks; our artillery responded, and the action continued in this manner until half past three in the afternoon, when Shields directed a column of infantry to carry a battery on their left, and assail that flank. This was successfully done, and their guns on the left were captured, this wing forced back upon its centre, and they were laid open to a general attack. This was made at 5 o'clock by our infantry, who succeeded in driving them from the ground, leaving us in possession of the field, with 2 guns, 4 caissons, 1000 stand of small-arms, and 300 prisoners.—Our loss in this action amounted to 132 killed, 540 wounded, and 46 missing—718 in all. That of the enemy is uncertain, but it must have been far greater than ours. General Banks, who returned from Washington, and took on the morning following the battle the command of the division, which Shields's wound prevented him from retaining, pursued the enemy. He found the houses for more than twenty miles from the battle-field filled with the dead and dying of the enemy; and graves were discovered far away from the road where the inhabitants had buried them as they died.

Editor's Table.

NATIONAL HABIT.—Man has been very fitly styled a bundle of habits; and what is in this respect true of the individual, is equally true of communities and nations. If we wish to know what a man really is, we are not by any means content with learning what his speculative opinions, occasional freaks, or incidental experiences are. We insist upon ascertaining what he habitually thinks, feels, says, and does. Probably, in certain exceptional states of mind, most men come very near each other: and the jolliest pleasure-seeker has his serious hours, when he thinks that he can really give up the world; while the gravest devotee has his merry hours, when he could sing and dance as if there were no grave under his feet, and no awful judgments to fear. But the regular habits of men marvelously differ, and the habitual paths in which they walk express the sum total of their ideas and purposes, and the resultant forces of their lives. They define the past, and, moreover, indicate the future; for the daily paths are haunted by the most solemn of prophets, and the orbit in which a man walks is virtually the cycle of his destiny.

It is the same with nations; and as we name the great powers of the world—Russia, Austria, France, England, and others—we have a distinct idea of them mainly from acquaintance with their national habits. Take, for example, the people nearest ourselves in blood and destiny, the English. We know a small part of their history and character when we are acquainted with the thoughts and fancies of their men of genius, or the rare deeds of their heroes. We know England well when we know what an Englishman expects to do, and to have his nation do, as a matter of course, without a particle of hesitation or argument. We find at once that he is a bundle of habits, and that the bundle is tied together by a most rigid cord of pertinacity. His mind is made up on most of the great practical subjects; and what is more, his will is equally made up. You are left in no sort of doubt as to what he thinks of a child's duty to a parent, a servant's to his master, a subject's to the throne and laws, or a Christian's to the Church. In the least as well as the greatest of interests he travels in a well-worn path, and keeps his books, drives his horses, and drinks his wine in his own way, and after the manner of his fathers. The result is seen in the wonderful nationality of England. When any emergency rises all the people ask how do the English people usually bear themselves in such circumstances; and it matters very little whether or no there is a written law, so long as there is a fixed habit or clearly-defined precedent. The moment the old path is clearly pointed out the Englishman is ready to go therein; and he lays down his life without a moment's hesitation for any cause that is fully identified with the Constitution, laws, or customs of his country. Much of the law, especially what is called the Common Law, is not written in set codes, yet it is equally imperative with the most positive enactments; and the English Constitution itself is virtually a collection of habits, new usages being added from time to time as the need requires. Progress indeed is made, but it must be very much in the old way; and every reform is urged, not so much because it presents a new idea as because it vindicates or carries out some ancient right.

We Americans, although having little of the English immobility and reserve, are yet great lovers

of our own ways; and our national life is the result of long-continued and variously-combined habits. We are a bundle of old provinces tied together by a Union cord; and it is easy to see how powerful custom has been, and is, in deciding our national ways and character. Each of the original thirteen colonies had its own usages, opinions, and laws; and even the colonies that were side by side, and peopled mainly from the same stock, had the most obstinate diversities. Let any man, for example, live a few months in each of the New England States, and how different the manners and customs that he encounters! A Rhode Islander does not seem to be of the same race as a Massachusetts man, and Connecticut differs about as much from Maine, and New Hampshire from Vermont. Yet all the colonies came into the Union at first reluctant to yield their local liberty so far as needed to form a solid nationality, and they all retained their old provincial habits in the most positive way. The only exceptions confirm the rule; for the new States that were peopled by emigrants from the old districts carried with them their old usages; and the Virginian or Carolinian in the Southwest, and the New Englander on the Ohio or the lakes, walk very much in the old paths of their fathers.

With us Americans, however, the national as well as the local habit is one of ancient date; for the old colonies were always accustomed to look beyond their narrow local limits to a superior authority: and in time their common respect for their European ruler gave way to a gradual recognition of a continental Union, which gave promise of its great future before any acts of Congress had been heard. Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina, spoke the auspicious word that interpreted the past and foretold the future at the Colonial Congress at New York, in 1765, when he said: "There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker, known on the Continent, but all Americans." It is well to know that there is at least one man in South Carolina, and in the city of Charleston too, who still holds that same sentiment, and that the mantle of Gadsden is fitly worn by James Louis Petigru. Surely the habit of Union is an old one, and they who despise it must despise the lessons of more than two centuries, and forget or assail the associate and continuous life of the provinces from the outset of colonization.

But we have fallen upon new times, when the great National habit has been set at naught, and the sectional will has been put above the National authority. It is remarkable, indeed, that the crisis had not come before; and that even beyond the prescriptions of our written law and the anticipations of our constitutional fathers, our institutions have been extended into new and vast domains without military power, and even without any specific enactments providing for such cases. New States have been formed, and the great popular habit of civil order has organized republican liberty in distant borders, where our arms were feeble and our Government had been but a name. The history of California is most remarkable in this respect; and it is most comforting to our patriotism to note the loyalty of her people to our institutions through all of their troubles, and to know that even the terrible Committee of Vigilance that seemed to suspend the laws really vindicated them, and sought at the earliest moment to make over their power to the legally organized authority. There is great comfort now

in this spectacle of a State so remote and so true; and while we write these words the spark of electric light flashes from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Pacific to the Atlantic, like thought, through limbs of the same responsive organism.

Why marvel, however, that such harmony should not be universal, and that the sectional habit should have its time of quarrel with the National authority, and the question should arise which shall prevail? It has been so in the history of all nations, even of the most conservative. Thus England, apparently the most stable and well-balanced of empires, has had its fearful oscillations, and has paid a fearful price for her present peace. Every adjustment between rival powers in the realm has been secured by rivers of blood and mines of gold. The two great lines of habit—the sectional and the central, or the popular and the royal—have been at issue with each other, and not by quiet reformatory, but by stormy revolutions, the peace between them has been secured. Not always, as by the Barons at Runnymede, was the check given to the assumptions of the crown by a Magna Charta, and a Cromwell came who sealed with blood a new covenant between the people and the peers and throne—a covenant that still holds, although the great Commonwealth is no more, and the crown and mace are not baubles now as when the stout Protector threw them down. It is cheering to think that something has been permanently won for English nationality by those struggles; and the rival lines of habit, by turning and writhing, have been twisted into something like consistency and solidity, like the strands of a rope in process of manufacture. Let us consider, in this light, the recent convulsions in our nation, and try to interpret our condition somewhat by the philosophy of National habit.

There is, first of all, a time for the *formation* of habits; and this generally takes place according to a very obvious principle of human nature. Whenever any idea or desire finds its object, it tends to recur to it again with a certain continuity, and this continuity we call habit. As the word indicates, it is that which *holds* us; and thus a man's habits are the ways that hold him. Thus, to take an illustration from the most familiar of all experiences, the desire for food. This desire is natural, and with the first signs of vitality it craves its object; and the infant seeks the mother's breast, first from instinct, and afterward from habit; and the desire and the object are thus joined or held together by a certain tenure that soon takes the places of thought or volition, and acts sometimes both involuntarily and unconsciously. The higher affections and faculties follow the same law of continuity: so that what a man once sets his heart upon he tends to hold to with an involuntary persistence; and whatever subjects we for a time earnestly meditate upon return to mind apparently of themselves with a certain periodicity. We can understand this continuity pretty well, when under the action of merely material laws—as when the running water continues to flow in the channel that has once been formed, or the wheel continues to turn a great while when once set in motion upon a smooth axle. But in the higher plane of vital and intellectual functions the matter is not so clear; and surely nothing is more marvelous than the undoubted fact that most of our thought, and even of our work, in time goes on of itself with little effort on our part: so that when we have once mastered an art, it seems so to possess us as to become a second nature. There is probably a great natural law at the basis of this

experience; and those automatic functions that keep the heart and lungs in spontaneous play are seated in the nervous system, and have undoubted connections, or at least correspondences, with the spontaneous movings of thoughts, feelings, and actions that have been habitual. Thus the mind seems to have a motive power of its own very much as a mechanic has a steam-engine in his shop; and whatever mental work is duly committed to this power is taken out of the weary hands, like the saw or lathe which is fastened to the steam-engine, and the hardest burden of labor is done away.

Now all personal habits, in their formation, learn to use this automatic force, and thus go on as if it were of themselves. The different habits of a man join with each other under the action of the same force, like so many machines belted to the same shaft. Then, as men come into neighborhoods and states, they consciously or unconsciously combine their habits into a certain public or national life; and thus a body politic is formed, with its peculiar order of habits, that act with the same spontaneity, and often evince a force that surprises the very subjects of it. Thus, in the present crisis in our republic, the trouble does not come from any mere accident or caprice, but from an ancient and powerful habit of sectional sovereignty; and instead of wondering that this has now shown its obstinacy, we should rather wonder that it has so long kept quiet, and given precedence to a rival habit, that of allegiance to the Central National Authority. Wherever there are two powers, one or the other must lead; and there is not, and can not be, any such thing as perfect equality. Herbert Spencer well says, that, if the two parts of a pair of scales are put into perfect equilibrium, the equilibrium will soon cease, and under the weight of stray particles of dust, or the action of air or moisture, one or the other will preponderate. Much greater, of course, will be the rivalry when vital forces are in question; as when two twigs of the same size are planted side by side, or two fowls or dogs from the same stock are reared together. It is plain that one or the other soon shoots ahead, and in strength or spirit, or in both, is sure to be master. Nay, even in the same person, there is no perfect equality among rival limbs or functions; and the right hand generally becomes master of the left, and one side of the person will be stronger or handsomer than the other. Thus it is with personal and social habits. They are in conflict until the order of precedence is effectually settled. In most young men, for example, the habit of independence, or self-will, is in conflict with the habit of obedience, or parental will; and sometimes, in a sad way, the balance is broken, and the poor prodigal turns from the good old home to feed on the husks of misery that follow the revels of self-indulgence. In nations, the force of self-will in the sections or provinces comes into conflict with the national will; and no government was ever put on a solid basis without having gone through this conflict, and settling the question as to who shall rule, the less or the greater. Here is precisely the point before us, and we are suffering uncounted ills from the conflict of the habit of sectional power in certain districts with the habit of national law. The cause of the vast power of this rebellion lies in the fact that it moved in the line of a great sectional feeling, and instead of pleading a specific grievance as the motive of its uprising, it appealed to a mighty prepossession in the people, and lifted up the banner of State Rights in evident hope of rallying not only the offended provinces, but

the whole State Rights party, North as well as South, on its side. But before bringing this power into play, the rebellious spirit was obliged to start the wheels of its chariot of ruin by a still narrower and more intense motive. It was the inveterate local pride and clannish jealousy of South Carolina, and especially of the little aristocratic city of Charleston, that began the mischief and set the train in motion, with all its vast connections and terrible sweep. That clique of petty despots had done little for about a century but nurse their own self-importance upon the remembrance that theirs was once one of the most promising commercial cities of the land, and curse the tyrannical North for drawing away their commerce and fame. A Carolina man, as such, seems to think himself better than the rest of the human race, and not to be named in the same breath with any other American, whether from the North or the South; and while other States may have wished or meditated the monstrous act, to South Carolina belongs the infamy of being first to break the national league, and first to fire upon the national flag. That old leaven of pride that has been gathering for so many years at last leavened the whole neighborhood, and raised the whole lump in the ferment of rebellion. But no sooner had the old habit of sectional will, thus inflamed by a malignant provincial pride, lifted up its head and struck its treasonable blow, than it was evident that there was another and mightier habit in the nation—a habit of national loyalty that had been growing quietly for nearly a century, and that had hardly before been conscious of itself except in case of insult or assault from foreign Powers. Its force had been silently gathering in the schools, and workshops, and town councils, and State Legislatures, and journals, and churches of the land; but its power was little known or dreamed of until it was lifted to its feet by the foul blow of rebellion. Before, indeed, it had vindicated itself in debate, and in the great argument of Webster and our constitutional champions with Calhoun, Hayne, and their clique of nullifiers, the sovereignty of the nation over the States was triumphantly established. But a forensic victory is not a final settlement, nor a dynamic one, although it would have become one if Andrew Jackson's seat had always been held by a man of his stout will and indomitable loyalty. The time came for another issue, and with weapons sterner than arguments or proclamations. We have lately had the effective indorsement of Webster's speeches against nullification; and the cannon of Dupont, and Grant, and Foote, and Burnside ring out their mighty Amen to the loyal affirmation of the great expounder of the Constitution. May the sound rise and swell until it sweeps through the land and finds no opposing note from Maine to Texas, from New York to California! May God save the nation by saving the habit of allegiance and Union! and while we mourn over every loyal citizen who lays down his life for his country, and can feel even for the wounds and death of the rebel soldiery, we think the result worth the sacrifice, and believe that the welfare of this whole continent for centuries depends upon the right result of the conflict. Let secession win, and the habit of division is at once forever established, and the habit of loyalty is gone. Let secession win, and no State is safe for the Union, no county safe for the State, no village or city is safe for the county, and no citizen is safe for the law, and the reckless individualism returns that marked the barbaric ages, when every man did that which was pleasing in his own eyes.

We thus see, from the very nature of the *formation* of public habits, that conflicts must arise, and can well understand that these conflicts of great social forces must create tumults and wars very much like the wars and tempests that come from the conflicts of the mighty currents in the ocean and the air. The disturbance that ensues demands instant attention, and in the readjustment that must be made we are obliged to take one or the other of two grounds, and speak either the word *revolution* or *reformation*. We have made our choice, or, rather, it is made for us by our very birth, breeding, and by all our most sacred convictions and purposes. It is not *revolution* but *reformation*. It is revolution that has assailed the Government, and kindled this fearful civil war against a Constitution whose benign and mighty protection had been extended over all the States alike, and without even the pretense that any act of encroachment upon any State had been perpetrated. We are conservatives, and we mean to go on in the good old paths, and strengthen instead of destroying the great conservative elements of the national life. Of course the nation must be reformed, as must every institution and every character that has earthly imperfections and is subject to human changes. The antagonist powers that are in deadly war with each other must be conformed to true relations; whatever is excessive in one quarter must be abated, and whatever is wanting in another quarter must be brought up. Nothing must be lost, and even the fearful abuse of sectional power that has wrought all this mischief must teach us the value of this force, and move us to restore it to its rightful place instead of trying to extinguish its existence.

We can not accept the idea of revolution in either of its aspects, nor consent to overturn either the Constitutional powers of the States or of the nation. If we overturn the national authority, and allow the States or sections to secede at will, we either make national order impossible by removing the only power that can secure unity, or we prepare the way for some new and undesirable centralization, by leaving the stronger of the seceded States to become the centre of a new Union or of new Unions. Already this latter alternative threatens the Border States that remain within the old Union; for the secessionist dynasty has assailed their liberty, and only needs the power in order to carry out its usurpation, and rule unwilling or half-willing neighbors with a rod of iron. The principle of the new Confederacy virtually denies itself, and in the end will destroy itself; for the moment the seceding States come effectually together, and work together, that moment an associate habit of centralization that is quite as strong as written law, and will not fail ere long to bring such law, will spring up; and thus the seceders will be obliged to take the very stand for the preservation of their government that they now blame us for taking in order to preserve our own. Not only do we argue thus from the nature of things, but especially from the nature of the Southern mind, which has so much of the Celtic love of power and passion for centralization. Not only would our Southern neighbors combine to lord it over any States that might wish to stray from their Confederacy, but they would probably, even if we let them alone, ere long try their hand upon us, and the present issue of an appeal to arms would first or last be forced upon us. So then we must, from every consideration, stand by our national habit, and keep the States, in all matters purely national, subordinate to

the Union. Principle and expediency alike compel our present course; and to shrink from it would be merely deferring and exaggerating the evil.

What shall we say of the opposite form of revolution, or that which would sacrifice the prerogative of the section or the State to the sovereignty of the nation? It is evident that this issue is contemplated by many; and in the press, the debates of Congress, and the round of daily conversation, we find advocates of thorough-going centralization. Some go so far as to favor the utter extinction of State independence, and to claim for the nation a consolidation as entire as that of England, if not of France. Now whatever may be said in behalf of this course, it can not be denied that it is revolutionary; and, however desirable in the eyes of some parties, it implies the overturning of the original idea of our nationality: and it is obvious that the States would never have consented to accept the Constitution if they had supposed that they were to be subject provinces, bound to the seat of government as Scotland or Ireland is bound to the British throne. No thought was entertained by the leading Federalists of the old school of taking all power of self-government from the States, and the intense local feeling which the most conservative and national of the old States have shown since the adoption of the Constitution, is proof enough of what was in the mind of our Constitutional fathers. It was the people as such, and not the separate States, indeed, that formed the Constitutional government: yet, as such, they kept these State affections and prerogatives, and secured them by the new laws and by the very first principles of the Union; and the new nation solemnly resolved to guarantee to every State in the Union a republican form of government, and protect them all against invasion and domestic violence.

Moreover, from the nature of things, as well as from the habit and principle of the nation, we are utterly opposed to do any thing, not required by self-defense, that shall break down the prerogative of the States in their proper sphere. Our nation is the growth of many years and of very peculiar elements, and its form is but the organization of its own essential nature. The two habits—the sectional and the central—are like the centrifugal and centripetal forces of our solar system, and, as such, are essential to the life and prosperity of the nation. If we extinguish or enfeeble the proper local powers of the States, we so far impair the nation; and the head must suffer in the languor of the members. The strength of our Government consists in the due harmony between the members and the head; and the wonderful civil and social forces of *justice* and *honor*—the one ever earnest to give, and the other as earnest to take its due—combine their offices when both habits are recognized. There is none too much State pride and State honor; and an evil day will come to us when it fails to be seen that each star shines by its own light on our flag, and keeps, instead of losing, its brilliancy by obeying the organic law of the constellation. It is far better to invigorate than to destroy the local power; and if its functions are deranged, the common rules of civil therapeutics require that they shall be set right or kept under restraint until they return to their healthy action.

Thus with the States now in rebellion: they are under self-excommunication, and so long as they fail to give due guarantees for their obedience to the National laws they must expect to suffer restraint, and be threatened or invaded by our arms; and

whatever loss of property comes to them by acts of confiscation or by martial law, they must set down as part of the punishment of disobedience. If their slaves are confiscated and freed by law, or take their own liberty into their hands in presence of the invading army, such losses are to be estimated among the penalties of sedition, and are not to be regarded as any infraction of the just rights of loyal citizens, or as any declaration on the part of the National government to withhold from any State its constitutional prerogative. Nay, on the other hand, all assurance should be given that loyalty will be everywhere respected; and the utmost use should be made of the sentiment of State Rights and local jurisdiction, in order to strengthen the central authority and restore the integrity of the nation. Such has been the evident idea of the present Administration, and the President has had the mass of the people and the great majority of the States with him—not merely because he stands up stoutly for the National Sovereignty, but because he also vindicates the rights of the sections, and each loyal State is assured that it defends its own sacred prerogative in contending for the just unity of the nation and the power of the Constitution. To say nothing of Maryland, Missouri, or Kentucky, where there is division of feeling, and to take, for illustration, such wholly loyal States as Massachusetts or Rhode Island, is it not evident that each one of these old Commonwealths has the most intense local pride, and that the sentiment of State honor is mightily confirmed, instead of being enfeebled, by brave and indomitable allegiance to the General Government? We must beware, then, how in any way we strike at this principle; and when we punish local treason we must assail the treasonable *functionaries*, and not destroy the constitutional *organism*. Even South Carolina shall be sacred to us in its constitutional organization; and however much its rebellious functions may be restrained or suspended, its organism as a State shall not be destroyed, even if for a hundred years no loyal majority can be found to claim its privileges and develop its powers.

Taking this stand, we are all the more at liberty to strike without reserve at all disloyal persons and powers; for in subduing them we secure to the local governments their true rights and just jurisdiction. We therefore make no scruple of avowing our utter hostility to all the leaders and abettors of this rebellion; and rejoice that they have been weighed in the balance and have been found wanting, and that their days are already numbered and their doom is evidently near. We thank God for the victory of the arms of the nation over the revolted sections; and look confidently to the day when their defeat shall be final, and not one of the clique of despots that have dared to conspire against the most benign government that the earth has ever seen shall be left to raise his voice or hand against the majesty of our law.

We take it to be one of the main elements in the present reformation, that the oligarchy of slaveholders, who have brought this trouble upon us, are to be put where they belong, and are no longer to rule the whole land. We have been always ready to give them their legal rights, and have never been parties to the effort to rob the Slave States of jurisdiction over their own affairs. But we have suffered so much from the intrigues and violence of their leaders as to be unwilling to suffer any more, and to be determined to have it settled beyond all question that the nation is to rule in its own right, and

through its own people, and not be at the mercy of an arrogant and unscrupulous clique, who have so long had their own way as to take it for granted that they were born to command and we were born to obey. We must have no more bullying in Congress—no more answer to arguments by pistols, bowie-knives, and bludgeons—no more bragging and blustering on the part of the idlers, who live upon the fruit of labor not their own, over our industrious classes who live by their own toil—no more countenance to the monstrous error that claims courage for every ruffian who carries weapons in his pockets or belt, and denies it to the farmer or mechanic or teacher who is in habit and temper a peace-maker. We have made it very clear that our plain working people can fight, as well as dig and plow and saw and spin. We trust that this vindication of their bravery will suffice at least for a hundred years, and fix the great habit of self-respect on their part, and respect for them by the conspirators who have maligned them. Already the secession rhetoric has mightily changed its tone; and our people, if sometimes still called cobblers and peddlers by the rebel press, are no longer branded as cowards, any half-dozen of whom, it has been said, will be sure to run at the first gleam of a Southern sword. We verily believe that our erring neighbors never thought so well of us as they do now that they have had proof of our earnestness and bravery. They are almost idolators of power, and the reason why they have held themselves so high and us so low has merely been the assumption that they were determined and strong, and we were tame and feeble. Now that they have found their mistake, their very respect for strength may make them transfer something of their regard from their own heroes to ours, and not think that in being part of a nation made of such materials they are losing caste. We too may have some errors to correct; and certainly, so far as the mass of the Southern people are concerned, we may have cause to respect their sincerity, courage, and self-sacrifice, while we none the less wish them a larger share of judgment, coolness, and nationality. A proper understanding on these points must be an important element in the current reformation.

We undoubtedly owe something to the very folly and perversity of the assailants in helping us withstand their assault. They attacked us with such force of numbers, such show of principle, such weight of interests, such skill of generalship, and such policy in foreign relations as to require all our sagacity, resources, and energy to meet them effectively. The enemy was no slight one, and we must rise in all our might or yield to the blow. The nation has risen in its might; and, in fact, for the first time been conscious of its power. A less danger might have been more fatal, because met by inadequate means; and what we will not yield to these millions we might, perhaps, have yielded to as many hundreds of thousands.

Again, they have helped us put them down, and the pestilent principle of secession with them, by basing their claim on so monstrous a doctrine, and calling up thereby the moral indignation of the people here, and dashing the otherwise ready sympathy and perhaps co-operation of Europe. They have set up their peculiar institution as a permanent one; which, instead of being tolerated as a local usage or temporary convenience, is to be regarded as the corner-stone of society, and to be carried every where in the track of labor. They have not only taught that the black man must be the white man's

slave, but that manual labor every where is incompatible with liberty; and even their sincere and apparently devout preachers have declared that the working-class every where must be in virtual slavery. The contempt for labor so boldly avowed has vastly strengthened our arms, and brought the force of moral indignation to bear, in conjunction with self-defense, against this two-fold assault against our persons and our principles. Henceforth the idea of secession is to be odious alike because it has been put down by so mighty an uprising of power, and because it has been met by so hearty a condemnation; and thus we owe it to our enemies that we have been able so to combine against them the weapons that are carnal and those that are moral and spiritual.

Precisely on what terms the readjustment between the conflicting powers will be effected, or the civil reformation will be accomplished, we can not with any certainty affirm. We are confident that we express the hope and conviction of the body of the nation when we say that the nation, as a nation, ought, by the dear price of this conflict, purchase her own emancipation, and from this time forth the nation should be free, and whatever is not free should belong solely to the local governments or to the States. Liberty thus will be uppermost, and its sense of security will give its friends a tranquillity in themselves, and a kindness in helping their neighbors bear or remove their burdens, that will conduce greatly to the peace and good-neighborhood of the States and nation.

What statesmen and what measures will arrange the terms of the reformation we can not say; but we will most emphatically say that no mere accommodation of material interests, no cunning adjustment of rival policies can, of themselves, bring us together in comfort and constancy. The higher elements of good-will, justice, humanity, and religion must mediate between the conflicting parties, and assimilate them as never before. There must be *transformation* as well as *reformation*, and without it no lasting reconstruction can be effected. We all know very well the difference between the two processes, when we remember that it is one thing for two neighbors to cease hostilities because they have worn out each other's tongues or fists or patience, and quite another thing for them really to make up and unite in some work of mutual usefulness; one thing for a man to give up a bad practice because it is unprofitable, and another thing for him to renounce it because he ceases to love it, and his affection for his family, or his sense of duty to God and his own soul, has so changed his dispositions as to make him no longer seek the once favorite vice or self-indulgence. Now we are aware that it is no easy matter to transform enemies into friends; yet we believe that it is really easier to make them friends indeed than in mere policy, and to hold them together more effectually by right good-will than by mere expediency or bargaining. The experience of all wars shows this; and the soldiers who have been trying to destroy each other, the moment that an honorable peace is concluded find it very easy to be friends, and even take pleasure in acknowledging each other's bravery. The nature of the human heart shows that they who have been enemies may go more readily from enmity to friendship than from indifference. The reason is obvious. They who are enemies are already brought very near each other in the deadly grip of hate. The moment they cease to hate each other they are near enough to see something to like, and may be earnest to seek

relief from the pains of hatred by something of the comfort of good-will; whereas they who have merely a relation of policy to each other are not in close relations at all, and do not touch each other enough to feel the beating of each other's hearts or the warmth of each other's grasp.

Nothing brings persons or parties together so effectually as the standing upon a common principle; and the nation may gain much by being brought to the true ground by meeting in the arena of battle, and finding that they can have a solid foundation for reconciliation and agreement. The power that is to hold us together on our constitutional ground is a hearty and wise and devout nationality. As we look to a truth and justice and protection beyond our own conceit or will we are drawn together, and the most diverse tempers and minds are wonderfully assimilated by a common loyalty. We may be quite ready enough to preach this doctrine to others, but are we ready enough to apply it to ourselves? Are we ready to accept the true principle of national life, and live, and, if need be, fight and die for it? When this bitter and fearful struggle is over, the greater heroism will be needed—the heroism that is determined to *live* for the country always instead of being willing to die for it once. More justice is needed between man and man, in the spirit of the golden rule; and opposing parties and districts, that vainly try by bargain to reconcile obstinate wills and headstrong passions, find themselves brought together on the common ground of rectitude. More humanity between neighbor and neighbor, State and State; and it will be found that where we are tempted to denounce wrong we may as fitly pity misfortune, and where we harshly condemn sin we may all the more humbly remember that it is not for us to cast the first stone. More of religion, the true sense of what we owe to God in our hearts, and as we bow before the mercy-seat of our Maker, we shall find it easier to bear with those with whom He is forbearing, and to forgive as we ask to be forgiven.

In this line of remark, instead of striking out into an unknown region, are we not returning to the old paths and calling up associations that have not died out, although so long slumbering or kept down? We have been one people, and shall be so again. The Union feeling has been not merely a sentiment, but a habit, a mighty habit, and has given proof of its existence in the darkest times and the most doubtful sections of the country. The moment that the honest but misguided multitude who have been beguiled by designing men into the madness of insurrection see their error, and have evidence that their rights will be secured to them under the National Government, there is reason to believe that a great reaction will set in, and the old fountains of National loyalty will be opened once more.

Public opinion, surely humane and religious principle every where, whether at home or abroad, should help on this good consummation; and such intervention we should hail with delight. The comity of nations has kept Europe from breaking our blockade, and from recognizing the rebellious States as an independent government. Why may it not go further; and, soothing the pride and animosity that the foreign press has done so much to inflame, why may not the conservative statesmanship of Europe interpose judicious influence, and achieve, by moral and intellectual weapons, the adjustment which it has refused to force by arms? The moment that the great powers of Europe prove that they sincerely wish to have our troubles ended and the balance

of trade restored, and the interchanges of industry resumed, they take from the rebellion its strength. The ports will be reopened, the laws will be obeyed, and a return to the good old loyalty will secure our peace, and comfort the friends of good government, and the enemies of sedition throughout the world.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"Now when it flowereth,
And when the banks and fields
Are greener every day,
And sweet is each bird's breath
In the tree where he builds
Singing after his way,
Spring comes to us with hasty step and brief,
Every where in leaf,
And every where makes people laugh and play."

SO sings Rinaldo D'Aquino, an old Italian poet of the thirteenth century, as translated by Rossetti, the English Pre-Raphaelite painter, who has recently published a delightful volume of the early Italian Poets before Dante, and including Dante and his circle.

It is the same old song of spring that the earth sings in flowers and green, and our hearts in fresh emotions. It is the kindly touch of common feeling that makes medieval men and women our contemporaries, and lights their dusky life with the light of common day.

May-day comes in imagination, if not actually in nature. It may be a chill and gloomy morning that ushers in the month, as wild storms may rage at Christmas. But each is a festival of the mind and heart, and the weather can not touch either. They belong to gracious associations and tender thoughts.

There could not be a more charming May-day book, or book of May and summer, than this volume of the early Italian Poets. It includes a translation of Dante's *Vita Nuova*—the best, so the best Italian scholars and Danteans say, that there is. And indeed all the poems, even in their English form, preserve fully the Italian spirit; which will surprise no one who has seen any of the pictures painted by the translator. They are like medieval Italian poems. One especially, depicting the scene in the *Vita Nuova* when Dante first sees Beatrice, is remarkable for a kind of passionate depth of color and expression. It is intense and spectral, like one's fancies of the time, but suffused with tremulous tenderness and emotion, so that it is almost morbid—or, more truly, *exalté*. The same delicate apprehension and sincere, subtle feeling, which are so striking in the pictures of Rossetti, give the utmost value to these translations of the poetry of an age with which he has the profoundest sympathy.

One of the finest poems in the collection it seems is very famous in Italian poetry. It is the canzone of *The Gentle Heart*, by Guido Guinicelli, of a princely Bolognese family, in 1220. Dante praises him, and is thought even to have been influenced by him in a similar strain. Here are two stanzas of this beautiful poem. Will any bird of May sing sweeter?

OF THE GENTLE HEART.

"Within the gentle heart Love shelters him,
As birds within the green shade of the grove;
Before the gentle heart, in Nature's scheme,
Love was not, nor the gentle heart ere Love.
For with the sun, at once,
So sprang the light immediately; nor was
Its birth before the sun's.

And Love hath his effect in gentleness
Of very self; even as
Within the middle fire, the heat's excess.

"The fire of love comes to the gentle heart
Like as its virtue to a precious stone;
To which no star its influence can impart
Till it is made a pure thing by the sun;
For when the sun hath smit
From out its essence that which there was vile,
The star endoweth it.
And so the heart created by God's breath
Pure, true, and clean from guile,
A woman, like a star, enamoreth."

THE great event of the month since we were talking together is the conflict of the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*. The wooden walls of England were annihilated without being touched, and by a blow three thousand miles away. For while England has been for two or three years wonderingly building the *Black Warrior*, and emulous France *la Gloire*, and spending thousands and even millions of dollars upon them, the Yankees have built a floating battery of iron within a hundred days at a cost of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which arrives just at the proper moment to engage another ponderous iron battery, which it drives back to its harbor: so that the battle of Hampton Roads, on the 8th and 9th of March, marks an era more distinctly than any naval action of the century.

The *Merrimac* may come out again, may fall upon the *Monitor* and destroy her, but the great fact, established by our experiment, is that metal-clad vessels are irresistible by wood and cannon; for the cannon are harmless against their metal scales, and their terrible prows can sink the wooden ships even while they blaze with broadsides.

The result is, that, for purposes of home defense, we are now equal with England. A fleet of batteries like the *Monitor* would sheath our whole Atlantic coast in metal, and make it truly iron-bound. The whole navy of Great Britain could be annihilated. Three months ago the prospect of war with England was gloomy enough from the fear of her ships. All terror of war from that cause has vanished. We can now start fair. She has supposed, and we have proved, that metallic batteries are practically invincible against wood.

Indeed the natural consequence of the battle of Hampton Roads would seem to be the absolute impregnability of every maritime state upon its water front. For it is doubtful if effective batteries of the new kind could cross the ocean; and it is certain that if they could, they would not withstand similar devices along the enemy's shore. And so, in a way entirely undreamed of by him, Jefferson's famous gun-boat system may prove to be our stanchest shield and buckler. The *Monitor* was only a gun-boat, and upon any leviathan of iron that a foreign foe might safely steer over the sea, a swarm of *Monitors* would descend. It is the great change in the methods of war developed by our struggle.

Nor shall it be forgotten, that, although this triumph has been achieved in a Yankee war, it is to a Swede that the honor of success belongs. John Ericsson, one of the most distinguished engineers and inventors of the time, is the projector and the builder of the *Monitor*. He was born in Sweden in 1803, and his whole life has been devoted to the most incessant and successful scientific toil. It is proper that America, whose very genius is (or will soon be as it was meant to be) hospitality to all na-

tions and races, should have furnished the arena for the final triumph of Ericsson.

THE Anglo-Saxon blood is so little dramatic, when compared with the Celtic and Southern, that we are naturally inclined to smile at the "thirty centuries look down upon you from the pyramids," and the elaborate peaked hats and essential ribbons with which the Italians work out the salvation of their liberty and nationality.

It was therefore a bold experiment for our Secretary of War, after the battle of Mill Spring, to issue a bulletin of congratulation couched in ringing rhetoric. But it was the experiment of genius, and was consequently successful. Doubtless the secret of its success was the conviction of sincerity. Napoleon, whose bulletins and addresses are the favorite and popular models, was always too high-flown for foreign ears, and his shrewdest soldiers must have perceived the buncombe of his fine talk. Probably Napoleon never impressed any body as a truthful or disinterested person. But despite the sharp criticisms upon our war from many quarters, history will record that, upon the whole, it was waged with vigor and the utmost fidelity. Therefore when the Secretary of War sent out his ringing words, they were heard as they were spoken.

General M'Clellan's address to the army of the Potomac was admirable for its spirit, as his order of the day upon the death of General Lander was one of the most touching and eloquent pieces of our military literature. The only feeling of a doubtful character which the address suggested was that its tone toward the soldiers, the "*Mes enfans*" strain, seems hyperbolic in an American general to his volunteer army. And this is not a matter to be insisted upon. It is merely the point that might have been seized by critics resolved to carp; while to represent the address as an apology is curiously unfair.

But in nothing more than in the criticism upon M'Clellan has party-spirit unhandsomely shown itself, if we except the similar treatment of Frémont. Long before these lines are read M'Clellan will have made or unmade his reputation. As they are written he is still facing the enemy at Manassas. The air is thick with conflicting rumors. Yet the papers which reproduce them are full of contradictions of similar stories, of corrections, and of apologies. No man has a right to say that he knows enough to insist that M'Clellan has, up to the close of March, proved himself either an incompetent General or a traitor—for that is the charge.

So fierce and furious is party-spirit, even when the nation itself is threatened. Don't think the Easy Chair is so stupid as to suppose that patriotism consists in unswerving and indiscriminate support and praise of every thing that Government does. For the last thirty years patriotism has shown itself by vigorous denunciation of what Government has done. But it is the *method* of criticism and opposition which indicates the real spirit. In trying times, when you are persuaded that, upon the whole, honest efforts are making by the leaders, and when you know that a united public sentiment is inestimable, you will certainly refrain from any attack which is not substantiated by facts, and you will not hesitate to make those facts public. If a man intrusted with most important cares is known by you to be a drunkard, you are an enemy of the State if you do not expose him, and insist upon his removal. But if that man is your political enemy, and you only hear the rumor of his drunkenness, and not able to charge it

plainly, you insinuate and insinuate, sapping a faith which you do not know to be unjustified, you are not less the State's enemy. In the hour of peril, every citizen has the right to expect fair play from every other. But neither M'Clellan nor Frémont have had it from their opponents during this war.

Of course an Easy Chair commenting upon events a month after they have happened, does not enter into the detail of the dispute; he merely observes the spirit in which it was conducted—and it was a bad spirit. It was that sneering incredulity of party-spirit which taints every thing it touches. Perhaps already M'Clellan is victorious. Do you know what his opponents will say? They will say, "Of course he succeeds, because this is just the thing we have always said he was fit for." Perhaps he is defeated. Do you know what they will say? "Of course: we always knew it."

This Easy Chair is not the champion of M'Clellan, but of fair play. The General himself would not accept the Philadelphia sword without saying, so that the whole country might hear, "I hope to deserve it." But perhaps the best sign is that he can hold his tongue. Let the act speak, that is the motto of a brave man. If he can not carve his laurels with his sword he will wear none. If he can not impress himself upon the nation by his deeds, none of the ludicrously extravagant praises that have incensed him in advance will make a mark for him there. Yet the attack begets the counter attack. A steady praise is too much. What if Aristides is just, we are sick of hearing it. And the anti-Aristideans take the field, and the honest citizen is banished.

Patience! patience! Tell your facts, if you know them, and tell them steadily and fairly. Then your withers are unwrung whatever befalls. Assume a theory, and persistently stick to it, and you are wrong, whatever happens.

DURING the last few months we have all constantly read that "the people" demanded this and that. The people demanded an advance. The people demanded that we should wait. The people demanded the removal of this man. The people were united in supporting him. The people were persuaded that a total change was necessary. The people were resolved that those who clamored for a change should be suppressed. The people wished this and that. The people didn't. The people would do this and that. The people wouldn't.

It is merely a figure of speech, you see. It is an ingenious method of emphasis adopted by all of us who write for the daily, or weekly, or monthly press. Before us it was the device of others to strengthen their own views. John Wilkes used to speak for "the people" in London eighty years ago. Robespierre, Danton, Mirabeau—all the leaders—used to declare in the old French Assembly and Convention that the people of France wished this thing or that to be done. So the Communes of Paris used to surge into the Chamber, and loftily insist that "le peuple" would have its way. They all meant the mob of Paris. That was the people of France in the Revolution; and the mob of Paris was the tool of a few men.

What the people want can not be stated, for they do not know themselves. That is to say, they are never agreed upon the method. They want Justice and Liberty; but how they are to be secured is precisely the point upon which they differ, and upon which a few assume to speak in their name. For

instance, in our history of a twelvemonth it is perfectly clear that the people had resolved upon the suppression of the rebellion by arms—what further they were agreed upon no man can truly say. When an editor or orator says, "The people of this country wish this or that to be done," the value of his words is to be found in his sagacity. But we are to remember that very few writers or speakers are in haste to announce that the people wish any thing which they themselves individually do not. And the chance is that they say the people wish it because the speakers think that they ought to.

If we could, therefore, believe speakers and writers to be both sagacious and sincere, their words of this kind would have great weight. But unluckily we are compelled to believe that the phrase "the people wish it" is only a rhetorical phrase. At least there is scarcely a despot in the world who does not despotize in the name of what he calls his faithful subjects. He wears his crown by the grace of God, he says; but he assumes the loyalty of his people, and he fights against them, often enough, under the plea of protecting them.

On the other hand, we can see that neither Robespierre nor Danton spoke for the people of France. They were the red mouths of the city faction only. Mirabeau was the orator, the true tribune, of the people so long as he lived. And so was Lafayette their representative for some time. But, in his case, it was the accident of agreement. With Mirabeau it was an instinctive perception. Therefore, as the revolution developed, Lafayette was broken by it; but Mirabeau would have moulded it.

It is impossible to determine that the people wish any thing merely because some body says so. We know what we want them to wish—how many of us know what they do wish? It is the very secret of the highest statesmanship in this country to know that, and then to do it. How, for instance, we were mistaken all round in our rebellion. The Southern wise men thought that the North would rise for them. The Northern sagamores thought the South would not rise at all. Each was disappointed. The South did rise, and nobody at the North, but a few feeble, maundering party sots wanted their rebellion to destroy the nation. The people were right, but the doctors all thought them wrong.

Two or three months ago we were chatting of the different pictures that different historians paint of the same scenes: so that a student is often startled and perplexed by discovering that he has to decide what is true from the conflicting evidence of what purport to be true records; and that, after all, historians are very much like counsel in court, and you are listening to an argument when you thought that it was a description.

Who, for instance, but must distrust Gibbon whenever he speaks of Christianity? Who can confide in Hume when he talks of the Puritans? Who does not feel that Macaulay praises Somers more easily than he acknowledges the claims of Tory leaders? Or who, coursing the placid page of Prescott in his Mexican History, can help asking himself whether the Spaniards, upon whom he relies, were fair historians of a land and a race they had conquered and oppressed? Is it the Romish or the Protestant historians who tell the truth about Henry Eighth and Queen Mary?

But there are historical points the truth of which we are in a position to determine, which are almost universally misrepresented and misunderstood. One

of these misrepresentations is just now very current in this country. The story of the Saint Domingo insurrection is constantly told, and told untruly. It is one of the unfortunate chapters of history which can be used as a tremendous argument, if the facts are falsified; so that no one ought to feel that he knows the history correctly, unless he has especially studied it. Another point of the same kind is the tale of West India emancipation. The superficial common impression is, ludicrously enough, that it was a "failure," that is to say, that Jamaica exports less sugar than she did fifty years ago. But there is not a man who has candidly investigated the subject who does not know that all the English West India Islands are really more materially prosperous than they were fifty years ago, although some parts of some islands have fallen back to the bush; and that the difficulties have always been upon the side of the employers, and not of the laborers. As for the theory that the slaves naturally prefer starving to working, the reply is, that it is very clearly their own affair. Because, granting that any body has a right to compel a man to work that he may live, it will be very hard to show that he may be compelled to earn more than is necessary for his existence.

But our special interest just now is with the Saint Domingo error. The usual understanding is that the slaves of that island rose against their masters, and, under the lead of Touissaint L'Ouverture, committed nameless horrors until the island was virtually depopulated and the earth shook with horror. A white refugee from Saint Domingo figures as an interesting hero of romance and pensive interest in our conversation even to this day. I remember walking with a gentleman about his grounds covered with noble trees, and when he said that the place was laid out by a Saint Domingo refugee, I was conscious of the vague interest that traditionally clings to the name, and of which we are unconscious until it is evoked. Think of the source of that pensive interest. *Quamdiu, Domine!* There were horrors in Saint Domingo: who was responsible for them? It is a question that all of us will have to answer a great many times in the next ten years; and it is one with whose correct answer we ought to be familiar.

The real authorities upon the subject are not Bryan Edwards and the English planters, but, rather, indifferent French eye-witnesses, who report what they saw. Dallas, who wrote the "History of the Maroons," was a West Indian by birth, and Bryan Edwards lived there for many years. Of his history, which is one of the "no-gentleman's-library-without" kind, the cool M'Culloch says that it shows "a disposition to extenuate the cruelties that were too often inflicted upon the slaves." Victor Soelcher, and Ardouin, with the French memoirs of the time and place, are the proper sources of information.

In our country the question involved in the matter is shifting from a question of slavery to that of the colored race; and no man who wishes to think and act as every honest man should, that is to say, with intelligence, upon the subject, will allow himself to be swept away by any generalizations of men whose immediate interest prompts them to cherish prejudice.

How much ignorance a very simple question often reveals! The other evening some one suddenly asked, "Who wrote 'Baron Munchausen?'" "Was

he a real person?" We all thought we knew something about it, but nobody could answer satisfactorily. Was his book a burlesque? Wasn't it a burlesque of Baron Trenck's memoirs? It was astonishing how much ignorance a very few questions revealed.

Of course you are much wiser. You know all about it. You have known little else, in fact. This section of his chat, therefore, the Easy Chair does not devote to you, but to those who are still asking who was Munchausen?—who wrote his memoirs?—and what do they mean?

Here, then, is the full title of the captivating book: "The surprising Travels and Adventures of Baron Munchausen, in Russia, the Caspian Sea, Iceland, Turkey, Egypt, Gibraltar, up the Mediterranean, on the Atlantic Ocean, and through the Centre of Mount Ætna into the South Sea. Also an account of a Voyage into the Moon and Dog Star, with many extraordinary particulars relative to the cooking animals in those planets, which are there called the Human Species. To which is added a Sequel containing his expedition into Africa; his being buried in a whirlwind of sand; feasts on live bulls; builds a bridge from thence to Great Britain, supported by a single arch; visits the islands in the South Sea, etc., etc.; and raises the hull of the *Royal George*, etc., etc. Humbly dedicated to Mr. Bruce, the African traveler, etc."

It is an English edition, of course, and the dedication is a rapier-thrust of satire. But the Baron is a historical personage. Jerome Charles Friedrich von Munchausen was his name—a German, born in Hanover. He was a soldier, and an ardent lover of horses and dogs; and having served in 1737-'39 against the Turks, was never weary of telling stories of his campaigns—so marvelous and incredible that he was famous as the greatest liar in Germany. He made the acquaintance of the poet Burger, who, according to some accounts, was the first to compile and extend and adorn and publish them. Other traditions assert that Rudolph Eric Raspe, a German literary refugee in England, first published them in London in English in 1785.

"The first edition," gravely says the preface of the edition whose title has been quoted, "contained no more than was written by Baron Munchausen, and includes chapters 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, only; all the other chapters are the production of another pen, written in the Baron's manner. Some of the hints and a few of the facts are taken from Lucian's 'True History,' as he ironically calls it, particularly a short account of such things as were discovered in the moon."

Burger says that the English saw the fun of the book much sooner than the Germans; but the first English edition was rather "hard to move," as publishers say, because of its brevity. The public always wants enough of a book for a large bite. The adventures of Munchausen have served to confound the slander conveyed in the expression, "travelers' tales," and to bring those gentry to a strict and simple veracity. It was before the artless and truthful stories of the German soldier that Shakespeare wrote,

"For travelers tell no idle tales
But fools at home believe them."

And it was since his day that the great fraternity of vagabonds renounced the habit of lying.

COLERIDGE wrote a piteous sonnet to an ass's foal, its mother being tethered near it; but the touch-

ing heroism of *Hats* has been hitherto uncelebrated. Donkeys have the advantage of life, and heels, and teeth. Donkeys, if they are abused beyond measure, may kick—may bite—may balk—may run away, and capsize your apple-cart. But the hat has no resource but silent martyrdom. Patient endurance, thy name is Hat!

For consider how for the last dozen years this crowning glory of modern attire male, has been assaulted and insulted. Stiff, ugly, absurd; tile, stove-pipe, beaver: no name has been spared, no obloquy unheaped upon it. The painters made a dash at it. They came home every year from Italy with a dreadful something upon their heads, which they told us was picturesque and *Salvator Rosy*. Poor fellow! Then the patriots took a turn. *Kossuth* arrived. He had a marvelous hat. It was not the Italian slouch, nor the French slouch, but the Hungarian slouch, slightly stiffened. *Kossuth* was eloquent. We could not all be eloquent, but we could all wear bad hats. When the epitaph of the weird orator shall be written—far be the day!—it shall be engraved in marble—"He gave to Hungary Liberty, and to America the slouched hat."

Meanwhile *John Bull*, the incessant traveler, who has the worst temper and wears the worst clothes of all civilized people, put on the wide-awake, which was, of course, the most inconceivably bad of all bad hats. But only upon his travels. Smug must *Bull* be as he glooms on 'Change, as he sulks to church. His coat of arms bears one universal legend—"Respectable, if I die for it." He knows the charmed secret. A gentleman, says *Bull's* sartorial doctors, is known by his extremities: his gloves, his boots, his hat. Respectability, thy name is Hat!

Then the reformers donned the invader. The stiffer the morals the slouchier the hat. Yet for respectability and conservatism this is also to be said that the ancient Jews, who haunt the flea-swarming shores of *Gennesaret* awaiting the restoration of the chosen race, and who have no other possession, proudly wear the hat in the midst of infidel turbans. And the old clo' dealer who calls down your area, or the Hebrew who tempts you with doubtful jewels, both share the dignity of the hat. Nay, the Commons of England sit in their hats—a most extraordinary custom of that amusing people.

Buy a new hat, and be not dismayed. The angry and defiant waves of various slouch dash around it. Mark how it endures. Mark how calmly it stands, like *Pharos* amidst the hissing *Mediterranean* billows. Reflect how quietly it has held its meek and constant way through all the fluctuating contemporary fashions. The slouch impudently claims novelty. Unparalleled audacity! Avaunt, temerity! What are you but the old Spanish head-gear—"that ingenious compound of the hat and umbrella," as *Leigh Hunt* wisely says? What are you but *Fra Diavolo's* covering—but *Charles the Second's*, which gradually stiffened and angled into the cocked hat of our fathers, whence sprung, in the fullness of time, the symmetrical stove-pipe, the heaven-aspiring tile, the Hat?

The hat is progress, liberality, and civilization. The slouch is retroaction, barbarism, and chaos come again. Do the people who present themselves to public view in such things really mean what their hats say? Do they seriously wish the Pope and wooden shoes, the Pretender and the Inquisition? Let them remember that the lower, and limberer, and plumper the hats of the Cavaliers became, the higher and stiffer rose those of the Puritans. What

occult sympathy is there between limpness of hats and looseness of principles? Are these slouched hat-*ters* conspiring for the return of full hose and slashed doublets? Are we to be plunged backward into the Roman toga? Hold, hold, your hats! Let us pause, while there is yet time, and be content with the nineteenth century, happiness, and hats.

THE general aspect of life in the city is not much affected by the war; but there is a natural curiosity to see how it touches amusements, as the *Easy Chair* discovered when it found itself the other evening rolling slowly toward the Opera. What a splendid house it is! How festal the tier on tier of white and gold gallery; the heavy, grotesque columns; the vast space; the airy openness; the fluted yellow silk of the proscenium boxes, and the ample light over all! There is no theatre more spacious, and impressive, and brilliant in the world. The *Scala* at Milan, the *San Carlo* at Naples, the Paris "French Opera," the Berlin Royal Opera-house, the pretty Munich theatre, the graceful one at Dresden—they are all inferior to this, although what *St. Petersburg* may have is unknown to this Chair.

The Opera itself is always a lottery in New York. Since *Grisi* and *Mario* did not surely and always fill the house it is in vain that the city talks of taste, and knowledge, and enjoyment of music. It has its metropolitan degree yet to take. For if it had known itself better it would not have built so huge a house; and if it insisted upon the Opera from knowledge, and not from fashion and imitation of other capitals, it would have recognized the great singers when they came. What wonderful singing was that of *Grisi*, in her resolute moments, upon this very stage! When she saw the impassive audience and determined to conquer, by the force of superb disdain, she recovered her old splendor and swept the stage and thrilled the house with great bursts of lyric passion. They had slight response, and she drooped again, and every body said "What a pity such an old woman does not sink into private life!"

Well, she did persist too long. Her voice in New York was not what it had been in Paris twenty years before. But the grandeur of her style was still the same; yes, it was finer. And *Mario* was in his prime when he was here. One evening, when he sang in "*Lucia*," the last scene was the most marvelously sung of any in the annals of the Academy stage. It is hard to believe that *Rubini* could have surpassed it.

Thus it is part of the fascination of a theatre as of a ball-room that the associations are so vivid. The ghosts and the living mingle in almost equal distinctness. Perhaps it is the scenic, half-spectral, unreal appearance of the persons upon the stage that summons the wholly spectral figures of the departed. But when I sit and hear an opera, I hear at the same time all the other operas I ever heard. It was "*Martha*" the other evening, and *Anschutz* directed, and *Susini* was *Plunkett*. But as I sat it was thirteen years before, and the opera was "*Martha*," and it was the Opera-house at Berlin, and it was *Flotow* the composer who directed, and it was *Botticher* who was *Plunkett*; then it was *Formes* who was *Plunkett*, and the whole thing seemed shadowy and languid, and the singers to be indifferent; and they and the audience to be lost in a musing trance of memory.

It was not so, of course. For with *Miss Kellogg*, the *Prima Donna*, it was a very serious task of the present time. She was making her impression, and

she knew that she had certain other impressions to unmake or overlay. And it was equally serious with Susini, who knew that Formes used to be funnier than he, disproportionately funny indeed. And it was serious with Brignoli, who had a cold and constantly expectorated, and was glum because the house was not full. Was it less serious with the gay groups in the boxes and gallery, or balcony, as they call it? The youth of the year eighteen hundred and sixty-two is not less young than that of a century ago, and it was just as fresh, and pleasant, and exciting to the new eyes as it used to be to the old ones. So it was only you that were musing and remembering; and that peculiar bloom of enjoyment which you can not help thinking is gone from all fruit because it is rubbed off your particular plum is just as soft and lovely and perfect as it ever was. "Boys having now become men," said the Afghan prince when he became two dozen years old, "it is ordered that all rocking-horses in the realm be destroyed."

The only really fine singing was Brignoli's. He is not in the least magnetic. He is even more of a lay figure than tenors generally are. He has all the childish whims and absurdities of the tenor. But his voice is exquisite, and he sings much more easily than he walks. We have had no such voice except Mario's. Antognini I did not hear. Salvi had to pump up his voice, and it was a thin trickle when it came—thin, but very clear and sweet. Bettini's voice was inadequate for the house and his own size. But Brignoli's has the charm and quality which make a tenor voice the luxury of kings and the enthusiasm of fashion. A king gives enormous sums to tempt a tenor to his theatre, as the Emperor of Russia tempted Rubini. But he does it as he would give a fortune for the rarest flower or the most brilliant gem. And Nature hides all these treasures in queer places. You shall find the flower in a lonely, noisome marsh, or the pearl in the oyster, or the voice in Alboni. It is well worth a fortune when you find it.

But the interest of the evening was a Spanish dancer, Cubas. A friend, who in a few months had been more entirely saturated with Spain than most of us would be in many years, or in all our lives, said that to see Cubas was to see very Spain—not languor and sunshine only, or chiefly, but fire and passion and the glittering snake that always coils in the South. The half-wild, barbaric, gipsy intensity and strangeness and fearfulness, all were to be felt in the dancing of Cubas. It was the most characteristic of all the dancing we had ever seen. It was the language spoken by a native with all the native asperity. It was not softened, and modified, and adapted, and flavored to different national tastes, as when Ellsler, or Cerito, or Lucille Grahn, or Taglioni danced a Spanish dance. It is Spanish, he said, as the Tarantella, danced by a Neapolitan girl upon the shore, is Italian. *Basta così, amico mio*, let us go and see Cubas.

It was certainly all that he had said. Years ago, at the old Park Theatre, where we used to be boxed up in those frightful red boxes, and look with cramps and stitches in every limb, and envy in the heart at the free movement of actors or singers or dancers upon the stage—years ago, Fanny Ellsler came, danced, and conquered. She danced Spanish, and Polish, and Italian, and Hungarian dances, and all with such stately grace that the brains ran out of some people's heads, and they became asses and drew her in a carriage. Jenny Lind made no more in-

tense, although a much more lasting and extended, impression upon the public mind than Fanny Ellsler. We had had Celeste and Augusta before, and Augusta in the Bayadere was beautiful; but Fanny Ellsler fascinated the town, and triumphed.

Remembering this, recalling her in the cachucka, the Jaleo, and the Haute Arragonaise, there was a curious expectation in the mind of the Easy Chair when he saw the black-eyed Cubas in her gold skirt, dashed all over with huge flaunting black bows, standing at the side scene, and then clicking her castanets, with a few rapid bounds leaping to the front. The coal-black hair, eyes, and eyebrows, the glittering grin, and the powerful, rapid, darting, snake-like quality of her movement amazed rather than pleased the audience.

But the dancing was wonderful. Her partner thumped and rang the tambourine, and she rattled her castanets, while she flew and bounded about him with marvelous muscular agility and a liteness like that of a blade of grass. She darted and fled, scouring the ground like Shakespeare's lapwing, then erect as a crested snake she glared and glittered at him till you looked to see the forked tongue. It was a fierce pantomime of passion, of jealousy, of scorn, of all the savagery that hides in coal-black coils of hair and the tawny skins that cover dusky natures.

The audience was surprised, repelled, cold. They applauded, but not heartily. They even encored the second dance, but simply as a freak, and when she ran stooping to the front, instead of a louder burst of welcome, the applause died away. The most extraordinary and effective points passed unrecognized. She had none of that responsive fervor of applause which stimulates and intoxicates a dancer. The audience did not help, it hindered her. But she danced magnificently. Fanny Ellsler would have so modified the dances as to enchant the spectators; but she could not have shown so perfectly the dance of Spain exactly as it is danced, and with all the characteristic gipsy ferocity. The coffee of Mocha, when you drink it in Arabia, is thick and muddy, and your little cup is half filled with slime when you have drunk the liquid; but it is sweet and delicious beyond description. The same coffee in Paris is strained to dusky transparency; but it is thin, and metallic, and changed. Yet it is French coffee, which is thought to be perfect. Nobody shall quarrel with differing tastes; but the Mocha berry browned with care, immediately bruised in a coffee mortar, then made almost a paste from which you drink the liquid, is as different from the beverage of the Boulevards as the dancing of Cubas from that of Ellsler.

In these parlous times, if you wish to keep a cheerful mind, disbelieve the newspapers; and, in general, discredit all information which is especially authentic. The misrepresentations of print or report are often unintentional, but when they implicate persons they are very seriously annoying. Conductors of newspapers, anxious as we all are for sensations, make surprising personal statements, which might have been verified before they were printed. But it is so much easier to "compose" than to verify!

Here was Mr. Charles Mackay, an English gentleman known to us all as a song-writer, and as a visitor some few years since, when he delivered lectures in many of our cities. It was his misfortune to be—if the expression may be allowed—engineered at that time by a person who has been amusing his

leisure in London and elsewhere, during the winter, by declaring that the nation to which he belongs is not a nation, and the Government to which he is subject not a Government. It may be a very laudable and pleasant pursuit for a person upon his travels in a foreign country to decry his own, but it may also be a performance in which nobody but himself and his friends have any conceivable interest. Nor is it surprising that when a lecturer has been engineered in a strange country, he should have a natural curiosity to hear the engineer when he lectures in his own. So Mr. Mackay went to hear an American tell Englishmen that the United States were death-smitten.

Then Mr. Mackay came to this country; and a newspaper in Boston, whose word has weight, and justly, printed a communication saying that Doctor Mackay—it is a literary, not a medical doctorate, probably—had presided at a meeting of secessionists in London; had now come to help them in this country; was a correspondent of the *London Illustrated News*; had said that he was dissatisfied to find Boston prosperous; had expected to find mobs and general social chaos; openly advocated rebellion; said that the South could never be subdued; that the Government had no right to try to save itself; that we were not a nation; and that we were no better than we should be.

Mr. Mackay, or Doctor, belongs to the guild of letters, and we have a fellow-feeling for him—a desire that justice shall be done; and therefore the points of his reply shall be stated, that he may have the benefit of them, and that we may take another lesson in the necessary art of not believing every thing we see in print.

Dr. Mackay then says: that he went to his engineer's lecture in London from curiosity, was voted into the chair, but upon taking it disclaimed all responsibility and approval of the opinions of the lecturer; that he has not come to this country to help secession directly or indirectly; that he is not a correspondent of the *London Illustrated News*; that if he expressed surprise at the order and prosperity of Boston, it was an emotion of pleasure, not of regret; that he never said any thing so silly as that he expected to find social chaos; that he never advocated the cause of rebellion, but may have expressed doubts of its speedy suppression before he had heard of Donelson, etc.; that he has never spoken of our Government or people but with the highest respect; that he did say that the word "Columbia" was easier to sing than the words "United States," and that he thinks "United Kingdom" would be quite as difficult; and that he hopes his accuser will, when he again overhears the conversation of a stranger, be accurate if not charitable when he tries to repeat it.

Unless Doctor Mackay has perjured himself—and no one hints such a thing—a verdict of not guilty must be immediately entered. And when we read in the newspapers that we are polygamists and pagans, let us hope that our friends will wait and hear from us before they condemn us utterly.

Our Foreign Bureau.

THE Parisian mind is fast approaching the crisis of one of its periodic political fermentations. It may not prove serious. It may not have its Varennes; it may not bring abdication; it has little chance of outburst in barricades (seeing that the

street paving-stones are mostly gone); but it will have its influence upon the Imperial policy, and will leave its mark upon the history of the time. The phases of the new ferment have been peculiar. It did not find its start-point in hunger, in poorly-paid labor, nor even in clamor against the limitations of personal freedom. The nucleus of that agitation which now carries its waves of frothy talk into every café, and to the benches of the stately Luxembourg, has long been underlying the discussion of Church matters. Around the Pope and Ultramontanism have been rallying, month by month, all reactionists, whether of the Orleans party or of the party of the elder Bourbons. And against the Pope, and against all diplomatic impedimenta in the way of a progressive and united Italy, as well as against the domination of priestcraft at home, have rallied as rapidly all the Republicans, the free-thinkers, and the agitators of France. The Empire and the Emperor stand between the two.

The decree which last year granted comparatively free discussion to the Legislative Assemblies only served to restore to French talkers the old "habit of tongue." This, the second year, has brought a fruitage of clamorous altercation and keen questionings of every issue of the Imperial policy. It has brought the old talking, trenchant, eager France back to its century-long miracle of unrest.

A new gift of the Emperor, in putting the purse-strings in keeping of the Legislative Assembly, has quickened the consciousness of their cumulating powers; while it has given the first occasion to stay and inhibit a wish of the Emperor. The papers will already have given to our readers the full details of the affair to which we allude; to wit, the proposed dotation in favor of the General Montauban, created Count of Talikao, who commanded the French expedition of two years gone to China.

The gift of titles vests in the Emperor—whom ever he names Count must bide a Count; but with the dotation of fifty thousand francs per annum attaching to the hereditary title the case was different, and with a spurt of their new financial independence the Assembly refused it. The nominal grounds of objection were merely technical, and had a certain validity. But the General Montauban is not a popular man, in the sense in which Pelissier was popular when he threw British generalship into the shade by his bold storm of the Malakoff. French pride was never thoroughly enlisted in the Chinese campaign; partly because it was reckoned the solution of a purely British quarrel, and partly because its issues redounded to British profit far more than to the profit of France. Frenchmen had no opium to sell, no harbor to hold, and the only blazon of the affair to their minds was the planting of a French cross in the midst of the wilderness of Peking. Besides which there have been vague rumors ever since the return of the French expedition that the spoliation of the Chinese palaces gave great loot to the generals and soldiers engaged, and French soldiers or French people are never proud of loot. An ounce of glory is more to them than a pound of booty. Montauban has suffered from this cause. His antecedents, moreover, carry no lustre with them; his name was not one to conjure an army shout with: so it has happened that the Emperor's application in his behalf was repulsed.

Montauban indeed begged his Imperial master to withdraw the project so soon as he had intimation of the antagonism it would provoke, and in a very creditable letter. The Emperor, however, in

round terms reassured him of his admiration for his valor, and his determination to maintain the purpose of rewarding it.

Affairs looked very much like some of those old State crises which have arrayed the sovereign in unyielding and fatal war with the wishes of his Parliament. But the time is not yet. The Emperor, if a warm friend, is still the admirably cool and adroit tactician. He writes a letter to M. the Count de Morny, President of the Legislative Assembly, lamenting that there should appear a want of harmony between the Chief of the State and that popular Assembly, without whose concurrence he can not effectively carry out measures for the welfare of France. Both Chief and Assembly are only agents of the people: there should be, therefore, there can be, justly no conflicts between them. He proposes therefore, in place of the project of special dotation, a scheme by which his intentions may be carried out, and which he believes to be more in accordance with the wishes of the Assembly. He proposes a special credit, from which, by Imperial decree, acts of special military valor and desert, whether of marshals or of private soldiers, may be honored with such rewards as France loves always to give to her heroes.

We abridge and paraphrase the letter, but give its intent. There is delicate flattery of the Legislature, there is appeal to French generosity, there is apparent abeyance to the wishes of the Assembly, and there is adroit insistence upon his intentions. It called up a great shout of *civats*, and it has won an Imperial victory.

It is not, however, claimed as a victory; the victor is too prudent. It is doubtful even if the Assembly has not its own private exultation at having kept the Emperor at bay.

But all this, whichever way the conquest may incline, has been thrown in the shade by the free speaking of such orators as M. Jules Favre, who denounce the quasi tyranny of the Government in as round and truculent phrase as did ever Odillon Barrot the Government of Louis Philippe. The police, the law of the press, the law of elections, the sham of universal suffrage, the ignoble occupation of Rome—thus keeping the great, free nation of Southern Europe out of its inherited capital—all these things come under the scathing rebuke of the distinguished republican advocate. He tells the president, De Morny, who writhes in his chair, that the Emperor is the virtual editor of every journal in France; that arrests are made daily without any sanction or color of law; that the abolishment of the passport system is only a farce; and that, contrary to the desire of two-thirds of France, French bayonets are to-day supporting at Rome the most odious tyranny of Europe, while across the ocean they are attempting to fasten a king of the worst family of old monarchies in the violated seat of a Republican chief magistrate. Such utterances are not made in the Chamber without their buzz in the street.

Jules Favre, always a marked man by reason of his gaunt ugliness of feature, and his reputation as a skillful advocate, bids fair to achieve other renown in the crisis which seems opening.

He is a man of fifty-three or thereabout, born at Lyons, of a commercial family, and had just finished his "Law" in the schools of Paris when the revolution broke out which dethroned the elder Bourbons and bore Louis Philippe to power. So early as that day he declared against kingship of whatever sort, and in a letter to the *Nationale* urged the reinstation

of a constituent Assembly which should hold national sovereignty.

A famous plea of his in behalf of the insurrectionists "of April," before the Court of Peers, year 1835, commenced with the startling language (for such presence) "*Je suis Republicain*," and he has never belied the French construction of the title. In the time of the Provisional Government under Lamartine and Company, he held the position of Under-secretary in the Ministry of the Interior, and is supposed to have instigated that famous circular of Ledru Rollin's to the commissaries, which was attributed at one time to Madame Dudevant (Geo. Sand).

He was certainly earnest, exaggerated in his Republican views, and uncompromising.

For several years succeeding the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, he was, of course, politically silent; devoting himself in that time exclusively to his profession of advocate, in which he has now risen to be *batonnier* of the Order in Paris. In the year 1858 he was returned as one of the members for the capital, and has fairly entered upon the career which he has doubtless marked out for himself, of undermining the Empire, and restoring a popular Assembly which shall be sovereign.

The world, and, we dare say, the Emperor, will watch that career with interest.

The Senate too has not been free from a fever of language. But the violence and the altercation have been kept within the bounds of the interminable Papal question. The Prince Napoleon, recovering from his first display of passionate bitterness, has pronounced a well-considered and logical argument against the French occupation of Rome. The points of any such argument are too old for repetition; they are indicated and sustained at once by the instinct of every republican and liberal mind.

The democratic affiliation of the Prince has long been known; but the question arises, if his present urgency of the views of Ricasoli and the liberal men of Italy, and his consequent opposition to the Imperial policy, is the result of conscientious sympathy with the cause of freedom in the Peninsula, or simply an adroit neutral attitude between the Emperor's designs, and the harsh ultramontaniam of such men as La Rochejacquelin and the prelates of France. It is a question that time only can solve. Certainly the Prince is not a man whose character and luxurious habits of life can command the worship or even respect of such stern republicans as Raspail or Louis Blanc: his arguments may convince the Senate possibly, but something more than artful collation of historic facts would be needed for effective leadership of the men who inhabit the Faubourg St. Antoine.

He is clearly covetous of the incense of popular applause, and ambitious of a large democratic championship. A prince can stoop to this when he has no executive power; yet the same prince might fail of lifting himself to such level if power were in his hand. We doubt if the Prince has either the intensity of purpose or the self-abnegation which are requisite in a great leader of the people.

To those who have known him as the luxurious loungeur in the Bois de Boulogne, or the assiduous visitant at the Théâtre Français in the days of the Queen of Tragedy, his speeches are a surprise. It seems almost incredible that a man who has slipped into the *fauteuil* of the Palais Royal so easily as he—who makes a merit of his connoisseurship in the pretty paintings of Greuze and Boucher—whose figure might make a type for a new and polished

Silenus—whose history might foretell an intellectual culture brimful of Catullus, but with no drop of Tacitus or Grotius—that such a man should parry history with a Rochejacquelin, and neology with a Cardinal, and state-craft with Billaut, seems, as we said, quite incredible. But it is true nevertheless; and his speeches have the point of good artifice, and the pungency of keen satire.

We are by no means disposed to count him, as some do, the leader of the progressive and liberal party in France. He has as yet by far too keen a smack of the palace to enlist the confidence of those who are burrowing under all palaces. He stands related to the present earnest republicans of France very much as Philippe Egalité (the father of Louis Philippe) stood related to the Republicans of Mirabeau's time.

And the rich Egalité had a bad end.

We pass from these men and symptoms of revolution to the quieter theme of birds, and an eccentric lover of birds. Observant readers will remember that this Bureau of ours has its nominal establishment upon the Quai Voltaire. With the exception of certain apocryphal journeys which have been duly indicated, it has not shifted position since the day it was instituted.

At three of each afternoon, during the early summer of 1861, there was a chattering of daws upon a neighboring balcon, which presently came to engage the attention of the cab-drivers opposite, then of the street-folk, and, finally, of all passers-by. How came it that the jackdaws, which every Paris visitor will recall, wheeling about the high tower of the Jacquerie, gathered at this special balcony at three of the afternoon? What drew the daws, and whose was the balcon?

It was noised at length among the neighbors that a quaint old Portuguese gentleman, connected in some way with the Portuguese embassy, held the apartment to which the balcon was attached, and provided food for the jackdaws from his table every day punctually at three. There they rustled and chattered and gorged the meats furnished them, then whirled away to their homes among the roofs of the Tuileries and the sculptures of the Jacquerie Tower.

This friend of the birds was the Commander de Gama Machado, a zealous naturalist, and well known to the scientific coterie of the Jardin des Plantes. He died early in the summer of 1861, leaving a large fortune. His family on the Quai Voltaire consisted only of a Demoiselle Elizabeth Perret, sixty-six years of age, and a hundred or more of rare birds from the Himalaya, the Indies, Africa, and Peru. His love for birds was a passion. He imported necessary food for them from their native countries, devoted himself to a study of their habits, and has left a magnificently-illustrated work containing the result of his observations. There were individuals of this feathered family which had been his daily companions for thirty years. The age of each one was recorded, and several were left by will to distinguished naturalists.

The Demoiselle Elizabeth Perret had been in his service for forty-six years, and had become friend and legatee to the amount of thirty thousand francs per annum. She had learned to love the birds like her patron, and it was her zealous care for them which had won his friendship and his generous bequest. By special testamentary order the jackdaws, which had been fed every day in his balcon for the

six years last past, were left unfed on the day of his funeral, and the funeral he had himself appointed at three of the afternoon. Thus the poor gentleman had arranged his own dirge, and his body was followed along the quay by the incessant clamor of the ravens.

AND now that we are in the way of Paris *causerie*, let us sketch another episode belonging also to our Quai Voltaire. We have spoken of the book-stalls which are along the river bank, within plain view of our window. The booksellers are in rusty, clumsy paletots; they smoke, on occasions, short pipes, drawing matches upon the asphalte of the pavement, or, if the weather be damp, upon the lining of their coats. Their wares are arranged in long wooden cases upon the stones of the river parapet, and are ticketed ten sous, twenty sous, sixty sous, or a hundred sous, as the case may be. Every bibliomaniac of Paris takes his weekly stroll along this quay, casting furtive glances over the musty boxes, and occasionally pouncing upon a treasure. We have ourselves secured in this market dainty folios in vellum with dates of the fifteenth century, or rare bits of binding with royal initials interlaced upon the covers, which came doubtless from some old revolutionary theft—so old that the odor of the theft had softened down into the perfume of honest book-trade. Thus we have an Elzevir of the *Poemata Septem*, covered over with the cipher of a Bourbon; and a Michaud's *Crusades*, with the initials of Louis Philippe; and a *Pastor Fido*, with the imprint of the Italian house of Este; and a *History of Gardening*, with the Imperial stamp of the First Napoleon.

About these stalls, with such occasional prizes, we have seen an old gentleman respectably clad, though in a threadbare suit, passing from time to time in a furtive and mysterious way, giving his attention more to the bookseller, as it seemed, than to the books, and finally passing down the quay with the nervous, eager step of a culprit.

These quay merchants come, after a while, to know the face of every serious buyer; but this old gentleman, who glanced here and there so rapidly, and who walked off in such nervous haste with his coat pocket suspiciously laden, soon challenged their attention. They compared notes together, and gave hint of their mistrust to the nearest *sergent de ville*, who accordingly placed himself on the watch.

At his usual hour the old gentleman came up, glanced eagerly here and there, paced back and forth, sought his occasion, and with a quick gesture thrust a little duodecimo *broché* into his coat pocket.

But the official with the dainty rapier was straight-way at his side.

"Monsieur, I arrest you."

"Mon Dieu! arrest me?"

"You have just now stolen a book from this stall."

"A yellow book," says the eager trader. "It's not the first; you're an old hand at this; we have seen you before: we have you now."

Two or three have gathered around, and say, "Pity! so old a man too!"

"I a thief!" says the poor gentleman, with mingled shame and indignation.

"But how can you dare deny it?" says the official.

"I have caught you in the very act."

"A thief! I?" repeats the old gentleman, in a maze of apparent consternation. "Ah, *Messieurs*, if you knew—"

"Oui, oui! the old story," say the by-standers,

half sympathizing with him, "no bread, no employment, family suffering; for God's sake let him go."

"Come," says the agent of police, taking him by the collar, "tell your story to the commissary."

The crowd has gathered meantime, and the look of agony and shame on the poor man's face has kindled a little pity even in the booksellers themselves.

"*Enfin*," says one, "do you deny that nearly every day under pretense of looking over our cases you bear off a volume or two in your pocket?"

"*Helas, Messieurs*, since you force me to say this, it is precisely the contrary that happens."

"*Comment, Monsieur*, it is we who rob? *Pardieu! voilà qui est trop fort!*"

"*Où, Messieurs*: search me if you like; you will find three volumes—not stolen, *mon Dieu*, no; they have cost me dearly—all my savings for years have gone that way."

"Let us look," says one of the by-standers. And the police agent finds in the pockets of the arrested man three copies of a book in yellow paper covers, entitled, "*Dictionnaire des Idées*."

"*Eh bien, Messieurs*," says the accused, "look over your cases from the *Pont Neuf* up, and you will find just five copies of the same—an excellent work. But ask every holder—ask this man before me who would have me arrested as a miserable thief—if they or he ever bought such a volume." And the old gentleman at the same time pointed out a copy of the work in question, in the case before him, marked twenty sous.

The seller takes up the book, looks it over, finds no mark of his own, does not know it; but recalls that he had sold such an one a few days before to the bibliophile Jacob.

"Bibliophile Jacob!" exclaims the old gentleman under arrest, "what honor!"

"What then can all this mean?" says the officer, a little softened by the culprit's manner.

"*Mon Dieu*, it is very simple," says the poor man. "I am myself the author of the '*Dictionnaire des Idées*,' which after each word names the ideas which that word naturally suggests—a precious book for poets, a precious book too for prose writers. But for all this I could find no publisher, and I have imposed upon myself years of privation and economy, from a little salary which I gain as master of Latin in the Institution de —, that I might give it to the world. I waited with interest for the sales, believing they would reward me; I sent it to the journals; to all the writers of the day. But the public is given over to vain romances. Only six copies in as many months did my publisher dispose of. Fifty more have been distributed *gratis*. As a speculation it has miserably failed me; the loss of the moneys spent I might forego, but to find my cherished work unknown and unregarded was too cruel a disappointment. I therefore bethought me of distributing it along the Quays, where I have seen the excellent Béranger, in other times, regard it; where I have seen even Guizot and Villemain give it a glance as they passed down to the Chambers of the Institute. Even the bibliophile Jacob has purchased one. I thus had the satisfaction of knowing that my work met the eyes of the learned, and that the name of the author could not be wholly obscure."

"*Eh bien*, at the very moment you have arrested me I was on the point of slipping the copy of my book, which I had placed in this case a week since, again into my pocket, in order to give it a new trial

along the stalls farther down. It is painful to me to make such explanation in order to relieve myself from the charge of stealing, but it is every word true."

"But why," says the stall-man, "did you not offer your book at a reduced price to us? I myself would take a half dozen at ten sous."

"Ten sous! The '*Dictionnaire des Idées*!' ten sous! *Mon Dieu! Monsieur*, I had rather run the hazard of such an arrest than to offer the cherished labor of my life at so vile a price. You do not understand an author's dignity."

In short, the poor gentleman stood fairly acquitted of theft, and had the satisfaction of disposing of three copies of his book to as many compassionate bystanders, who limited their charity only by the price of publication.

It is an over-true tale, and may be true of many in Paris whose story does not see the light.

If we step from the Quai Voltaire to the Chambers of the Institute a short way below, it is to listen to a new proposition for a great Artesian well, which shall dwarf all enterprises of the kind yet undertaken. We mentioned with some detail the engineering works at Passy, and the fortunate result of those works. M. Gaudin, an intrepid engineer, now proposes to sink a shaft to the great water-basin underlying Paris and its environs, of a diameter of no less than fifteen feet, and something like half a mile in depth. It seems stupendous; but the proponent urges the scheme with rare ability, and compares it with the horizontal shafts which the railway companies are driving every year further and further under the mountains, and always with success. Let us only make a miniature tunnel, he says, vertical instead of horizontal, and we give an abounding element of life to ten millions of inhabitants. The scheme of M. Gaudin contemplates a grand *Chateau d'Eau* in granite, rising at least one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the Paris plain, to which height he is confident the immense column of water will rise; and he estimates the total cost of execution, *chateau*, shaft, machinery, and all appliances, at the moderate sum of a million of francs.

The distinguished surgeon, M. Jobert de Lamballe, discourses at length and with the earnestness of conviction upon the reproduction of tendons. The reproduction of bony matter in the human system is abundantly attested. We are not writing medical theses; but if bones and tendons find elements of reconstruction in the play of the vital economy, why not muscular tissue—some such muscular tissue as belongs to the heart itself? To what limit shall science go in hatching us into the integuments of weary life? One lung has been proved enough to aerate the blood; when will the play of one lung work reparation of the other?

If we go from the Institute to the Theatres we find, first of all, a wondrous scenic display at the Grand Opera, which revives Biblical traditions of the Temple of Solomon. The scene-painters have tasked themselves with a revival of the cedar beams of Lebanon, and the jasper set in the wall, and the golden decorations. But the music is not equal to the hangings, and the hangings do not call such plaudits as the ballet. A new piece at the *Français* finds its pivot in the strange topic of filial love. We can not stay to give the plot. Its burden rests upon the French custom of *dot*-ing a married child; and the virtue lies in repayment of the *dot* to a ruined

parent. The votes of applause and of the play go to sustain the policy of repayment.

THE masked balls of the Carnival season have been numberless. The *chroniqueurs* are full of them. But it is only the old story of "Night" sparkling with spangles of stars, and "Day" dreamy with golden suns; peasant dresses for shapely ankles, and marchionesses of the old time for complexions that gain by rouge and powdered, piled-up hair.

Mysterious dominoes glide here and there; and by such mention we learn that the Emperor and Empress were present.

But *Paula majora canemus!* Nations are at play of mask while the balls go on. Italy, for instance, which we thought well settled into parliamentary system, now shows herself in the leadership of Ratazzi in place of Ricasoli.

It is a grand surprise to us, who last month counted upon normal development of all the questions at issue, and a surprise to Italy and a surprise to Europe.

Italy, too—like France—is in the heat of a spring fermentation. Hatred of Austria, and an earnest determination to engross the ruins and the renown of Rome, are indeed a part of every Italian's opinions. But why should Ratazzi supplant Ricasoli? The question is easier asked than answered.

We fear that a secret political cabalism can alone explain it. Ricasoli is a stern, conscientious, straightforward man, who might have stepped, with all his dignity and primness, out of the archives of a proud Italian Republic of the medieval times. Ratazzi is a schemer, a tactician—shall we say a demagogue?

There was no open war between Ricasoli and the Italian Parliament; there was no vote of failing confidence; but there was no heartiness of support which could cheer him. With his cool, sagacious mind he could not fail to perceive that, underneath the apparent votes in his favor, there was an undercurrent of distrust—a secret determination to baffle him, which his proud temper could not brook. So he handed over the state power to the King.

We wish heartily that there were no bad rumors about the King; we wish that his life were such as to forbid the scandal of the reporters; we wish that he were less a lover of pleasure and more a man of the cabinet. None doubt his generous instincts, his proud Italian feeling, his gallantry in war, his instinctive courage, his love for his people; but, unfortunately, the enemies which the King (if rumor be true) has most need to combat, are not at Rome, not in Paris, not at Vienna, but in the regal palace of Turin. The man of strong appetites has no enemies so great as those he meets at home. If he rule them, he can—so far as self-abnegation goes—rule a nation.

But let us hope for the best. Ratazzi is *premier*. He has ambition, Italian feeling, love of liberty, resolute opposition to Papal temporal authority. Moreover, it appears that he has the confidence of Garibaldi to an extent which Ricasoli never could command. This is easily explicable. For Garibaldi is essentially and inordinately a democrat. Ricasoli was a baron. Ricasoli could not forget the stately courtesies of a higher social life; he could not doff his gloves; he could not bend himself to the easy fellowship of the camp-room; he could not forget the—Signor. Ratazzi can.

Ratazzi and Garibaldi have talked together; as much could never be said of Garibaldi and Ricasoli.

Shall we see, then, a blending of plans which will work out the complete independence of Italy? We

should be glad to express our confident hope of this. But we can not forget that Garibaldi is the most simple and straightforward of men, and that Ratazzi is artful, adroit, ambitious.

But let us hope for the best. On the anniversary of the birthday of the King's son, Prince Humbert, the new Prime Minister gave a dinner party. The British ambassador offered a toast to the "King of Italy." The Prussian ambassador, hampered by the non-recognition of the new kingdom by the King of Prussia, gave only—"the Prince Humbert!" The Minister of the United States (Mr. Marsh) gave—"the happiness and union of a disunited people!"

Did this mean Italy? Did this mean North America?

As for Romish affairs, they remain as they were. The French ambassador, the Marquis de Lavalette, domiciled in the Palace of the Colonna, has recently had his official reception; and all those gracious things have been said, doubtless, which belong to the dependent position of the Church and the protectorate position of France.

British engineers employed upon the railways are stilettoed from time to time without much remark. Civilization staggers under the triple crown, and feels its insignificance.

As for Naples brigandism still survives, and a French deputy only the other day had the hardihood to declare that Victor Emanuel was not King in the South.

The armies of the Austrian Emperor are bristling with new activity along the lines of the Mincio, and the Austrian navy is gaining strength every day in the waters of the Adriatic.

UPON the Italian imbroglio and the war of Montenegro comes now the Greek rebellion. What does this mean? Is not Otho King by law, and can he not do as he chooses? The insurrectionists say No. They say he has forgotten or ignored his promises. They say he is no Greek, but Bavarian (which, by the change of a letter, means only barbarian). They neither love him nor the Queen. They are inoculated with the new nationalism of Italy, and will have only Greeks. The revolutionists hold Nauplia, one of the strongest places of the little kingdom, whose guns command the plains of Argos. The island of Syra, too, has declared against the Government; and, in despite of the announced blockade and the little fleet of Otho, hold daily communication with Nauplia.

It may prove but the beginning of the solution of the whole Oriental question.

MEANTIME, stolid Prussia has its ferment. Before yet the acclamations that attended the ceremonies of Königsberg have died upon the air, the Prussian Parliament is dissolved by a fiat of the King.

A proposition to bring the national credits under the immediate supervision of the popular Assembly was ignored by the Ministers. They were outvoted, and resigned. What does the King? Appoint a new Ministry? Nothing of the sort. He refused to accept the tendered resignations; and if the legislative chamber is persistent (as it proves to be), promises its dissolution, and the order for a new Parliament.

So to-day it happens that an election is going forward in the old kingdom of Frederic the Great, which is virtually to determine whether Prussia

shall be a nation governed by a God-appointed king, or a nation governed by itself.

How the Great Frederic would have frowned down the obstinacy of his law-makers! But the years have changed, and the men. Kings are not so great, and the people are not so little.

The occasion is glorious for a man of the right stamp to lead off Germany in the way of liberation and a united empire; to stamp all the little Germanic kingdoms or dukedoms with the seal of a nationality that might guarantee growth, and freedom, and power, and dignity; but the coy, reluctant martinetism of the Prussian King will never do it.

As for Hungary, it is much to be feared that there is not that unanimity in the national councils which will carry the nation safely through its struggles. Even in the late Diet, now dissolved, were two parties, one rallying about M. Deak, and called the party *de l'adresse* (which is as much as to say, expediency); and the other, far more earnest and outspoken in its opposition to Austria (called the party *de resolution*). Both, it is true, have only one end in view—complete divorce of Hungarian from the Austrian rule. They only differ in the means proposed for accomplishing this aim; but a difference of this kind at such a critical epoch may very possibly work the ruin of Hungary.

It can not be concealed that in Hungary, as in almost every country of Europe, there stand in opposition the purely democratic pretensions with the aristocratic privileges which carry the weight of precedence, and of actual possession. And it is melancholy to perceive that the antagonism between these two is as bitter and earnest as the antagonism of both to the Imperial claims of the court of Hapsburg.

Editor's Drawer.

MAKING FUN of serious things is never allowed in the Drawer, for two very good reasons: it is wicked, and it never pays. The first settles the matter, and the second clenches it. The Drawer thought to do a good thing by laughing at the follies and the sins of men who take the pulpit for their platform, and make religion a laughing-stock by their impertinence, irreverence, or ignorance. And into the Drawer some of the best divines in the land have come with their anecdotes of clergymen and others which have afterward been read by millions, doing a good work their writers and the Drawer thought.

But if there was ever a line in the Drawer that has made a bad mark on the hearts of any of the million who read it, or has called a blush to the cheek of one who heard it, that line we would wish now, as if dying, to blot, and never to see its mate in the Drawer again. To suit the tastes or to come up to the standard of all is neither the aim nor the hope of the Drawer. And in "shooting folly as it flies," if virtue should be wounded the Drawer would weep itself full of tears.

ONE of the most religious of the Episcopal newspapers entertains its readers with the following story, which appears well enough there, but when it is copied into secular and profane newspapers, as it is very widely, it is criticised as making light of serious things. But the story has a good point to it nevertheless:

A Virginian circuit preacher gives the following illustra-

tion of "faith that would remove mountains," which he heard from the lips of a negro preacher, who was holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying the commands of the Almighty:

"'Bredren,' he said, in his broken way, 'whateber de good God tell me to do in dis blessed book,' holding up at the same time an old and evidently much read Bible, 'dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in it dat I must jump troo a stone wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Goin' troo it belongs to God; jumpin' at it belongs to me.'"

THOMAS COLLEY GRATAN, who was once the British Consul at Boston, and now a sturdy blasphemer of all Yankeedom, was run over by a Train in London last winter. We have never heard whether he picked himself up or not; but being an Irishman, he doubtless did. In one of his many books he tells of an Irish dinner at a country Squire's, where they made a night of it. A priest in the party sings a song; and Corney Cahill another, beginning:

"Here's a health to Martin Mulligan's aunt,
And I'll tell you the reason why—
She eats because she's hungry,
But she drinks before she's dry.
If ever a man
Preached over his can,
Mulligan's aunt would cry—
Come fill up your glass,
And let the toast pass,
How d'ye know but your neighbor's dry?"

Jack Mandeville followed with a chant, an Address to Whisky Punch, a large tumbler of which he held in his hand, and drank of it between every stanza:

"O Whisky Punch, I love you much, for you're the very thing
To level all distinctions 'twixt a beggar and a king;
You lift me up so aisy, and so softly let me down,
That the devil a hair I care what I wear, a caubeen or a crown.

"While you're a coorsin' through my veins I feel so mighty pleasant,
That I can not jist exactly tell whether I'm prince or peasant;
Maybe I'm one, maybe the other, but that gives me small throuble,
By the powers! I b'lieve I'm both of them, for I think I'm seein' double.

"The man who first made claret or Made-aira was a botch
To him who first invinted whisky, Irish or Scotch;
The praise of pure poteen I'll sing, in epic, ode, or sonnet,
And bad luck to him, I say agin, who'd throw cold water on it.

"How mighty fast the room turns round, with all the people in it!
Oh, I hope this night will shortly end, that we might once more begin it!
For 'tis my delight, at morn or night, while our tumblers we are clinkin',
To turn my head away from bed, and dhrame that I am drinkin'.

Then Whisky Punch, long life to you," etc.

The carousal goes on; midnight comes and goes, but the guests go not. The uproar becomes more uproarious. The weakest headed are one by one falling under the table. The priest, finding his ninth or tenth tumbler of punch rather potent, called for hot water to weaken it.

"Hot water, Thigeen, to his reverence," said the Squire, with a wink of his eye.

"Hot water," echoed the priest.

"Yis, yer riverence," said Thigeen, the servant,

lifting the copper kettle that was kept "on the boil;" and he filled up the tumbler. The priest half emptied it, and shaking his head and smacking his lips, exclaimed, "It's still too strong."

"Then *hold it with both hands*, your reverence!" said the Squire. "More hot water for his reverence."

"Yis, Sir," cried Thigeeen, and then filled the tumbler again, but without weakening the scalding draught. And why should it? for the kettle contained not water but *boiling whisky*, purposely kept for the priest, to overpower him and get him quietly out of the way. He was thus disposed of. And then the fun really began. And on it went, hour after hour, till the Squire shouted, "Out with the lamps, open the shutters!" and the darkness was suddenly followed by a flood of sunshine pouring into the room.

DR. GARTH, of Edinburgh, was fond of a good thing out or in his practice. Stumbling into a church one day while the sermon was in progress, he found the preacher in tears as he poured out words, not thoughts, upon his listening congregation.

"What makes him weep?" asked Dr. Garth of one standing near him.

"By my faith," was the answer, "and you would weep too if you were in his place and had as little to say."

"Come along, my dear fellow," responded the Doctor to his new acquaintance, "come and dine with me; you are too good a fellow to be here."

This was the same Dr. Garth of whom another story is told. He staid one night at the club long after he had said he must be off to see some patients. At length one of his friends, becoming uneasy about the poor fellows, told him he had better stop drinking and be off.

"It's no great matter," Garth replied, "whether I see them to-night or not; for nine of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

SPEAKING of doctors recalls Rabelais, who was very severe on his brethren in his last moments. He saw several of them consulting, and raising his head from his pillow, with a sad smile he said, "Dear gentlemen, let me die a natural death."

DR. MEAD was at one time the greatest of all the London doctors, and was assailed in a pamphlet by Dr. Woodward, Professor of Physic at the Gresham College. The doctors met, a fight ensued with swords. Mead disarmed his adversary, and ordered him to beg for his life.

"Never!" said Woodward—"never, till I am your patient!"

Under the circumstances, that is as good as any thing we ever heard.

BUT, being among the doctors, we must tell one more: The little Abbé de Voisenon was ordered by his physician to drink a quart of water every hour. On the next visit the doctor asked what effect the prescription had produced.

"Not any," answered the Abbé.

"Did you drink a quart every hour, as I directed?" demanded the Doctor, with some severity.

"Ah, my friend," pleaded the suffering priest,

"how could you make me swallow a quart an hour? I hold but a pint!"

A MARYLANDER says that in the middle of that State there lives a preacher who has two sons. The older boy having fallen in love, was often teased by the younger, who was joined by the father in this fun. The annoyance went on until the poor fellow could stand it no longer; but having a profound reverence for his father, he did not wish to offend him, and so he broke out, and said, "Father, you and Tom tell tales about me, and you tell them just alike; *but Tom lies!*"

This was a delicate insinuation certainly, and the inference was very strong that the old man *lied* too; still he was not so charged by his discriminating son. "I do not say," remarked Mr. Brown, "that Jones is a thief, but I do say that if his farm joined mine I would not try to keep sheep."

A LADY in California, writing to the Drawer, gives an amusing incident in her travels:

"In 1854 my husband went to Texas to buy a drove of cattle, and I went with him. From Little Rock, in Arkansas, we traveled by land. One day the pole of the carriage broke, and we had to stop at a farm-house while the driver went back several miles to get the pole mended. Among our baggage I had my guitar, and as it had not been unpacked since we left New York I took it out to while away the hours. The women and children of the house heard the music, and gathered around me to listen. At length the old lady held up both hands, and exclaimed, 'Well, the land's sake! I've hearn tell of pyanners, but I never seed one afore.'"

THE same fair correspondent writes:

"In Hartford, Kentucky, lived two gentlemen, Messrs. Black and Brown, the Black man having the largest and the Brown man the longest nose in the village—big noses, both of them noticeable noses: nobody knows what noses they were unless they saw them. One day they met, and Mr. Black taking himself by the large handle of his face, called out to Mr. Brown, 'Walk round, walk round; don't let us block the street!'"

MR. STARK was elected or appointed Justice of the Peace when De Kalb County was first organized in Illinois. He lived in a log-house, and always held his court at home; his wife kept his docket, and attended all his courts to keep his minutes. She was a helpmeet for him, and he courted to some purpose when he got such a wife as Mrs. Stark proved to be. One day when the room was crowded and a trial going on, Mrs. Stark dropped her pencil on the floor, and being unable to find it for the pressure, the Justice roared out, "Stand back, stand back, I say! the Court *has lost her pencil!*"

IN a small village on the Iowa River Bottom resides a certain doctor, who, although his education is decidedly limited, being possessed of a great deal of self-assurance and bluster, is considered by many of his neighbors to be a man remarkably well posted.

The doctor, a few weeks since, was participating in an exciting political discussion at a country store, in the course of which his opponent, desiring to demonstrate that the negroes, in many instances, were a thrifty people, mentioned that Hayti had contributed a large amount to the "John Brown Fund." At this the doctor straightened himself—"Hayti! Hay-

ti!" says he, "I *knowned* him back East, and he was a rascally old Abolitionist!"

DR. JUDSON, in one of the largest towns in Florida, was called to consult with a number of other physicians in the case of a wealthy citizen who had been taken suddenly and severely sick. Dr. Judson came late, and the other gentlemen had already examined the case and made up their minds about it. They pronounced it a plain case of brain fever, to which opinion Dr. J. at once demurred. "Brethren," said he, "there is no need of my seeing the patient to satisfy me that you are on the wrong scent; I have known him more than twenty years and never suspected him of having any brains at all!"

Nor long since I passed through the Wyoming Valley on the accommodation train of the L. and B. Railroad. As usual on such trains we stopped a long time at each station, and it seemed as if there were stations every five minutes. Of course there was much grumbling among the passengers, and finally, as we stopped at a place called East Pittston a half hour or more, every body's patience was exhausted. One impatient passenger very fretfully asked of another, "What do they stop so long *here* for?" "Why," answered my friend, "you see this is the *accommodation* train. Didn't you see the Rev. Dr. Nelson get off the train? He has gone down town to preach, and they are waiting for him. He preaches at Lackawanna, the station above, also. You understand, my friend, this is the *ACCOMMODATION* train."

A CORRESPONDENT in Sing Sing sends us the following invitation, which was issued, just before the last St. Patrick's day, in Tarrytown, which is the place just below Sing Sing, where Washington Irving lived and died and is buried; where also is Sleepy Hollow. The Irish brethren are thickening there, and in February they put forth an eloquent call in these words:

LOVE! TRUTH! AND JUSTICE! RALLY! RALLY!

The members of A. O. of Hibernian Benevolent Society of Tarrytown will hold their first Grand meeting at Larry Johnneghan's Hall, Tuesday, Feb. 4, 1862, at 7 o'clock P.M., in order to make arrangements to celebrate the coming anniversary of the Memorable 17th of March.

Let every Irish patriot of Tarrytown who loves to memorize in the annals of History the glorious examples of our progenitors, carry down unsullied to posterity the mighty deeds of by-gone centuries, Rally on the 4th of February, and make the snow-clad hills of Tarrytown echo with your enthusiasm the historic reminiscences written upon their classic soil; and be ready to participate in giving homage to the Illustrious Apostle of Ireland with millions of our race throughout the nations of the earth on the approaching Anniversary, in the land of our adoption, where Irish valor and fidelity to-day, in her trying hour, defends her from her assailants, and from every foe that seeks to humiliate the proud American Republic, The land of the free and the home of the brave.

EVEN in Pike County, Missouri, in these times of war, the Drawer is one of the cherished institutions. A lady correspondent, in January last, wrote: "I am one of your thousands of readers—have been a subscriber for many years; but as my husband has been driven from his home by the rebels and compelled to join the army, thereby cutting off every thing but bread from the helpless family he leaves behind, I am compelled, for want of money, to forego the pleasure which the 24th volume would be sure to

bring me. But I did not forget the Drawer when I heard a funny story, and determined to send it on.

"One of our country 'neighbors,' Joe Irvine by name, was at the house of a Union friend of mine, who was attempting to convert Joe from the error of his ways by enumerating the various wise things which have been done by the present Administration, and, among other things, the blockade of the Mississippi was spoken of. 'Why,' says Joe, 'this blockade business just shows how ignorant Lincoln is; don't the fool know that the tide will wash all the blocks out of the river, and the first big fresh would carry every bit of brush clean into the Atlantic Ocean?'

"Now I thought that, for a man of property, and one who thinks himself something extra, was rather too rich."

MR. MASON returned from a drive, and his horse being much heated, after he had drunk half a pail of water Mr. M. tells Pat, his hostler, not to give him any more water.

Mr. Mason was obliged to go from town the next day, and on his return, after a fortnight's absence, finds the horse in a distressed and almost dying condition. Examining Pat as to the food, water, etc., that the horse had had, Pat exclaimed, "Water, yer honor? ye toold me not to give him any more water!"

Nor long since, a Western pedagogue, while on his way to teach the "young idea how to shoot," overtook one of his scholars, a little girl about five years of age. She was sobbing and crying, and appeared to be in great distress. Surprised and pained at such evident grief, the good man anxiously inquired, what was the matter? what could he do for her? etc. She sobbed out, "*I don't want to go to school, 'cause I haven't any hoops.*"

THE SHADOW KISS.

In the twilight's gloom
The family sat in the sitting-room,
Chatting the hour away
Before tea,
While Kate and I were watching the gray
Of evening descend o'er the sea,
As in a bow-window stood we.

We talked of times
That touched our hearts as the evening's chimes;
Holding her hand in mine—
Happy me!
And as we looked at the stars that shine,
I kissed her and she kissed me,
As in a bow-window stood we.

Then ope'd the door,
And the light of a lamp fell on the floor;
While a maid did call
Them to tea.
And as they turned—this sight saw all—
Shadows were kissing on the wall
As in a bow-window kissed we.

ONE of the Tenth Maine Regiment writes to the Drawer: "Our regiment is guarding the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from the Relay House to Annapolis Junction, and our men are stationed at short intervals for the length of ten miles. To carry provisions to the men we have an engine and one car, which go up every morning. A sentry on duty is expected to 'present arms' only to the field or staff officers as they pass. It was noticed by the officer

in charge that one sentry always brought his piece to a 'present' as the dinner train passed. He said to him, 'Why do you present arms to us?—we are not the Colonel.' The answer was, 'Do you think I care more for my Colonel than for my dinner?'"

At a session of the Circuit Court in Pepin County, Wisconsin, last fall, a criminal was on trial for grand larceny—the indictment charging the stealing of sundry articles of dry-goods, clothing, etc.—and the amount proved to be stolen was but little more than sufficient to make the required amount necessary to sustain the indictment for grand larceny. The jury found him guilty; and Judge W——, presiding, asked him if he had any thing to say why he should not proceed to pronounce sentence.

The prisoner quietly remarked that he thought the goods were valued too high, and that they ought to charge them at *cost*.

Judge W—— remarked that the construction of the law was such that a prisoner could not steal at *cost*, but only at the *retail price*; and he was thereupon sentenced to be sent to the State prison for two years.

THE schoolmasters have not been in the Drawer for some time past, but here is one who must be allowed to speak for himself. He seems to be a German Yankee, and to have a high opinion of his qualifications to keep school. He writes to the Superintendent of Common Schools in —— County:

"DER. SIR,—I Have tryed all means To Become a teacher in our School hous And it Seams thare is nun to be fount. So i am obliged to Due it myself again. They All a Satisfied without me having A satificat from you,, I am able to Teach Reading, Riting, English and Cher-man., Pike Rose mensuration Surveying &c. which is not all Required in our school and this i am able to Due perfect,, Now if you pleas Sent me a Satificat by male,,

"If you will come and visit my school you may Exeman me if you think Probe to Due so,, You know i have Bin at —— at the time of your Exemanation,, I think it is verrey Obyous to you that i amable To teach School,, and the Black Board i am Also able to Support in all practical questions Intrest Bark stone circle questions, and obticks, Coans, Squares and cimme Circles and all Cints of questions that you will Require of me,

"yourth Respectfully, A. B——,"

This was addressed:

"To ——

"—— County Common school Superintendent

"—— Post office

"if i mistake not"

THE following certificate was given to a teacher by the Trustees in the town of ——:

"We the undersigned the Trosthies of the —— Cool Tistrict to Reacomant —— as our Cool Deiger To Mr. —— the —— county Cool Superintend and wish him to have him to be xamined &C.

"yours Rasptfully &c

"—— } Trostees."

ONE of the Drawer's correspondents happened in at the church of the colored people in ——, a few nights ago, and writes us the following notice of it:

"The house was very dark, for a single tallow candle—literally a light shining in a dark place—was all the illumination. The congregation was a match for the house. The colored brother in the desk was holding forth on the parable of the Ten Virgins. 'You see,' said he, 'dese ten virgins had lamps; well now, dat's mighty lucky, 'cause dat

brings to my mind dat de *ile* is all gone out of our lamps, and we has to burn dis little candle, and we must take up a collection for to 'plenish de stock of ile. Sing, now, while de deacons goes round. Sing de money out of your pockets, bredren; and you wise and foolish virgins too.' The appeal was well timed, and resulted in a good contribution."

ONE of our contributors in ——, Pennsylvania, a very veracious correspondent—and in fact all the correspondents of the Drawer are reliable men, who never write any stories that are not true, or at least as good as if they were true—says that they have a debating society in the village, in which most of the educated men take part, and their debates being public are the principal winter entertainment. Simon Scraper is the village barber; and although a man of color, he has had all the best men of the place by the nose, and so has established himself on terms of familiarity with them all. Simon wanted to join the debating club, and was good-naturedly voted in. It soon came his turn to speak in reply to a learned legal gentleman's argument. Nothing daunted, Simon, who had often shaved, proceeded to cut him up: "Mr. President, the gentleman who has succeeded before me has lucidated the subjects in his own intellectual faculties by his grammatical arguments; but I see he has left your head jist as empty when he sot down as he found it when he fust stood up!"

The applause that followed arrested the barber: the President told him he was shaving too close, and Simon "sot" down.

"OVER here in Connecticut," writes a genial friend of the Drawer, "we have two great, not too great, blessings: a couple of doctors, one who preaches and one who practices. The Rev. Dr. ——, our worthy pastor, has one weakness: he is often sent for, in the way of his profession, to visit and console the sick, and having once experienced the benefit of a *carrot poultice*, he recommends it for every thing. Our village medical doctor is sadly annoyed by this interference; for the people think so much of the minister they will follow his advice, and all the more about their bodies than their souls. Dr. Pills comes in and finds that the rheumatic patient has a carrot poultice; and the typhus fever has a carrot poultice; and the pleurisy has the same; and the sore throat has the same; and he is out of all patience with the minister who thus bothers him in his business.

"Last winter we had a parish meeting to devise ways and means to repair the church-bell, which was unhappily cracked by a sudden blow one frosty morning. The worthy minister learnedly discoursed on the subject, and said it could not be mended: it must be taken down and recast, or it would never ring again. Then up rose Dr. Pills, and moved that before giving up the bell as lost they should try what virtue there is in a *carrot poultice*. Every body in town, he said, that was a little cracked, was using it, and he would like to see it tried.

"The hit was palpable, and produced an audible smile throughout the serious assembly. The minister had sense enough to take the joke, and from that time onward he has let the sick people get well without the aid of his carrot poultice."

IN the good old times of travel by the raging canal, among the passengers from Rochester, coming east, were a heavy doctor and a sharp lawyer, friends

at home, and disposed to be funny during the long and tedious days of slow-coach journey by one-horse power.

One day, as they were all on deck, and the lawyer, who had a hat full of papers on his head, was playing checkers with the captain, the doctor shouted suddenly, "Bridge! low bridge!" The lawyer dropped his head; off went his hat, with all his papers flying into the water. All enjoyed the joke greatly, as the bareheaded lawyer had to jump ashore, and with a boat-hook fish his documents out of the canal, and then pursue the boat and get aboard as well as he could. He owed the doctor one, and felt bound in law to pay him.

In the afternoon the fat doctor, wearied of sitting, wanted to "stretch his legs" on the tow-path. The boat was steered near the shore; he made a desperate leap, and landed on all fours. But the risk was so great that he said he would walk to Albany rather than attempt to jump aboard. What was to be done? The captain told him to go ahead, and swing down from the next bridge, and he would give the word when to drop. The doctor did as he was told. The boat came under. "Captain," said the lawyer, "let me give the word, and I'll treat the crowd." "Done," said the captain. Slowly the boat moved under the suspended man. "Don't drop till we give the word," cried the captain. Just as the boat cleared him, "Now drop!" shouted the lawyer, and down went the doctor plump into five feet of water.

Like a hippopotamus, the heavy man of medicine waded to the bank; and the boat held up while the lawyer went ashore, gave his hand to the doctor, pulled him out, whispering, "We're even now!"

THE "notis" joke is getting stale, but the following contains a feature entirely novel. It is posted on the door of a "store" among the pineries of Huron County, in Michigan:

Notes

is Hirby given to the person or persons Who stoll a bag out of my back kiching last saturday nite that if hee or shee dont return it soon they cant hav eny more Whiskey of me
walter Hume

Pinnepog jany 6th 1862

A FRIEND in Philadelphia, writing to the Drawer, says:

"At a young ladies' seminary in our city, a few days since, during an examination in History, *not* one of the most promising pupils was thus interrogated:

"Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?"

"No," was the prompt reply; 'he was excommunicated by a bull!'"

ONE of the army correspondents of the Drawer tells a good thing that rivals the Irish:

"It is the custom of the Colonel of our regiment (Eighty-fifth Pennsylvania Volunteers) to make the rounds every night in person, and satisfy himself that every sentinel is at his post and doing his duty. A few nights ago, while in discharge of this self-imposed duty, he approached a post, and received the challenge as usual, 'Who comes there?'"

"Friend with the countersign," was the reply.

"Here the poor sentinel was at a loss. The rest of his instructions had been forgotten. The Colonel is a very particular man, and insists that every thing shall be done exactly right. So after spending considerable time in the endeavor to impress the 'rôle' upon the mind of the sentinel, suggested that he

would act as sentinel while the other should personate the Colonel. 'Blinky'—for such is his surname in the regiment—moved back a few paces and then turned to approach the Colonel. 'Who comes there?' challenged the Colonel.

"Why, Blinky; don't you know me, Colonel?"

"This was too much for even so patient and forbearing a man as Colonel Howell. The gun was handed over, and the Colonel passed on to the next post."

A CORRESPONDENT in Michigan sends us a merry account of a sleigh-ride which turned out more unfavorably to the parties than they anticipated. He writes:

"When the sleighing was in fine condition, a party of four gentlemen, rather jovially disposed, determined on visiting a kindred spirit who lives some fifteen miles out in the country, on one of the plank roads diverging from the city. A fast team and a fancy sleigh were procured, and the party, with all the necessaries for such a trip, started, singing 'Dixie' and chiming in the chorus to the jingling of the sleigh-bells. One of the party had found a pass over the road they were going for 'Rev. Mr. Taylor and team when on ministerial business.' This pass they determined to offer at the toll-gates on the way, and thus obviate the inconvenience of making change. Such a party in representing themselves as clergymen on 'ministerial business' was considered a joke big enough to run the risk of undertaking.

"Accordingly linen handkerchiefs were improvised for white cravats, and as the party approached the first toll-gate they assumed very solemn visages and warmly discussed the Emancipation question. This threw the gate-keeper off his guard, and with a very polite 'All right, gentlemen!' the gate was opened, and on they went. The next gate was reached in due time, after three or four stoppages for the purpose of *warming up*, when the Emancipation question was dropped and the subject of foreign and domestic missions substituted. Here they were again successful, and on they went to the next warming place, where they found some half dozen individuals standing around the fire, all of whom were invited to take 'suthin,' and all of whom complied with the invitation with one exception. This person, who started off with a horse and cutter, happened to be the attendant of the next toll-gate. The party did not recognize him at first, and the pass was handed to him with all possible solemnity.

"Rev. Mr. Taylor and team on ministerial business," said the gate-keeper, scrutinizing the gentlemen with the keenest glances. 'Can't come that on me,' and he returned the pass: '*there ain't no religion in the party, I'll be bound.* You'll have to pay toll clear from town before you can get through my gate; strikes me that I met you at the tavern just below a few minutes ago,' he continued, as the toll was paid him. This was a damper the party had not calculated on, and which completely spoiled their joke. As they were passing through the gate-way, the wife of the toll-man was heard to say, 'I don't believe there's one of that party *ever seed the inside of a meeting-house!*'"

IOWA Courts of Justice have as legal a claim on the Drawer's attention as any of the older States. A learned member of the bar writes:

"Smart men peopled the Territory of Iowa, and among them was one Bates, a shrewd, but withal

boastful character from New York. Bates's particular hobby was the fact that no man had ever sold him, and no one ever could. Unfortunately for him, there lived and ruled in the town of Burlington old Squire Fales, sharper by one degree than Bates. One cold blustering March day Bates was brought before the Squire on a charge of 'having willfully and maliciously defrauded' a neighbor to the tune of fifty dollars. Some flaw in the papers was taken advantage of, and Bates (he was his own counsel) moved to dismiss the case. 'Look you here, Mr. Bates,' sung out the old Squire, 'we make laws and correct flaws in this country; and'—turning to the constable—"take this fellow out and give him thirty-nine on the bare back!" Mr. Bates paid the fifty dollars and costs, and the last seen of him the floating ice was bearing away a passenger singing,

"Oh, ain't I glad to get out o' de wilderness!"

"A better than that occurred in Squire Overton's office: A man was 'brought up' on a charge of unrighteously pounding sundry and divers inhabitants. Only six witnesses were called, three of whom swore positively, that they saw the blows given, and three swore as positively that they didn't see them given. 'Oh, very clear case,' cried the Squire; 'very clear; evidence equally balanced;' and turned the parties out of doors and the spectators to immense laughter."

AN old lady, who had apparently not long to live in this world, requested her daughter to teach her a song of some kind, as she had never learned to sing, and did not know one tune from another. Her daughter was curious to know what had put such a notion into her mother's head at such a time of life.

"Oh," said the old lady, "what a pretty creature I would be to go to heaven with never a song on my lips!"

IN some of the religious denominations they *license* young men to preach, and let them preach on trial some time before they *ordain* them. At a church meeting in Campbell County, Kentucky, there arose quite a discussion as to ordaining a licentiate who had not succeeded very well so far; and Elder Douson settled the matter by moving that he "be required to remain six months longer in his present *licentious* condition!"

JIM DUMMER is a tall, red-headed Texan, whose education was on the prairies, for he never saw a school-house in his boyhood. He got a new brand for his cattle, and had the two letters A. G. put on, as one of his neighbors had them! One day he took up a newspaper in a tavern, and pretended to read it, though he did not know enough to hold it right side up. Pretty soon he cried out, "They've had an awful storm on the Gulf; there's more than twenty ships bottom upwards!"

THE doctors help us as little in the Drawer as any other set of men. Are they so taken up with the sick that they never laugh nor make others? Or do they fear that all the readers of the Drawer will laugh and grow fat, and never want any pills or powders? They rarely write for the Drawer, and probably rarely read it, poor fellows! But our friend Dr. Jones sends us a letter he has received from a man who used to work for him, but has now gone to live in the country:

"February 20th 1862

Dr Jones dear friend I inform you that all my children is sick with the whooping cough i have had to be up with

them evry night for two weeks there is two of them that can not set up long at a time and there is no doctor here that can do any thing for them you are the best physition that i ever heard of or tried and i would be very much obliged to you if you will write to me what to give them i would be verry thankful if you would send me 5 dollars and i will come there next fall and pay you in work for it i hope you will write to me in receipt of this letter so no more at preasant but remains yours respectfully

"To Dr Jones

"When this you see
remember mee."

THE duties of a good deacon used to be defined to be this: "To travel with the minister and pay all the bills." But the editor of the *Examiner*—an excellent Baptist newspaper of this city—being called upon by a correspondent to define their duties, replies:

"One of their duties, we think, is to see that their pastor is provided with a pair of India rubber pants, to be used in baptizing; and no better articles of the kind are made than those of Hodgson's, the price of which is ten dollars a pair."

And another editor, doubting the validity of baptism administered by the aid of India rubber, asks whether "John the Baptist brought one of these 'articles' with him from the 'wilderness beyond Jordan?' or the Ethiopian eunuch had a 'pair' in his baggage?"

OLD PARSON RIVES, down in Tennessee, was sent by Conference to preach to the negroes in a distant part of the State. He was a man of very dark complexion, but would never have been mistaken for a negro. Meeting one of the saucy overseers, the parson entered into conversation with him, and said,

"Perhaps you do not know me; I'm Mr. Rives, the negro-preacher."

"Oh yes," said the fellow, "I knew you was a negro, but I didn't know you was a preacher."

PARSONS, a lawyer in Chicago, was trying a case before a jury, being counsel for the prisoner. The judge was very hard on him, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. Parsons moved for a new trial. The judge denied his motion and remarked,

"The Court and the jury think the prisoner a knave and a fool."

Instantly the counsel replied, "The prisoner wishes me to say he is perfectly satisfied—he has been tried by a Court and jury of his peers!"

IN our army at the West, one of the officers, whose duty it was to furnish the guards with a password for the night, gave the word "Potomac." A German on guard, not understanding distinctly the difference between the B's and P's, understood it to be "Bottomic;" and this, on being transferred to another, was corrupted to "Buttermilk." Soon afterward the officer who had given the word wished to return through the lines, and approaching a sentinel, was ordered to halt, and the word demanded. He gave "Potomac."

"Nicht right; you don't pass mit me dis way."

"But this is the word, and I will pass."

"No, you stan;" at the same time placing a bayonet at his breast in a manner that told Mr. Officer that "Potomac" didn't pass in Missouri.

"What is the word, then?"

"Buttermilk."

"Well, then, 'Buttermilk.'"

"Dat is right; now you pass mit yourself all about your pizness."

MAN



Nine Tailors make a man



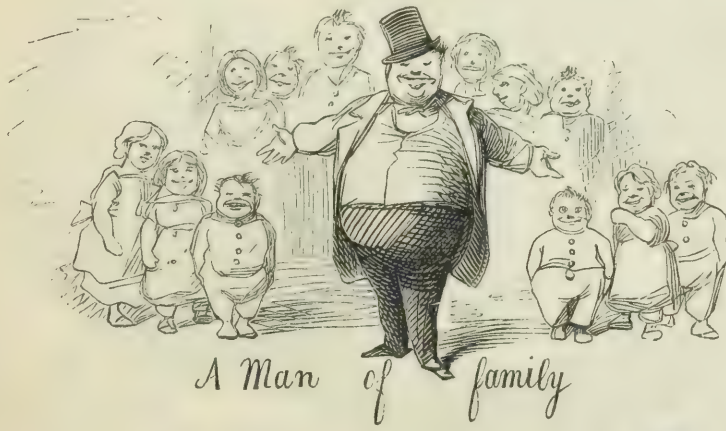
The Man



No Man



A goose of a Man



A Man of family



Duck of a Man



Rag Man



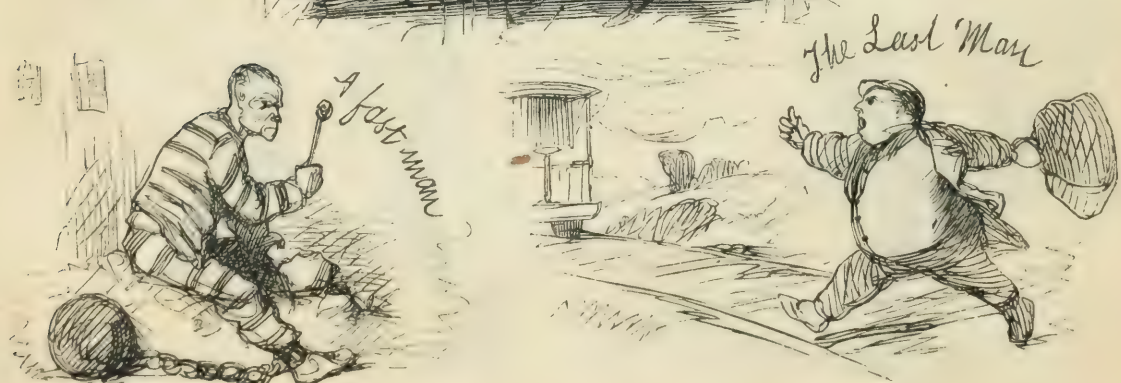
Rich

no sir!

and

Poor

Man



Fashions for May.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by
VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1 AND 2.—SPRING MANTILLA AND CHILD'S DRESS.



FIGURE 3.—PROMENADE DRESS.

THE opening of Spring is characterized by the curtailment of the length of all over-garments. These have resumed the proportions which were in favor some few years ago. The MANTILLA which we illustrate is of black Lyons silk. The front has a succession of frills, placed very slightly aslant, across the tabs; these correspond in number with those that compose the lower portion of the back of the garment.

The PROMENADE DRESS is of *tun-d'or*, a golden-brown color, trimmed with velvet of dark brown, almost black; the corsage has a waist *à la Suisse*.

